THE STRIKE RECORD.

Nothing New on the N. Y. C.—The Chicago Switchmen's Strike.

An Albany despatch says: The situation of the strike on the Delaware & Hudson is this: The Schenectady yards were to-day manned with a full force of day and night men. The yards at Green Island have been similarly manned for the last two days. In the Lumber street yard in this city there is a complement of day men at work, but no night force whatever. In the Church street yard about half the usual number of day hands are at work, but no night force has yet been secured. Chief Pinkerton claims freight trains have been stoned for the last few nights as they passed through East Albany. He said two shots were fired at a train passing through there at 12.40 this morning. Mr. Pinkerton has informed the chief of police that if this work is not stopped there will be trouble, and he will not be held responsible.

Business on the Central Road, to all outward appearances, is being transacted as though no strike was on or had ever occurred. At the strikers' headquarters they say the situation to-day shows no material change, but that they feel justified in claiming the advantage from the fact that their members present as firm and determined a front as ever. They were jubilant when they learned that the State Board of Mediation and Arbitration had decided to investigate the causes which led to the strike. They say the investigation will not be finished, at the earliest, until Mr. Depew returns, when the true facts of the case can thus be laid before him. Knowing the tenability of the position they have taken they are firm in the belief that their cause will be substantiated by the investigation, and knowing the decided views Mr. Depew has heretofore expressed in the benefits to be derived from arbitration they expect a speedy settlement of the controversy after his return.

THE CHICAGO TROUBLE.

A Chicago despatch says: Twenty-seven switchmen in the employ of the Lake Shore Railroad struck last night, completely tieing up all the business of the road so far as Chicago is concerned. The trouble grows out of the stock yards difficulty.

Supt. Marden took a crew of men down to the stock yards yesterday afternoon. Just before reaching there the men quit and left their engines standing on the track. Some time afterwards another crew was started, but it abandoned the engines at Forty-third street. When the night shift came to go to work they learned that Supt. Amsden had discharged all the men who had left their engines. They immediately held a meeting and the men in the yards at Twelfth street, Forty-third street and Englewood walked out in a body. A general meeting was called at the corner of Sixty-third street and Indiana avenue, and a communication was drawn up and addressed to Supt. Amsden, in which it was stated that the men would return to work when those who had been discharged were reinstated. Amsden replied that the men had been discharged for refusing to perform their duties. A strike was at once declared. The switchmen held a meeting to-day at which Supt. Amsden was present and explained the circumstances under which the night force struck and asked the men whether they intended to stand by the company or the strikers. Thirty-four of the sixty men present signed a paper agreeing to stand by the company and to go to work. The remainder decided to side with the strikers. Two engines were sent to Packington to do the work needed there and the remainder are at work in the Lake Shore yards.

THE STOCK YARDS STRIKE.

There is no particular change in the situation at the stock yards. Everything is quiet, and the engines, manned as they were yesterday, are doing whatever work is needed. There are no switchmen in the yards. There is no change in matters at the Chicago & Alton yard.

Travel in Colorado.

A Dallas, Col., despatch says: The stage running between here and Telluride was held up Monday by road agents near Haskell. Nothing valuable was secured excepting what was possibly in the registered mail. There were but two of the robbers, both young men and masked. One was dressed in a suit of dark blue, the other in a dark coat, checkered vest and dard pants. They were armed with four revolvers and a Winchester rifle. David Wood, proprietor of the stage line, has offered a reward of $100 for the arrest of either or both of the robbers. There is no doubt that their object was to secure the retorts from the King gold mine, eleven of which were sent out Monday morning, but by a different route. There is a strong suspicion that the robbers had confederates here. The value of the retorts was over $80,000.

Fistic Arguments in Congress.

A Washington despatch says: In the House to-day filibustering against the Lard Bill was continued. There was a scene, occasioned by a remark, made by Mr. Cannon, which was interpreted by the House as vulgar, and in a personal controversy during its discussion Mr. Beckwith (New Jersey) struck Mr. Wilson (Washington). There was great excitement, the Democrats taking some enjoyment out of the scene. After quiet had been restored, Mr. Cameron disclaimed the vulgar construction placed upon his remark. The House adopted a resolution directing the Sergeant-at-Arms to arrest absentees and revoking leaves of absence except those granted for illness. In the Senate the Tariff Bill was taken up and some progress was made.

If bad examples were as slowly followed as good, what a fine thing it would be!

A clever swindler has been doing Florida. He gurantees to rid cotton fields of caterpillers and on receiving his fee—usually $5—he goes from stalk to stalk hunting for the "king caterpiller." Presently finding a big fat fellow, he hangs him by a string to a tree. He then tells the credulous farmer that the strung-up insect will die at sunset and that then all the other caterpillers will leave the place.

In only five States of the Union can a teacher legally flog a pupil.

Eddy's Weekly Squib is responsible for the statement that "Mr. James Brown Potter has obtained a divorce from the lady who gave up society to reform the stage."

FIRE BUGS' WORK.

Incendiary Attempts Excite Tonawanda—The Population Aroused.

A Tonawanda, N.Y., despatch of Thursday says: The lumber city has had eleven fires within the past twenty-four hours, all presumed to be of incendiary origin. The Lumber Association has offered a reward of $1,000 for the apprehension of the incendiary. Last night, about 11 30 o'clock, Dodge's planing mill was discovered to be on fire, and in rapid succession for the next two hours fires were found and extinguished in numerous places, including Kent's, Hollisher's, Bass & Co's. and Holland Bros'. lumber yards, J. S. Bliss' shingle factory and twice cars on the Central tracks were set afire. To-night a Central fireman, passing through the Tonawanda Company's lumber yards, saw a man running between the piles. He stumbled, fell, arose and disappeared. The observer could not see him distinctly enough to identify him. Almost immediately the fire department was called out to subdue the flames in the lumber piles of that yard, and twenty minutes later fire broke out in another part of the yard. The whole population is aroused. Watchmen are redoubling their vigilance, and if the firebug is caught he is likely to be roasted on his own pyre.

THE STRANDED ULUNDA.

She is Very Badly Damaged and Will Probably be a Total Loss.

A Halifax despatch says: The Furness line steamer Ulunda, from St. John for Halifax, to load for London, which sailed from the former port at 5 o'clock last evening, struck on the Cow Ledge, Briar Island, at the entrance to Grand Passage, on the Freeport side, at 11 o'clock last night during a dense fog. Her bottom is reported gone from bow to amidships and the water flows in and out the forward compartments. The engine-room is dry and the after part of the ship floats high. She will in all probability prove a total loss. The Ulunda is a splendid Clyde-built steamer of 1,161 net and 1,769 gross tonnage. She is only 5 years old. Her length is 275 feet, breadth 35 feet, and depth of hold 23 feet. Her engines are 200 horse power. She is a sister ship of the Furness line Damara, the two steamers being built originally for the Halifax Steam Navigation Company, and plying between London, Halifax and Boston. They passed out of the company's hands and into the possession of Christopher Furness several years ago and have since been engaged in the direct London service of that line. The steamer was worth about $125,000.

SHE DID NOT COME.

A Balloonist's Offer to Marry the Young Woman Who Would Make an Ascension With Him Not Accepted.

Joseph Colwell, a handsome balloonist, of Birmingham, Conn., announced some weeks ago that he would marray any young woman who would go up in a balloon with him at the Foresters' picnic held there last Saturday. He received many acceptances by mail, but made no choice. He attended the picnic and brought with him a minister. When the hour came for the ascension the announcement was made from the grand stand that the balloonist was ready to carry out his agreement. Colwell stood beside his balloon with an anxious expression on his face. Every neck in the crowd was craned to see the young woman who wished to win a husband at such a price. Ten minutes passed but no young woman came. So the balloon was cut away, and up went the would-be husband, and the band played "Annie Laurie" and "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

A TERRORIZED TOWN.

A Gang of Incendiaries Cause Trouble in a Michigan Town.

A Cheboygan, Mich., despatch says: The city is terribly excited by an apparent attempt to wipe out the town by a gang of incendiaries. Property-owners are patrolling their possessions armed with revolvers, and all firemen and police are constantly on call. Yesterday six fires were started, but were extinguished with slight damage. This morning a fire started in Patrick Maloney's barn, which was burned with its contents. At 11 o'clock this morning fire was discovered in several parts of Thompson, Smith & Son's warehouse. The tired firemen were unable to cope with the flames, and before the fire was extinguished the big warehouse was consumed. The fact that fires were set where there was every chance of their devastating th town has induced the officials to appoint a large number of deputies to patro the town. Business is almost at a standstill, and determined men are watching with ceaseless vigilance the more dangerous fire-traps.

Fled From Trial Only to be Killed.

A Philadelphia despatch says: Stephen Beck, an old man living in St. Clair county, Ill., jumped from a passenger train while it was going at full speed near Holmeburg Junction to-day and was killed. He was accompanied by his young daughter, and when the child saw her father leap from the train she ran after him and also jumped off. She was so badly injured that she died soon afterwards. They were bound for Hamburg, and had over $3,000 in their possession. Inspection of the man's papers showed that Beck had been held in $300 bail for felonious assault upon a little girl, and that he had given a cheque to his bondsmen to cover the amount and then prepared to flee the country. There was a strong smell of whiskey on the corpse.

Shot His Own Father.

A Hillboro', Ill., despatch says: Jonathan Hart Groves owns a large watermelon patch and has a chronic fear of the melon thief. Monday night he loaded a big duck gun with a heavy charge of shot and gave the weapon to his 12-year-old son with instructions to watch the patch till daybreak and to shoot anyone he saw in it. The old man wondered if the boy was "dead game" and whether he would really shoot. Jonathan dressed himself and sneaked into the melon patch. He was just on the point of devouring a luscious melon when the boy emptied both barrels into the old man's body. He may die.

Lady Churchill, formerly Miss Jennie Jerome, of New York, wife of Lord Randolph Churchill, has given birth to a son, the third since her marriage in 1874.

HE CUTS OFF HEADS.

The Ghastly Occupation of a Noted Frenchman.

HE DISLIKES TO KILL WOMEN.

The guillotining of the miscreant Vodable the other morning and the talk of the same operation being ere long performed on Eyraud have once more made M. Deibler prominent in the chronicles of the day, says a correspondent of the London *Globe*. A great deal from time to time has been said about the Public Executioner of France, but still more remains to be told. He was always an interesting personage in the eyes of the Parisians, and perhaps this is why his post is so eagerly sought after. The last time it became vacant no fewer than 3,000 aspirants applied for it, and when M. Deibler retires from the profession the number will no doubt be still greater. That there is a weird attraction about it is proved by the confessions of all those who have filled it, and the attraction is furthermore increased by the official title of the berth, l'Executeur des Hautes Œuvres, which is high-sounding enough to flatter anybody's vanity. Let it be recorded at once, however, that the present holder of it bears his honors with commendable modesty, and is not above being interviewed like any common mortal. Hence I was able to approach him after the last execution. M. Deibler never courts popularity by parading himself in public. No sooner has he done his duty than, leaving his assistants to take down and clean the guillotine, he withdraws from the prison by a back door and repairs unperceived to a small wine-shop in the Rue Folie-Regnault, where he takes a plate of soup before going home to his family. His two aids, having carefully packed up les bois de justice and deposited them in a shed set apart for the purpose, also repair to the same wine shop, and the three together compare notes as to the way in which the condemned prisoner underwent his punishment and was put out of the world. M. Deibler then calls for a cup of coffee, and rolling up a cigarette, proceeds to chat with the customers, who are anxious to learn all about the last moments of the departed criminal.

This is the moment to observe him. He is a man who looks much younger than he is—a fact which shows that his lugubrious calling does not weigh heavily on his mind. He is on the road to 60 but nobody would think him to be more than 40. He is of rather small stature, thick set and muscular, in spite of an infirmity from which he suffers. He dresses in black, with immaculate linen and his whole get-up would be most appropriate but for a heavy gold chain and big breast pin. At first sight his face has a savage air about it but when you examine him closely he improves and he then appears to you in the light of a typical bonnomme. His eyes are soft and at times roguish. He is fond of his joke, but his laugh has a strange ring about it, and gives a kind of unnatural expression to his countenance. One odd feature is a small rough tuft of beard or barbiche, into which a few white hairs have crept, and which clashes with his otherwise gentle mien. His voice, too, is peculiar. Sometimes it is harsh, at others caressing. He talks slowly and timidly, as if he were afraid of compromising himself. To sum up, he is a curious character; a mixture of the tender-hearted father of a family and the inexorable messenger of death—a man who has two lives, his home and the guillotine.

"So you wish to know how Godable behaved himself?" began M. Deibler. "Well—very well, indeed. I should like to have such men always He was one of the pluckiest I ever had to operate on. He bore up to the last second in the most heroic style. Pity his courage was spent in crime."

"What about Pranzini?"

"He was the very reverse. The papers said he died bravely, but that was not true. He trembled all the time, and when he reached the guillotine he nearly fainted away. Altogether, he was a sorry fellow." Evidently M. Deibler admires criminals who do not show the white feather; this to him is their crowning sin. Questioned as to a female convict on whom he will soon have to exercise his skill in the provinces, he said: "I am fond of travelling; it relieves my mind and strengthens me to work; but I don't like to have anything to do with women. It is a disagreeable task. They cry so much, kick up such a noise and give themselves such airs. The conversation then turned on Eyraus. "I suppose he will be handed over to me in a few weeks, more or less. Some persons say no but I feel certain of it. He will richly deserve his fate. Gabrielle Bompard, however, will probably escape the knife. By the way, I don't like you journalists; you are not always reasonable. For example, where you say I am too long about my job, whereas in reality I do all I can to get through it speedily But I cannot risk losing my place to please you. Supposing I failed and made a mess of the execution, it would create a scandal at once. I am not always sure of my assistants. I am obliged to watch them. When they have laid the condemned man on the sliding-board, I arrange his position in my turn, and it is not till I see that he is all right that I let the knife drop. It is a serious affair, you know, and I am bound to take precautions to avoid mishaps. I hope you will remember this in future and do me justice." Having delivered himself of this mild rebuke he returned to the immediate subject of the interview. "I do not, as some people imagine, see the prisoner when he is woke up for the last time by the authorities. I wait in the adjoining cell, which is called the salle de toilette. I am not curious to see him. If I were not in the profession I should never dream of going out of my way to witness an execution, for it is not a pleasant sight by any means."

—Miss Frostique—I broke my mirror the other day and I can't see myself when dressing."

Fond wife—I am so glad you have that habit of walking in your sleep. Devoted hubby—Well, I can't for the life of me see why. Explain yourself. Fond wife—Why, I made you carry the baby for hours last night, and you did not know anything about it.

AN UNWELCOME IMMIGRANT.

Phillipsen, the Copenhagen Murderer, Captured at New York.

ESCAPED FROM AN ASYLUM.

(New York Herald.)

A horrible murder was committed at Copenhagen, Denmark, last spring. It was made public when the mutilated body of the victim was found packed in lime in a barrel in the United States Appraiser's stores in this city and consigned to some fictitious personage in a Western State. There is now detained at the Barge office one Alexander Phillipsen, who is supposed to be the person who committed this fiendish crime, and who is held a prisoner awaiting advices from the authorities at Copenhagen. Phillipsen arrived here on Friday last on the Normannia, accompanied by his wife and one child. He is about 30 years of age. His eyes are deep black and piercing. He is below the average height and rather slender. His appearance indicates that he is possessed of some means. The details of the crime of which Phillipsen is accused are briefly as follows: One G. Meyer was the collector for a large firm at Copenhagen. It was his habit, on most occasions, to carry large sums of money on his person. This fact was known to one Adolf Phillipsen.

One night Phillipson invited Meyer into a room at his hotel to have a drink and a good time generally. There the unfortunate Meyer was strangled and his mutilated remains packed in lime and shipped to this country. The object of the murder was money, but, as it happened, the murderer only got sixty crowns for his horrible work, which was all the money the victim had on his person at the time. Readers of the *Herald* will remember the details of the ghastly discovery made at the Custom House when the hacked body of the murdered man was discovered. The barrel in which the corpse was shipped was brought to this country on a steamship from Denmark and seized for duties by the customs officials. After committing the murder Phillipsen set fire to his house in order to collect the insurance. He then fled to Hamburg, where he was arrested and taken back to Copenhagen, where he was locked up charged with arson. In jail Phillipsen confessed to the murder of Meyer. He was tried, adjudged insane and committed to an insane asylum.

At the time of the murder E. C. Jacobson, now a bartender at the Hotel Denmark, No. 84 Greenwich street, was stopping in Copenhagen on a visit to some relatives. He claims to have known both Phillipsen and Meyer intimately. When Jacobson saw Phillipsen in the office of the hotel yesterday morning he approached him and said, "Is not your name Phillipsen?"

"Yes," was the response.

"Adolf Phillipsen?"

"No, Alexander."

Jacobson once more looked at the man closely, and, as he states, became convinced that he was none other than Adolf Phillipsen, the murderer of Meyer. This fact he communicated to several people about the hotel, one of whom repeated the story to the authorities at the Barge office.

When Phillipsen called at the Barge office yesterday morning to get his baggage he was asked for his passport. He produced a certificate signed by "Signe," at Copenhagen, who is, Phillipsen says, Chief of Police there. He was then called before General O'Beirne, who questioned him as to his antecedents. He is, he said, a manufacturer of chemicals, and has also been connected with the dry goods business. He visited this country about eight years ago and remained here a year. He knew about the Meyer murder, but strenuously denied that he is the Phillipsen referred to. He said that he bore no relation whatever to Adolf Phillipsen, although he has been told that he looks very much like him.

It will be remembered that at the time of the trial Phillipsen's friends used every means to have him adjudged insane, and that when this object had been accomplished it was rumored that a large sum of money had been raised to secure his release and have him transferred to this country.

Jacobson testified at the Barge Office yesterday that he positively identified Phillipsen as the murderer of Meyer. He remembered, he stated, a peculiar defect in Phillipsen's speech, which failing the prisoner also had. It is not unlikely, therefore, that this is really Phillipsen, the murderer of Meyer. If such should be the case it must have taken some powerful influence to have secured his release from the insane asylum where he had been confined. The Phillipsen at the Barge Office shows no signs of insanity, which is about the only thing in his favor. The Barge Office authorities will hold Phillipsen a prisoner pending an inquiry. They will telegraph to Mr. Blaine and have him cable to our Minister at Copenhagen to ascertain whether the Phillipsen who murdered Meyer is still in the asylum to which he was consigned after the trial.

Phillipsen's baggage was sent, as he said, to No. 191 Baltic street, Brooklyn; but No. 191 Baltic street is not the residence of his brother, a physician, as he informed the police of this city. No. 191 is a three-story house, with a basement, and is rented by a Mrs. Holley, who lets out furnished rooms. Phillipsen, his wife and their child arrived at Mrs. Holley's on Friday night. According to what the landlady says they were the first Phillipsens who had ever been in her house, so that disposes of "my brother, the physician," part of the story.

Mrs. Phillipsen told me that on their arrival in New York they went almost directly to the Hotel Denmark, on Greenwich street, where they stayed a few hours and then went to Brooklyn. Phillipsen has asserted that he was not at the Hotel Denmark. Mrs. Phillipsen did not know that her husband had been arrested, and knew nothing whatever of the murder of Meyer. Mrs. Holley said Phillipsen had informed her that he had letters of introduction to several prominent people in New York and Brooklyn, and among them one to General Christensen, of the latter city. General Christensen said last night that he had never seen or heard of Phillipsen.

It is about as absurd for a person to venture into deep water without knowing how to swim as it would be to jump off the roof of a house without knowing how to fly.

The Benefit of Newspaper Training.

I believe I have done everything within an editor or publisher ever has to do, from directing wrappers up to writing the biography of a president within an hour after his death. This means, if the training be continued through many years of life, and if one be under a good chief, so that one gains, of necessity, the ready use, at least, of his own language. We newspaper men may write English very ill, but we write it easily and quickly. So that to us, who have been in this business, there is something amazing to hear a clergyman say that he occupied a week in composing a sermon, which was, at the outside, thirty-five hundred words in length. One can understand absolute inability to do it at all, but no newspaper man understands how a man, who can do it, can spend thirty-six hours in doing it.

If you have to send "copy" upstairs, hour after hour, with a boy taking the slips from you, one by one, as they are written, and you know that you are never to see what you write until you read it the next day in the paper, your copy will be punctuated carefully, written carefully, and it will be easily read. That is one thing. Another thing goes with it. You will form the habit of determining what you mean to say before you say it, how far you want to go, and where you want to stop. And this will bring you to a valuable habit of life—to stand by what has been decided. Napoleon gave the same advice when he said, "If you set out to take Vienna, take Vienna."

For these reasons, I am apt to recommend young men to write for the press early in life, being well aware that the habit of doing this has been of use to me.—*Edward Everett Hale in the September Forum.*

A Lesson in Arithmetic.

Yesterday evening a number of teachers connected with a well-known institution of learning were in the Union Station waiting for a train. They were discussing the business attainments of a friend who is engaged in selling something for $1 a bottle that cost him 30 cents a bottle.

"Just see the profit he is making. Why, think of it; 70 per cent."

"I would like to know how you gentlemen figure on per cents," interrupted D. B. Robbins, a quiet-looking, travel-stained man, wearing a lead-colored duster, who sat near them.

"Why, it's simple enough. His profit is the difference between 30 cents and $1——"

"Yes, his profit is, but that's not the per cent of his profit. I am not much of a scholar, but I have been a travelling man for a good many years and have much to do with figuring out per cents. and discounts. According to my arithmetic the gentleman of whom you are talking makes 233 1-3 per cent profit on his investment. How does that strike you?"

The teachers stared a moment and smiled in a way that showed they were bored.—*Indianapolis News.*

The Galley Slave.

Think of six men chained to a bench, naked as when they were born, one foot on the stretcher the other on the bench in front, holding an immensely heavy oar (fifteen feet long), bending forward to the stern with arms at full reach to clear the backs of the rowers in front, who bend likewise, and then, having got forward, shoving up the oar's end to let the blade catch the water, then throwing their bodies back on to the groaning bench. A galley oar sometimes pulls thus for ten, twelve, or even twenty hours without a moment's rest. The boatswain, or other sailor, in such a stress puts a piece of bread steeped in wine in the wretched rower's mouth to stop fainting and then the captain shouts the order to redouble the lash. If a slave falls exhausted upon his oar (which often chances), he is flogged till he is taken for dead and then pitched unceremoniously into the sea.—*From "The Barbary Corsairs," by Stanley Lane Pool.*

Bombay Oysters.

The very newest thing about town is the "Bombay oyster."

"The "Bombay oyster" isn't an oyster at all, of course, but this is the name that has been bestowed on it.

It is a composition sufficiently common and simple to please the lean and larded purse alike. It is nothing more than an egg dropped unbroken into a tumbler and deluged with vinegar and sprinkled with pepper and salt.

It is consumed always before breakfast and by a great many sporting men in the city.

One of its effects is to counteract the evil tendencies of over-drinking and over-eating. Some stout men like a "Bombay oyster" in the morning and eat nothing again until noon. For a bilious stomach it is the finest kind of a remedy.—*Boston Globe.*

Decorah Enjoys a Ghost Sensation.

A Cedar Rapids, Mich., despatch says: A haunted house is exciting the people of the city of Decorah, and promises to disclose a tragedy of the darkest kind. The house was occupied by a young woman and a man named Johnson. The woman gave birth to a child, which was disposed of by some means as yet unknown. Shortly after this a woman's screams were heard in the house, and from that time no one has been seen or heard on the premises. This was three months ago. The household goods remain untouched. It is thought by the authorities that both the woman and babe were murdered by Johnson. An apparition has been seen, it is alleged, by a number of the best people of the city, large crowds congregating near the house nightly. An investigation is being made.

The new British army rifle carries a small ball consisting of a steel shell filled with lead, and is said to carry "with a certain amount of accuracy," a distance of two miles. What a weapon it would be in the hands of trained sharpsooters!

James Fraiser, was excused from jury duty at Philadelphia the other day on the ground that he was over 75 years of age and had shaken hands with Lafayette.

—With clocks on every side watches are no longer regarded as essentials.

—Scientists have decided that the mosquito can transmit yellow fever and malaria by puncture with his little bill. They might have added that the mosquito can also cause profanity.