DANISH STEAMERS COLLIDE.

Over One Hundred Persons Sent to the Bottom.

CONDUCT OF THE CRAZED PASSENGERS.

Arrival of the Steamer Thingvalla at Halifax.

A last (Thursday) night's New York despatch says: The steamship Wieland, Capt. Albers, from Hamburg Aug. 5th, via Havre Aug. 7th, with merchandise and 113 cabin and 455 steerage passengers, reports that on Aug. 14th, thirty miles south of Sable Island, at noon, she saw the Danish steamer Thingvalla, Copenhagen for New York, with signals of distress. The Thingvalla had collided on the 14th, at 4 a.m., with the steamer Geiser, of the same line, from New York August 11th, for Copenhagen. The Geiser sank in about five minutes. Fourteen passengers and seventeen of the crew, among them Capt. Moller, are saved. Seventy-two passengers and thirty-three of the crew were lost. The steamer Wieland brought 455 passengers from the Thingvalla and those saved from the Geiser to New York. The Thingvalla will endeavor to reach Halifax. The Wieland is at Hoboken.

OCCURRED IN A FOG.

The Geiser left this port on August 11th bound for Stettin. The Thingvalla was on her way to this city, and was advertised to leave here on August 25th. A very heavy sea and a dense fog were experienced through the night and early morning of August 14th. It is said an object could not be distinguished 50 feet away. The Thingvalla struck the Geiser on the starboard side amidships about 4 o'clock in the morning. The ships then parted and within five minutes the Geiser sank. The crew of the Thingvalla did all they could to save the Geiser's crew and passengers while still in doubt whether the Thingvalla was not dangerously disabled, but owing to the heavy sea only 31 were saved. No other vessel was near at the time. The Wieland, on her way to this port, was 100 miles away. At 11.30 o'clock on the morning of the 14th the Wieland was sighted. Signals of distress were made and a transfer of passengers began. The sea was heavy, but no mishap occurred in the transfer. The officers of the company were unable to-night to give a list of the lost.

CAPTAIN ALBERS' STORY.

Capt. A. Albers, of the Wieland, tells the following story: At 1 o'clock on the morning of the 14th we passed some wreckage floating in the sea, and suspected that an accident had happened near us. A little later we sailed through a sea of oil, and sighted a broken boat of the Geiser's. About 11.30 we sighted a steamer to the northward about eight miles off, and seeing she had a flag of distress up we ran down to her. It proved to be the Thingvalla. Captain Lamb, of that vessel, came to us in a small boat and begged us to take off his passengers and those he had saved from the Geiser. He said his own vessel was so badly injured he expected her to sink at any moment. Her forward compartment had been carried away from halfway above the deck to below the water line. I sent the boats and the Thingvalla lowered two boats, and in five hours we had the saved passengers and crew of the Geiser on board. The sea was very rough, and the work of transferring the passengers was very difficult. The immense hole in the Thingvalla's bow was patched up as well as possible, and she started for Halifax. The collision, so far as known, was caused by the fog. The chief officer of each vessel was on deck at the time of the collision.

AN OFFICER'S ACCOUNT.

Third Officer Peterson told much the same story of the occurrence. He said—The fog was very dense. Through the night rain had fallen at intervals. The first we knew of the Geiser's approach was when she appeared on the starboard side, right upon us. The Geiser was struck opposite the engine-rooms amidship. The Geiser being heavily loaded was low in the water, so that the Thingvalla carried away her own compartment. The upper part of her bow ran over the decks of the Geiser. The Geiser's deck-houses were carried away and the state-rooms smashed in and the occupants killed. He first heard a bell ring in the Geiser's engine-room, but could not tell what the order was. He was on deck at the time. He then heard the bell again, this time to back, and the steamer had commenced to reverse when the Thingvalla struck her. The Geiser's whistle was blowing at the time. One of the Geiser's passengers was picked up with a broken leg.

As soon as the Wieland arrived in the lower bay Capt. Moller, of the Geiser, left the steamer on a revenue cutter. He went to the office of the company, where he was closeted a few moments with the agents. He only left word that the accident was due to the weather and went away without stating where he was going. The rescued crew of the Geiser were taken to the Hotel Denmark on the arrival of the Wieland.

BADLY INJURED.

The Thingvalla presents a strange spectacle, with nearly the whole of her bow torn away, leaving an immense hole exposed to view. A long piece of bow hangs over the hole, which reaches back into the sides of the ship over fifteen feet. The projecting piece hangs over the water like an outstretched arm, and shows where the powerful iron plates were broken through and snapped off like pipe stems. Crowds flocked to the wharf to see the steamer, and the wonder is expressed that she ever reached port. No one is allowed on board, and the only statement to be obtained is that of the captain. The steamer will discharge her cargo, be examined by the port warden, and be repaired here. She will be here probably for a couple of months. After repairing she is to reload her cargo and proceed to New York.

CAPT. LAMB'S REPORT.

Capt. Lamb has given the following statement of the disaster to the newspapers: It was just about 4 o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, the 14th, a few minutes before the watch had been changed, and my second officer who was on deck came down, and I asked him how the weather was. He said it was raining, but not foggy. He retired a few minutes later. I heard the telegraph signal for the engines to reverse. This was the first intimation I had of any trouble. Leaping from my berth I ran for the deck. As I was hurrying up a collision occurred. It was a terrific shock, the steamers coming together with a frightful crash. Rushing forward I found the Thingvalla to be locked with another steamer, which I did not then know. As I approached I saw a man, whom I afterwards found to be the Geiser's second officer, jump on to our deck. My steamer had cut right through his room, where he was sound asleep, and he leaped out of his bunk on to the Thingvalla's deck. It may have been two or it may have been four minutes before the engines were reversed and we backed off. Without delaying a moment I went to quiet my excited passengers, who were crowded on the deck and shouting and crying with fear. At the same time I looked after the safety of my ship, not having any knowledge as to what was the extent of our damage. The officers were already engaged in cutting away and launching lifeboats. One of the Thingvalla's boats had just been lowered when the other steamer went down stern first. This scene was a frightful one. I cannot attempt to describe it. Some of her passengers were rushing madly about her deck, while others were crowded in several boats on the water. It turned out afterwards that the ship foundered. A number of the passengers must have been killed in the bunks by the force of the collision, and never knew what happened. As the steamer plunged beneath the water, carrying down those on board, she capsized the boats that had got away. The air was rent with agonizing shrieks and prayers. Most of the people probably went down with the Geiser, and were followed soon after by the ill-fated souls in the boat, who must have been sucked under as the ship sank.

RESCUING THE PASSENGERS.

Three of our boats were already launched and trying to save as many as they could from the doomed Geiser; but it was slow work, as comparatively few managed to keep afloat after the steamer's disappearance. Three boats were all I could get out in the time we had, and I did not know but what we might want the remaining ones for ourselves. The two vessels were not more than 100 or 150 feet apart when the Geiser went down. The screams of the drowning lasted perhaps two minutes, then suddenly all became quiet. Our three boats returned loaded with the saved who had been picked up in the water and off the bottoms of their capsized boats. I sent the boats back to continue their search for survivors, but they returned with only the corpse of a woman. We provided the survivors with dry clothes, hot coffee and wine and made them as comfortable as possible while attending to the injury to ourselves. The day was just beginning to break when the collision occurred. It was raining, as the second officer told me just before. It was not foggy. I heard the men around me say it was eight or ten minutes between the collision and the sinking of the Geiser; but I could not pay any attention to the time.

CAPT. MOLLER'S ESCAPE.

Capt. Moller told a most wonderful story of his escape. He was standing on the Geiser's bridge as the steamer settled down, and he jumped into the sea. He felt being sucked under by the ship, and while struggling to keep afloat he got his two legs entangled in a piece of wreckage. This turned him round in the water three or four times, and for some moments he was helpless, but finally succeeded in disengaging himself and managed to reach the surface again, breathless and almost exhausted. He then got on top of an upturned boat and held on till rescued by the men from the Thingvalla.

INJURY TO THE THINGVALLA.

After the Geiser disappeared we began jettisoning the cargo to keep the Thingvalla afloat. The crew and passengers worked side by side, throwing overboard what was brought out of the hold. What was jettisoned consisted solely of wood pulp and provisions. There was not much wind but there was a heavy swell. Between 9 and 10 o'clock we reached the forward bulkhead. We then stopped throwing the cargo over and got to work shoring up the compartment. We were leaking badly in the forehold, and we kept the pumps going all the time, so that the water had not time to gain on us. At 11 o'clock the steamer Wieland, for New York, hove in sight, and we transferred all the rescued passengers, as well as our own 450 passengers, to her. The Wieland proceeded about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, leaving us also steering for New York. We continued the work of shoring up the compartment, but after a while, on account of the wind and sea increasing, we found it impossible to keep on for New York, and decided to head for Halifax. At this time it still looked very much as if we might sink, and some of the crew refused to work, wanting to be transferred to the Wieland before she left us. We went as slow as two knots an hour, and sometimes found that too much. We just had to crawl, that was all. On Wednesday afternoon a fishing vessel hove in sight, and we bore down for her. She proved to be the schooner Capis, of Lahave, Capt. Cleversey, and I engaged her to stand by and accompany the steamer to Halifax, so as to be able to help us in case she should go down. Last night the sea was so heavy I had to turn the steamer around, running stern foremost and steering by the schooner, which was connected by a hawser with the steamer's bow. We ran against the wind this way all night.

The Danish Consul has concluded that the investigation of the cause of the collision between the steamships Geiser and Thingvalla will be held in Copenhagen. The survivors of the crew and such of the passengers as wish will leave to-morrow by the Savonia, of the Cunard line. The loss on the vessel is $350,000 and on the cargo $120,000. The insurance is not known.

A pretty design for a lace corsage has a yoke which is laid in fine lengthwise folds or tucks, the fulness below being laid in gathers, or large or small or side box plaits. The full sleeves are finished just below the elbows with frills of lace.

Mr. Chauncey M. Depew dined with Mr. Gladstone a few days ago and told him that if he would visit America he would get such a reception "as no one has received since Lafayette."

TO SEARCH FOR STANLEY.

A Lieutenant of the U. S. Navy Organizing an Expedition.

A Washington despatch says: Lieut. A. Mason Shufeldt, of the Navy, who has recently returned from China, is now here arranging for obtaining a year's leave of absence to go abroad, and will leave very soon, probably at the end of August, for Europe *en route* to Zanzibar to organize and lead an expedition in search of Henry M. Stanley. Lieut. Shufeldt is a son of Rear Admiral Robert W. Shufeldt, who made the treaty with the King of Corea, and is possessed of the same spirit of restless love of travel and exploration that has characterized his father. After accompanying his father in the cruise around the world at the time the Corean treaty was made, Lieut. Shufeldt obtained leave and went to Madagascar, which he thoroughly explored for the first time. His operations in that neighborhood took him to the Zanzibar coast also, when he became familiar with the language of the people of that part of Africa. In his researches there he was materially aided by Sir Henry Kirk, the British Consul-General on that coast, who is himself a well-known African explorer, having been a member of Stanley's expedition at the time the American found and brought back tidings of Dr. Livingstone. Sir Henry and Lieut. Shufeldt are firm friends, and the latter will proceed first to enlist Sir Henry's aid in organizing the proposed expedition. It will be necessary for Lieut. Shufeldt to be at Zanzibar in the first half of November, for during the latter part of that month the trading caravans that have come down from the interior to dispose of their skins, gold dust and ivory in exchange for goods are getting ready for their return journeys. The caravans that reach the coast go only to the western boundary of their own country and there turn over a share of goods to other caravans that have brought products across their own country, and these transfer again to tribes still further in the interior. By taking advantage of this annual trading custom Lieut. Shufeldt hopes to be enabled to make his hazardous journey at very much less expense than other such expeditions have done, and will utilize the return of the caravans next summer to enable him to return safely to the coast.

Shufeldt is just 34 years of age. He is tall and wiry like his father, and is possessed of an iron constitution. He proposes to bear some part of the expense himself, but a portion will be contributed by persons interested in the results to be obtained, and Shufeldt will utilize his experience in book form.

WARNED IN A TRANCE.

Singular Story of the Mysterious Cure of an Unknown Disease.

A Findlay, O., despatch says: In Marion township, this county, a young daughter of Henry Searfoss, a prominent farmer, had been ill for several weeks with a disease of which none knew the origin, and which completely baffled the skill of the attending physicians. Her malady was such that the body would at intervals grow as cold as death and be covered with green spots. On last Monday she lost consciousness, and for 36 hours was in a trance, the warmth of her body being the only indication of life. Tuesday night she was aroused from her slumber, and told a strange story of what had occurred to her during her period of unconsciousness, in which she said a man appeared to her, and with a buggy wheel showed her how her injuries came about; after which he brought a sheet, a bucket and three bottles containing wine, whiskey and alcohol, and explained how these might be used to effect a cure. If they were not used he warned her that at 7 o'clock on the morning of the next day she would begin failing, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon death's approach would be realized, and at 9 o'clock the next morning she would be dead. The family physician laughed at the whole thing and bade the parents pay no heed to the spirit injunction, which advice was followed, and at once the predictions of the vision began to come true, and the girl grew rapidly worse. The family, thoroughly alarmed, hastened to apply the treatment prescribed in the trance, and an immediate change for the better made itself apparent, followed by a steady improvement. Yesterday Miss Searfoss was able to be up and around, and is now as well as ever.

A BRIGAND ROMANCE.

A Balkan Chief Captures a Pretty Girl and Has a Mock Marriage.

A London cable says: A large portion of Turkey and the Balkan States is infested with brigands, and their number is rapidly growing. These outlaws, taking advantage of the absence of railway and telegraphic communication, become bolder daily, and the consternation of the better class of inhabitants is increasing to such an extent that many of them are leaving their homes, and taking refuge in the large towns. Recently a band of brigands invaded a small Roumelian town, and captured the daughter of a peasant, a young girl famed in that locality for her beauty. The chief of the band, wishing to make the girl his wife, had a mock marriage ceremony performed, one of the band personating a priest. He then sent a messenger to the village authorities informing them of the marriage and demanding that it be formally registered upon their books, a proceeding that would render the ceremony valid. The authorities refused to comply with the demand and the chief sent the messenger back with his ultimatum, which was that he would sack the village if his demands were not immediately acceded to. The officials are now endeavoring to gain time by parleying with the chief, hoping meanwhile to be able to recover the girl by stealth.

That Gilt Bible with Gold Clasps.

"Talking about swindlers," said old Deacon Blizzard, "about two years ago a book pedler came along, and, as we had no Bible in the house, I bought one with a pretty red cover, with 'Holy Bible' in gilt letters on the back, and clasps on to it, and I'm danged if we didn't discover last week that the book was a volume of census reports for 1870, with a bogus back; and maybe we'd never found out how we'd been cheated if my wife's sister, who had come to visit us, hadn't gone rummaging through the book, looking for a recipe for mince pies, which Amanda said she had mislaid somewhere."—*Drake's Magazine.*

LUNATICS LET LOOSE.

Crowded Into One Cell Four Madmen Try to Kill One Another.

The insane department of the jail was a perfect bedlam yesterday for a few moments, and the madmen confined there shrieked and gibbered like frightened monkeys. They startled the attendants with cries of "murder" and all was in the utmost confusion. Two of the crazy men were rolling each other over the floor and they were covered with blood. The only reason they did not murder each other was because they had no weapons. It all happened because four patients were placed in one cell for lack of room. They got along very well together until Edgar Simpson began to make one of his stump speeches. He has the idea that he is a great stump-speaker and that he must denounce every person he meets as a politician who is inimical to the interests of the people. He delights in "waving the bloody shirt," and began a vigorous tirade against the southern confederacy and all who were in its service. This was more than the military spirit of "Gen. Stonewall Jackson" could brook. He is a lunatic who claims to be the great general himself and he was ready to resent the personal insult given by Simpson. He waxed hotter and hotter, and when a colored patient and Charles Hobenreyser were introduced into the cell he was in a dangerous frame of mind. He made a rush for the stump-speaker and the two were soon pounding each other until their noses were fountains of blood. The colored lunatic became very excited and pushed Hobenreyser into a corner and held him there and butted him with his head. The noise caused all the other lunatics to become frantic and their shouts drowned the din of the combatants. Attendants, with great difficulty, separated the men and placed them in different cells. —*Chicago Times.*

WELLS COLLEGE SCANDAL.

A Professor Charged with Defrauding the College Out of $20,000.

An Auburn, N. Y., despatch says: The destruction of the main building of Wells College at Aurora last week turned public opinion towards that institution, and a discussion of its history and future prospects followed. This sudden interest has revealed the fact that Prof. Edward L. French, the registrar and instructor in physical and natural science, has defrauded the college out of $20,000, and that the college had secured a judgment against him for that amount. The judgment was filed in the office of the County Clerk in this city on June 9th last. The judgment has been returned unsatisfied. As Registrar French had the handling of all moneys received from the pupils in payment of tuition fees, it was his duty to deposit all receipts in the bank to the credit of the Treasurer of the Board of Trustees. For several years, it is said, French had appropriated $500 or $600 each year of this money to his own use. He had no difficulty in deceiving President Frisbee and the Board of Trustees, as there was no record kept of money received from the pupils. About a year ago French resigned and went West. In a short time he came back and again resumed his duties at the college. His dishonesty was accidentally discovered about six months ago by President Frisbee. French's wife is the only representative of the Wells family living, and out of consideration for her the trustees refused to prosecute French. When his shortage was discovered he was allowed to resign and go West.

HANGED TO AN APPLE TREE.

Mr. Silva, of Morgan Park, Chicago, Runs Across a Suicide.

"There were plenty of other apple-trees in the neighborhood," said C. P. Silva, indignantly, to an evening *News* reporter to-day, "and I don't think it was right in him to come and hang himself in my door yard."

Mr. Silva was speaking of the suicide of a German gardener, who used to work for him on his place in Morgan Park. The only name Mr. Silva knew him by was Adam, and that he once lived in Englewood; that he was presumably an unmarried man, and that he drank a good deal, are all the items in his past career known to Mr. Silva.

He had gone back and forth from his house to the chicken-coop several times during the morning without noticing the corpse under the apple tree, and it was not until Mr. Silva started for the train that he looked back and saw a man apparently kneeling under a tree. He turned and found it was Adam, with a clothes-line around his neck, and fastened to a limb of a tree, the body partly resting on the toes, and the clenched hands almost touching the ground. He had probably hanged himself during the night, as the body was cold and rigid.—*Chicago News.*

An Indian Elopement.

A St. Andrews correspondent of the St. Croix *Courier* writes: "The Indians at the point are intensely excited over the sudden disappearance of Horace Nicholas and his brother's wife. The latter has a dark bronze complexion, with features well defined, and is a typical Indian beauty; the former possesses no great attraction and is somewhat morose in disposition. It is a clear case of elopement, the two thinking that life could be made more enjoyable by living together. They selected a day on which the woman's husband was visiting the fishing and hunting grounds at Grand Manan. When last seen, the lovers were plying their birch canoe in the direction of Pleasant Point. It is said that they have pitched their tent there, and propose remaining as long as they possibly can do so undisturbed."

Initials by Telephone.

All people who have occasion to telephone names have had great difficulty in making initials understood. B, C, D, E, G, P, T and V sound so much alike that to distinguish between them is almost impossible, and M and N also sound very similar. A system used with very satisfactory results, when the person at the other end of the wire has understood it, is to give a word beginning with the letter that is the initial in question. For instance, suppose the name is B. P. Smith. A score or more of other combinations have almost the same sound, but if the sender says: "B. P. Smith; B for butter and P for pepper; B. P. Smith," there is no difficulty in understanding.—*New Haven Palladium.*

TWINS LIFT A DEBT.

A Fortunate Mother Wipes Out a Mortgage.

"If you make up the even two dozen children by next year I will lift the mortgage off the farm," said the owner of a piece of land in Montgomery county, a short distance from Pottstown, to Mrs. Nader, the mother of twenty-two children, as she was rocking the twenty-second child in a cradle upon the occasion of his visit. The man meant his offer as a joke—but——

The next year the owner was on hand promptly to collect the interest, when to his surprise the proud mother motioned him to the cradle, and lifting the coverlet, showed him fine twins, which completed the two dozen. There was nothing to do but grin and bear it. The owner lifted the mortgage, and said he believed in protecting home industry.

Mrs. Gilbert, who formerly lived at Franklin street and Fairmount avenue, proudly told her friends that she was the mother of twenty-two children, all in good health, and Mrs. Osler, who lives near the Market street ferry in Camden, is famed far and near as the maternal proprietor of nearly a quarter of a hundred children, and says she will live long enough to see each one of her twenty-three offspring the happy parent of a third generation of Oslers, who are well represented in the city across the Delaware.

A happy attendant at the games of the canny Scots at Gloucester yesterday was a mother from the land of thistles who kept her eye on the lively movements of fifteen young Scots who danced the Highland Fling to the music of three bagpipes.

At one of the largest hotels in Atlantic City last week there stopped a fine-looking old man of some 90 years, now a retired merchant. He has been married three times in nearly the century of his life, and he had eighteen children by his first wife, six by a second and four by the third, making a total of twenty-eight. The oldest of this young colony is 70 years of age and the youngest 16. The old gentleman is hearty and happy, and takes his daily bath in the surf with as much gusto as his 30-year-old grandson and his 8-year-old great-granddaughter. — *Philadelphia Record.*

THE END OF THE CHAPTER.

Albert E. Krahe, Arrested in Montreal for Forgery, Pleads Guilty and is Sentenced.

Albert E. Krahe, who forged a cheque for $2,900 on his employers, Messrs. Kilsch & Co., of New York, and who, it will be remembered, was captured in this city recently with his pretty young wife, and went back voluntarily to New York with the detectives, pleaded guilty on Wednesday before Judge Martine, of New York, and asked for mercy. Judge Martine said that for the sake of the young man's wife and mother, who were in court, he would give him a chance to reform, and sentenced him to the Elmira Reformatory. It will be remembered that Krahe confessed his crime while in Montreal and also stated that his infatuation for his young wife, whom he wished to load with handsome presents, had led him to make out a cheque on the firm of which he was cashier, of $2,900 instead of $900 with which to pay the employees.—*Montreal Gazette.*

How Many Stars are There in Sight?

The total number of stars one can see will depend very largely upon the clearness of the atmosphere and the keenness of the eye. There are in the whole celestial sphere about 6,000 stars visible to an ordinarily good eye. Of these, however, we can never see more than a fraction at any one time because a half of the sphere is always below the horizon. If we could see a star in the horizon as easily as in the zenith, a half of the whole number, or about 3,000, would be visible on any clear night. But stars near the horizon are seen through so great a thickness of atmosphere as greatly to obscure their light, and only the brightest ones can there be seen. As a result of this obscuration it is not likely that more than 2,000 stars can ever be taken in at a single view by an ordinary eye. About 2,000 other stars are so near the South Pole that they never rise in our latitudes. Hence, out of 6,000 supposed to be visible, only 4,000 ever come within the range of our vision unless we make a journey towards the equator.—*Century Magazine.*

Climate and Peculiarities of Our Pacific Coast.

(Correspondence Montreal Witness.)

At Valdey Island, south of Seymour Narrows, it rains frequently; north of that it rains generally; in Alaska it rains always, so people say. But we could not afford to lose the clouds on the mountains, and the grandeur of the humid sunsets beggars description.

At Victoria, whose twelve thousand people are buried in profound repose, are all the sweet flowers and old-time institutions of the mother country. There are hansom cabs, a few bad smells, graduated society, and ivy and daisies, apple trees, oaks, elders, sweet clover and holly, broom and bracken. Its thick green grass, and all the little nameless weeds familiar to English eyes, bring back to English people a thousand reminiscences and tender thoughts. There is dreamy quiet in Victoria. Sybarite villas and cottage gardens, delicious air, cheap fruit and few mosquitoes. It is a place to dwell in; a place in which to rest and be at peace.

A Rising Young Man.

To his fond father, who has asked him where he is in his class now: "Oh, pa, I've got a much better place than I had the last quarter." "Indeed. Well, where are you?" "I'm fourteenth." "Fourteenth, you little lazybones! You were eighth last term. Do you call that a better place?" "Yes; it's nearer the stove."

A Little Boy's Philosophy.

A little boy running struck his toe and fell on the pavement. "Never mind, my little fellow; you won't feel the pain to-morrow," said a bystander. "Then," answered the little boy, "I won't cry to-morrow."

Pointed.

A confirmed tippler remarked in the presence of his little son that at one period he didn't touch a drop for two years. "Pa," said the little fellow, "was that your first two years?"