

## A PARISIAN HORROR.

### Terrible Crime of a Commercial Traveller— Murders His Mistress.

A Paris cable says: Paris has been startled by another sensational crime, this time committed in the Hotel des Mathurins at de New York, 33 Rue des Mathurins. This is one of the quiet, shady, rather narrow streets that lie behind the Boulevard Malesherbes, selected by Gaboriau as the scene of one of his most mysterious crimes. The circumstances attending the latest addition to the criminal annals of the quarter are of a very peculiar character. Since the exhibition a commercial traveller named Blevinsky, a middle-aged man of Polish extraction, who at one time held a commission in the Russian army and whose mother has been a lady of honor at the court of the Czar, has been in the habit of putting up at the Hotel des Mathurins several times a month in a front room on the second floor, usually reserved for this valuable client. During each of his stays in Paris M. Blevinsky used to receive a visit from a good-looking woman, slightly over 30 years of age, who was supposed to be his mistress. It is now known that this visitor was Mme. Jeanne Woloczkoy, wife of an agent de chance. Mme. Woloczkoy lived on the best terms with her husband in comfortable apartments in Rue Brochant, and M. Blevinsky was a friend of the family. On Thursday afternoon between 2 and 3 o'clock Mme. Woloczkoy called for Blevinsky at the hotel and the pair shut themselves up together in the latter's room, and Mme. Woloczkoy was never again seen alive. This morning about half-past ten, Blevinsky was met by a garcon as he was leaving his room. "Don't shut the door," said the latter, "I am going to arrange the room." "No, no," cried Blevinsky, "I forbid you to enter," and he slammed the door behind him excitedly. The garcon, surprised at the inexplicable burst of anger, forthwith confided to the landlord that he suspected something was wrong. The landlord and a servant went upstairs together. On entering the landlord's eyes fell upon the half-naked body of Mme. Woloczkoy lying on the floor beside the bed. A great quantity of blood oozed from a bullet wound in her breast above the heart, and had trickled down to the floor. Blevinsky was arrested as he was quietly walking along the Rue Roque Pine. When conducted to the police station the prisoner coolly begged the commissary not to fatigue him with questions, as he was wounded. "I assure you," he went on, "that I did not kill Jeanne. She committed suicide. Because I could not give her the money she required she shot herself twice with my revolver. I tried to recall her to consciousness, but when I saw that she was dead I wanted to put an end to my own life," and Blevinsky showed the commissary that part of his car had been shot away. M. Cazianeuve, who had, on receiving information of the crime, proceeded to make a brief examination of the room where it was committed, pointed out to the prisoner that all the evidence he had collected pointed to the falsity of his statement. The table had been overturned and a champagne bottle and glasses were broken. Shrugging his shoulders, Blevinsky replied, "Why should I kill Jeanne? I have known and loved her for seventeen years. You will see from my letters to her how much I adored her." Blevinsky was taken to the Hotel des Mathurins in the course of the afternoon, and was confronted with the corpse of his supposed victim. He bore himself calmly, and maintained his assertion that the woman had committed suicide.

## TO BOOM DETROIT.

### The C. P. R.'s New Railway Scheme in the United States.

A Detroit despatch says: A railway project, starting for its magnitude, and yet one which has been for some time entertained by its projectors, has been put upon its feet by the Wabash management. To-day surveyors have started on the preliminary survey of a new route, straight west from Montpelier, O., to Chicago, which will make the shortest line from Detroit to the metropolis of the west. Ample funds have been secured to construct the new road, which will reach a maximum cost of \$2,500,000. When the road is completed it will belong to the Wabash Railroad, although it is thought the Canadian Pacific is one of the backers of the great project. This route lies nearly in a bee line from Montpelier, through Northern Ohio and Northern Indiana, until Lake Michigan is approached, when it deflects northerly to reach Chicago. The Wabash is built to Montpelier from Detroit. Montpelier is a station on the Butler Road, as the Detroit connection of the Wabash is called. When completed, the new road will extend 150 miles from Montpelier and make a continuous line of 273 miles from Detroit. The line of the Michigan Central measures 285 miles, leaving a distance of thirteen miles in favor of the new route in point of length. This great work, when finished, will bring a large extent of territory in Indiana tributary to Detroit in the way of trade, and also add a small fraction of Ohio.

### A Husband Who Could Shoot.

A Jessup, Ga., despatch says: A tragedy occurred here at midnight, resulting in the death of Mrs. B. P. Littlefield and County Surveyor McCall at the hands of the woman's husband. McCall came to Jessup from Brunswick about 10 p.m. and stopped at the Littlefield House. He retired to his room one hour later, but came out, went downstairs in his night clothes and asked for Littlefield, whom he could not find. He then went to Mrs. Littlefield's door and knocked. She admitted him. Littlefield was in the front porch watching the pair and rushed through the window into the room and shot his wife just over the eye, killing her instantly. He then shot McCall four times. McCall died at 2.30 p.m.

Francis James, who was killed by a wounded elephant in the Gaboon country, was a most adventurous traveler in the Dark Continent. He was only 38 and conducted all his expeditions at his own expense.

A sick cat is not even up to the scratch.

A Firemen's Union in New York demands eight hours.

## NEWFOUNDLAND'S TROUBLES.

### A French Schooner Carries Off an Officer— Brutal Treatment of a Wrecked Schooner's Crew—Lost at Sea.

A despatch from Channel, Nfld., says: Another French outrage, on the way to the so-called French shore, has been committed. A daring French captain named Bischoff, of the schooner Marie, while coming into Port au Basque last Friday, carried a poor old man's net away. As the occurrence was witnessed by many, the owner went on board to seek recompense, and was nearly carried out of existence. Then the Magistrate was appealed to. He promptly issued a summons which was served on Bischoff, but he did not appear. Judgment by default was given against him, and a warrant for his arrest issued. The constable promptly boarded the vessel with a warrant while the schooner was under way, but so far Bischoff is gone with summons, warrant and constable. The Magistrate telegraphed the facts to the commander of the Indre and also the Government. The former replied that the matter would be investigated.

A despatch from Bonavista says: The schooner Advance, with no fish, arrived from the banks. She presents a pitiable appearance, having lost her bowsprit, jibboom and outwaler. In fact, everything forward of the bulkheads has been carried away. The disaster occurred by a collision with a French banker. The Frenchmen barbarously treated the crew of the Advance. Instead of rendering or even offering assistance the Frenchmen flung at the Newfoundlanders iron belaying pins and everything else capable of being used by them as missiles.

A wreck has been discovered at Lawn Point. It is the brig Louis, from Granville, France, bound to St. Pierre. All the crew are supposed to be lost. Parts of the vessel's boats were found in the cove near the wreck. Her masts are just out of water and close to the cliff. Some of the clothing belonging to one of the crew has been found tied with a man's belt to the top of the mast. No bodies have yet been seen. It is supposed that the men must have been on the masts, the vessel sinking too suddenly for them to launch and man the boats. The Newfoundland schooner Margaret M. became a total wreck yesterday near Little Lorraine. She was from St. John's, Newfoundland, bound to Sydney. At the time it was very foggy, with heavy sea.

## A THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

### Narrow Escape of a Philadelphia Man from Death in the Niagara.

A Niagara Falls despatch says: Another life came near being added yesterday to the already long list of Niagara's victims. Joseph R. Wilson, an Englishman, now residing in Charvont, Philadelphia, and stopping with his wife at the Prospect House, took a carriage yesterday morning for a drive to the whirlpool. As they were walking along the edge of the pool Mr. Louis Sinclair, of Daydane, Netherland Gardens, South Hampstead, England, passed them, left the path and scrambled over some rocks below the pathway. He was so ambitious to obtain an unobstructed view that he jumped on a large rock a few feet out in the river, not aware of the treacherous nature of the current. He had no sooner gained his position than the water boiled up about him and had risen above his knees, threatening to sweep him away. The situation was terrible. The poor man was spell-bound. Mr. Wilson rushed to the rescue. He pulled off his overcoat, twisted it and threw one end to Sinclair, who caught it and was pulled ashore. The excitement was so great that congratulations were not thought of. Mr. Sinclair returned to his hotel, changed his clothes and called on Mr. Wilson at the Prospect House to sincerely thank him for his deliverance. He said no one at that terrible moment could imagine his feelings. He never expected to see his wife and three children again. Mrs. Wilson is ill from the excitement.

## Damage Caused by a Cloudburst.

A Cleveland despatch says: A rain storm, much in the nature of a cloudburst, swept over north-western Pennsylvania yesterday, doing much damage to property. At Corry, the streets were converted into rivers, in some places two feet deep, tearing up sewers and washing out the roads. The railroad yards were completely inundated, the floods washing some of the side tracks. At one time the water between the Wells-Fargo and American Express office and First avenue was six feet deep, flooding both offices and the large platform on both sides of the Union depot, the water reaching the waiting-rooms. The railroads east and west of the city sustained serious damage. The valley from Corry to Irvington, a distance of twenty miles, is a complete lake of water from one to three miles wide. The loss will probably reach over \$100,000. The highways in the surrounding country are nearly impassable, and it will be a week before travel can be resumed.

## Down on Kennan.

A Springfield, O., despatch says: William H. Dunster, a resident of Russia for thirty years, and present American Vice-Consul-General at St. Petersburg, is in the city. He takes a decided issue with George Kennan, whom he calls a sensationalist given to exaggeration. He said yesterday: "I heard Kennan recently in his lecture on the Siberian exiles. Some of his portraits thrown on canvas were of women who had plotted against the Government, and who were exiled in consequence. He made no mention of the fact that they were Anarchists. Kennan is utterly wrong in his attempt to influence the American mind by exaggerating the evils and criticizing the methods of the Russian Government for its protection. Why, he has got Americans nervous about going to St. Petersburg or travelling through Russia. St. Petersburg is a safe, admirably-governed city."

—Half a dozen ox-tails chopped into inch bits and boiled a couple of hours with carrots, onions and such things as that make a tasty result.

The meaning of the word advertise, "to make known," explains its importance. Make known what you have to sell or what you wish to buy. The benefits are so far-reaching that you cannot tell where they will end. Like the ripples of water caused by a stone, they extend far beyond the sight.

## INDIFFERENCE CONDEMNED.

### Stanley Doesn't Like the Way England Deals with African Questions.

A London cable says: Mr. Stanley made some trenchant remarks on England and Germany in Africa last night at the banquet tendered him by the London Chamber of Commerce. Speaking of his travels, he remarked that in 1870 it was reported that Dr. Livingstone was lost, and the New York Herald sent the speaker to find him. He (Stanley) did so, and returned to Zanzibar and England. What was done? They said he was an impostor, sensationalist and forger, but time disproved these accusations, and Livingstone's last journals proved that he (Stanley) had done what he had said, but because he was a mere journalist and a penny-a-liner it was supposed that all penny-a-liners were sensationalists. In 1874 he was sent back again to Africa. Stanley then described his travels, and pointed out that although so much had been done by English travellers to open the dark regions of Africa yet this country failed to take advantage of their discoveries. In a bantering manner Stanley spoke of the great interest the Germans had manifested in the *Nora* and *Sauna* of Africa, whilst on the part of this country there was an indifference as to what actually was occurring. A number of his friends, however, had come together to try and do something in regions which they had said should be the English part or a portion of the British possessions some time. They had raised a capital of half a million, but what was the consequence? Instead of being permitted to make a road which, without deviating to the right or to the left, should go straight to the promised land, they were compelled to squander some thousands of pounds in fighting the Government. If it were merely a question of rivalry between the English and German company he should not mind; but when the Government backed up the German company it was not a fair fight, and that capital which would have made the railway right up to Victoria Nyanza would be wasted, instead of people, in two years' time, being able to take tickets to Victoria Nyanza, (Laughter). For the money there would be nothing to show except a bushel of treaties; but to the Germans there was nobody to say even "boo." He could speak very forcibly, but he was restrained. If the fairest portion of Africa were to be given up to others and only the sterile lands be left, he would be one of the first to advise the British company to retire. He thought he had said enough, a word to the wise was enough, and he hoped they would remember and ponder over the suggestions in what he had said.

## The Scotch-Irish Congress.

The Scotch-Irish Society of America, which was organized in May last, will hold its second congress at Pittsburgh, Penn., from May 29th to June 1st. Among the distinguished speakers who will deliver addresses, are: Gov. Beaver, of Pennsylvania, who will deliver the address of welcome; Secretary Blaine, Hon. W. C. P. Breckenridge, of Kentucky; Rev. Dr. John Hall, of New York; Gov. James E. Campbell, of Ohio; Rev. Dr. J. S. McIntosh, of Philadelphia; Prof. A. L. Perry, of Williams College, Mass.; Rev. Dr. D. C. Kelly, of Tennessee; Prof. H. A. White, of Washington & Lee University, Va.; Hon. W. E. Robinson, of Brooklyn, and Hon. John Dalzell, of Pennsylvania. Mr. Robert Bonner, of New York, President of the society, will preside. The great auditorium is capable of seating over 5,000 people, and will be magnificently fitted up and decorated. The finest band in the U. S. will furnish the music. Special pains will be taken to show visitors the great manufactories and other sights of Pittsburgh. The official headquarters will be the well-known and recently refitted Monongahela House. The whole Scotch-Irish race and the local population without regard to race are cordially invited. Mr. A. T. Wood, of Hamilton, Vice-President for Ontario, will leave on Wednesday evening to attend the congress. No partisan or sectarian significance attaches to the society. Composed of a race which has been conspicuously and thoroughly identified with all that has been most patriotic in our history, it is purely an American institution, and does not purpose concerning itself with foreign affairs. It is designed to cultivate patriotism and promote fraternal feeling by bringing together representatives of the race from various sections of the country and celebrating their illustrious achievements in the establishment and maintenance of our free institutions. The splendid qualities of the race composing it cannot fail to make it one of the greatest social and historical societies of the land.

## A New York Central Freight House and Contents Destroyed.

An Albany despatch of last night says: One of the quickest, hottest and most exciting fires of recent years occurred here to-night in the burning of one of the New York Central freight houses near the river. About 7.15 people all over the city heard a deep, dull booming report, and almost instantly a great cloud of thick black smoke, flame and sparks shot a hundred feet into the air. A moment later the alarm was given on the whistles of all the steamboats and locomotives within sight, and within two minutes the bells were calling the fire department to the scene. The burning building was the middle one of three and was of wood. The other two are new brick structures and were only scorched. How the fire started is a mystery; but the blaze is generally attributed to some form of spontaneous combustion. When first discovered it was a small blaze, but before the alarm could be given the fire reached the oil barrels and the explosion occurred. Within three minutes the building was a mass of roaring fire. It is impossible to get any accurate idea of the loss. No one can tell to-night what consignments there were in the house, but they are roughly estimated at \$100,000.

"Crushed at last," cried a big strawberry on Saturday night. It had passed through three church festivals and still retained its whiskers.

During the summer holidays of each year the immensely wealthy Duke of Westminster takes in about \$5,000 in sixpences and shillings, paid by sight-seers for admission to his country seat, Eaton Hall. He gives every penny of it to charitable institutions.

## UP IN A BALLOON.

### Tests of the Spencer Military Air Ship in London, England.

A London cable says: During the past week the Spencer war balloon made several ascents from the grounds of the Royal Military exhibition at Chelsea. On each of these occasions the company included your correspondent, and his experiences 6,000 feet in the clouds have attracted great attention. Yesterday the famous balloon made another ascent, and again your correspondent had a seat in the basket. When the balloon started out a high wind was blowing, and after traveling several miles the whole concern became unmanageable and was finally driven against a stupendous tree at Henley-on-the-Thames, where the balloon was torn to pieces, and the occupants narrowly escaped sudden death. They had to slide down the trail rope at a distance of 80 feet from the ground, after having been knocked and tossed about in space for several minutes.

## Work and Wages.

Salt Lake has hundreds idle.  
Charleston stores are closing earlier.  
Cleveland carpenters won nine hours.  
London is to have electric omnibuses.  
Lansing's (Mich.) Mayor gets \$1 a year.  
Chicago women cloakmakers have organized.

In New York union bread has a union label.

Mount Vernon carpenters won nine hours.

Boston building laborers want eight hours.

Girls in St. Louis tagging mills won ten hours.

Cleveland stonecutters won eight hours and \$4.

Brooklyn has a German Stonecutters' Union.

Liverpool leads the cities of the world in tonnage.

The unions of Lancaster have established a free library.

Germany is completing with Lancashire cotton in Roumania.

The Bookbinders' National Convention indorsed eight hours.

Brooklyn upholsterers kick against letting boys take men's jobs.

The Newark Trades Assembly is dead. It once had 150 unions.

Cleveland horseshoers get from \$2.50 to \$3, and work ten hours.

The walking delegate of a New York union gets \$27.50 a week.

Brooklyn silk-ribbon weavers have won nine hours in many shops.

Chicago furniture workers won Saturday half holiday and an advance.

New York street-car men are gradually being run into the old hours.

A new megaphone magnifies the voice so that it can be heard for miles.

San Francisco union frescoers get \$4 a day; non-union, \$2.50 to \$3.50.

Members of the Brooklyn Bricklayers' Union won nine hours and \$4.50.

There are about 1,200 cigarmakers on strike in New York for advances.

The Buffalo unions failed to indict those who worked on Sunday in the shipyards.

The Brooklyn Workmen's General Mutual Benefit Union has 2,111 members and \$3,800.

San Francisco harnessmakers won a strike against the employment of girls at men's work.

Nine shops in Westchester county, N.Y., have granted the plumbers and tinmiths nine hours.

A Berlin union of 800 salesgirls, dues 10 cents a month, gives medical care, medicine and secures work.

John Burns, of the London dock strike, was offered \$100 for the old straw hat he wore during the strike.

San Francisco butchers want meat-peddling stopped, and demand that the license be raised from \$10 to \$75.

Russia has only 68 woolen yarn spinners, 190 light-weight woolen mills, and carpet manufacturing employs 800.

The Commercial says Buffalo is becoming one of the most important coal-handling centres in the United States.

The New York Workingmen's Society is investigating the charge that girls are overworked and some underpaid.

Belgian Magistrates who were crowded with cases of men arrested during strikes struck themselves for higher pay.

In a New York shop the furniture-workers threaten to strike because their beer has been prohibited in the shop.

The San Francisco fire alarms will be rung at 8 o'clock, at 12 and 5 p.m., at the request of the Pacific Coast Eight Hour League.

Cardinal Manning: "Labor is the origin of all our greatness."

If the great end of life were to multiply yards of cloth and cotton twist, and if the glory of England consisted or consisted in multiplying without stint or limit these articles and the like at the lowest possible price, so as to undersell all the nations of the world, well, then, let us go on. But if the domestic life of the people be vital above all; if the peace, the purity of homes, the education of children, the duties of wives and mothers, the duties of husbands and of fathers be written in the natural law of mankind, and if these things are sacred, far beyond anything that can be sold in the market, then I say, if the hours of labor resulting from the unregulated sale of a man's strength and skill shall lead to the destruction of domestic life, to the neglect of children, to turning wives and mothers into living machines, and of fathers and husbands into—what shall I say, creatures of burden?—I will not use any other word—who rise up before the sun, and come back when it is set, wearied and able only to take food and lie down to rest. The domestic life of men exists no longer, and we dare not go on in this path."

A special exhibition was given for Baby McKee by the Barnum show in Washington last week. Benny wanted to ride the big elephant, but Grandma Harrison objected.

## RAN INTO AN ICEBERG.

### The Beacon Light's Awful Experience in the Fog.

## CAPTAIN ELLIOTT'S COOLNESS.

The new oil-tank steamer Beacon Light had a narrow escape from sinking after collision with a mammoth iceberg off the Great Banks last Wednesday. A calamity was only averted through the presence of mind of Captain Elliott. When she struck the icy *Cereclio*, tons of ice crashed upon her decks, shattering her starboard bow and starting several plates. The steamer came to anchor off Liberty Island yesterday leaking very fast, and her steam pumps had to be kept in constant motion. A New York *World* reporter boarded her and Mate Chase gave him an account of the collision.

The Beacon Light is a recent addition to the rapidly growing fleet of oil tanks running to this port. She sailed from Newcastle seventeen days ago in ballast, carrying 2,800 tons of water ballast. She is built to carry 4,000 tons of oil.

The new steamer had an uneventful voyage up to the time she struck the Great Banks. Then she began to encounter dense fogs. On the night of May 13th it became so foggy that Capt. Elliott decided to stay on deck. The steamer was then in latitude 42.55, longitude 48.18, or about 540 miles east of Nova Scotia. At midnight Tuesday both Capt. Elliott and Mate Chase were on the flying bridge trying to peer through the dense fog. The lookout was at his post and the steamer was going along at half speed. The air became somewhat colder, telling Capt. Elliott that he was in the vicinity of icebergs.

It was just the beginning of the middle watch, or a little after 12 o'clock Wednesday morning, when the lookout shouted: "There's a light ahead!" Scarcely had the echoes of his words ceased when an appalling sight was disclosed.

"My God!" exclaimed the captain, "there is an iceberg." Straight ahead, less than fifty feet distant, was a towering double-peaked icy monster. The electric search-light on the ship's forecast shone brilliantly on the mammoth and revealed it in all its awful grandeur to Capt. Elliott and his terrified crew.

It was a moment of suspense and anxiety. To strike the berg head on meant destruction to the Beacon Light. Courageous young Capt. Elliott rose to the emergency and by his calmness saved the ship and the lives of his crew.

"Helm hard to starboard; reverse engines and full speed astern!" was the quick command. His promptness averted a calamity. The good ship obeyed her helm, swung to port, but not enough to clear the berg. Her starboard bow caught one of the berg's projections. The shock was something terrific. It seemed to shatter the big towering mass of ice all to pieces. Its lofty crests, which towered far above the decks of the Beacon Light, showered tons of massive cakes upon the ship's decks, crashing in her steel bow and making such a terrible noise that the crew rushed on deck in a frenzy of despair. They thought it their death knell.

Then the ship keeled away over and fell on her beam ends. This was quickly followed by a bumping, crashing sound, as though the berg had got underneath the ship. When the mass of ice fell big cakes sank far down into the sea and then came to the surface again, striking the ship just amidships. The pounding was done with such force that the oaks of ice which got under the ship fairly lifted the big steel vessel ten feet out of the sea. Then, to make matters worse, there was a sudden confused sound as though the boilers had burst. This, however, was only the escape of air from some of the tanks.

In remarkable contrast with the bravery of Capt. Elliott was the conduct of his crew. The firemen and cooks became wild with fright. They were almost uncontrollable. They thought that their vessel was going to sink. Loudly they cried for Capt. Elliott to clear away the boats. To allay their fears and keep them quiet the Captain did so, but his coolness and his appeals for them to stand by him at last brought the crew to their senses. After getting the boats loosened and ready for use in case of necessity the crew went to work and began to clear away the ice, which was lying in heaps about the deck.

Water was found entering several of the tanks from the bottom and big perpendicular support beams were almost bent in two by the severe pounding which the ship received from the ice which got under her as she struck the berg. After starting the ship continued her voyage. The following day she sighted several very large bergs, but they were not close enough to cause any alarm.

The berg which they collided with was about one hundred feet high and over six hundred feet long. Capt. Elliott says it was very solid and not in the least honey-combed.

"It was," he said, "the greatest sight I ever beheld to see the big avalanche of ice drifting astern as we grazed it. As it came out of the fog before we could distinctly see it, it looked like a cloud, but when it revealed itself I was almost transfixed with awe and fright. Our electric search light shone upon it, which added to its glistening grandeur. We saw it just in time. Had my ship been travelling very rapidly I dread to think what would have been the consequences. As it was, we were only going at half speed, which enabled us to stop our headway before we crashed into it.

"If the ship had struck the berg head on she would have been shattered to pieces without a doubt. The awful suspense which occurred between the time I sighted the berg and when she struck was something terrible. It is an experience I never want again. Our escape from destruction was almost providential."

The Beacon Light will be put on the dry dock. It is thought that her bottom is damaged very seriously. The Beacon Light registers 2,800 tons. She is 332 feet long, 40 feet wide and 28 feet deep. Her owners are Stuart & Co., Liverpool, oil merchants. She was built by Armstrong & Co., of Newcastle-on-Tyne.

A carpet manufacturer says work has been begun on an invention by which six boys can do the work of 300 girls employed at carpet sewing.