

IS THIS THE END?

Mrs. Colin Campbell and Fred. O'Connor, of Ottawa, Arrested in Boston, Mass., Charged with Adultery.

A Lawrence, Mass., despatch says: The sensational Ottawa elopement case, which caused such surprise throughout Canada six weeks ago, had its sequel here yesterday morning, when both of the parties concerned were arraigned in the Police Court on the charge of adultery. They were Mrs. Colin Campbell and Fred. O'Connor. Both were represented by Col. John P. Sweeney, and both waived examination. The court bound them over to the grand jury in the sum of \$500, and not being able to furnish this sum, they were committed to jail. The elopement occurred in Ottawa about Dec. 1st. Mrs. Campbell was the wife of an official of the Militia Department, and O'Connor a well-known young man about town. Mr. Campbell went to New York about Thanksgiving Day for medical advice, and when he returned gave a party to a number of friends at his house. O'Connor was one of the guests, and when he rose to depart, Mrs. Campbell accompanied him to the gate. She delayed her return so long that her husband went to look for her, and reaching the gate was made aware of most unpleasant proofs of affection between O'Connor and his wife. What he learned confirmed the suspicions he held before, but, controlling his anger, Mr. Campbell merely apprised his wife of what he had learned and implored her to save his name and her honor. Two days later, however, the couple disappeared, and it seems they came directly to this city. Here they remained almost all the time since Dec. 1. They registered at the Essex House as Fred. O'Connor and wife. Soon, from newspaper despatches, it became noised about town that "Fred. O'Connor and wife" were none other than the missing couple from Ottawa. After they had remained at the Essex House three weeks the proprietor put in his bill, and the man affected surprise that it was presented under a month. He was told, however, that the money was needed and must be paid. It was then ascertained that neither the man nor the woman were overburdened with money. After repeated demands, the woman offered to go back to Ottawa, where she claimed to have money in her own right. She promised to send it to the hotel proprietor, while O'Connor agreed to remain at the house. She went back to Canada, but with a double purpose in view. She went back to throw herself upon the generosity of her husband and beg his forgiveness, or at least that is said to be the fact. She was received coldly and told to go. Instead of coming back to Lawrence she went to Boston. In the meantime her companion, Mr. O'Connor, had quietly departed, leaving behind two trunks belonging to Mrs. Campbell. She sent on appeals for her trunks and wearing apparel, but the hotel proprietor refused to give up what property he held. Finally the matter was placed in the hands of District Officer Batchelder, and yesterday the couple were arrested in Boston. They now stand in a very fair way of going to jail.

FOURTEEN KILLED.

A Bridge Caisson Collapses While Eighteen Men Are in It.

A Louisville despatch of Thursday night says: The most appalling accident known here in many years occurred this evening about 6 o'clock. A caisson of the new bridge now under construction between Louisville and Jeffersonville gave way, and the workmen employed on it were crushed to death by stone and timber. Only four of the eighteen men in the caisson escaped. The caisson was one hundred yards from the Kentucky shore. As the workmen of the pumping station were looking for the men in the caisson to put off in their boats, leaving work for the night, they suddenly saw the low dark structure disappear in dashing white waves, and heard the roar of a furious maelstrom. A runner was dispatched to the life-saving station, and three skiffs pulled to the scene of the wreck. A squad of police was also sent to aid in the work of recovery. The coroner was called and went with a corps of physicians. The site of the bridge is at the upper end of the city, just below Towhead Island. Within an hour from the disappearance of the caisson 3,000 people were on the shore, and strained their eyes trying to see something of the wreckage. Dozens of boats were plying about over the spot where the caisson had stood, and lights danced to and fro with them, but there was no trace of the massive structure of stone and timber. The water rolled sullenly but smoothly down from the cofferdam above the pumping barge below where the caisson had stood. The grief-stricken wives and mothers of the victims were among the spectators. The bridge officials ordered the reporters off the pumping barge, and made it as difficult as possible to get information.

Crushed in a Church Collapse.

A Brooklyn despatch of Friday says: Two persons were killed and five injured by the fall of a wall of the Troup Avenue Presbyterian Church on an adjacent tenement house last night. The killed were David Purdy, aged 14, and May Emma Purdy, aged 18. The injured were Caroline Purdy, aged 17, hurt about the head and shoulders, death expected; Richard Poole, injured about the head and contusion of neck; Mrs. Samuel Purdy, bruised about the body and severe shock; Mrs. Mott, aged 75, severe shock, may die, and Mrs. Sarah Mott, 45 years, out about the face and head.

The Pope's Failing Health.

A despatch from Rome says: The Pope, notwithstanding the contradictions of some papers, is in very delicate health. He is not allowed to have a window of his rooms opened, nor to remain standing, and if he has to pass from one room to another he is carried in a sedan chair and covered with a cloak, as if he were going out of doors. He is fed on the strongest consommés, Bordeaux and champagne. He is somewhat irritated at these precautions, but Dr. Ceccarelli is firm, and does not leave him for an hour, so that his prescriptions are followed.

King Carlos of Portugal, who possesses sixteen Christian names, while his younger brother answers to no less than thirty, is personally one of the most amiable of monarchs. He is a handsome, blonde young man, who carries himself with a military air.

CRONIN'S MURDERERS

Charge Thirty-nine Errors of Ruling and Ask a New Trial.

A Friday's Chicago despatch says: This afternoon Attorney Wing, Donahoe and Forrest filed a motion for a new trial in the cases of Coughlin, Burke, O'Sullivan and Kunze, convicted of the murder of Dr. Cronin. The motion was filed in accordance with the order of Judge McConnell, before whom the arguments will be made on Monday. The motion assigns thirty-nine cases of error in the rulings of Judge McConnell during the trial. These grounds of alleged error embrace every point contested by the attorneys for the defence, and range from an objection to the court's overruling the motion to quash the indictments up to the assertion that the defence has since the trial discovered new evidence which entitles them to a new trial. The first error alleged is that the court erred in overruling the motion to quash the indictment made on behalf of each of the defendants. The denial of Coughlin's motion for a separate trial is made the basis of four alleged errors, there being a separate count for each defendant. The refusal of the court to permit the defence to show that Messrs. Mills, Ingham and Hynes were employed in the prosecution by private parties, who were actuated by improper motives, is alleged to have been prejudicial to the three defendants. The court allowing these three lawyers to assist in the prosecution is said to be an error. Mr. Hynes is made the subject of a special count in the motion, in which he is said to have been moved by a spirit of personal hostility towards Coughlin, Burke and O'Sullivan, and was not fit to act as a prosecuting attorney. The overruling of the challenge for cause preferred by the defendants to a long list of jurymen whose names are given in the motion, is said to be an error. Side remarks made by the State Attorney while examining jurors are charged to have been improper. Judge Longenecker's opening statement to the jury is cited as an error and characterized as improper and illegal and prejudicial to the rights of the defendants. Another alleged error was the failure of the court to enforce the rule excluding witnesses for the State from the courtroom during the trial. It is charged as an error that the prosecution was permitted to introduce as evidence and exhibit to the jury the clothing, instruments and hair of Dr. Cronin, the false teeth in the trunk, and all material evidence in the case. The introduction of Dr. Cronin's knives after the State had closed its case is said to have been an error. Objection is made to a number of the instructions given to the jury by the court. The verdict is pronounced contrary to law, and not justified by the evidence, and finally it is said: "The defendants and each one of them have discovered evidence which entitles them to a new trial."

THE STARVING MINERS.

Pinkerton Men Employed to Drive Them Out of Their Cabins.

A Punxsutawney, Pa., despatch of Friday says: Only three families of the striking miners were evicted to day. After the Sheriff, accompanied by 33 Pinkertons, armed with Winchester, had thrown out an Italian family at Walston, 300 Italians collected and began yelling and firing into the air. About 200 shots were fired. Master Workman Wilson arrived on the scene and quelled the crowd. He told them not to break the peace or they would ruin the cause. Wilson says that had he not appeared when he did there would have been one of the bloodiest riots ever seen in this country, as the Italians were terribly excited. There will, it is thought, be a great many more evictions to-morrow. Wilson says every effort has been and will be made to induce the foreign element to respect the law. The evicted families are being taken in by friends. Another warrant was sworn out to-day, charging a Pinkerton man with assault.

Crushed Under His Engine.

A St. John, N. B., despatch of Friday says: The express for Quebec left Moncton early this morning with two engines and a snowplough ahead. When at a cutting about two miles west of the Jaquet River an immense pile of snow caused the plough to jump the track, taking with it the two engines, one of which went almost completely through the other. They rolled over on one side, burying beneath the debris Driver James McGowan and Fireman F. Gaudet. The latter soon got out, badly scalded, bruised and wrenched, but will recover. McGowan is still buried under the wreckage and no doubt is dead. The baggage and other cars left the track, but no passengers were injured. The driver and fireman of the other engine were slightly injured.

Interesting for the Bloods.

A London cable of Tuesday says: In the trial of the persons charged with conspiracy to defeat justice in connection with the West End scandal, a boy witness to-day referred to two aristocrats who frequently visited the house in Cleveland street. The court ordered that their names be suppressed for the present, and that they be indicated as "Lord C. and Lord L." Mr. Parke, editor of the North London Press, now awaiting trial on the charge of criminal libel made by the Earl of Euston in connection with the affair, has placed at the disposal of the court twenty-six letters and photographs to be used in tracing the criminals.

Probably a Murder.

An Elmira, N. Y., despatch of Friday night says: The sharp crack of a pistol was heard in the house occupied by Mrs. Mary Eillinberger, at 502 East Church street, at 4 o'clock this afternoon. When officers entered the house they found Mrs. Eillinberger hysterically weeping, and in the hall leading to the front door the body of Wm. R. Edwards, better known as "Bill" Edwards, a well-known sporting man, lying in a pool of blood. An investigation showed life to be extinct, death having resulted from a pistol shot in the back of the head, the ball entering near the base of the brain. The woman was arrested.

Men's watch guards are out very short. You should have only enough length to go between the buttonhole and pocket. These oblongs are, as a rule, very light, weighing from ten to twelve pennyweights.

PLAIDS ARE A CRAZE.

Pretty Girls and Modest Matrons Who Promenade as Though Fresh from the Highlands.

A New York despatch says: The sudden popularity of tartan garments of every sort and description is traced of course to the Fife marriage. The fashion which began in London in the summer was quickly taken up on the other side of the channel, and all through the autumn and early winter French women have been wearing tartan gowns and cloaks, both in wool for daytime and in silk or poplin for evening. This being the case, it was to be expected that the whim would cross the Atlantic, and that American women should be interested in nothing so much as Scotland, having the names of all the clans at their finger tips and recognizing instantly the difference in the shade of a color or the width of a stripe which to ordinary eyes would be quite imperceptible.

The last and brightest novelty is the tartan cloak, and it is always amusing to see what an amount of attention one of these, with its broad blue and green plaids, with narrow lines of white, red or yellow, will attract on Broadway or in any place of public gathering.

That there are preferences is certain, and the Douglas is about as popular as any tartan. I saw a highly successful gown at the theatre the other evening in its mingled dark blues and greens, with a relief of narrow white lines crossing this ground. In the tight fitting bodice the stripes and checks were wonderfully well matched, though it is to be doubted if the most carefully cross-cut bodice, which a little while ago nobody would have tolerated, can ever satisfy the eye as well as a little plain waist. However, the way in which this corset was arranged to button over on one side was especially becoming to the figure. The skirt was cut in a severely simple style, but one which suited admirably the design of the tartan.

For the street I have seen a number of tartan gowns in poplins, with tartan muffs to correspond. A very smart one stopped a Fifth avenue stage one morning and showed fur-edged boots as it was climbing in. The colors were a new moss-green plaid, with blue and brown cross-bars. The straight front and princess back opened over a side-plaited skirt of dull rose poplin, edged with a woven border of lynx fur. The bodice had a vest of rose velvet, and was draped with a soft rose silk not wholly hidden under the short jacket, whose fronts had not been closed in the warmth of the winter day. A Directory hat was worn of moss-green velvet, trimmed with pink ribbon and brown feathers.

BOYS IN KILTS.

At some of the holiday gatherings in country houses a fine old clannish air was given by some families by having the little ones wear kilts in the plaids affected by their mothers and bringing out the small girls in silk sashes and handkerchiefs to correspond. One might have thought, if the whim were not a shade too eccentric, that the idea was to imitate the heads of houses in Scotland, where this winter on all festival occasions on the estates both host and hostess appear to the tenantry wearing their own tartan.

Some of the newest tartans are in neutral colors. A handsome one which I saw this morning was a rough gray cloth plaid in brown and darker grey. It was made up with a petticoat of gray velvet, over which fell long pieces of cloth at the back and on the sides, the velvet showing in front. The bodice had a velvet vest, and the sleeves were of velvet from the shoulders to the elbows, where they were caught under long tight cuffs of cloth. This gown was made for a quiet, non-like little woman, whose taste in her own soft colors is perfect, and who wears with it a long coat of gray cloth of artistic cut, lined with pink brocade and with cuffs and high collar of chinchilla. The costume is completed by a "Puritan cap" bonnet of gray velvet, with a simple bordering of gold braid.

HE INTERFERED

In a Matrimonial Quarrel and Now Gains Some Notoriety.

A Chicago despatch says: The name of Robert T. Lincoln, Minister to the Court of St. James, is associated with the divorce suits of Jureta A. Cutler and James M. Cutler, a prominent real estate broker. The husband filed his bill last week charging his wife with cruelty and attacking him with a loaded revolver in one hand and a hammer in the other. Mrs. Cutler entered a sweeping denial to-day, and brought suit herself accusing him of desertion, cruelty and numerous attempts upon her life. She was a young widow with two children and \$10,000 when Cutler married her fifteen years ago. She has the children still, but not the money. She took her husband to Texas when he was ill, and woke up one night to find he had gone to Quincy, Ill., leaving her with five cents in a strange city. Their home here was next door to Minister Lincoln's residence on the fashionable Lake Shore drive. One night last year the cries of Mrs. Cutler, who was being beaten by her husband, reached the ears of Lincoln. He called a policeman, and sent him to the Cutler residence with the advice to have the wife-beater arrested. This was done and Cutler was convicted, but spent only three weeks in jail owing to his wife's intercession. She claims to be penniless, while her husband has an income of \$5,000 a year.

The Rise and Fall of McGinty.

Ancient history had its Julius Cæsar, its Antony, its Paris. Modern history has its McGinty.

The pathos of Virgil, the heroic fire of the Iliad, and the bacchanalianism of Horace are combined in the epic which narrates the sudden rise and fall of Mr. McGinty. From the chaos of night this full-orbed character has flashed upon the world. Into the depths of oblivion his meteoric course has gone down—down. Like a thunderbolt from Jove the McGinty phantom has sped on the wings of lightning to destroy his enemies. Like a summer night after a storm, Mr. McGinty's end is supposed to be peace.—Chicago News.

How much more agreeable the man who wants to sell than the man who wants to buy.

—There is plenty of room at the top; when there is little it will cease to be the top.

A HARD LIFE.

Slavery in the United States Did Not End With the Civil War.

AMONG THE GIRL WEAVERS.

"At the top of my profession?" said the tired-looking woman, as she nipped with her plover at the knot that had appeared on the smooth silken surface before her; "I should hope so, after working in this very factory for half a life-time. I was put to minding a loom when I was that small I had to be hustled out of sight when the inspectors came around, looking after unlawful child-labor, and here I am still, I that have a child of my own big enough to wash our rags and cook our bit of dinner. I thought when I married that I had left the factory behind me, but my old man's work ain't steady and there's four mouths to feed at home, and I don't understand no kind of work except weaving. It comes hard, though, at my time of life, to be at that door yonder, summer or winter, rain or shine, when the 7 o'clock whistle blows in the morning or else be looked out. Long hours? Yes, as long as the law allows, and twenty minutes longer. Here I stand, bothering with this warp, from 7 o'clock till 12 and then from twenty minutes to 1 till 6. If I was to stop long enough to go to that sink yonder and wash my hands, I'D BE FINED A DOLLAR.

The boss has to be strict on account of the loafers. You see that girl across the alley? She is looking as mad as a wet hen, and no wonder, for the last time the superintendent came round, he caught her reading "The Fireside Companion," and fined her a \$1 for it. Another was caught doing up her hair that had fallen down, and she was fined too. We come here to work, you had better believe that. Benches to sit on when we are tired? Not much! There is only one factory boss in New York city who is Christian enough to have benches at his looms, and he is a Jew. Crowded for room? I should say I was. The girl that stands back to back to me (she is gone off now to speak to the loom-fixer), well, that girl has on a ragged calico skirt and an apron that looks as if she had been wiping the stove with it, but for all that my lady needs wear a bustle as big as a bushel, and it takes up so much room that I cannot move without jamming against it.

SCANTY EARNINGS.

"How much do I earn a week? Well, that depends on the loom and the goods. We are not paid by the week, but by the cuts, as we take them off. A cut is sixty yards, and there are four cuts to a warp. When the warp is out, the weaver goes home, and waits, sometimes two days, sometimes a week, for a new warp to be put in. For satin we are paid 7 cents a yard; for the best Jacquard silk 14 cents. A first-rate weaver will do her twelve yards a day if the loom is in good running order, but there's where the trouble comes in; one thing or another will get out of gear about a loom, and that keeps one back. The loom fixers cannot be everywhere at once, if they wanted to be, and some of 'em don't want to do anything more than they can help. They'd rather loaf around and talk and laugh with the girls. There's many a weaver here that don't earn \$5 a week. A good many of 'em earn about six, and some few may go as high as ten. If they were smart enough to earn more than that prices would be cut down right away.

TERRIBLY SUGGESTIVE.

"How do I like my company? Well, I don't say nothing against the weavers in this alley. They'll be like fury, but they are good, respectable girls, and if there was nobody here but them, I could leave my apron, or my shoulder shawl, or even my shoes under my loom at night, and expect to find 'em here in the morning; but with them thieving devils at the far end of the room it ain't safe to leave nothing around that they can lay hands on. They would steal the eyes out of your head if they could do it without being caught. No, it ain't strange that such girls should be employed in a respectable factory; it is the respectable factory that helps to make 'em what they are. Lots of them girls don't live with their own folks—in fact, they ain't got no folks of their own to live with—and what one of them could pay her board and dress decent on \$4 a week? The folks they live with are poor like themselves, and can't afford to keep 'em for nothing. Drink? Yes, some of 'em drink like fishes. It's in the blood, and they can't help it. There was a girl here yesterday so drunk that she couldn't do a stroke of work all day long. She was paid for her cut the evening before, and that was what ailed her. She is a good weaver when sober, and so the superintendent took care not to see her as she stood jerking her loom this way and that way all day long. She is

SLEEPING OFF HER DRINK

to-day, and to-morrow she will be here without a penny in her pocket, and the girls will all be poking fun at her, for that seems to be the way with women; they are an awful lot, harder on one another than men are.

"Swear? My, yes! Some of 'em can't open their mouths without swear words coming out! I'll tell you just how it is. You know that one rotten apple will in time rot a basketful. Well, there may be a whole lot of respectable young girls, none of 'em over 17, working together and behaving just as well as you could ask; then another sort of girl, older than the rest, will come in, and if she is sociable in her manners and sort of stylish in her dress then young ones will do just what she does, and end by becoming as bad as she is. No care taken to keep such creatures out? There's no care taken to keep anybody out that can mind a loom. The girls ain't even known by name in the office, but are called by the number on their looms, and the only notice the boss takes of us when he comes down is to shove us aside if we happen to get in his way as he passes along the alley. He has made a fortune out of his looms, but the weavers, unless they are steam engines, have all they can do to keep body and soul together."—New York Tribune.

The mannerisms of a man or of his speech are apt to become a weariness to the flesh when we discover that there is nothing behind the mannerisms.

—Nothing is more likely to be crooked than a straight tip.

A STORY OF THE DAY.

Great Destruction Caused by a Deluge of Semi-Liquid Peat.

The shifting of peat-bogs in Great Britain from one place to another is not a rare occurrence. On the 3rd of January, 1853, a bog at Enagh Monmore, Ireland, nearly a mile in circumference, and several feet deep, began a movement which lasted about twenty-four hours. It stopped when it had made an advance of about a quarter of a mile. Pennant describes another affair of this kind. The Solway moss in Scotland was an expanse of semi-liquid bog, covering 1,600 acres, and lying somewhat higher than a valley of fertile land near Netherby. So long as the moderately hard crust near the edge was preserved the moss did not flow over. On one occasion some peat-diggers imprudently tampered with this crust, and the moss, moistened by heavy rains, burst its bounds. On the night of the 17th of November, 1771, a farmer who lived near by was alarmed by an unusual noise. He soon discovered that a black deluge was slowly rolling in upon his house, and carrying everything before it. He hastened to give his neighbors warning, but he could not reach all of them. Many were awakened by the noise made by the Stygian tide, while others knew nothing of its approach until it had entered their bedrooms. Pennant says that some were surprised with it even in their beds. These passed a horrible night, not knowing what their fate would be until the next morning, when their neighbors came and rescued them through the roofs. About 300 acres of bog flowed over 400 acres of land during the night, utterly ruining the farmers, overturning buildings, filling some of the cottages up to the roof, and suffocating many cattle. The stuff flowed along like thick black paint, studded with lumps of more solid peat, and it filled every nook and crevice in its passage. It is said that a cow stood for 60 hours up to her neck in mud and water, but was finally hauled out. When she was rescued she did not refuse to eat, but would not touch water, regarding it with as much terror as if she were suffering from hydrophobia.

IN THE LIONS' DEN.

A Woman Horribly Mangled to Graify Popular Morbidity.

A Paris cable says: Miss Sterling, who was attacked by the lions in their cage at Biazier's Monday night, entered the den again last night with Redenback, the tamer. On both occasions the girl was hypnotized and was insensible to her danger. Last night a terrible scene was presented to the large crowd present at the exhibition. One of the largest of the animals pounced upon the girl and dragged her around the enclosure. Redenback attacked the animal, who dropped the girl and sprang on the man. A terrific struggle then ensued, which again ended in the escape of both the man and woman, but suffering from fearful wounds. The spectators had been wrought up to a terrible state of excitement, and many women fainted. It was found that one of Miss Sterling's legs was so badly mangled that amputation was necessary. She has not fully recovered consciousness, and it is feared that the shock will cause her death. The action of the authorities in allowing such exhibitions to be continued is inexplicable.

THE CRONIN JURY.

Culver in Bad Odor—His Libel Suit—The Motion for a New Trial.

A Chicago despatch of Wednesday says: The State's Attorney was asked yesterday what effect it would have upon the recent verdict in the Cronin case should it be shown that one of the jurors had been bribed. He replied that it would be rendered null and void. "Would that apply to Beggs' case as well?" he was asked. "I never thought of that," he answered, "and hence couldn't say." A fierce fight is now in progress between ex-Juror Culver and the Chicago Herald, the latter doing its best to find proof to substantiate the grave charges it brought against Mr. Culver for his action as a Cronin juror. Culver sued the paper for \$25,000 damages. The motion for a new trial will be argued next Monday. In the meantime the four prisoners, having recovered their equanimity, are resting quietly in jail. Sullivan, the toeman, is suffering less than usual, and says he feels better.

Prejudice Against Will-Making.

One of the most unreasonable superstitions is that posed by so many people that deters them from making their wills, trusting to good luck to have time when the candle of life is flickering out. A lady of unusual culture and strength of character, a leader in a wide social circle, and active in movements for the advancement of her sex, died not long since of a third stroke of paralysis. She had a good deal of property and many articles of rare value that she designed to leave to a cherished young lady companion, but even after the second stroke, and she knew that a third would be fatal, she could not bear to think of making her will. She dropped off suddenly, and her friend is without anything, while remote relations get all. The instance is familiar to many in this city, but is not singular.—St. Paul, Minn., Globe.

Lighting the Eternal City.

The electric light is to supersede gas in Rome. The motive power will be derived from the waterfalls at Tivoli, and the station for the distribution of power will be near Porta Pia. Rome does not in this case lose in picturesqueness what it gains in modernization, for the few electric lights already established—as, for instance, on the Quirinal Hill and in the Piazza Colonna—lend a singularly new and beautiful aspect to the Eternal city as seen in the evening from the neighboring hills of Frascati and the other "Castelli." The spectacle of Rome with its mighty overhanging cupola, illumined by the electric light, as seen across the wide Campagna, will be remarkable.

Jules Verne says: I am now at my 74th novel, and I hope to write as many more before I lay down my pen for the last time. I write two novels every year, and have done so regularly for the last 37 years. I do so much every morning, never missing a day, and get through my yearly task with the greatest of ease.