SLAIN AS A SACRIFICE.

Fanatical Followers of a Negro "Messiah" Kill a Child as an Offering.

BEATING DEVILS OUT OF A WOMAN

A Savanna, Ga., despatch says: A lamentable state of affairs exists in that section of Liberty county where the lunatic Orth, or Bell, preached for a month. He is in the insane asylum at Milledgeville, but the effect of his ravings is still felt. Hundreds of negroes are totally demoralized through religious frenzy. Orth has a successor in a negro named Edward James, who claims that the spirit of the Messiah has passed into his body. Some of his actions and words are amusing. Other acts and language are revolting. He tells his listeners to throw their money away. Near his rude pulpit is a box into which the silver coins are thrown. Yesterday David James, a brother of the preacher, and Carter, a friend, went to the camp ground to try to persuade Edward James to give up his calling. The negroes who were there denied that their acting Lord was about. However, the two men lingered and at length discovered Edward James asleep in a waggon. They woke him up and began arguing with him. He got mad and threatened to strike them dead. That did not frighten them. Carter put his hand on James' shoulder and the pretended Messiah struck him in the face. Carter grabbed the false Lord by the throat and choked him until his tongue stuck out. At that the other negroes mobbed Carter and beat him terribly with their fists and clubs. Carter is likely to die. Dr. Henry is attending him. His skull is crushed and his thigh is badly cut. James is a Justice of the Peace. On Thursday last he announced his divine mission. He urges his followers to make financial sacrifices to the Lord. On Sunday as much as $400 was offered as a sacrifice. James tore up the paper money and scattered the silver broadcast through the woods. Whether he secreted some of the coin and paper on his person does not appear in the evidence, but it is thought extremely likely that he did. The crowds that follow James increase daily and their violence is becoming a terror to the law-abiding element of both races. The idea of sacrifice has spread to a horrible extent. The offer of money no longer satisfies these violent and misguided persons. Human blood is demanded. The story of Abraham offering up Isaac is told with awful effect. On Sunday a boy, 4 years old, was left with his aunt, Laura Roberts, at home several miles from Walthamville plantation by his parents. On the return of the wretched father and mother the child was missing. On Monday the body was found floating in a railroad ditch. On the forehead a cross had been cut, and on the breast the same symbol was stabbed deeply. The throat was cut and the ears split. The woman was arrested, but refused to divulge what she had done with her other child. A vigilant search has been instituted, but without avail. The Coroner's jury returned a verdict finding Laura Roberts guilty of murder. The woman was out of her mind at one time, but had recovered and was apparently perfectly sound until Bell began his meetings. She was one of his most devoted followers and, after his removal, transferred her attachment to James. Like many of the others, she accepted all of his words as of divine origin, and, acting upon them, killed the child. James, while a Justice of the Peace, had in his office Tony Lecount, a negro constable. Tony had developed the mania to as great an extent as the ex-magistrate, and is posing as the Holy Ghost. "We are three in one," he announced at the meeting in the swamp on the Baker plantation yesterday to a crowd of several hundred, and then went on to explain that Bell was God, who has gone back to heaven to make arrangements for their reception. James is the Son and he is the Spirit. His theory is swallowed with as much gullibility as all the other statements made to the ignorant rabble. Both men yesterday appeared together, naked.

At the meeting on Saturday afternoon the wife of Charles Baker was badly injured. She is a large woman and was in the crowd near James, who was preaching. Stopping suddenly he pointed to her and exclaimed, "She has devils in her; pound them out! pound them out!" A dozen men seized her, threw her on a rough table, and began to beat her with clubs. Her jaw was broken and her body was badly bruised before the evil demons were persuaded to leave her.

On Monday James saw devils moving in Eugene Richards, a sober, industrious colored man, who had gone to the meeting from curiosity. He resisted, when the disciples set upon him and he was beaten almost into insensibility. He received internal injuries, and will probably die.

Sheriff Smith has arrested seven ringleaders of the mob that put Carter's life in jeopardy. As the 16th of August approaches, the date prophesied for the world's ending, fears of increased violence are entertained. A band of several hundred is expected to march out of the county towards the north and at the same time to beat back all but the chosen seed. The farming interests of Liberty are partially prostrated, and the serious state of affairs taxes the wisdom and ingenuity of the conservative citizens of the county. The people are becoming more and more excited and the whites are dreading that James will influence his followers to attack them. This afternoon Sheriff Smith, of Liberty county, with a posse of fifteen well-armed and determined men, went to make an effort to put a stop to the scandalous proceedings that have disgraced that section for some time past, and relieve the peaceable citizens of the fear they now entertain of violent proceedings on the part of the followers of James. Yesterday a number of the leaders of the new sect were arrested, making fifteen in all that have been taken into custody. If to-day's movement does not succeed a vigilance committee will be organized at once and hemp brought into requisition to rid the county of the nuisance.

—A good deal of billing and cooing is being done at the summer resorts just now. Lovers do the cooing and hotel proprietors the billing.

—The difference between a young wife and her husband is that her first biscuit is apt to be his last.

CATTLE KATE.

The Famous Female Cowboy Hanged to a Limb for Cattle Stealing—Makes a Speech With a Rope Around Her Neck—"Game" to the Last.

A Cheyenne despatch gives the following fuller particulars of the lynching: James Averill and the notorious cattle queen, Kate Maxwell, were lynched by cowboys Sunday night. The bodies of the "rustler" and "range queen" dangled from the same limb of a big cottonwood yesterday morning. The scene of the lawless but justifiable deed of the midnight riders was Castle Rock, on the Sweetwater River, in Carbon county, near Independence. Castle Rock is a place which became historical during the rush overland to the California gold fields. Averill was postmaster at Sweetwater. Kate Maxwell was the heroine of a sensational story which appeared in the newspapers throughout the country three months ago, when she raided a gambling house and recovered a large sum of money won from her employees. Stockmen of the Sweetwater region have been the victims of cattle thieves for years. On account of prejudice against the large outfits it has been impossible to convict for these offences, and the rustlers have become very bold. Averill and his remarkable partner have been very active in thieving. The woman could hold her own on the range, riding like a demon, shooting on the slightest pretext, and handling the lariat and branding iron with the skill of the most expert vaquero.

Fifty freshly branded yearling steers were counted in the Averill and Maxwell herds Saturday morning. A stock detective whose suspicions were aroused was driven from the place when he was noticed viewing the stolen property. This circumstance was reported to the ranchemen, who determined to rid the country of the desperate pair. Averill and the woman have several times been ordered to emigrate or cease appropriating mavericks, but had disregarded all warnings. After her celebrated gambling house escapade, Mrs. Maxwell degenerated from a picturesque character into a reckless prairie virago of loose morals, and lost most of her following, but continued partnership with the postmaster. Word was passed along the river, and fifteen to twenty men gathered at a designated place and galloped to the cabin of Averill and Cattle Kate without unnecessary noise. The rustlers were at home, and a peep through the window disclosed the thieves and a boy in their employ, sitting beside a rude fire place smoking cigarettes.

As half a dozen men rushed into the room, a Winchester was poked through each window and a command to throw up their hands was given with unmistakable earnestness. The trio sprang for their weapons but were quickly overpowered. Averill begged and whined, protesting his innocence. Kate cursed. Her execration of the lynchers was something terrible in its way. She cursed everything and everybody, challenging the Deity to harm her if He had the power. An attempt was made to gag her, but her struggling was so violent that this was abandoned. She called for her own horse to ride to the tree selected for a scaffold, and vaulted astride the animal's back from the ground. Averill did not resist, and the boy, who had been told that he would not be harmed, followed. Either end of the same rope was fastened about the necks of the rustlers as they sat in their saddles. The boy made a pass with a knife at the man who was preparing Kate for hanging. He was knocked insensible by a blow with the butt of a revolver. The lad was a nephew of the bandit queen.

When preparations for the execution had been completed, Averill and the woman were asked to speak. The man spoke only of his office, saying that he did not wish a certain man to be his successor. He was promised the influence of the party for another candidate. Kate made quite an address. She wished the affair kept as quiet as possible, desiring that her mother be kept in ignorance of her disgrace and tragic death. It was useless to deny that their herd had been stolen from the ranchmen of that section, but if they did not wish to divide it among themselves she would like to have it sold and the money given to a home for homeless girls. Kate bade her nephew good bye, and commenced to deliver a blasphemous harangue. The horses were led from under the pair, while Kate was still cursing. Both kicked in lively style for ten or fifteen minutes. A few bullets were fired into Averill's body, and the lynchers rode away.

It is doubtless if an inquest will be held, and the executioners have no fear of being punished. The cattlemen have been forced to this, and more hangings will follow unless there is less thieving.

European War Rumors.

A Thursday's London cable says: An undercurrent of uneasiness continues to pervade the continent, notwithstanding strenuous efforts to smooth matters over. Servia still remains the object on which all eyes are fixedly gazing. The powers that be never know what Servia will do next. To-day agents of the Sultan in Belgrade report to the Turkish government that Russia, as well as France, has prepared to furnish war material to the Servians on long credit. Neither Carnot's Government nor the Czar will make demand for payment, according to the Turkish agents, and Servia can purchase weapons, ammunition, etc., without fearing any pressure whatever.

Von Vollmar, the German Socialist leader, in a recent interview, expressed a decided opinion that the triumph of Boulanger would mean a new disturbing feature to Europe. The general's name, Von Vollmar thought, would be an excellent platform cry for another military vote, and although no war might follow, the ill-feeling between France and Germany could only be increased by the success of Boulangism.

—Next month the Connecticut law against the sale of cigarettes to boys under 16 will go into effect.

—Tennyson and Dr. Holmes will both be 80 years of age in August—the English laureate on the 6th and the American poet on the 29th.

—It is estimated that the population of New York and Brooklyn and the surburban towns near by is over 3,000,000. The estimate gives New York 1,600,000 and Brooklyn 800,000.

THE GRANTS TO ROYALTY.

Mr. Bradlaugh and Lord Churchill Deliver Speeches For and Against.

A last Friday night's London cable says: When the debate was resumed in the House of Commons to-day, Mr. Bradlaugh said he found difficulty in discussing the question calmly when Mr. Balfour outside of the House denounced the objections as disgusting and sordid. The opponents of the grants meant nothing personally discourteous to the members of the royal family, but were simply acting within their rights when they met the demands of the Crown on a question of finance with a direct negative. Much of the argument in favor of the grants was based on the erroneous idea that the Crown, under the Civil List Acts from George I. onwards, surrendered its private property in exchange for a civil list. Neither George I. nor his successors, Mr. Bradlaugh declared, surrendered anything. The present royal family never surrendered anything of a farthing's value to the country. The Committee of Inquiry had elicited the fact that during the present reign the savings upon certain classes under the Civil List Act, instead of being applied to defray the charges of other classes, had been handed to the Queen without the authority of Parliament, and in breach of the statute. (Cries of Hear, hear.) Mr. W. H. Smith, the Government leader, had denied that the alleged savings of the Queen were over three millions of pounds, but he declined to show how much money had either been saved by the Queen or drawn by the other members of the Royal family from all sources. Mr. Bradlaugh said there ought to be nothing to conceal. The fact of the concealing had led to exaggerated ideas. The refusal of the Government to disclose the wealth amassed by royalties justified the aversion of the country to Royal grants. (Cheers.)

Lord Randolph Churchill argued that the original demands of the Government were just, besides being in conformity with precedent. If burdens were thrown upon the Crown, not intended under the Civil List, it would impair the credit of the nation and of Parliament. Mr. Bradlaugh had questioned the title of the Crown to its estates, but successive Parliaments had recognized it, and none of the greatest lawyers had ever yet challenged the Crown's title. He reminded the House that Sir Henry F. Ponsonby, Her Majesty's Private Secretary, a few years ago denied the reports that the Queen was making immense investments in ground rents and stated that she had not £1,000,000 to invest in anything. Lord Randolph saw that the Radicals' over-estimate of the Queen's wealth was designed to excite popular feeling against Royalty. He objected to the adoption of methods whose purpose was to foment a clamor against the throne, which in spite of them would remain steadfast in the affections of the people.

THREW THEM IN THE CANAL.

A Montclair Father's Heroic Act to Save His Boys.

A Montclair (N.J.) despatch says: The residents of this town are pretty thoroughly frightened over an epidemic of madness which seems to possess all the dogs in town. Several people have had narrow escapes from being bitten by infuriated animals, and every one now puts the greatest possible distance between himself and any stray dog that may come along. A thrilling incident in connection with a mad dog happened here on Monday afternoon. Capt. Michaels, of the Morris Canal, was the owner of a pet dog which he valued highly. During the morning he noticed that the dog was acting queerly, but he thought nothing of it. Shortly after noon, however, the dog, which had been lying apparently asleep on the deck of the boat, suddenly jumped up and with hoarse, yelping cries began whirling around madly. Capt. Michaels realized instantly that the animal was mad. His two little sons were playing together only a short distance away. With a bound the captain reached them and at the same time the dog ceased his whirling about and his bloodshot eyes rested on the captain and his children. Then, with wide open, foam-flecked mouth, he dashed at the captain. The latter dodged and made for the shore, but the dog headed him off. Again the captain dodged the infuriated animal, and running to the side of the canal dropped both his children in. Then he sprang in himself just as the dog made a snap at his legs. The captain rescued both his boys, and the dog crept under a box, where he was despatched with a revolver later. The next afternoon a small yellow dog came dashing along one of the streets snapping and biting at everything within his reach. He attacked two ladies on Bloomfield avenue, but they bravely beat him off with their umbrellas. Then he ran down the avenue, biting two other dogs on the way. All three animals were finally killed by officer Duncan after a long chase. No one cares to fondle a dog just at present, and every one is on the lookout for suspicious symptoms.

The Naphtha Supply Failing.

A Berlin cable to the *Herald* says: Intelligence has been received here from Baku to the effect that a permanent decrease is showing itself in the production of naphtha in that region, and that there is a probability of a very serious crisis shortly coming on. The naphtha basins of the Apsteron Peninsula and Bibicibat are no doubt still very productive, but the yield is no longer to be relied on. Almost all the factories at Baku are suffering for want of raw product. The price has risen from under two kopecks to five or six per pound. Messrs. Rothschilds' representative, manager of the Caspian & Black Sea Naphtha Company, has received orders to proceed to Paris after a thorough investigation has been made of the state of affairs by the company's engineer at Balachona.

—Bjones (reading the paper)—That' queer—a North Dakota clergyman caugh stealing a horse from one of his parishioners. Bjenkins (languidly)—Ah! Did they suspend him from his pastorate? Bjones—No, they suspended him from a tree.

—Mr. Cholly (showing a lady guest about billiards)—I beg pardon; I don't think I quite understood. Miss Jolie—Teach me how to make a double kiss." Mr. Cholly (taking out his engagement book)—With pleasure. What evening will you have me call?

DARING AERONAUT HOGAN,

The Hero of the Campbell Air-Ship Adventure.

Long List of Successful Balloon Ascensions—Perilous Feats With the Parachute—A Number of Very Narrow Escapes.

The hero of the recent air-ship adventure, Prof. Edward D. Hogan, lives at Jackson, Mich., when he has been at home, which hasn't been very often. He has had a fondness for atmospheric exploration that has kept him most of the time at various points several hundred feet above the earth. When Prof. Hogan made his memorable leap from a balloon to a parachute when 9,000 feet from earth, last April, the newspapers of the city of Jackson chronicled the startling feat with proper prominence, but one paper remarked sadly: "We fully expect to be called upon to chronicle his death while making a descent with the parachute." Nevertheless, the man of the clouds doesn't seem to have been deterred by the solicitude of his friends and neighbors.

It was in 1866 that Prof. Hogan made his first trip to the region above the earth. He was then a young man, or rather a boy, of 14, having been born at Moretown, Canada, in 1852. On September 4th he ascended from Michigan, and the taste for adventure which the success of this ascension developed has manifested itself in a longer list of successful balloon ascensions than can be credited to any living man. Since 1866 he has devoted his winters quite exclusively to the construction of new air ships and to the arrangement of details for new experiments. He has resided all this time at Jackson, Mich., and he has come to be well-known to the residents of that city and adjacent towns. Prof. Hogan labored assiduously to improve the facilities for aeronautic exploration, and the efficiency of his methods in any one of his experiments after the first initial ascension has shown a decided advance over that of his methods in previous trials. In 1866, when he made his debut as an aeronaut, the art was in rather a primitive stage of development. The balloon of that time differed in many important respects from the balloon of to-day. It was a cumberous machine, and it carried a boat, life-preservers, food, axes, saws, etc. It was not made of silk and linen, as the modern balloon is made of, and it was altogether a rougher, coarser and less manageable ship. Prof. Hogan was not only an aeronaut, but an acrobat of rare skill, and in his first ascensions he added to the attractions of the occasions by performing on a trapeze bar in mid-air. He acquired a reputation as much for feats of strength and agility as for the courage and dexterity with which he handled a balloon. He was the first to introduce the acrobatic feature into aerial exhibitions of this kind, and his remarkable performances on the trapeze bar, hundreds of feet above the earth, excited the curiosity and admiration of thousands.

Prof. Hogan was constantly devising new and startling expressions of the art to which he was so devoted, and his recent trip in the air ship—a trip that seems just now to have had a fatal character—is the culmination of his ingenuity, skill and daring. In 1888, when he introduced the perilous parachute descent in a trip that was attended with many hazardous incidents, his exploit was chronicled as a genuine sensation by the local press. He had long meditated such an undertaking, but there were many obstacles that had to be removed by patience and industry. He was 36 years old when he finally made the dangerous experiment, and his great familiarity with everything connected with balloon ascensions inspired him with a confidence that the dumbfounded reporters and spectators could only consider daredevilry of the most pronounced type. The details of this remarkable feat were telegraphed all over the country and published broadcast. It served to assure the permanent reputation of Prof. Hogan as an æronaut. In August, 1887, Prof. Baldwin had ascended by means of an open parachute and a balloon held to the earth by a 5,000-foot rope. A large basket was attached to this balloon, but when Prof. Hogan, fired with new zeal by the feat of Prof. Baldwin, undertook to emulate his predecessor, he discarded the large basket and made his ascension with a horizontal bar beneath the gas bag.

On the morning of April 4th, 1888, Prof. Hogan had completed preparations for his experiment with the parachute. The first trial was unsuccessful, the balloon landing on a farm outside the city limits. But the second trial, which was made immediately afterward, was entirely successful, except that the æronaut was badly shaken up. The success of this experiment led him to repeat it with additional details, and during the season of 1888 he made 29 parachute drops, each drop being performed with greater ease and attended with less hazard and inconvenience. Since 1866 he had made more than 500 ascensions, when his famous feat of dropping with the parachute was performed. Immediately after his successful experiment with the parachute he received several offers of $1,000 to drop for exhibition purposes.

Hogan was an extremely modest man, and he always took particular pains to maintain as much privacy about his aeronautic adventures and plans as was consistent with pleasant feeling. His air ship trip he intended to be very secret, and the plan of his first parachute drop was known only to about 50 persons. At the same time he was very energetic and sometimes impulsive, and he went up in the air ship this time because a previously advertised and arranged trip had proved a fizzle, through no fault of his, and he was anxious to sustain his reputation. He was married, and his wife lives in a cozy home at Jackson. Hogan had an elder brother named William, who was widely known as an aeronaut throughout the West. It was William who taught young Edward how to handle a balloon, and it was William to whom young Edward looked for inspiration and confidence when he made his initial trip at Jackson. On this trip he was lost for three days, and then he was finally discovered by his friends asleep in a barn. He had many narrow escapes in his after career, and several times his rescue from death seemed simply miraculous. He always had the faculty of landing on his feet, and though he fell into the ocean once with no life preserver on, and was precipitated once from his balloon at the height of 100 feet, and on another occasion dropped 2,500 feet before his parachute opened, just as he was nearing the roof of a house, yet he always escaped with slight injuries. When he fell into the ocean he was rescued by an expert swimmer who happened to be in the water at the time; when he fell from the balloon he landed in soft mud on a meadow, and when he had fallen 2,500 feet with an unmanageable parachute, the parachute opened in the nick of time to save his life; so that, altogether, fortune seemed to favor the bold young æronaut. He had an indomitable will and no end of courage. In appearance he was a man of medium height, and he had dark hair and brown eyes. His weight was 171 pounds, and he was strong and agile.

The "Musa Cavendishi."

In these days when the banana has become so favorite an article of diet, it may not be uninteresting to the general reader to peruse the following extract from the High Peak *News* of 13th inst., a North Derbyshire newspaper. The writer is Rev. George Turner, LL.D., one of the most eminent missionaries of the London Missionary Society, who was the immediate successor of the martyr missionary of Eromanga, the lamented John Williams, and for over forty years labored with great success in Samoa. He is now residing in Birkenhead:

Before leaving England in 1838, John Williams, the martyr of Eromanga, received many expressions of kindly interest in his mission work from His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, and among these were some cases of plants, carefully selected and packed at Chatsworth, to be taken in the missionary ship to the islands of the Pacific. It is not generally known the large extent to which missionaries have introduced new plants, and additions to the food of native tribes in the Pacific and elsewhere. Before leaving the Samoan Islands, a week or two before he was killed on Eromanga, in 1839, Mr. Williams put on shore at the harbor of Apia one of the cases from Chatsworth, the contents of which were apparently dead from long exposure on board ship. When I reached Samoa in 1841 I saw that case, and close by it a fine banana plant growing. This was from a bulb which was found at the bottom of the box, still containing the germ of life. This plant was watched in the garden of Mr. Mills, the missionary, with no small interest by the natives, and soon their curiosity rose to amazement, when they saw that it commenced to bear while yet only about five feet high, and that the very first bunch weighed close upon 100 lbs. The Samoans had already upwards of thirty species of bananas, but this new one far excelled them all. The neighboring chiefs begged Mr. Mills for some of the young shoots, and soon they spread from village to village.

On my second voyage to our out stations in Western Polynesia in 1845, and in our missionary barque, "John Williams," I got a number of plants of this rare banana packed in a large iron pot, and fastened up on the crosstrees away from the waves and spray. At each of the larger islands visited on our cruise, I sent on shore one or more of the plants. When I visited these places again in 1848 the new banana was greatly prized, and fast spreading; and again, when I was there in 1859, '63 and '82, there was hardly any other banana brought on board ship, or to be seen on shore. When I was last in Sydney, I saw a cart passing along laden with great bunches of this very banana from a Fiji steamer just arrived. They are now spread over Eastern, Central and Western Polynesia, and all have come from that one bulb which went out from Chatsworth in 1838. It is called the Chinese banana, and is known in botany as the "Musa Cavendishi," having been introduced to Chatsworth from China by His Grace the Duke of Devonshire in 1829, and can be seen in the conservatory there, as I had the pleasure of doing yesterday, by the kind courtesy of Mr. Chester.

The great value and rapid spread of this banana in the Pacific has become quite proverbial. I have heard native orators, for instance, in speaking of the rapid spread of Christianity, comparing it to that wonderful plant, and well they may do so. In the early part of the century the Gospel first took root on Tahiti, and now it covers and gladdens Eastern, Central, and, to a large extent Western Polynesia as well, with an aggregate of 600,000 converts from heathenism, and of these 60,000 at least in full communion with the mission churches. It is destined still to spread through the Papuan and Malayian Archipelago, until, in the not far distant future, the missionaries of Polynesia shall unite stations and shake hands with their brethren in India, China and Japan.

Is Hogan Playing 'Possum?

A despatch of Wednesday from Jackson, Mich., says: Joseph Flowers, a reputable man of this city, who has known E. D. Hogan, the æronaut, since boyhood, says Hogan certainly did not lose his life in the New York air ship affair, for he saw him in this city last Thursday and spoke with him. He is sure of this, and says, furthermore, that Hogan told him to "keep his mouth shut for a while yet," and he has kept still about it until now. Two other men, one of them the expressman who took the ballon that was used at St. Thomas, Ont., to the station, says it was E. D. Hogan himself who made the St. Thomas ascension and that he has been lying low since he hurt himself there. These reports greatly mystify Hogan's friends.

R. A. Gunn, M. D., Dean and Professor of Surgery of the United States Medical College, Editor of "Medical Tribune," Author of "Gunn's New Improved Hand-book of Hygiene and Domestic Medicine," says over his own signature, in speaking of a severe case of kidney disease: "A chemical and microscopical examination of the patient's urine revealed quantities of albumen and granular tube casts, confirming Bright's disease. After trying all of the other remedies in vain, I directed him to use Warner's Safe Cure. I was greatly surprised to observe a decided improvement within a month. Within four months no tube casts could be found, and only a trace of albumen, and as he expressed it, he felt perfectly well."

A Bad Prospect.

Smith—Is your friend Jones contracting any bad habits?

Brown—No, he is still expanding them.