DISASTROUS DAM BURST.

A Reservoir Gives Way and Forty Persons Meet Death.

A FIFTY-FOOT WALL OF WATER.

A Prescott, Arizona, despatch of Sunday says: The fine large storage dam built across Hassayampa River by the Walnut Grove Water Storage Company two years ago, at a cost of $300,000, gave way yesterday under the great pressure of the heavy flood and swept everything before it. Forty persons are known to have lost their lives. As the town of Wickenburg, 30 miles below the dam, was on the same stream, great fears are entertained for the safety of that town, but as there is no telegraphic communication no news will be obtainable of its fate until to-morrow.

The service dam of the company, located fifteen miles below the reservoir, and fifteen miles of flume just approaching completion, were also swept away, although the company has spent over $800,000 on the enterprise of storing the water. The hydraulic mining machine had arrived, and they expected to begin operations this week.

The dam which held the waters back was 110 feet long at the base and 400 feet at the top. It was 110 feet thick at the base and 10 at the top, forming a lake three miles in length by three-fourths of a mile wide and 110 feet deep.

Lieut. Brodie, in charge of the work, was absent at Phœnix superintending the shipment of the machinery to the works, and was saved. Of those known to have been drowned were J. Haines, wife and four children; H. Boone and daughters; John Silby, Joseph Reynolds, Mrs. McCarthy and S. McMiller.

A GREAT WALL OF WATER.

Not the slightest doubt had been entertained of the safety of the dam across the Hassayampa River, which gave way yesterday. Numerous houses had been erected by miners at various points along the course of the stream. These were uplifted by the raging waters as though they had been corks, and floated down the stream until they were dashed to pieces. The first intimation of the disaster was a sound resembling thunder, and at the same instant a perpendicular wall of water, fully fifty feet high, came rushing down the narrow valley with almost incredible speed. Fortunately there were but comparatively few people living near the bottom of the hillsides, and of these a large number were warned by the awful sound and escaped to higher ground. The valley widens above Wickenburg, and much of the town lies upon the low lands close to the course of the stream, and it is almost certain that the vast body of water which rushed out of the reservoir has carried away many houses in that place. It is believed here that fully as many people were drowned there as immediately below the dam.

THE RUINED DAM.

The ruined dam is cut from the top almost to the bottom, as though a section had been dragged out, and the water above is only a few feet deep. Heavy rains had fallen for several days and Friday night it was apparent that the water in the lake was approaching the danger line. The rain continued throughout the night, and early yesterday morning the water rose to the top of the dam and cut a small passage near the centre, which rapidly widened and deepened as the water poured over it, until in less than 20 minutes the little stream had become a roaring cataract. The storage company is blamed for not providing a sufficient outlet for the water in times of danger.

LATER NEWS.

Arthur Allen and John McDonald have just returned from the Dozoris divide, 14 miles south of the town, from where a view of the dam could be had with powerful glasses. The break in the stonework of the dam was plainly seen. There can be no estimate of the loss of life yet, or of property, but the latter will reach into millions, while the loss of life without doubt will be great, as many families were living near the stream in the narrow canyons. The confirmation of the news of the loss of the big dam has heightened the excitement. As the wires are now down near Prescott Junction, it is hardly probable any additional information will be received to-night. A courier who brought telegrams for the owners of the Walnut Grove dam arrived at 8 o'clock last night, and left this morning. He stated five bodies had been recovered and identified. The distance to the storage dam from Prescott is 40 miles, while the service dam where the employees were located is 15 miles further down stream. It was from the latter place that the courier came.

THAT CRONIN SUSPECT.

He is Not Known to the Police—The Jury Bribing Case.

A Chicago despatch of Wednesday night says: J. B. Kelly, arrested in St. Louis, charged with complicity in the Cronin tragedy, arrived here to-night. Mrs. Conklin and Frank Scanlon, who saw the person with whom Cronin drove away the night of May 4, both failed to indentify Kelly as the driver of the white horse. Scanlon was positive Kelly was not the man.

The building contractor Thos. Kavanaugh, a member of Camp 135, Clan-na-Gael, accused of being implicated in attempts to bribe possible jurors on the Cronin trial, was released to-day after the evidence for the prosecution was all in. Judge Waterman ruled that the State Attorney had failed to make out a case. This leaves one man, Jerry O'Donnell, on trial.

The Brazilian Charge d'Affaires wished to submit to Lord Salisbury an account of a wanton outrage committed by some English settlers at Rio, who refused to comply with the new law that virtually made them Brazilian citizens. The Englishmen chucked the Brazilian officials out of a window, injuring several, then barricaded themselves against arrest and appealed to the British Minister to protect them as British subjects. Lord Salisbury, although annoyed at the occurrence, snubbed the Brazilian Charge d'Affaires, and refused to recognize him as the representative of Brazil at the Court of St. James.

SUICIDE BY STARVATION.

The Awful Alternative Preferable to Siberian Prison Life.

FIENDISH RUSSIAN BARBARITIES.

A London cable says: Further details of the outrage in the political prison at Kara reached the Russian exiles in London yesterday from friends who are located a short distance from the scene of the horrors. They are brief, but confirm fully a report of the affair received here from an official in St. Petersburg, who is in sympathy with the cause of the people.

A "HUNGER STRIKE."

According to the details received yesterday it appears that the trouble at the Kara prison originated in a "hunger strike" in August, when the female political prisoners tried to starve themselves to death to escape the brutalities of their jailers. All the women imprisoned there abstained from food for fourteen days. The jailers did not believe they would be able to keep up the struggle. At first they jeered at the women, then tempted them with food, and then finding this of no avail threatened them. When several of the women were at the point of death from their voluntary abstinence from food, the prison officials resorted to artificial means to compel them to take nourishment. The methods adopted, however, were violent and licentious, and the women were compelled to abandon their strike. Abominable outrages followed, and were of daily and hourly occurrence. This state of things led Madame Sigida, whose death by flogging has already been announced, to ask for an interview with the director of the prison, in hope of securing an amelioration of the condition of the prisoners. This request was granted, but when she was taken before him she found him abusive. It is said that in her exasperation at his abuse she called him a villain and slapped his face.

THE FLOGGING EDICT.

It is not positively known, however, what took place during the interview, but whatever did happen, Madame Sigida did not return to her companions. She was taken from the director's office and conveyed to the prison in which common offenders are confined. Three of her companions from among the political prisoners were permitted to join her. The advices received state that these were Mary Koalesky, wife of Professor Koalesky, of Kieff; Madame Smirnitsky and Mary Kolujay. The two last ladies were from Odessa.

Two months elapsed after these events before Lieut.-General Baron Korff, Governor-General of the Province of the Amoor, instructed the directors of prisons that the secret edict of March, 1888, which ordered that political prisoners should be treated by prison officials in precisely the same manner as criminals condemed for common law offences, would be enforced, and ordered the directors to notify the political prisoners of both sexes that they would be liable to corporal punishment if they violated certain of the prison regulations. The male prisoners, foreseeing immediate danger, held a consultation, and sent to the director of the prison a petition that he would telegraph to the Minister of the Interior at St. Petersburg, requesting him to suspend the application of the edict. The director refused to pay any attention to their petition, and thereupon the men warned him that the first flogging of a political prisoner would be the signal for the others to commit suicide together. Three days afterwards Lieut.-General Korff sent a special order directing that Madame Sigida be punished according to the regulations, and the order was executed to the fullest extent. Madame Sigida was stripped and received one hundred lashes. She was carried off bleeding and in an unconscious condition, and her death ensued from rupture of the heart.

WHOLESALE SUICIDE.

Her three companions committed suicide within an hour of the time of hearing of Madame Sigida's death. The corpses of the four women were buried at the same time in the courtyard of the common offenders' prison. For weeks a cordon of vigilance was so closely maintained around the prison that nothing was known of what was happening within. Since the secret channel of information has been re-opened it has been learned that the men carried out their threat of suicide. They met together and thirty of them shared what poison they could obtain, and then went to their cells to die. The quantity of poison which had been smuggled into the prison was not sufficient to kill quickly, but in the course of the evening two of those who had shared it, Bobokop and Kolojay, died. Their convulsions and the dead silence which reigned in the other cells roused the attention of the guards, and they immediately summoned physicians, who administered emetics to the survivors and endeavored by every means to counteract the effects of the poison.

Massacres Feared.

A London cable says: The continued detention of Moussa Bey in Constantinople and his persecution by Christians exasperates the Moslems of Armenia, by whom he is regarded as a model Governor. The Kurdish tribes are in a state of indignation and are being furnished with Martini rifles, of which, it is said, 50,000 have been introduced into the Province by the connivance of the authorities. Massacres are feared by the Christians, who appeal for help to the Western powers. Russia continues to strengthen her forces on the confines of Armenia, and would only be too ready to intervene if called upon to protect the Christian population.

The man who is employed in a feather store is apt to get down on his knees pretty often.

A man seldom realizes what "ashes to ashes," means until he has to sift some when the wind is blowing great guns.

A notorious safe-cracker, named Pare, who had just finished serving a term of seven years in the penitentiary, was arrested Monday night in Montreal for safe-blowing. Tuesday morning he escaped from the Ontario Street Police Station, right under the noses of the police on duty, and has not yet been recaptured.

A TICHBORNE GHOST.

It Arises From an Island in the South Sea.

A New York despatch says: A bronzed and weather-beaten sailor entered the *World* office this afternoon and announced that he had a yarn to spin. This yarn, if true, effectually settles all claims to the Tichborne estate in England, over which there has been so much controversy. The old sailor said he was William Edwards, and that he had sailed the seas, man and boy, for forty years and more. In the 50's, so goes his yarn, he found himself on one of the South Sea Islands, from which he shipped on the Bella Ruffin, bound from Tahiti with a cargo for Beach La Marr.

Two days out they picked up a boat containing six men who were apparently dead. One of them, however, revived. He was a handsome young fellow, and was apparently a gentleman. He gave his name as Roger Tichborne, and when, years after, Edwards heard the story he knew this was the real Sir Roger. Finally the Belle Raffin sighted Marr Island, and Edwards and a sailor were sent ashore while the vessel returned for laborers. The young man was very weak, and he also went ashore, hoping the change would brace him up. The sailor finished his yarn in his own words:

"The Bella Ruffin never cum back, an' nary an eye have I clapped on her from that day to this. The first day on the island Tichborne was took with a spell, an' grew worse; so we built a hut of cocoanut leaves and put him in it, and took care of him ez fine ez we kud. Meantime Tichborne got sicker. I was very much intimated wid 'im, an' a finer gentleman ther' never wuz. He told me that ef we could only git to China there wuz plenty o' money waiting for him at Jardine & Waddington's, bankers, in Hong Kong. Then he used to talk about his mother an' about his people that lived in Hampshire, England, which place he said was lively. He had had a great many misfortunes, he said, but some day the storm would blow over, but he didn't live to see it, for he died eighteen days arter we landed, leavin' me a ring an' a cross with a precious stone in to take to his people.

"Tommy and me buried him as honorable as we kud, an' he's a-layin' in the sand there to-day. We lived along on cocoanuts an' fish an' eggs, never thinkin' to leave the mis'able place, but all the time plannin' foolish ways o' gettin' off. I came near a-stayin' anyhow. One day I was huntin' among the rocks for oysters when a cuttle fish grabbed me, and if I hadn't known the tricks of the beast it would a bin the end o' William' Edwards, but I capsized his bonnet and that ended him. His bonnet is the little cap over his eyes, and when you knock it back he's paralyzed an' done for. At last down comes a Honolulu cutter and takes us off, and we went without much grievin', I can tell you. I lost the jewels, but I didn't forget young Tichborne; so when I was in Liverpool, five years ago, and when they pointed out a big fat man, an' told me he wuz Sir Roger, I told 'em they lied. 'Are you Sir Roger Tichborne?' ses I, makin' bold to step up to him. 'I am, sir,' ses he, 'and who the devil are you?' 'If you're Sir Roger,' ses I, 'dash me if I ain't Lord Beaconsfield.' Then he shoved me by, an' I ain't seen him since, neither."

Edwards has just returned from the diamond fields of South Africa.

LABOR CONFERENCE.

Questions to be Discussed at the International Convention.

A Geneva cable says: The Swiss Government has issued the programme which is to form the basis of the labors and inquiries of the Labor Conference, as follows:

1. In what degree, if at all, should the State restrict Sunday work?
2. What is the minimum age below which the employment of children in factories should be prohibited?
3. What should be fixed as a maximum day's work for working men and women under full age?
4. Should the hours of compulsory attendance at school, which are now required by law, be counted as part of the day's work for juveniles?
5. Should the maximum length of a day's work for juveniles vary according to the ages, and during what hours should the working time be fixed?
6. What restrictions are necessary in the employment of women and children in unhealthy and dangerous occupations?
7. Should the State permit the employment of women and children in occupations carried on at night time?
8. How can the State best put into effect and enforce the labor regulations it makes?

The programme submits to the Conference the proposition for periodical labor conferences, which will become an established institution if this Conference approves the idea.

Again the Exploding Lamp.

A Sunday's New York despatch says: Last night a lamp which had been left lighted and turned down low exploded in the cabin of the canal boat A. C. Chandler, lying at the foot of West Sixty-first street, North River. Captain Patrick Daly, his wife and their five children—Honorah, 10 years; Alice, 9; Richard, 8; John, 7, and Dennis, 3—lived on the boat. The family were awakened by the explosion. The oil spattered all over the cabin and set it on fire in a moment. By heroic work the children were taken out to a boat alongside. The captain and wife were also rescued. The mother, however, forgot her youngest child, Dennis, and when she rushed back to save him she found him covered with fire. The child was unconscious and died a few hours later. Captain and Mrs. Daly and their two other sons were badly burned. The girls also were injured. They were all taken to an hospital.

Husband (a member of the Sportmen's Club)—I see they have arrested some men in the East for shooting birds on the wing. Wife—Serves them right. They should shoot them on the head or on the foot. You men have no idea how ugly a speiled wing looks on a hat.

"Women would sweeten politics," say the advocates of woman suffrage, but others are asking, would politics sweeten or keep them so? It sours and dwarfs a good many men.

AN EXPLODING BOILER

Kills and Wounds Many Omaha Workmen.

An Omaha, Neb., despatch of Saturday says: This morning an explosion occurred in the boiler room of the old packing house of the Armour Cudahy Company at South Omaha. The outside boiler of a battery of nine burst, tearing a great hole in the walls of the machinery department adjoining. The noise of the explosion attracted the great army of employees to the scene, where beneath the ruins perhaps twenty-five men lay wounded. An alarm was sounded and the fire department soon arrived, joining forces with the Armour-Cudahy fire department, and the two soon quenched the flames. A crowd of 100 men went to work, and in a short time had the dead and injured removed to St. Joseph's Hospital. The following is a list of the dead and injured:

Jack Tigh, head fireman, instantly killed;

Hans Olsen, coal wheeler, died from inhaling hot air;

Samuel Gibson, burned about the head and face, will probably die;

D. Miskel, fractured skull and severely burned, will probably die;

James Black, severely burned and skull fractured, will probably die;

James Sheridan, badly scalded about the head and neck;

Al. Harden, scalded and burned, but injuries not serious;

James McGuire, severely burned about the hands and head;

George J. Meahan, burned about the head and eyes;

F. Lanham, not found, but believed to be dead and lying beneath the ruins;

Mike Hanahan, badly burned about the head and hands;

James Armstrong, badly burned about the head;

Mr. Leonard, Billy Dunklin, John Petersen and Dan Harlan were also hurt.

Many others were slightly injured, and many narrowly escaped from the falling walls. The cause of the explosion is yet to be determined, but it is probable that the wall of the boiler room caused the explosion by falling on the boilers. The loss reaches many thousands of dollars.

MAUD AND HENRY.

Sketches of Two Notable Young People Who Have Just Been Married.

Miss Maud Rendel, who was married to Mr. Henry Gladstone recently, is the second daughter of Mr. Stuart Rendel, the well-known M.P. In the spring of last year, when Mr. Gladstone stayed at Mr. Rendel's villa near Naples, Miss Rendel played the part of hostess in the absence of her mother. A warm friendship grew up between the younger branches of the two families, of which this marriage is the result. Miss Rendel's talents are artistic, and she is an excellent violiniste. She gives her sympathies, but not her labors, to politics. In personal appearance she is petite and slender, with plenty of soft dark hair.

Mr. Henry Gladstone is the fourth son of Mr. W. E. Gladstone. He was educated first at a tutor's, where were also his relations, the Lyttletons; and subsequently they all moved on to Eton, where by a curious coincidence Mr. Henry Gladstone was in the same house as that of his prospective father-in-law—namely, Evans. He did not go to the university from Eton, but straight into business. At first it was intended that he should join the old Gladstone firm, but subsequently this programme was altered, and he entered the firm of Ogilvy, Gillander & Co., East India merchants, where he now is. The Ogilvys are cousins of the Gladstones. Mr. Henry Gladstone is dark and clean shaven. In features he is very like his brother Herbert, but is taller, and lacks the mustache and thick curls of the latter. His tastes are essentially active. He is great at polo, fond of most field sports, and is a good gun for a warm party. As the elder brothers do not shoot, Messrs. Herbert and Henry Gladstone have divided the shooting of Hawarden for several years. In politics his views are those of his father, but as yet he has not given active expression to them.

Truthful Words.

Advertising makes the business known, and by multiplying the number of customers the dealer obtains the means of attracting more. He has more money to expend on his stock, can improve the opportunities which come so frequently to the cash buyer, and can make his margin of profit smaller. The whole success of the great retail houses has been build up in this way. There are few of them which have not had their entire development within very recent years, before which they were very haberdashery shops, with a neighborhood trade only, or they had no existence at all. There is not one of them which does not owe its success to this same advertising.

In the clothing trade the history is the same. The houses which are getting the custom are those that advertise the most liberally and the most judiciously, and as their custom increases they are enabled to make their prices lower and thus invite a wider range of the public. The tailors who have followed their example are reaping a like reward and gaining the same advantages. So it is also with the shoemakers, and as the time goes on there will be no department of business which will not profit by the lesson that experience teaches so emphatically. So far from having been completed, the development of advertising is still in its early stages only. —*New York Sun.*

She Intended to Suicide.

A London cable of Wednesday says: The case of Miss Vincent, paramour of L. H. Isaacs, member of Parliament for Newington, Wallworth, under arrest for shooting him in the arm on her failure to compel him to sign certain promissory notes in her favor, came up for hearing to-day. The prisoner was committed for trial. In his testimony Isaacs admitted that the pistol might have been fired by accident, and created a great sensation in court when he asserted that when Miss Vincent produced the pistol she first threatened to shoot herself, and thus make his conduct public.

Many good people in this country will be greatly shocked to learn that Mr. Gladstone and his entire family recently visited Barnum's circus in London. We suppose he went only to see the animals, but it appears from the reports that he saw the whole show.

A BURNING QUESTION.

The Kissing of Pretty Servant Girls Gravely Discussed.

The kissing of pretty servant girls is an offence which has engaged the attention of moralists ever since the age of servitude began. They all agree that the provocation is not so much in the beauty of the victim as in that weakness of human nature which makes the taste of stolen fruit sweeter than that of any other kind. Socrates rebuked with a noble fervor his pupils who indulged in the practice, and Epicurus, who was not at all the voluptuary he is commonly supposed to have been, is said to have vindicated the right of every pretty servant girl to the undisturbed possession of her store of osculatory favors. But modern civilization has thrown down many of the barriers set up by classical philosophy. A new school has arisen which adopts the maxim that a bear that wants honey must climb for it, and if he is willing to incur the risk he is entitled to enjoy the sweets.

The late Viscount Palmerston was over 80 when detected in the act of stealing some of the nectar from the lips of a London hotel chambermaid. He betrayed neither resentment nor remorse, but turning calmly to the noble peer who had surprised him, said: "Well, my lord, what of it? Boys will be boys." Even so rigid a censor of the manners and morals of his time as Dr. Johnson regarded this transgression with an unusual degree of liberality. Mr. Boswell cites this fact as an evidence of that acute discrimination, that solid judgment and that knowledge of human nature for which the doctor was upon all occasions remarkable. During one of their conversations, the sage observed that a married man did his wife no material injury if "from mere wantonness of appetite" he improved a good opportunity unnoticed to salute the cheeks or lips of her maid. These instances serve to show that the progress of the world in the sciences and arts has been accompanied by the relaxation of certain social standards which, if it does not deserve to be called moral degeneracy, must at least be regarded as uncanonical.

Our thoughts are led into this channel by the charges which Miss Maggie Kane brought against Music Teacher Isaac Basch, some account of which appeared in Thursday's *Eagle*. The evidence is very contradictory, but Justice Goetting entertained the complaint, not only because Maggie had a right to be heard in a court of justice, but also because there was no intrinsic improbability in the nature of the charges themselves. There can be no personal reflection on Mr. Basch in the broad assertion that music teachers, as a general rule, do not hold more rigid views on this subject than those held by Dr. Johnson and Lord Palmerston. Indeed there is something in the profession of music which keeps the emotions of its votaries in a condition for prompt and frequent use. The musician like the poet preserves his feelings from the mildew of prosaic thoughts and things. In his soul is erected an altar to the beautiful, and the fires, once kindled there, are only extinguished by death. Accordingly, when we hear that a music teacher kissed his landlady's or any other lady's attractive domestic we do not instinctively reject the report as a calumny and a falsehood.

Of course we ought to do so, because, say what you will, man cannot be permitted, unless he is the right man and the desired man, to take advantage of a pretty servant girl in the act of leaning over the kitchen fire. If it were otherwise, it is easy to see that the whole household economy might be deranged and we should be obliged ultimately to seek our help at the Old Ladies' Home. It is greatly to the credit of Mr. Basch that in giving his testimony he displayed the feelings of a man who looked upon the practice of kissing attractive servant girls with extreme disfavor. If such actually are his sentiments he will not be greatly distressed by the publicity of the proceedings. On the contrary, he will regard it as a sacrifice which almost any man may be called upon to make and which no sincere disbeliever in violent and surreptitious osculation will shrink from making. It is thus that the seeds of true reform are distributed. Public observation and criticism are the propagators of change, and if modern society has fallen from the exalted plane of the teaching of Socrates and Epicurus, it is high time that it made an effort to climb up again. Decorum, propriety, respect for private rights, all concur in the wisdom of such an effort, and the tranquillity of kitchen life absolutely demands it. —*Brooklyn Eagle.*

A Generous Spirit.

Ald. Blaicher (chaffingly)—Don't you think, Mr. Roach, it would be a good idea for the railway to go down Barton street?

Ex-Mayor Roach—I'm not particular where it goes, as long as we get the road. I would not care if it cut straight through my house as long as it was a good road.

Lawyer—Your uncle makes you his sole heir, but the will stipulates that the sum of $1,000 must be buried with him. Heir (feelingly)—The old man was eccentric, but his wishes must be respected, of course I'll write a check for that amount.

Mr. Loomis and other friends of the man Blanchard, who was recently killed at Parkhill, have been given another week to produce any evidence that they may have against D. McColl, who was charged with being implicated in Blanchard's death.

The measure at present before the Quebec Legislature providing for the harmonious amalgamation of Laval and Victoria Schools of Medicine has received the sanction of the Holy See, and it is now hoped that an agreement will be brought about.

Mr. G. Jackson, a nightwatchman in Windsor, was run into by a street car in Detroit on Friday evening, and sustained a compound fracture of both legs and severe bruises on his head. He may die.

Lord Salisbury intimated yesterday that he would accept the United States Senators' changes in the Extradition Treaty, therefore the future parleying between Mr. Lincoln and His Lordship will be short and easy.

Lieut.-Governor McLellan opened the Nova Scotia Provincial Legislature yesterday afternoon. The speech from the throne stated that the business of the Crown Lands Department was unusually large last year.