GEORGIAN BAY ROMANCE.

An Old-Time Whiskey Schooner Tragedy and Its Sequel.

HAS CAPT. WADDELL COME TO LIFE AGAIN?

A despatch from Owen Sound says: What promises to be an interesting case will come up before the Police Magistrate in a few days. The circumstances are these: About eighteen years ago a schooner, the Explorer, with a cargo consisting of mill machinery and 200 barrels of whiskey, ran on a rock near Tobermory, and was reported lost. There was a crew of four on board—the captain, his son and two men. The captain and his son escaped, the other two went down with the boat. The story of the wreck told by the captain, whose name is Waddell, was that when striking the rock the vessel ran hard on and shifted her cargo forward. Sending the two men down to shift it aft, the boat swung off the rock and went down bow foremost, carrying the two men with it. Reaching this place, the tale was related and the insurance collected on the vessel and cargo.

Ugly rumors began to float about. Shortly after Waddell and his son were out on a small boat on Lake Huron, and it was told by the boy that the boat capsized and his father was drowned. He, in his dripping clothes, took the farmer at whose house on the shore he first appeared, and showed him the upturned boat on the shore. The story was received as fact and nothing more thought of the matter till about 6 years ago, when the crew of a small coasting vessel going around picking up wreckage were informed of the sinking of the schooner, with mill machinery and whiskey aboard. The thought of securing two hundred barrels of "12-year-old" was sufficient inducement to raise the boat, so they went to work, and for their trouble found that the Explorer had a full cargo of rocks and the two bodies of the crew among them. The bottom had been bored through in several places, and the whole surroundings indicated a case of cold-blooded murder.

These circumstances called up the remembrance of Waddell to some of his former acquaintances, and, to their great surprise, they recognized the captain in Chicago. They reported the fact to a friend of theirs, Mr. Horace Lymburner, of this town, who was also acquainted with Waddell, having shipped a cargo of lumber in the Explorer. Imagine Mr. Lymburner's surprise when a few days ago who should turn up on our streets but Waddell. Greeting him as Captain Waddell the man replied, with a startled glare in his eyes:

"I am not Captain Waddell."

And shot past him. He was also recognized by a Captain Morrow, who informed P. C. McAuley. This constable has the case in hand and is working it up with good prospects of bringing the guilty man to justice.

In the meantime Waddell is serving a fifteen-days' term in jail for being drunk. It is supposed that the whiskey was sold and the proceeds pocketed, and the mill machinery is reported to be now in use in a sawmill on the north shore somewhere, being run by a son of Waddell.

Should the case be proven, it will be one of the most sensational ever brought up here. The appearance of the man who is now in jail, and reported to be Waddell, is that of a most desperate character; so much so as to cause the magistrate to remark that he was the most villainous-looking individual who had ever appeared before him. There is a peculiarity in his walk which is identical with that of Waddell. The Crown Attorney has taken up the case and is making inquiries of the insurance companies interested.

KILLED BY A COLLISION.

An Engine Runs Into a Street Car in Detroit—Ten Persons Injured, Some Fatally.

A last (Wednesday) night's Detroit despatch says: This afternoon the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern switching engine, on its way to the Junction, collided with a street car of the Fort and Croghan street line at Croghan street crossing, demolishing the car and injuring ten persons, five of whom will probably die. On the approach of the street car to the crossing the conductor, in compliance with the rules of the Street Railway Company, ran ahead to ascertain if the way was clear of trains, and seeing the engine, he turned to signal the car, which had kept on and was close by. But the signal came too late to Driver Thos. Evans, and despite his efforts the car glided down the sharp grade in time for the locomotive to come up and crash into it broadside. The street car was comparatively filled with passengers, about fourteen in all. When the locomotive crashed into it, the shrieks of the women and the cries of the men were heard a distance of several blocks. The side of the car was crushed in and the car overturned and pushed along a few feet, but a quick reversal of the locomotive prevented further damage. Opinion is divided as to whom to blame, whether Conductor Ross, of the street car, or Watchman Hurley, who did not have the block arms down to stop the passage of teams along the street.

An Embezzler Dying in Toronto.

A Wapakoneta, O., despatch says: Israel Lucas, ex Treasurer of Anglaize County, who fled to Canada about two years ago with $30,000 of the county's money, is dying with consumption. George Orr, while in Toronto, met Lucas and had a long conversation with him. Mr. Lucas intimated that he had prepared a complete history of the defalcation, and left the impression that all of the story of the steal was never told.

A Bride of 16 and Groom of 50.

A Reidsville, N.C., despatch says: Samuel Marsden, aged 50, and Gertrude Gibson, aged 16, eloped from Amelia county, Va., came here and were married last night. The bride, who is pretty, said she had plenty offers from younger men, but they were all drunkards.

That Would Be Nice.

A Mrs. Smith, of Grand Rapids, Mich., was caught in a patent folding bed which shut up with her, and she could not get out until the manufacturer of the bed had been sent for to open the combination. The manufacturer of every folding bed should go with the bed, to be handy in case of emergency.—*Peck's Sun*

A BLACKMAILING SCHEME.

The Men Who Tried to Entrap Phil Daly—A Remarkable Confession.

A New York despatch says: On top of the sensational developments in the now celebrated "badger" game played on Phil Daly comes a remarkable confession of one of the four conspirators, Herman, as made to Inspector Byrnes to-day. The confession lays bare a scheme of wholesome blackmail on prominent men and forcible extortion of money. The story puts yellow-covered literature to shame. Henry Harman was the green member of the gang. He was pressed early into the service, and weakened easily when Inspector Byrnes (in his presence) made the Stanton woman talk just enough to show that she was willing to turn States evidence. The man Herman is about 30, and is of German birth, and has a wife and children, though he spent most of his time with the Hammond woman. He is a butcher by trade. His last job was at the Grand Union Hotel, Saratoga. He met Meredith, the arch-conspirator, a couple of weeks before the election. Herman says that he introduced Meredith to the Stanton woman, and the quartette went to live at the 4th avenue flat, where the badger game was played upon Daly. Meredith was much pleased with the Stanton woman. She would make a good "crook," he said, because she had the "nerve," and he could make a lot of money out of her. The outcome of the matter was that about Nov. 28th Meredith told Herman that he had fixed it all with Addie Stanton for a big strike, and he would give Herman $15,000 to take a hand. The scheme was to write letters to men of wealth and prominence, to entrap them into the flat. The first who fell in and was "any good," that is, had any reputation or money to lose, was to be chloroformed and robbed. They calculated to get about $30,000 out of their victim by threats and blackmail.

Herman was assigned to the task of tying and torturing the prisoner. Daly, one of the chosen victims, came once and the chance was allowed to pass. Meredith was angry with Herman for it. The Hammond woman, who was a sort of a silent partner in the scheme, was out of the flat when Daly passed through his ordeal. She did not wish to be present at the time. The two men played cards in the kitchen, while the Stanton woman watched for the gambler. At 2 p. m. came the knock at the door. The woman played her part as agreed upon. When the rush came, Herman says he was so nervous that the pistol went off accidentally. Then they ran. What followed has already been told.

THE COMING BATTLE.

Arrival of British Troops at Suakim—Battle Expected Next Week.

A Suakim cable says: The first detachment of British troops arrived here yesterday on the steamship Hodeida, which entered the harbor, bringing from Suez 21 officers, 185 men of the Scottish Borderers, and 100 mounted infantry with horses. So soon as the troops assembled the Arabs opened a hot artillery fire from the trenches, mainly concentrated on the Twelfth Black Battalion, but they were quickly silenced by a reply from the forts and the Racer. The probability is that a fight between the Arabs and the troops under General Grenfell, sirdar of the Egyptian army, will take place next week. Reports put the strength of the Arabs in the trenches at from 700 to 1,000 men. There are, however, many more lying in the bush, within a short distance of the earthworks, and about 1,500 reserves stationed at Handoub wells, eight miles away. Many are merely tribesmen and slaves, but there are among them nearly 1,000 dervishes and ex Egyptian soldiers. The force under General Grenfell will consist of two brigades of Egyptian and black troops, supported by the second battalion of the King's Own Scottish Borderers, one company of mounted infantry, and a small force of Egyptian cavalry and artillery, altogether about 5,000 under arms.

Gen. Grenfell has informed the Government that he considers this force ample to raise the siege. He expects to be able to mass his entire force by the end of this week.

A DESPERATE GIRL.

Shoots Herself Dead Because Her Mother Scolded Her.

A Watertown, N. Y., despatch says: Miss Anna M. Moore, the pretty and accomplished daughter of H. W. Moore, a well-known hardware merchant of Antwerp, this county, committed suicide in a fit of anger, after having been scolded by her mother for remaining out until 10 o'clock at night. The girl was 18 years of age and idolized by her parents. Tuesday evening, about 7 o'clock, she expressed a desire to go out for the purpose of visiting a young lady friend in the village. Her mother asked her to remain at home, but she dressed and went. When she returned at 10 o'clock the family had retired. The mother arose, however, and, going to Anna's room, upbraided her severely for remaining out so late. After Mrs. Moore had turned to leave the room Anna arose in a passion, went across the hall to a closet, got a revolver, a 22-calibre, and, placing the muzzle to her right temple, fired. The report of the pistol aroused Mr. Moore, who rushed upstairs, but fell fainting to the floor when he found what had taken place. Anna lived about three hours after the shooting, but did not regain consciousness. She had threatened to kill herself before when reproved by her parents. The revolver with which she took her life was taken from her father's store.

A Man to be Afraid Of.

Brown (to friend from out of town)—Let us cross over, Jack, there's a tailor on the next block whom I don't want to see.

Friend—Like all you New Yorkers—afraid to meet your tailor.

Brown—Great Scott, man! I don't wear a hundred dollars worth of clothes a year. It's my wife's tailor; he's the only man in New York I'm afraid of.

Dug. Crothers, who demanded $350 per month to play in Buffalo, is now willing to play in Toronto for $200 per month. Ball players are getting sense.

Mr. Gladstone has begun classifying his letters and papers. He has a little batch of 60,000 letters that he thinks worth preserving.

A BUTTON'S ODD HISTORY.

Used to Conceal a Note from a Prisoner of War to His Wife.

A Columbus, Ind., despatch says: A most unique relic of the late war is possessed by George Clutch, Commander of the Isham Keith (G.A.R.) Post in this city. It is a button off of a private soldier's uniform. During the latter part of the war Mr. Clutch's brother-in-law, J. F. Gallaher, whose home is in Ohio, had the misfortune to be captured by the rebels and confined in Libby Prison. The story of how the prisoners in that hell-hole suffered and died from starvation, exposure and ill-treatment is a part of history. After Mr. Gallaher had been there some time he began to feel the need of money, which would enhance his prospects of reaching the Union lines should he succeed in making his escape. A surgeon of his regiment, who was in the prison, was about to be exchanged. He cut off one of the large brass buttons from his uniform, and, separating the two parts of it, made a cavity by taking out the filling. He then wrote on a slip of blank paper, in a small but distinct hand, the following note to his wife, which he enclosed in the cavity and again sealed the button together:

LIBBY PRISON.—DEAR WIFE,—If we are not exchanged by 1st of December send me $30 in greenbacks. Put in a vial canned up in a can of tomatoes or blackberries. Send it in a box of provisions. J. F. GALLAHER.

This note is well preserved and was still resting snugly in its place in the button when shown to-day by Mr. Clutch. To continue the story, the button was made to take the place of another on the uniform of the exchanged surgeon, who reached home and delivered it to Mrs. Gallagher in due time. It could not have escaped the close scrutiny of the officers had it been conveyed out of the prison in any other manner, as the officers were particular to search all of the exchanged prisoners, including the surgeon, most minutely. Mr. Gallaher did not have much hope that his scheme would succeed, even should the note reach his wife, but he was surprised, for the fruit arrived in a short time, and although closely inspected by the prison officials, they failed to discover the vial containing the money concealed in one of the jars of thick preserves. Soon after receiving the money Mr. Gallaher succeeded in making his escape from the prison, being one of the chief participants in the great tunnel expedition. He found the $30 obtained in so novel a manner to be of great service to him in reaching the Union lines. When Mr. Clutch was in Ohio a short time ago he was given the button and its contents to keep as a memento, and it is greatly prized as such.

CONFESSED HIS CRIME.

How a Prussian Village was Burned to the Ground Many Years Ago.

A Kalamazoo, Mich., despatch says: A most sensational confession was made by a Chicago German named Heinrich Schance, aged 70, to Wm Radiger, of Kalamazoo, last May, in Chicago. It was the dying confession of Schance, who was a well-to-do bridge builder. He said: "It was in 1844 the crime of my life was committed. It has caused me untold suffering ever since. One dark night my partner, 'Sugar' Schultz and myself, robbed a barn in a suburb of Colverte, Prussia, of 100 bushels of rye. To throw off all suspicion of robbery, we returned to the barn and set it on fire. A strong wind was blowing, and soon, to our horror, 100 houses and stores were in flames. The village was burned to the ground. The suffering that night was horrible. Many mothers and children perished in the flames. Large rewards were offered for the arrest of the perpetrators of the deed; but we were never caught. As the people gathered at the fire we stole away through the woods. I immediately took a steamer for America, came to Chicago, and have been here ever since. My partner was a braver criminal than I. He remained, and is still living in Colverte, Prussia, where he is a wealthy merchant. Now I feel better, but be sure and not communicate this confession to the German officials." The confession was sworn to by Radiger before a justice and has been sent to the German Consul at Cincinnati.

LASHED TO THE PUMPS.

Fearful Suffering Endured by the Crew of a Sinking Schooner.

A Baltimore, Md., despatch says: This morning the schooner James A. Garfield arrived from Navassa with the shipwrecked crew of seven of the schooner Albert H. Cross, of Philadelphia and Newburyport, Mass. Capt. Henderson, of the Cross, tells a harrowing tale of shipwreck. The Cross left Charleston Nov. 15th, bound to Petersburg, Va., with 495 tons of phosphate rock. On November 17th they encountered a heavy gale, which lasted for several days. On the 21st she sprang a leak. The men got to the pumps, but the waves were rushing over the decks, which they swept clean. The men were lashed to the pumps, and were in that position until November 30th, when they were rescued by the Garfield. The men were completely exhausted and covered with salt water sores. The Cross sank in latitude 33.45, long. 73.40, two hours after her crew had been taken off.

TARIFF CHANGES.

Canadian Customs Rulings During the Last Two Months.

The following decisions were rendered by the Board of Customs at Ottawa during October and November:

Cotton seed bran, 20 per cent.
Cocoanut oilcake, 20 per cent.
Galvanized wrought iron tubing over two inches disc., 30 per cent.
Letter copying books, 35 per cent.
Parian busts or statuettes, 30 per cent.
Paper boxes embellished with chromos, etc., but without any printed matter, six cents per lb. and 20 per cent.
Pencil cases of all kinds, including gold, silver or plated, 25 per cent.
Suspensory bandages, as trusses, 25 per cent.
Scripture wall texts, not illustrated, 35 per cent; do., illustrated, 6c per lb. and 20 per cent.
Vases, glass, plain or fancy, 20 per cent.; do. china, 30 per cent; do. earthenware, 35 per cent.
Wool (no oils), dyed, 20 per cent.

NOTE.—The items "vases" are not intended to include articles that should be classed as "table ware."

The defaulting clerk of the London Fair Association is in New York attending a medical college.

A DOMINIE'S WOES.

Persecuted into Matrimony by a Designing Widow.

LEAP YEAR PRIVILEGE EMBRACE.

The Groom Renounces the Bride at the Altar, but She Refuses to Give Him Up.

The New York *World* says the Rev. H. F. Auld, a young Episcopal clergyman of Morrisania, two years ago betrothed himself to Mrs. Helen Christie, a buxom widow. The clergyman's friends say she completely bewitched him, and he became her abject slave. The attachment lasted a year, when, on March 14th, 1887, according to Mr. Auld's friends, the widow, taking leap year by the forelock, proposed marriage. This was quite a shock to Mr. Auld, who had loved her only as a mother. She took him to St. Paul's Church, corner of One Hundred and Fortieth street and Third avenue, however, requesting the clergyman there to marry them. The reverend gentleman refused, on the ground that it was Lent. Mrs. Christie then proposed a solemn betrothal, which was willingly entered into by Mr. Auld, and a formal agreement was signed. Finally Mr. Auld, who was influenced by his mother, told Mrs. Christie he could never love her, or even respect her as a wife, but if she insisted he would marry her. He resigned his parish, made arrangements to go to another, and told her that on his departure the ceremony would be performed. Mrs. Christie felt that she was compromised and threatened legal proceedings if the marriage did not take place immediately. Mr. Auld still hesitating, Mrs. Christie appealed to Bishop Potter, who summoned the parties before him. After hearing the evidence the bishop wrote a letter to Mr. Auld, sympathizing with him, but telling him he was bound to keep his word and marry Mrs. Christie. Last Wednesday Mr. Auld, accompanied by a friend, repaired to the residence of the Rev. H. S. Smith, and the ceremony was performed. It was a most dramatic affair. Before the witnesses Mr. Auld solemnly renounced Mrs. Christie, saying: "I will let you be my wife only in name. I will never live with you. I will try and provide for you, but you must never darken my threshold."

Mrs. Christie was just as emphatic. "I love him still," she cried, "and I marry him simply for the love I bear him." The ceremony was performed and Mrs. Christie went back to her home and Mr. Auld rejoined his mother. They have never laid eyes on each other since their wedding day. Last night a reporter called on Mr. Auld. He is a young man, very delicate, and is afflicted with a constant twitching of the head. He was extremely nervous, and when the reporter stated his mission broke down completely. "I have tried so hard to do right," he almost cried. "There has been nothing wrong between Mrs. Christie and myself, and now I am ruined forever because I was weak and foolish. I will only make this statement: I engaged myself solemnly to Mrs. Christie and, according to my promise, I have married her. That is all I have to say about it." Mrs. Auld, the mother of the reverend gentleman, also declined to make a statement except to the effect that her son had been persecuted. "He has been followed by that designing woman until she married him. My poor boy. He thought every woman like his mother. She said she loved him, and now she makes public the engagement which she had promised to keep secret." Mr. Auld, in listening, was so much affected by the turn matters had taken that he began to weep. "There is nothing more for me to do but to die," he said. "My career is ruined. I can see the heading in the paper to-morrow, 'Another Minister Gone Wrong,' and I have been so innocent and tried to do so much to suppress the scandal." "How did this woman come to have such an influence over you?" asked the reporter. Mr. Auld and his mother both groaned in answer. A family consultation was then held and a friend was called in, but they would say no more.

NOW JUST DON'T.

A Short and Concise Catechism of What Not to Do.

Don't put R. S. V. P. on your present to your rich uncle.

Don't misspell the word "presence" in the invitations to your Christmas party.

Don't hang up more than three pairs of stockings if you are visiting friends in the country.

Don't eat two mince pies, a plum pudding, lobster salad and ice cream, and then complain that the climate does not agree with you.

Don't impersonate Santa Claus in a seal skin sacque, rubber boots and auburn side whiskers.

Don't give your guest who has overstayed his welcome a travelling bag.

Don't send the unreceipted bill for her present to your fiancee in mistake for a Christmas card.

Don't decline a present simply because the expressage or postage has not been prepaid.

Don't attribute your bonbon headache to the drum your enemy sent your son.

Don't borrow money from your friend to pay for his present.

Don't present your wife with a handsome mahogany cigar box; and

Don't expect your husband to be pleased if you give him an ivory-backed hand-mirror.

A Popular Song Writer.

Mr. Milton Wellings, author of "At the Ferry," "Some Day" and other popular songs, says he has no definite time for writing. He works when the steam is up, and this often in the evenings. But music does not nearly absorb his whole energy. He writes musical criticisms, dabbles in fiction and is a bit of a painter. He is also an athlete and hates the affectation of art. "That kind of hypocrisy covers a multitude of faults," he said. "I dislike verse, too," Wellings added vigorously. "Do you ask why?" He drew from a drawer a huge heap of manuscript, with which he explained he was every day inundated.

A special proverb—Man proposes, but woman mustn't.

OLD WORLD NEWS BY MAIL.

Latest from Ireland.

Reports received from Ireland record the partial failure of the potato crop.

Mrs. Malone, stated to be 105 years of age, died at Ennistymon, Clare, the other day.

The Land Commission has reduced the rents on the Kenmare estates at Killarney 50 per cent.

The construction of the Mitchelstown & Fermoy Railway is to be commenced immediately.

The honorary degree of Doctor of Laws has been conferred upon Rev. Hugh Hanna, D.D., of Belfast, by Galesville University, Wisconsin.

Mr. Rathbone, a Dublin gentleman, and a large number of merchants were cruelly hoaxed the other day. From early morning tons of coal were brought in rapid succession to the house of Mr. Rathbone, nearly all the coal merchants in the city having received orders. After these came funeral carriages, a hearse, furniture floats and vans. The thoroughfare was crowded. The victims of this stupid fooling are naturally greatly incensed.

Latest from Scotland.

Mr. Graham Murray has been appointed senior advocate-depute of Scotland.

Six hundred pounds has been subscribed to the fund for the erection of a Burns statue in Ayr.

Profs. Smith and Smeaton, of the New College, Edinburgh, complete this year the jubilee of their ministry.

On November 16th the members of Edinburgh Town Council presented Lady Clark, the wife of ex Provost Clark, with a diamond pendant.

Jessie King, one of the persons in custody in connection with the alleged child murders in Stockbridge, Edinburgh, has made a full confession of her guilt.

Dr. Ritchie, of Duns, Mr. Hogarth, of Stranraer, and Principal Morison are the only three remaining in service in Scotland of those who began their studies in the Secession Hall in 1834.

Rev. Dr. Gloag, of Galashiels, is to be nominated as Moderator of the Established Church Assembly of Scotland next year, and Rev. John Laird, Cupar-Fife, as Moderator of the Free Church.

Rev. Robert Thomson, Ladywell, Glasgow, is threatened with eviction from the Island of Inchcolm, of which he has been sub-tenant since the beginning of the present year. The Earl of Moray objects to him as a tenant.

Over 100 members of Stonehaven Free Church congregation have petitioned the Presbytery to establish a preaching station there, as they wish to sever their connection with the Rev. J. Robertson, whose preaching they consider "borders upon profanity and blasphemy, and fitted to bring the pulpit and its ministrations into contempt."

The ceremony of handing over the Wallace sword, which has lain in Dumbarton Castle for nearly six centuries, to the authorities of the National Wallace Monument on Abbey Craig took place in Stirling on the 17th ult. On behalf of the War Office, Colonel Nightingale, the commanding officer of the district, formally conveyed the weapon to the custodians of the monument, and afterwards Provost Yellowlees gave a public reception, at which Dr. Rogers gave a brief historical sketch of the sword, dealing particularly with the proofs of its genuineness.

"GOOD OLD VICTOR!"

How a Parrot's Salutation Led to a Swindler's Arrest.

Detectives obtain their hints and clues from many sources, but it is not often that they receive them through the instrumentality of parrots; yet this is just what has happened during the researches of M. Goron, the head of the Paris criminal department. This officer has been lately looking for the chief accountant of the "Catusse Band," a fellow named Victor Chevalier, and, going the other day into the rooms of a notorious receiver of stolen goods in Paris, he heard himself addressed in harsh tones as "Good old Victor; there you are!" This was enough for the detective, who, having silently satisfied himself that the loquacious bird was the property of the man for whom he was looking, proceeded to search the receiver's den for indications of a more substantial character.

After a long and minute investigation of the premises he found a letter from Victor to the receiver, in which epistle the robber announced that he was in Angers under the name of Felix Crozet. M. Goron immediately set out for that town, and arrested the owner of the too voluble parrot in the railway station.—*Paris letter in London Telegram.*

Mysterious Psychological Perceptions.

Prof. Edward Payson Thwing, M. D., Ph. D., for four years President of the Academy of Anthropology, New York, reports the four following: "The wife of Dr. W., a physician near Boston, had a dream or vision one night in which she distinctly saw her aunt. This lady resided several hundred miles away in a distant city. She appeared to be walking in the city, descending a hill toward a railway track. The dreamer saw the movement of her aunt as she approached the rails, and also that of a passing train, by which she was killed. A few days after a letter was received which narrated the death of the lady at the very place and under the very circumstances described.

The same person, at another time, woke in the morning with the conviction that a certain neighbor was dead, and so remarked to her husband, the physician. Neither of them had had any personal acquaintance with the individual. As they dressed and looked out of the window the first object seen was a crape on their neighbor's door. The lady had just passed away.

"The night that President Lincoln was murdered a neighbor of mine, writes a physician, declared that the President was killed by an assassin. It was several hours before the news reached the town.

"The wife of a New York clergyman made a similar statement just before the news arrived of the murder of President Garfield, and said that she saw him in a railway station surrounded by ladies and others."—*Religio-Philosophical Journal.*