SUNK TO THE BOTTOM.

The Oceanic Sinks the City of Chester in San Francisco Bay.

THE USUAL PANIC AND LOSS OF LIFE.

A San Francisco despatch says: One of the most terrible marine disasters that have occurred upon the Pacific coast was that which took place about 10 o'clock yesterday morning in the bay of San Francisco, at a short distance from Golden Gate. The City of Chester left her dock at 9.30 and started on her regular trip to Eureka, on the northern coast of California. An unusually large number of passengers stood on her decks and waved adieus to their friends. The Chester steamed slowly down the bay, and when within two miles of the Heads encountered a thick fog. Capt. Wallace began to blow his whistle to warn all vessels of his approach. The Chester proceeded cautiously on her course till off Port Point, when the sound of another whistle floated across the water. Captain Wallace answered the signal. This warning was evidently misunderstood, for in a moment's time those forward saw the huge prow of the Occidental and Oriental steamer Oceanic emerge from the fog. She had just arrived from Hong Kong, and was proceeding up the bay to her docks. She was so close to the Chester that there was no possibility for the latter to escape. The cabin passengers were nearly all on deck, and the captain, seeing the danger, called to them to prepare for the shock. A panic ensued, particularly among the women and children, of whom there was a large number. The Oceanic struck the Chester on the port side and the shock was terrific. Her prow cut into the Chester's upper works and then crushed down to the bulwarks, tearing the great timbers, and breaking into the staterooms and cabin. The wildest confusion prevailed. The bow of the Oceanic crashed into the middle section of the Chester, cutting her almost in half. When the vessels were locked, several of the Chester's passengers were passed up over the Oceanic's bow. As soon as the larger steamer could clear herself, she swung around and began to lower boats. The officers and crew of the Chester seemed to lose their senses, and several passengers stated afterwards that some of the crew clambered aboard the Oceanic, leaving the passengers to cut away the boats. One of these was lowered as soon as possible and several passengers were taken off. Others provided themselves with life-preservers and jumped overboard. The greater portion were compelled to remain on the steamer, which began to settle soon after the collision. Torrents of water rushed into her hold, and in five minutes after the collision the Chester had disappeared. She sank in fifty fathoms of water. Those of the passengers and crew who came to the surface were picked up, but the greater number went down in the rushing water and never appeared again. As soon as it was known that the collision had occurred tugs and other boats went to the scene and rendered what service they could in picking up the living and dead floating among the wreckage. The greatest loss of life is believed to have been among the steerage passengers, of whom there were 23 on board, and only two of these were accounted for. The others are regarded as lost. The cabin passengers numbered 70, and of these ten are lost. Three of the crew are lost. None of the survivors were landed until after 1 o'clock, and at a late hour last evening there was still much doubt as to the number lost. The City of Chester was an iron steamship, valued at $150,000.

A GREAT YARN.

A Manacled Horse Thief Springs Through the Window of a Railway Car.

A Joliet, Ill., despatch says: "Big Jim" Ryan, Sheriff of Cook county, Wyoming Territory, arrived at the prison last evening with a noted cowboy horse thief named Jim O'Connor, sentenced for three years. The sheriff related a story of interest regarding the escape of O'Connor from his custody while coming through Iowa on the Rock Island fast train. The sheriff and his prisoner had been seventy two hours on the cars, and were nearly tired out for want of sleep. The prisoner was heavily ironed with shackles. Just after the train had left Des Moines, and while it was yet dark, the prisoner asked Ryan for a drink of water. The officer went to the tank, not ten feet distant, and was pouring out the water, when his attention was attracted by a terrible crash of broken glass. He turned and found that O'Connor was gone, having plunged head first through the window while the train was flying along at top speed. The sheriff was carried several miles before the train stopped. Ryan rushed up the track and about daylight discovered where the desperado had struck, but instead of finding his mangled remains, as the sheriff fully expected, he found tracks entering a large corn field. It was not until late in the afternoon that O'Connor was captured. The prisoner had irons on both legs and hands, yet had made his way for twelve miles from the railroad, and when found was hid beneath a hedge-fence. There was not a mark upon him to show that he was in the least bit hurt.

A Diabolical Deed.

A Kansas City, Mo., despatch says: On a farm near Bavaria, Kan., a man became incensed at the actions of a boy who was teasing him while feeding a thresher, and he forced the boy into the machine, which mangled him almost beyond recognition. The incensed neighbors ran the perpetrator of the horrible deed down, and prodded him to death with pitchforks.

Fall River, Mass., has a citizen whom Diogenes would have been pleased and honored to afford quarters on the parlor floor of his celebrated tub. This individual has recently distinguished himself by telling the truth in an advertisement, "Horse for sale." He plainly announces that the animal is of ugly disposition, and recommends it to nobody unaccustomed to horses.

Judge Hughes was attacked with rheumatic gout on his return trip from Winnipeg, and is now at his son-in-law's residence at Sarnia.

THE LAND O' CAKES.

Latest Live Scottish News by Mail.

The Duke of Portland has signified his intention of presenting a public park to the villagers of Galston.

It is again rumored that Lord Advocate Macdonald is about to be raised to the Bench as Lord Justice Clerk.

A little girl at Lugate, near Stow, has died from drinking from a stream into which sheep dip had been poured.

The death is announced at Dumfries of Mr. George Graham, a noted and highly respected agriculturist in the South of Scotland.

A marriage is arranged between Lady Elizabeth Carnegie, daughter of the Earl of Southesk, and Hon. Robert Preston Bruce, M.P.

A tablet to the memory of Charles Darwin is to be placed on the house in Lothian street, Edinburgh, where he lived when studying at the Edinburgh University.

Lady Victoria Campbell, a daughter of the Duke of Argyll, who devotes herself to Christian work, is learning the Gaelic language in order to get hold of the Gaelic heart.

Some complaints of the alleged desecration of the parish churchyard of Farnell have arisen out of a goose building her nest and hatching a brood under a raised tombstone.

Mrs. Balfour Stewart, in recognition of the services rendered to science by her late husband, Professor Balfour Stewart, has been granted a pension of £50 a year from the Civil List.

The knitting industry of Shetland, according to Mrs. Fyvie Mayo, which now brings into the islands a yearly revenue of from £10,000 to £12,000, all originated in the quick observation and tact of one man.

Mrs. Somerville, of Edinburgh, has been unsuccessfully suing R. Gordon, merchant, for damages for calling her "a woman." Like Bob Sawyer's landlady, she decidedly objected to be called a woman.

Mr. William Bonar, of Kensington—a member of the distinguished family which includes Dr. John Bonar, of Greenock; Dr. Horatius, of Edinburgh, and Dr. Andrew, of Glasgow—passed away on the 27th ult.

By orders from the Scottish Office in London the imprisoned Clashmore crofters—Mrs. Kerr, Mrs. McLeod and Hugh Mathieson—were on the 8th inst. liberated from the Calton Jail, Edinburgh, and sent to their homes.

Misses Frances, Blanche and Amy Tulloch, in consideration of the distinguished services of their late father, Principal Tulloch, of St. Andrews, have each received a pension of £25 from the Civil List.

On the 30th ult. the town-crier of Jedburgh announced through the streets that "the persons who were observed stealing strawberries in Bongate nursery between 6 and 7 o'clock on the previous evening were requested not to do so again."

Prof. Blaikie is taken to task for stating in his biography of Patrick Hamilton that the proto-martyr of the Reformation was born at Kincavel, near Linlithgow. It is contended that Stonehouse, near Hamilton, where his father, Sir Patrick, had a barony, was his birthplace.

Rev. Gavin Lang, of Inverness, officiated at the funeral of Colonel Cameron, of Inverailort, by whose death the last male representative of that family disappears, as also, through his mother, do the Macdonells, of Barrisdale, a once powerful branch of the Glengarry Macdonells.

Lord Fife has sold the estate of Edinglassie, and also the remaining portion of the estate of Invermarkle, the extent of the whole being between 7,000 and 8,000 acres. Edinglassie has been purchased by Mr. John Walker, of Kingswinford, Dudley, and the remaining part of Invermarkle by Mr. Alex. Geddes, of Blairmore.

The inscription on the Gordon statue at Aberdeen is: "Charles George Gordon, R.E., C.B., Major-General. Born 28th January, 1833; fell in his country's service at Khartoum, January, 1885. Dedicated to his memory by members of the Gordon Clan. 'I have done my best for the honor of our country. Khartoum, 14th December, 1884.'"

Rev. Mr. Peters, Mid Parish Church, Greenock, has not received any stipend for four or five years, the Town Council declining to accept the receipt upon which he wrote "Accepted under protest." He now intimates that he is prepared to sign conditionally on the receipt being worded as "alleged legal stipend;" and this condition has been agreed to.

On the 6th August Mr. Andrew Millar, jun., writer, Paisley, died at Toward from peritonitis, after a few days' illness. The deceased, who was about 60 years of age, was a partner of the firm of Millar, Walker & Millar, writers, Paisley, and acted as clerk to the Abbey School Board, and was also clerk to the Abbey heritors. He was till within a short time ago a colonel in the local corps of the volunteers.

Worked the Child Cornetist to Death.

A Kansas City, Mo., despatch says: Docka Pihlgreer, 9 years old, who had travelled all over the West as "the child cornetist," died here yesterday from the effects of overwork. She was a delicate little thing, very small for her age, yet she had been required to practice on the cornet three hours a day, Sunday not excepted, besides performing afternoons and evenings. She was brought here Monday by the Peeks, under whom she was playing, but was not given the least medical attention. Her mother is a variety actress. The coroner's examination showed that death resulted from heart failure, due to nervous exhaustion.

A Sky Terrier.

A little boy, 6 years old, and a little girl, 8, were looking at the clouds one beautiful summer evening, watching their fantastic shapes, when the boy exclaimed: "Oh, Minnie, I see a dog in the sky!" "Well, Willie," replied the sister, "it must be a ky terrier."

Not Always Behind.

It is not always boys who are ungrateful It is sometimes the daughter's unkindness that is sharper than the serpent's tooth. A pretty miss on the train pettishly said to her mother, "Come on; you're always behind." A venerable gentleman passing stooped and said, "Never behind when you were sick, was she?"—*Christian Advocate.*

EVICTIONS IN WEST CLARE.

Thrilling Scenes at Evictions on the Vandeleur Estates.

(Letter in the London Daily News.)

On either side of the door of Simon Connell's house was a small window stuffed with brush wood, and through both windows the syringes began to play. Therefore, to protect the emergency men, the sheriff ran up and clapped his shield upon one of the small windows, while a battering-ram follower stuck another shield upon the second window. A prod from a long pole thrust the sheriff and his shield away from the wall, and a torrent of hot water fell all over the battering-ram warrior, who, in spite of it all, maintained his hold upon his shield, sheltering his head behind it. A constable substituted a wooden board for the sheriff and his shield, and in order to keep the board in its place posted a ladder against it. This stopped the syringe play in that quarter, but through the other window the hot water torrents rushed, frequently drenching the shield-bearer from head to foot. Inside there were only Simon Connell, his son and his two daughters—four people, three of them very young—pitted against all the cavalry and infantry outside, and with a hot-water syringe or two against all those heavy batons and rifles and sword-bayonets. "Have you finished with your hot water yet?" the shield-bearer exclaimed ironically. "No, you spalpeen," the man inside replies, "there's plenty for ye." "Out wid it, then, my lad," retorted the other. Out it did come, and no mistake, sousing the emergency man from head to foot, and reducing his billycock to a pulp; but ere long the old ramming song breaks out, "Back away with them, back away with them," and the battering-ram is at last in full swing, thundering against door and wall, shaking the fort at each blow. At the seventh blow a portion of the door gave way, and through the aperture came promptly forth hot water and steam. At the tenth blow the door fell in pieces, but, as the breach was still not wide enough for the storming party, the battering-ram was turned upon the portions of the wall on either side of the entrance. The men drawn up on the right of the farm-yard square, as also those on the left, were drawing their batons, twisting the thongs round their wrists and preparing for a rush. Down comes a huge fragment of the wall, down comes another, and another, exposing the dimly-lighted interior and the figure of a young girl with disheveled hair rushing across the room. "Back away with them." Down comes another piece of wall in a cataract of bricks, stones and dust. "Charge," and up the heaps of broken wall, like troops scaling an enemy's earth-works, the constabulary rush, with batons overhead. They disappear down the other side in a cloud of dust, while the roof, deprived of its wall supports, shook as if it would fall and bury defenders and stormers alive. Through the dust and steam I could see figures rushing madly about. For about a minute or so, though the time seemed longer, there were the sounds of wild tramplings and scuffling, shrieks of women, and groans, and then they all came out in headlong confusion, captors and captives, and, held fast in the grip of three constables, the father, Simon Connell, with torn clothes and face pale as a corpse, and one side of his head and the whole of his breast and waist-coat literally streaming with blood. He had three terrible wounds in the head. He tottered as if he would faint. Well, I fancied myself pretty well accustomed to ugly sights in battle of another sort, but I must confess I felt dazed and sickened at the spectacle suddenly bursting upon me of this poor, toil-worn, broken-down Irish peasant helpless and bleeding, in the hands of the strong men who were wrecking his hearth and shattering his old home into ruins. "He fought like a demon," said a constable who hurried past me. His head dropped over his chest, he staggered to a walk, the R. I. C. supported him. He sat down on the ground, leaned his back against the wall and groaned. The regimental doctor came up. Lint, scissors and the other necessary materials were fetched from the ambulance waggon, and Connell's wounds were dressed. Connell's son, a boy, was wounded on the head, and the blood ran down his face, but his hurt was not serious.

The last eviction to-day was that of Margaret Madigan, who holds 136 acres at Ladnore. The approach of the sheriff to the farm must have been for some time anticipated, for the roads were cut up and blockaded in several places, and as a consequence the sheriff was delayed for a long time in getting the ram up to the house. The house itself, a neat thatched cottage, was well strengthened with huge timber beams and stout young trees to resist, for a time at least, the assaults of the battering ram. When at length the door was forced open a shower of hot water deluged the bailiffs. The ram was then directed against the adjacent wall, which, being very old, soon crumbled to dust beneath its strokes. More water was thrown out and no reply given to the repeated calls for surrender made by Col. Turner. Inspector Hill, snatching a shield from one of the bailiffs, rushed into the house, when a stone thrown from a loft in the house caused him to beat a precipitate retreat. He then said to Col. Turner: "A case for fixed bayonets, sir;" but Col. Turner said: "No; try batons first." Cecil Roche headed a baton party, which was to take the house by storm; but another stone or two routed them. Just now the aged tenant and her grandchild came out of the house, and it became apparent that the male defenders had taken refuge in a small loft at one end of the house. As they refused to come out, Col. Turner ordered in a dozen men with fixed bayonets, Inspectors Dunning and Hill leading the attack. They were received with a volley of stones, to which Mr. Hill replied by throwing one up into the loft, while Mr. Dunning called out to Col. Turner, "Shall we fire, sir?" Col. Turner replied, "Certainly." Whilst this fusillade of stones was in progress a couple of policemen had succeeded in putting up a ladder against the aperture of the loft, and up to this Messrs. Hill and Dunning climbed armed with bailiffs' crowbars. With these instruments they forced a way into the loft, where a desperate struggle ensued. The two men were overpowered, handcuffed and brought down from the loft. One of them had a bad cut on the side of the head. Mr. Dunning's finger was cut, and Mr. Hill's tunic torn at the shoulder. The two prisoners were brought before Cecil Roche who remanded them in custody. When most of the furniture had been removed the ram was again set in motion, and two sides of the house were levelled, so as to render it perfectly uninhabitable.

How to Have Fine Shoulders.

Begin with ten minutes' work, the wet towel pinned tightly around the hips, corset off and a Mother Hubbard gown on, which is the best modern version of the Greek robe possible. Wet the head well, for the exercise will pump the blood well over the body, heating the temples and spine; roll up your sleeves, sponge and wipe the arms dry and go to work, moderately at first. In ten minutes or less quit, sponge off the muscles that quiver and burn, drop into an easy seat and rest ten or fifteen minutes, then pull again, resting and working for an hour. Keep this up a month and you won't know your shoulders and arms for the same. Walker, in his known work on artistic beauty, says the absence of fine arms in women is due to long sleeves and want of exercise. Pumping, sweeping, spinning, throwing stones at a mark and playing quoits are all better than tennis or rowing to secure finely-modeled arms and busts. The way to get the most benefit from work is to time oneself and see how much can be done in a quarter hour, a half hour, and so on till the sweat flows, that great restorer of the complexion and refiner of the figure. It carries off the grossness of the body, and though it is a proverb in outspoken districts that such a one is "too proud to sweat," and I have heard ladies of middle station in society aver that they never perspired, as if it were a sign of gentility—they never failed to pay the penalty in thick sallowness of face and adipose. The moderate, easy-going woman grows fat. The active, quick-footed one keeps down her flesh and shows as trim a waist and ankle at 45 as she had at 20. The fatal thickening at the back of the neck by which men profess to know women past 40, is an unnecessary consequence. The woman who uses the shoulders freely and rapidly will show as flat and fine an outline at 80 as my beautiful Italian "Reading Girl," and there is hardly a pleasanter sight after the roses and lily figure of 16 than one of these trim, nice, wholesome ladies of 60, with a waist as fine as that of her own granddaughter. A woman who is too fine to work is too fine to be fair, and she will be stout—the one fatal defect in a woman of any age.

Passionate Versifiers.

A new lady poet appears as a contributor to that valuable Democratic journal, the Detroit *Free Press*. The name of this lady is Sarah K. Bolton, and her poem is upon "That Last, Last Night," and we quote:

Your hand, electric to my own,
Your lips, more precious than a throne,
Were mine, ah joy! and mine alone,
That last, last night.

We suggest to the gifted but too careless author of these lines that they violate the canons of orthodox poetical art. While it may not be improper for a young lady to smack a gentleman electrically on the lips, provided he is her declared and accepted lover, and she is his affianced bride, it is contrary to all rules to kiss and tell; and no lady who is admitted to the privilege of holding the thrilling hand of her beloved, and hanging on the precious honey of his lips should go away and forget this fundamental rule of good manners. Next, there is something unpleasant in the remark that these lips were last night hers alone. What did she expect? Did she think he would allow other girls to kiss him also? We are anxious about our lady poets. They manifest a disposition to publish in their verses occurrences that are, doubtless, very sweet in themselves, but which ought not unnecessarily to be dragged into the full blaze of impertinent notoriety. —*N. Y. Sun.*

Old World Church Notes.

Tarsus, the city of St. Paul, will soon be able to boast of an American training school for orphans. There are several institutions of the kind, we believe, and this one will support and house about fifty children.

Dr. Tschakert, professor of ecclesiastical history at Konigsberg, announces the discovery of a large number of sermons and scholia from the pen of Martin Luther. The documents had by some means found their way into the town library of that city. The sermons must have been preached at Wittenberg or neighborhood between 1519 and 1521.

The Congregational, Presbyterian and Reformed Churches of Japan are about to form an organic union. The basis of the union will be the Apostle's Creed and the Nicene Creed, with the historical confessions of the three Churches—all held in subordination to the Bible. The polity is to be a mixture of Congregationalism and Presbyterianism. Congregationalism will prevail in the individual church, but over the united body the Presbyterian forms will prevail. The union paves the way for the formal national adoption of the Christian religion.

Queen of the Gypsy Camp.

A few days ago Undertaker William K. Reed, of Troy, N.Y., was called to go to the gypsy camp at Sickles' Creek to make preparations for the burial of one of the number. Arriving there he found the body of a young woman, a member of the party, who was very handsome in form and face. The entire camp was in sadness over the sudden death of this young woman, who was the pet of the party, and who was considered the queen of the camp. Mr. Reed was told that they were going to burn up everything belonging to the dead woman. Valuable blankets, shawls, dresses, her private carriage, harness, letters, and, in fact, everything she owned, was cast on the pile and burned up so as to keep away evil spirits and bring good luck to her followers. One blanket she had used as a coverlet, handsomely worked, and worth at least $20, was consumed with the rest.

He Wouldn't Bite.

"Mother," said a little boy the other day, "I know what I would do if I was at sea and the men were all starving; they should draw lots to see who should be killed and eaten, and if it should be me I'd jump into the water." "But," said the mother, "they would fish you out!" "No they wouldn't," said he, "for I wouldn't bite."

AH, YES, THE WOMAN.

Two Men After Her, and the Government Finds a Smuggler.

P. J. Rogers, the smuggler, captured in Boston on Saturday, was before United States Commissioner Hallett Wednesday and was held in $2,000 for the September term of the United States court. It is believed that this case is but the precursor of others that will soon be brought before the courts. One case contains all the elements of a French novel. A well known doctor of philology, who has had the honor of imparting a knowledge of modern tongues to infant Hohenzollerns in Germany, and who is known in the United States as the inventor of the "Meisterschaft system" of acquiring European languages, came to Boston about twelve months ago and settled down in an ultra fashionable boarding house. His system of teaching brought an ample income, as many wished to learn German from one who had taught the children of the German Emperor. He became a great favorite at the boarding house, and among others who sought his acquaintance was a railroad man, a travelling agent for one of the most prominent roads in the country. As the intimacy grew closer between these two, the railroad man explained to the doctor how it was that he could live in a style apparently beyond his income as an employee of a corporation. With his railway business he combined that of smuggling into this country woollen fabrics of the highest class. To those whom he knew he was always glad to furnish suit patterns at a price much less than they could be obtained in a legitimate manner. As the revenue was impersonal and not among the possibilities as a student of modern languages, the doctor could see no evil in evading it, and as he wanted some new clothes, his railway friend voluntered to get his clothes made in Canada and bring them through free of duty and the bargain was closed. Between the sending of the order and the reception of the goods a new factor arrived in the person of a beautiful woman with whom the doctor and the railway man straightway fell in love. The latter became the favorite suitor and the doctor was in despair. Then the clothes came, and with them an idea to the doctor. He saw how to obtain revenge. He addressed a note containing the facts about the railway man's scheme to a customs' official and refused to pay for the clothes. The last act showed the smuggler the necessity of caution, and by the time the authorities had got their investigation well under way he found an immediate call for his presence in Canada.

KILLING NO MURDER

When a Wife Kills Her Husband.

At Chester, on Saturday week, before Mr. Justice Field, Mary Ellen Coleman was charged with the manslaughter of her husband, John Coleman, at Stockport, on the 17th of April last, and pleaded "Guilty" to the charge. From the statement made by the prisoner's counsel it appeared that the deceased man had been in the habit of brutally ill-treating the prisoner, and on the day of the fatal blow the deceased had been drinking heavily, and the prisoner endeavored to get him home from a public-house. While doing so he kicked her violently in the chest. She retreated into another room, and the deceased followed her and sat down on a chair by the fire, leaning down to where a poker was lying. This the prisoner seized, and dealt the deceased a blow, not of a violent nature, on the side of the head, and from the effect of this blow the deceased died four days afterwards. His Lordship * * * sentenced the prisoner to one day's imprisonment.

When a Husband Kills His Wife.

The trial of Neale, the draper, charged with the manslaughter of his wife, took place at the Leeds Assizes. His wife had committed adultery with a man named Black, and Crown Prosecutor Mr. Stansfeld declared to the jury that "speaking not as a counsel for the Crown, but as a man, he should have acted as the prisoner at the bar had done." The presiding judge, Mr. Justice Smith, said that the prisoner had done "that which was proper" in kicking the man Black downstairs; and went on to suggest that in a paroxysm of rage, induced by the action of Black, the prisoner had turned upon his wife and inflicted upon her the injuries of which she died. "There were," Mr. Justice Smith continued, "manslaughters and manslaughters," and as the prisoner at the bar had been in prison awaiting trial for two months, His Lordship expressed his determination to inflict no further punishment, but ordered him to be imprisoned for one day, which was equivalent to discharging him.

How to Dine Wisely.

Just now there is a good deal being written and wisely written about the extravagance of the workingman in food; but if the workingman would learn to dine wisely and to diversify his meal with a soup and a salad he'd not only have a better dinner but a much cheaper one. When all the hygienic cranks have exhausted themselves, civilization has not been experimenting in living all these centuries for nothing, and there is good reason for supposing that the regulation of proper dinner in courses, when it is not rendered unattractive and ridiculous by elaborations induced by ostentation rather than by consideration of the palate, is the dinner best suited to the human stomach as well as the pleasantest.—*New York Graphic.*

Gossip About Old Cities.

It is supposed that Rome at one time contained 5,000,000 inhabitants.

Babylon contained 144 square miles, and London contains but 120.

In the Eternal city there were 1,780 palaces, and 46,602 houses divided into flats.

The palaces of Rome each accommodated about 350,000 people.

It took Jonah a day to get into the middle of Nineveh, which occupied more space than London.

Dentist—Well, how do the new teeth work?

Patient—Not very well. They seem to cut the others.

Dentist—That is perfectly natural. They belong to an entirely different set, you know.