A HOUSE BLOWN UP.

Three Persons Killed in the Wreck of a Savannah Boarding House.

A Savannah, Ga., despatch gives the particulars of an explosion reported yesterday: W. J. Bullard's boarding house, a three-story brick dwelling at 203 Congress street, was blown up at 1.20 o'clock this morning. Three persons were killed and six injured, two of whom will probably die. There were eighteen people in the house. The explosion shattered the walls, which collapsed in an instant, a mass of ruins. Most of the occupants of the house were asleep and were hurled from their beds, and either buried under the falling debris or thrown on top of it.

The killed are: Mrs. W. J. Bullard, Mr. Lockley and Gus Robie. The wounded are: John Roberts, right ankle fractured and concussion of the brain from the shock; L. J. Tate, contusion of face and chest; Meedon Hywood (colored), shoulder dislocated and bruised; J. A. Rives, slightly bruised; Edward S. Everitt, slightly bruised; Mrs. Edward S. Everitt, slightly bruised; Sam King (colored), badly bruised about body.

The first person taken out of the ruins was L. J. Tate, collector for the Citizen's Bank, who was sleeping on the second floor and was pinned down by falling timbers. A few minutes later the mangled body of Mrs. Bullard was found eight feet under a pile of bricks beneath the room where she was sleeping. Robie's body was taken out at 3 o'clock and was laid in Franklin Square on a mattress. Robie came here from New York a month ago, and was employed by McDonoghue & Co. as scroll man. He slept in the front hall room on second floor and was found under a sheet in the bed, where he had evidently been killed as he slept. He has a wife in New York from whom he received a letter a day or two ago. He was about 40 years old. The body of Lockley was found about 4 o'clock. It was the last taken out of the building. J. A. Rimes, who was sleeping in the front room on the third floor with Roberts, was hurled to the second floor, and was pinned between the bed and floor until he was pulled out by the firemen. He did not see Roberts after the explosion occurred. The first he heard was a grinding noise, and then came the crash, and then a blank. The next he knew was being taken out from under the debris. He was slightly bruised. Mr. and Mrs. Everitt, who were sleeping in the front room on the second floor, were pulled out from under the ceiling above, which held them fast. Mrs. John Paige and baby, who were sleeping in the room back of Mr. and Mrs. Everitt, escaped unhurt and were lifted out by the firemen. As fast as the injured people were taken out they were carried into the rear of Andrew Jackson's residence, just east of the fallen building. Jack Roberts, who slept with J. A. Rimes on the third floor, sustained severe injuries about the body and head. Mr. Bullard, who was sleeping with his wife, had a marvellous escape, and received but a few slight bruises. Mrs. Bullard was dead when taken out. She was fearfully crushed. The cause of the explosion is a mystery. There are many rumors of an ugly nature, but nobody will take the responsibility of making a direct statement. One man insinuated that there had been a row in the house toward the end of the jollification in which the inmates had been indulging. The building was a three-story tenement, built in the French flat style, and faced north and south. The two top floors were used as sleeping apartments. The explosion blew the entire building to the northward. Some of the furniture was blown across St. Julian street into splinters, while the flying bricks went in as far as Bay street. The entire structure collapsed inward on Congress street.

Defenceless Armenians Slaughtered.

A Constantinople cable says: The following are the details of the recent riots at Erzeroum: On June 20th the soldiery were ordered to disperse the Armenians, who were holding a meeting in a church yard. The soldiers began a massacre of the Armenians, and the Turkish populace joined in the attack. The shops and houses of the Armenians were pillaged. The sack lasted four hours. The British consulate, at which on the same night a fete was being given for the benefit of the poor Armenians, was stoned and its gates and windows broken. The consul and the members of his family took refuge in the cellars of the building and the fete was abandoned. The American mission served as a refuge for 50 fugitives. Numbers of Armenians, relying on the promises of Turks to escor them to places of safety, were murdered in the streets. Fifty bodies have been found, mostly of persons who were bayoneted; 350 persons were wounded, and 100 are missing.

Six Battles Fought.

A San Salvador despatch says: News has been received confirming the reports of the success of the San Salvador forces beyond the frontier in Guatemalan territory. The Salvador army has now gained six battles, capturing a large quantity of arms and ammunition. Many were killed and wounded on both sides. The Salvador forces are now pushing their way into the interior of Guatemala, and are meeting with success at every step. Great enthusiasm prevails, and the intention is to overthrow the Government of President Barrillos before coming to any agreement. Salvador is determined to free itself from the yoke of Guatemala and to assure its liberty and independence.

His Life Saved by a Boy.

A Portland, Me., despatch says: Yesterday a wealthy Montreal man attempted to board a train at Old Orchard after it had started. He ran to the rear end of the baggage car and caught the railing, but lost his footing. As he was hanging to the railing he swung between the cars and was losing his grip when Frank E. Kelly, of South Berwick, a boy pedlar, saw him and managed to pull him on board the train. When he had recovered he asked the boy's name, and said he had saved his life, and promised to send him a cheque for $5,000 when he reached home.

Lady Howard de Walden has expressed her intention of endowing, at a cost of $50,000, a ward at the West Kent Hospital, as a thank offering for her recent recovery from a serious illness.

A FATHER'S TERRIBLE DEED.

He Kills His Three Children with an Axe and Then Suicides.

A Halifax despatch says: News has just reached St. John's Nfld., from Labrador of a fearful crime committed at Big Brook, Stag Bay, on the 4th of May last. At Big Brook lived a man named Thomas Oliver, with his wife and five children. On a Sunday he told his son that he saw some partridges across the river and that he had better go and hunt for them, and if they were not there he could go further on. Oliver then took off his shirt and gave it to the lad, saying it was better than the one he had on. He also sent his wife and daughter in the same direction to pick wild tea. Oliver then took his Bible and lay down on the bed. Before leaving, his wife took her infant boy of six months and placed it on the bed to sleep along with her husband. When on the ice about half way across the brook she heard the report of a gun, and looking around she saw the dogs running from the door, but thinking nothing was wrong she continued her journey. After she and her daughter had gathered all the tea required they returned home. Here the poor mother and daughter beheld a sickening sight. On the floor was the baby she had left peacefully sleeping with its father. There seemed to be a little life in it, but on taking it up she discovered that the little head was battered almost in pieces. The next sight that met her horrified gaze was the body of her daughter, a girl of 11 years, in a sitting posture on the floor, with her head fearfully mangled, in fact literally beaten to pieces, while across her legs lay a boy aged 6 years, with his head almost split open but still alive and moaning. The poor fellow lived till sunset. She next discovered the body of her husband stretched on the floor behind the door, with a gun grasped in both hands in the grip of death. A bullet hole through his head and one eye hanging on his cheek told the tale of his death. The distracted mother, after waiting till the boy died, ran to Seal Cove Point, a distance of three miles, where her nearest neighbors, a family named Coves, lived, and told her awful story. They buried the victims near the house in which the crime was committed, placing the gun in the murderer's coffin. The children were killed with an axe.

BURNED AT SEA.

The Egypt's Crew Saved by the Oil-Laden Manhattan.

A London cable says: The steamer Manhattan sighted the Egypt in full blaze in lat. 40.28 north, lon. 38 west, but being laden with oil dared not go near the burning vessel. She lowered her boats, however, and saved all on board the Egypt. Capt. Robinson, of the Manhattan, who formerly sailed in the National Line, informed the rescued officers he had only enough provisions for 40 persons, and a discussion was had as to whether or not to make the Azores, 250 miles distant. It was finally decided to proceed for Dover, and everyone was placed on short rations. There were 640 head of cattle on the Egypt, and all were burned to death, or, breaking loose and plunging overboard, were drowned. For a time there was much confusion on the Egypt, but no panic. The National Company chartered a tug at Dover to meet the Manhattan and supply her with provisions. She started at 6 o'clock this evening with a full supply of provisions and other necessaries for the rescued people. Capt. James Sumner, of the Egypt, is the commodore of the National Line. The company do not insure their vessels, but put the amount which they would have to pay as premiums into a special fund on account of their vessels.

Denver's Cloud-burst.

A Wednesday's Denver despatch says: At midnight last night occurred a catastrophe that has temporarily isolated the towns up Clear Creek Canon from the world. An immense cloud-burst near the forks of a creek poured a deluge of water within the narrow walls of the canon. It completely demolished the two iron railway bridges at the forks, and, as far as can be learned, annihilated all the structures in the vicinity. The restaurant, the depot and the outhouses were swept away. It is believed no lives were lost. The immense column of water, laden with wreckage, went tearing down the canon, with the result that from the forks to Golden there is scarcely a vestige of the railroad left. The greater portion of the road-bed is destroyed and all means of communication are gone.

A City's Health Imperilled.

A Canton, O., despatch says: There is a fierce war being waged against the owners of slaughter houses in this city. Some time ago the Board of Health issued an edict that they should go out of the city. The owners refused. The members of the Board of Health made an investigation of the slaughter pens yesterday, finding matters in horrible shape. At one place where bologna sausages are made they found millions of maggots crawling over the meat to be used in the manufacture. Other slaughter houses were found in a similar condition. The water along the creek where the houses are situated is filled with filth for a mile. The Board of Health says they must go and the owners say nay.

A Cyclone Visits Marshall.

A Marshall, Minn., special says: At 5 o'clock yesterday a black cloud resembling a great serpent reached downward from the dense black masses of storm clouds that had formed during the afternoon and moving in a southeasterly direction. It demolished the buildings of three farmers living nine miles northwest of here. A child of Felix Dearan had its leg broken, another had its head crushed and died during the night, and Mrs Dearan was seriously bruised. Mrs. A. M. Opdall and child were blown by the cyclone on a wire fence and seriously bruised. Two of Opdall's horses were carried from the barn to a pasture near by without injury.

Miss May Rogers, an Iowa girl, has compiled a Waverly dictionary in which more than thirteen hundred characters of Scott's novels are described with illustrative extracts from the text.

He, feeling his way—An honorable man should marry only for love. She—Certainly, O, certainly!—if he can afford it.

THE DISGRACED GUARDS.

Exciting Scene at Their Departure for Africa— "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

A London cablegram says: The scenes connected with the exile of the second battalion of the Grenadiers were both interesting and at times touching. The men were paraded at daybreak, and were marched along the Victoria embankment to the Victoria station. Early as was the hour the streets were crowded, and at least 20,000 people accompanied them, the men cheering, the women and children crying and sobbing. The arrest of the six Grenadiers and their trial by court-martial had tended to cast a gloom over the whole battalion. When sentences were pronounced at the parade yesterday some painful scenes occurred. The oldest soldiers of the companies seem to have been selected for trial. By a strange misfortune a veteran named Perren was one of the unlucky prisoners. An older man named Riggs, belonging to the same company, had been transferred to the reserve the day before. Later in the day the prisoners exchanged their regimental for prison garb. The precise hour of their removal to the Brixton military prison was a well-guarded secret, while their transfer to the ambulance waggon was so quietly effected that only a few soldiers saw them. When the men emerged the spectators raised a loud shout. They were handcuffed in pairs and escorted by non-commissioned officers. They appeared dejected and haggard. One soldier in the regiment shouted, "Pat your heart comrades." Several prisoners burst out crying after the departure of the men. The story of their farewell parting with their wives and children spread through the barracks. Wives, children, sweethearts and comrades crowded into the spacious yard. Painful meetings took place in the yard and in the canteen. Outside stood a great crowd of sightseers, who gazed curiously and sympathetically between the railings. The couples separated, the women hurrying away with their friends and children, taking a farewell kiss from their father. While these pathetic scenes were going on in the yard different ones were being enacted in the canteen. Young women who seemed to have plenty of money were there treating their lovers. The taps were continually running, and the flowing bowl apparently lightened the burden of the men for the time. They forgot their misfortune and indulged in jig dancing and singing. At the sound of the bugle women rushed outside. At 5 o'clock the men were drawn up in double line, and 15 minutes later the colonel gave the order to march. The great gates at the Buckingham Palace end of the yard were thrown open, and while the band played the spirit-stirring British Grenadiers the battalion marched out and were greeted by the shouts and cheers of an enormous throng. A number of policemen were formed in three lines to open the way for the soldiers. After the police came sappers and miners, and behind them a band and Col. Eaton at the head of the regiment. As the battalion appeared in the road a mighty deafening cheer went up from the assembled thousands. The column was repeatedly broken, caused by women seeking their husbands, with whom, when found, they marched some time. Several men kept pace with their sons. It is said that at the inspection yesterday by the Duke of Cambridge it was noticed that the men shouldered their arms in a slovenly manner, there appearing to be an inclination on their part not to obey orders. Subsequent inquiries have elicited the fact that an understanding existed that on the order to shoulder arms being given they should remain motioless. Fortunately the men altered their minds at the last moment on seeing that some of their companions were obeying the orders. A reporter interviewed a soldier of the Grenadiers, who says that his companions were entirely in sympathy with the men of the second battalion, and that there will certainly be trouble unless certain reforms are made.

To Hamper the Lotteries.

A Washington despatch says: The House Postoffice Committee to-day agreed upon a substitute Bill in lieu of a number of pending Bills adverse to lotteries, and ordered it to be reported to the House. The substitute prohibits lottery circulars and tickets, lists of drawings, money or drafts for purchase of lottery tickets, or newspapers containing lottery advertisements or drawings from being carried in mails or delivered by carriers, and a penalty not exceeding $5,000 fine and imprisonment not exceeding one year is to be imposed upon any person depositing such matter in the mails. The Postmaster-General is also to be authorized upon evidence of the existence of a lottery or gift enterprise to cause registered letters directed to the company to be stamped "fraudulent" and returned to the senders, and he may also forbid the payment of money orders addressed to a lottery or gift enterprise.

A Madman's Deed.

A Lockport, N. Y., despatch says: At Wolcottville, a German village ten miles southeast of this city, yesterday afternoon a lunatic named Yago beat Poormaster Schultz so severely with a shovel and an axe that Schultz died in the evening. Yago had been in an asylum two or three years, but was recently permitted to return home apparently restored to reason. He soon, however, became so violent that Poormaster Schultz, accompanied by a constable, went to Yago's house to take him and return him to the asylum. He attacked Schultz with a shovel and an axe, and soon beat him into insensibility. He then fled, and has not been captured.

Mrs. Hojack—John, dear, the doctor says you'll have to live on oatmeal for a week. Hojack (despairingly): Oh, this is gruel!

Great preparations are being made at Lima to receive the remains of the Peruvian heroes who lost their lives during the late war with Chili. They are being brought from different points by Peruvian men-of-war, and will be reinterred at Lima. The Peruvian man-of-war Lima brought to Iquique the remains of Vice-Admiral Grau and others. She was escorted from Valparaiso by the Chilian man-of-war Esmeralda.

—Ice cream a la lawn tennis is served in balls.

REMARKABLE OPERATIONS.

Some of the Difficult Things Done Successfully by Surgeons.

The first honors of surgery are awarded to those who are the first to perform difficult operations. Judged by this standard, Dr. Valentine Mott, the distinguished exponent of surgical science, is entitled to the first rank among the surgeons of the world, says the New York *Ledger*. In his 33rd year he placed a ligature round arteries within two inches of the heart—an operation sufficient of itself to place him at the summit of his profession. In 1828 he performed what is universally allowed to be the most difficult feat ever attempted in surgery.

A clergyman was afflicted with an enormous tumor in the neck, in which were imbedded and twisted many of the great arteries. In removing this tumor it was necessary to take out entire one of the collar bones, to lay bare the membrane inclosing the lungs, to dissect around arteries displaced by the tumor and imbedded in it, to apply 40 ligatures and remove an immense mass of diseased matter. All this was done without the aid of chloroform. The patient survived the operation, and subsequently discharged the duties of his profession.

Dr. Mott was the first to operate successfully for immovability of the lower jaw and the first to entirely remove the lower jaw. He was the first to succeed in sewing up a slit in a large vein, and he did this in some cases where a portion of the vein had been sliced away—an operation of inconceivable delicacy. He once cut away two inches of the deep jugular vein, which was imbedded in a tumor, and tied both ends of it. In the course of his long professional life he tied the corotid artery 46 times and amputated nearly 1,000 limbs. Sir Astley Cooper truly remarked: "Dr. Mott has performed more of the great operations than any man living or that ever did live."

A great surgeon is frequently tempted, by the mere love of his art, to perform an operation not strictly necessary. Dr. Mott held this practice in abhorrence. He used to relate an anecdote of his last visit to Paris, which shows that some surgeons are not so scrupulous. A celebrated Paris surgeon asked him one day if he would like to see him perform his original operation. "Nothing would give me more pleasure," replied Dr. Mott. The Frenchman mused a moment, and then said: "However, now I think of it, there is no patient in the hospital who has that malady. No matter, my dear friend, there is a poor devil in ward No. —, who is of no use to himself or anybody else; and if you come to-morrow I'll operate beautifully on him" It need not be said that Dr. Mott declined to witness the perpetration of a crime so atrocious.

Not Intended as a Warning.

A New Jersey woman attempted to fill an oil stove yesterday while one of the burners was lighted. She was horribly burned and is now dying. Of course this is not mentioned here as a warning to Brooklyn women. They know a thing or two better than this, and when they desire to experience the sensation of seeing how near they can come to killing themselves and yet live, they light the fire with kerosene, eat ice cream bought of an Italian street peddler, or try to cross the rapid transit tracks on Atlantic avenue.—*Brooklyn Union.*

He Found His Man.

A Fresno, Cal., despatch says: John D. Fiske, a lawyer and opera house manager, was shot and killed last night by Joseph T. Stillman, an inventor. Stillman had been hunting for Fiske all day, and found him at last in front of the Grand Union Hotel. Stillman claims the shooting grew out of an attempt of Fiske to blackmail him. He says Fiske has been demanding half interest in certain patents of his, and threatening that unless Stillman gave him such interest he would tell Mrs. Stillman of an alleged intimacy with another woman. Stillman declares he was driven to desperation by Fiske's threats.

A Poisoned Meat Feast.

A Rice Lake, Wis., despatch says: Twenty-one persons are in danger of dying from eating supposedly poisoned meat, and several of the cases are very critical. State Dairy and Food Commissioner Thomb was summoned yesterday to investigate. The meat, to the amount of 75 pounds, was placed on sale at a local market. The city physician says that the sickness is positively due to eating this meat. The persons sick were taken with violent vomiting and cramps.

Jealousy Leads to Murder.

A New York despatch says: Patchello Bouchette, an Italian, murdered Francisco Frank, aged 30, at New Rochelle to-day. Frank was married seven months ago to an Italian girl, and Bouchette has been infatuated with Mrs. Frank for some time. This afternoon Bouchette went to Frank's house, and advised Mrs. Frank to leave her husband and go and live with him. Frank attempted to put Bouchette out of the house, when the latter drew a revolver and fired four shots, killing Frank instantly. Bouchette was arrested.

The Deadly Level Crossing.

A Grafton, W. Va., despatch says: Wm. Golden, his wife and three children started to cross the main line of the Baltimore & Ohio Road near the railroad hotel, but seeing the yard engine coming up the road they stopped to let it pass. Mr. Golden was holding his 2-year-old boy in his arms and his wife a month old baby. While watching the engine a passenger train came along and struck the family, instantly killing the husband, wife and two children and fatally injuring the boy who was in his father's arms. The little fellow died in an hour.

"I don't object to your rates," said the summer boarder to the farmer, "but I kick against your mosquitoes' bill."

—And now comes a Britisher, who knows Prince George, to remark that His Royal 'Ighness hates fuss and parade, detests receptions, likes to mingle with good fellows, smoke and swap stories, and will make his stay short at Newport if he is not let alone.

An advertiser offers "mixed gents' hosiery" for sale. We presume all kinds of men have to wear hosiery, but why this invidious distinction between men who are sober and men who are mixed?

ONTARIO OFFICIALS.

They Inspect the Concord Reformatory and Review the Methods.

The Ontario Prison Commission, which is now on a visit to this city, has been greatly impressed by the systems adopted by the State of Massachusetts for the punishment and reclamation of the criminal classes. The commission was occupied all the forenoon and evening yesterday in hearing the evidence of Mr. Fred G. Pettigrove, secretary and executive officer of the Prison Commissioners. Mr. Pettigrove's 24 years' experience in prison affairs eminently qualified him to speak upon the nature of the work that is being done, as well as upon the results that have attended it. He described in a comprehensive and graphic way the whole course of treatment to which the prisoner is subjected, from the moment he first forfeits his liberty to the time he completes his sentence. The common jails here are conducted upon pretty much the same principle as those of Ontario, except that the latter are used more largely for sentenced prisoners than the former. The houses of correction which form so large a feature of the penal code of Massachusetts have not been introduced to any great extent into the premier province of Canada. The members of the commission were greatly interested in the thorough and systematic method of treatment of juvenile offenders adopted by the State, and apparently working with such excellent effect. The probational treatment of the erring urchins who fall for the first time was new to them, and the system of primary schools, of which Monson is so excellent an example, has no parallel in the Dominion. But, above all and beyond all were the visitors struck with the reformatory at Concord, which they were shown over by Col. Gardner Tufts in the afternoon. Some of the members of the commission have visited the prisons and reformatories of almost every country, but nowhere have they seen such an institution as exists at Concord. They beheld with astonishment the wholesome atmosphere that pervaded the place, the unique arrangements that must operate successfully—if any arrangements can operate successfully—in the reformation of the criminal, the wonderful surroundings, the machinery, the schools, the pianos and the newspapers. The commission will visit some other institutions to-day, and will afterwards proceed to New York, returning to Toronto by way of Elmira.—*Boston Herald.*

About Cucumbers.

Many people are under the impression that the cucumber is very indigestible, and when they eat it they do so under protest and with apprehensions of possibly dire consequences. How this delusion can have arisen it is difficult to say, unless it be that the cucumber is often eaten with salmon and other indigestible table friends. It is not the cucumber, however, but the salmon, that sits so heavily upon our stomach's throne. Cucumber, in fact, is very digestible when eaten properly. It cannot, indeed, be otherwise when it is remembered that it consists mainly of water, and those parts which are not water are almost exclusively cells of a very rapid growth. In eating cucumber it is well to cut it into thin slices and to masticate them thoroughly. Even the vinegar and the pepper that are so often added to it are of service to digestion if not taken in excess. The cucumber, as every one knows, belongs to the melon tribe, but in our somewhat cold country it does not grow to any very large size, and therefore it is firmer and looks less digestible than its congener, the melon. —*The Hospital.*

After Life.

It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble cast upon the ocean of eternity, to float a moment upon its surface and then go into nothingness and darkness forever. Else why is it that the high and glorious aspirations leap like angels from the temples of our hearts and forever wander abroad, unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over with a beauty that is not of earth and then pass off and leave us to muse on their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars which hold their festival around the midnight throne are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And, finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to the view and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of the affections to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than earth. There is a realm where the stars will be spread out before us like the islands that slumber on the ocean; and where the beautiful beings that here pass before us like visions will stay in our presence forever.—*George D. Prentice.*

The First Railroad Accident.

The first great railroad accident occurred on the Great Western road of England in 1841. A train was rushing along when a mass of earth and stones fell from the embankment and obstructed the way. Eight persons were killed and many wounded. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of "accidental death in all cases and a deodand of £1,000, an engine, tender and carriages." The old common law provided that when any personal chattel was the cause of death it should be forfeited to the king. Part of this act was not enforced in later years, but a heavy fine was imposed on the owners of any chattel doing personal injury to the king's subjects. This law was observed as late as 1847, when parliament abolished the practice.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Dainty Mosaic Work.

In the matter of the daintiest handiwork, think of a face wrought in mosaic, in which 1,700,000 pieces were used, the largest of which was less in size than a millet seed! Such a trophy of patient labor is recorded of an artisan who, in such minute detail, has given the portrait of Paul V., who lived in the Sixteenth century.

The assessed valuation of real estate in Brooklyn this year, for purposes of taxation, is $431,027,444, an increase of $23,874,309 over last year.

Advices from Zanzibar state that all the foreigners there except the Germans welcome the establishment of a British protectorate.