BARRUNDIA'S MURDER.

An Outrage Most Humiliating to the United States' Prestige.

STORY OF AN EYE-WITNESS.

A London cable says:—The steamship Colon to-day brought from the Isthmus some of the passengers who were on the steamship Acapulco when General Barrundia was killed by Guatemalan officers. An eyewitness of the tragedy says:—"When the Acapulco arrived at Acapulco, Mexico, from San Francisco, General Barrundia, ex-Minister of War of Guatemala, came on board from the Starbuck, a sister ship. He was known to be hostile to the present Government of Guatemala, and it was understood he was on his way to San Salvador. He was attended by two men as body guards. When the ship reached Champerico, Guatemala, the authorities sent off two boat loads of soldiers and demanded that the General be surrendered to them. Capt. Pitts peremptorily refused to accede to this demand. An attempt was made to coerce him by withholding clearance papers. But after a detention of 24 hours, Captain Pitts persisting in his refusal to deliver Barrundia without an order from the Government, the vessel was permitted to depart, and on the evening of August 27th she arrived at San Jose. No sooner had the Acapulco cast anchor than two boats of soldiers were sent from shore to see that no one without proper credentials should leave the vessel for shore. Within pistol shot of where the Acapulco lay were two United States gunboats. Captain Pitts had telegraphed to their commanding officer from Champerico requesting assistance, but his despatch was not delivered. Now he made a personal appeal to them for help. The response was that

THE MEN-OF-WAR COULD DO NOTHING

without an order from the port captain. Next day the ship was invaded by the commandant of a special force of men, accompanied by another boat load of soldiers. This time the Guatemalan officers came furnished with an "order of arrest," signed by the American Minister Mizner. After being politely introduced to Capt. Pitts, the commandant produced his papers, and made a formal demand for the delivery of Barrundia. At the commandant's direction all the cabin passengers were sent below. All the Guatemalan officers then proceeded to Barrundia's room, Capt. Pitts going with them. When the room was reached Capt. Pitts, after deprecating the necessity of surrendering his passenger, began to read the order for the General's arrest. Barrundia had quietly met them at the door, but, divining all was over, he reached into his room for his revolver, and remarking, "Very good," fired. The ball just missed Capt. Pitts, who, with the commandant, ran to his room, locked the door, and

HID UNDER THE BED,

leaving the man-hunting to the special officers. Barrundia was short-sighted, and, being very nervous, was unable to do any damage, though he chased them in and out of the saloon, firing wildly. At last the officers got the drop on him from different points and riddled him with shot. He fell on the hurricane deck. The commandant thereupon came from his hiding place, walked up to the dead man, and fired into his skull. The body was rolled up in canvas, and, as the general was a very heavy man, the ghastly burden was bundled down the gang-way into one of the boats and conveyed ashore to be sent to Guatemala, where it was interred the next day. The other boat, carrying the perpetrators of the deed, their revolvers openly displayed, made a detour round by the United States warships on their way to the shore.

ADDED INSULT.

As they left the ship some smilingly waved their hands, and one placed his thumb to his nose and extended the other fingers. The ship was not allowed to proceed until the baggage belonging to Barrundia had been searched, presumably for evidence incriminating others. This was summitted to, the gunboats still silent and sleepy, not a hundred yards away. Indeed at the time of the tragedy an officer from one of them was aboard the Acapulco. Gen. Barrundia's body-guard at the commencement of the fighting had run below and been locked up for safety. About forty shots were fired in all. Finally the disagreeable affair ended, and the steamer was allowed to proceed. She sailed away with drooping colors. The Americans on board were full of indignation and shame at the whole affair. Many passengers openly expressed regret that the American flag was theirs.

FROM THE NORTHWEST.

Wm. Mumford, of Adelphs, shot himself fatally in the heart on Monday forenoon. Unrequited love, accompanied by religious melancholy, is said to have been the cause. The jury returned a verdict that deceased shot himself during a fit of temporary insanity.

Frank Hewson, of McGregor, was before the court at McGregor on Saturday charged with shooting at D. Shipway, his hired man. Hewson is held on heavy bail.

The Count de Sainville, who spent last winter in the Arctic circle at the mouth of the Mackenzie, is due to arrive in the city within the next month. Nothing has been heard of him by his friends since last October, but he is supposed to be working his way southward.

The farmers' delegation from Waterloo county, Ont., reached here to-night from the Calgary and Assiniboia districts, with which they were delighted. They go to Southwestern Manitoba to-morrow.

Dressyman and two others, the last of the Riel rebellion prisoners, will be released to-morrow from Stoney Mountain Penitentiary.

—The man who is small in stature never regrets the fact so much as when he is holding an umbrella over a pretty girl who is about fourteen inches taller than he is.

Miss Citified—Do you believe in the higher education of women? Mr. Rusticus—To be sure. I am tired of explaining to the summer boarders where the shells of the oyster plants are thrown.

—The newest beverage for lawn parties is hot tea with rum, in which slices of candied lemon have been thrown.

SUFFERING AT SEA.

Terrible Experiences of the Crew of a Gloucester Fishing Schooner.

A Halifax despatch says: Capt. Griffin and thirteen men belonging to the Gloucester schooner Lizzie Griffin, which was lost on the Grand Banks on August 26th, arrived here to-night from St. John's, Nfld., on the steamer Miranda, and will be sent home by the steamer Worcester on Saturday. They had a most startling experience, and their escape from death was most miraculous. The schooner was struck by a heavy sea about daylight on the morning of September 1st and turned completely over. A terrific hurricane was blowing at the time, and there was a very high sea. All hands, except the two men on watch, were below in the cabin at the time asleep. They were suddenly awakened to find themselves clinging to what had been the floor and the water rushing in on them. Death, they thought, would only be a question of a few minutes. Just when they were beginning to feel the effects of suffocation the vessel righted slightly, coming up till on her beam ends, when they all managed to climb on to the deck. The captain was badly bruised about the head, and several of the others were wounded more or less from being dashed against the inside of the cabin. When she capsized the mast had broken off, and the two men who had been on watch on deck were found clinging to the wreckage, both having been thrown into the sea when the schooner went over, but fortunately managing to grasp the rigging. One of them named Patterson, was found to have a leg broken, and the other, Hopkins, had his hip dislocated. The vessel received a bad straining and was leaking fast, so that the pump had to be kept going to keep her afloat. In the afternoon another Gloucester schooner, the Siegfred, which was passing, observed the distress signal from the wreck and bore down and rescued them and landed them at St. John's on the 3rd instant, where they were kindly treated and cared for by Consular Agent Malloy. The two injured men were left in the hospital at St. John's.

THE DECOLLETE DRESS.

Some Plain Language from a London Writer.

A London cable says: The tirade of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps (Mrs. Ward) on *decollete* dressing has called forth considerable comment from the London press, much of which is far from complimentary to the thin-skinned American. One writer says, referring to Mrs. Ward's article: "People who talk and write in this style are either not very well informed on their subject or they are constitutionally incapable of believing that there is more cleanliness and sound health in the world at large than exists in their own minds and natures. Some of us are so unfortunately constituted that we must first create the vices we want to destroy, and there is nothing that does so much harm to society as this blatant crusading by prurient purists against evils that have scarcely the shadow of an existence outside of their own imaginations. Mrs. Ward is sorry that ladies who go to the theatre do not avert their glances and blush when the ballet comes on. Well, there are some who do so, but they are the sort of women who make assignations with their lovers in church, ask French conundrums in whispers at the dinner tables, and read anonymous French vice between the covers of fashion prints. The woman who opens her eyes when the ballet comes on, finds a good deal less impropriety in that entertainment than she would be likely to find in the occasional diatribes against them in the magazine articles by British or American matrons."

HIS TROUBLES ENDED.

Hobert Ray Hamilton's Dead Body Found in Snake River.

A Helena, Mont., despatch says: J. O. Green, son of President Norvin Green, of the Western Union Telegraph Company, returned to Helena on Friday, after a tour in the Yellowstone National Park. Mr. Green says that on August 23rd, while on his way into the Park from the Union Pacific, he stopped at the ranch of Robert Ray Hamilton, the New Yorker whose trouble with his wife caused such a sensation a year ago. Mr. Green says Mr. Hamilton had bought a ranch about two months ago, and had made it an outfitting place for park tourists. Mr. Green found that Mr. Hamilton had been gone on a hunting trip for five days. The next day Mr. Green and his party started to hunt up Mr. Hamilton. About thirty miles from the ranch Mr. Green discovered his body in Snake river, and his horse and dog a little distance away. Mr. Hamilton was identified beyond all doubt by Mr. Green, who had the body taken to the ranch, and who notified Mr. Hamilton's family. Mr. Green has been in the park, and was surprised that the above facts had not been published.

Wrecked by a Waterspout.

A San Antonio, Tex., despatch says: Last night at 9 o'clock passenger train No. 19, east bound from El Paso on the Southern Pacific Railway, was caught in a waterspout fifteen miles west of Del Rio. The water, some forty feet wide, struck the forward part of the train. It took the engine, baggage car and mail car from the tracks and carried them forty-five feet, overturning them. The passengers knew nothing of the approach of the water until the jar occurred. The engineer and firemen escaped drowning by swimming to high ground. The track was torn up for 200 yards, and a gully ten feet cut through it. The train is still standing, and a force of men are repairing the track.

—Governor McKinney, of Virginia, says that it is not at all necessary for a public man to drink, as is often asserted. It has been his invariable practice to decline all "treats" in his political campaigns, and he believes that instead of losing he has gained votes by his abstinence.

Miss Elizabeth Bisland, who made a trip around the world, beating the time of the mythical Phileas Fogg, has gone to England to live, it is said. This is strange in view of the fact that she was promoted to a very responsible position on the *Cosmopolitan* after her return from her journey.

ECHOES OF THE STRIKE.

An Unsatisfactory Interview With Depew —Alleged Wreckers Arrested.

A New York despatch says: A committee of five of the ex-employees of the New York Central Railway who went on strike called on President Depew at the Grand Central depot to-day. They were headed by Thomas Balisney, an old freight conductor, and M. Gaffney, another striker, acted as spokesman. The following conversation between Mr. Depew and Mr. Gaffney followed:

Mr. Gaffney—We have come to talk over the strike on the New York Central Road.

Mr. Depew—I'm afraid there is nothing to talk about. The strike is virtually over now.

Mr. Gaffney—The strike is not over, because all the men on the road who are members of labor organizations have quit work and are now out.

Mr. Depew—They have chosen to resign their positions. Mr. Webb, who was managing the road in my absence, took new men in their places when they quit work. His action has been sustained by the Executive Board of Management of the road. The places of those men have now been filled, and that's the end of it.

Mr. Gaffney then asked Mr. Depew to wait until the committee had discussed the matter, and said that they would then return and make their proposition to him.

Mr. Depew replied: There is no use in making false promises to you. There is nothing more to be done. I do not care to talk over back numbers. You have chosen to resign your places. Mr. Webb has filled them and I have nothing more to say.

The committee then left the office.

A Utica despatch says: Pinkerton Detectives have arrested Cain and Buett, who were wanted for wrecking a train near Albany. They were arrested in Northern New York or Canada. The detectives refused to say where. The detectives passed through Utica yesterday afternoon following a woman who was in communication with the men wanted. They left for the east at 11.20.

DIABOLISM IN NONA SCOTIA.

Unsuccessful Attempt to Blow up a Family and Residence.

A Halifax despatch says: Acadia Mines was the scene of a most diabolical outrage last night. An attempt was made to blow up the residence of C. W. Totten with dynamite. On Saturday last Mr. Totten, who is a constable, with two officers, took two women and a man to Truro and placed them in jail under warrants for violating the Liquor License Act. Many threats were made at the time against the lives of the officers, and against Mr. Totten in particular, but no attention was paid to them. The fiend who committed the dastardly act last night first broke into the buildings of the Londonderry Iron Company and stole a quantity of dynamite, which he placed under the corner of the house, directly under the kitchen, where he thought no doubt the family would be about the time. Fortunately Mr. Totten's wife and little children, who were alone in the house at the time, the father being absent in Truro, happened to be in another part of the house when the scoundrels set the explosive off. The report it made was terrific and was heard all over the town. The house was badly wrecked, but the occupants, beyond being badly shaken up, were not seriously injured. Shortly after the explosion a man was seen running from the house, but owing to the darkness he was not recognized. The greatest indignation prevails in the town and talk of lynching is freely indulged in. A reward will likely be offered for the capture of the wretch.

A BRUTAL PARENT

Nails His Two Children in a Box, Where They Are Suffocated.

An El Paso, Tex., despatch says: An Indian living some miles below Paso del Norte, Mexico, left home on business Saturday morning, but before leaving he put his two children, a girl and a boy, in a large box, and nailed down the lid, to prevent them from getting into the orchard and eating the fruit during his absence. The father did not return until Sunday evening, and on opening the box he found the boy lying dead in the bottom and the girl in a dying condition. The suffocating closeness of their prison, combined with hunger and thirst, had done its work. Frightened over the result of his brutal carelessness, the father endeavored to exonerate himself by concocting several stories, but was quickly arrested. The Indian intended to return to the children Saturday night, but he was delayed.

An Important Mail Intercepted.

A Berlin cable says: A sensational robbery of the mails occurred at Stuttgart to-day. A post-bag containing 30,000 marks and twenty-one registered letters disappeared this morning on its way from Friedrichshafen. The Emperor is now staying at Friedrichshafen, and the bag among the other letters contained documents touching on the court-martial now in progress at the Military Casino at Stuttgart upon members of the Lancers. The scandals are similar to those of Cleveland street, London, and have been connected with high army officers of the Wurtemburg capital. The bag was subsequently found in Lake Constance. It had been entirely rifled of its contents, and nothing was discovered anywhere about that would give any clue to the perpetrators of the deed. It is supposed to have been done by some one who had an interest in keeping these documents away from the court-martial.

Dark meat of cold roast chicken is the coolest lunch on a hot day, says a New York epicure, and gravely adds a word of commendation for the drum-sticks, in order to quote the comment of an irate restaurant cook who had just received an order for three chicken legs: "I can't help that," snapped the cook; "I can't cut more than too legs off one chicken. Ask them do they want the earth. Do they think fowls is centipedes?"—*Boston Transcript.*

Queen Victoria is very tenacious of the rule that she shall hear at least once a week from members of her family absent in other lands. She likes letters.

A SWISS REVOLUTION.

The Little Republic Has a Constitutional Revision Question.

A Berne cable says: The revolutionists in the Canton of Ticino formed a provisional government and convoked a popular assembly, which declared the existing Government and the Grand Council dissolved and ordered general elections for next Sunday. The insurgents hold Lugano, Mendrano, Chiasso and Locarno. The Bundesrath was called in extra session, and ordered Federal troops to be sent to the scene of the disorders. The populace support the insurgents and the civil guard occupies the telegraph office, thus preventing the supporters of the Cantonal Government from communicating by telegraph with each other or with the National Government. The rebels arrested Councillor Oreali, the Federal Commissioner, who received instructions to annul the orders of the Provisional Government and the popular Assembly.

A Geneva cable says: A supplement to the *Journal de Geneve* says all is chas in the Canton of Vicino. The revolutionists have still the upper hand. At Vicino they occupied the prefecture and the arsenal, expelling the officials by force and they still hold them. No serious resistance was made by the Cantonal Government, who were unable to cope with the insurgents. The Federal Government has despatched 1,500 troops to Vicino to restore order and reinstate the local authorities. The official killed by a revolver shot last night was a councillor of State. The outbreak is wholly local. None of the other cantons take part or have any sympathy with it. The rebellion is condemned throughout the republic, and will be short-lived.

A Bellinzona cable says: The Liberals occupy the town stations on the St. Gothard Railway. A counter revolt is feared.

Later—The revolt has collapsed. The troops have been well received by the revolutionists. It has been agreed that the question of the revision of the constitution be submitted to a popular vote.

FLOODS IN OHIO.

Much Damage to Houses, Railways and Farms.

A Pittsburg despatch says: The tributaries to the Allegheny are all overflowing, and at Oil City the Western New York and Pennsylvania tracks are covered, while trouble is feared on the Allegheny Valley railroad. All the lower streets in Canton, Ohio, are flooded, and great damage is being done by flooded cellars, while the small farmers are also sufferers. At Newcastle, Pa., the Neshannock river is higher than it has been for years, and now completely covers the lower portion of that city. A hundred houses are covered on the first floor with from one to six feet of water, and the families have been obliged to move to higher ground. A washout has stopped freight traffic on the Newcastle branch of the Pittsburg and Western, while passengers must all be transferred. One mile of the Western New York and Pennsylvania has been washed out near Newcastle, while the Nypano is also washed out in a score of places. A score of mills and furnaces in Newcastle and along the Neshannock are covered with water and shut down. The deep Shenanga river is also rising, and danger is feared from that stream before morning. All reports indicate great loss on mills, houses, and to farmers, nothing extraordinary in any one case, but enormous in the aggregate.

WHAT RAILWAY MEN WANT.

A Long List of Applications Before the Privy Council Yesterday.

At yesterday's meeting of the Railway Committee of the Privy Council was heard the application of the Niagara Central Railway Company to make a crossing towards the railway Suspension Bridge at Niagara Falls upon the land of the Grand Trunk by means of a track already in existence, from the Canada Southern Railway northeasterly across Bridge street, Niagara Falls to a junction with the Grand Trunk Railway track at the westerly end of the bridge. The Grand Trunk, in the person of John Bell, Q. C., opposed this, and wanted more information, so it was postponed for a week. G. T. Blackstock, Q. C., appeared for the Niagara Central, and was supported by the President, Dr. Oille, and Capt. Neelon, ex-M.P.P., of St. Catharines.

The Winnipeg Transfer and Northern Pacific & Manitoba Railways asked permission to effect a junction with the C. P. R. Owing to the non-arrival of C. P. R. Superintendent Whyte from Winnipeg the hearing was adjourned. The case of the Winnipeg Street Railway, who also ask leave to cross the C. P. R. track, was also adjourned.

Mr. Patterson, M. P. for Essex, asked on behalf of the Lake Erie, Essex & Detroit River Railway for leave to run a track along Stewart street, Kingsville, Ont. The application was granted, subject to compensation by the company to any persons whose interest may be injured. A number of other applications stand over.

The Mid-Steeple.

Set squarely in the middle of High street, Dumfries, is one of the oddest old structures to be found in all Scotland. It is now called the Mid-steeple. When built, 200 years ago, it was known as the Tron Steeple. At that time, on the sale at auction of the customs and excise of Scotland, the Dumfries Town Council took a large share in the plunder, in turn sold it to a fellow burgher, one Sharpe, so by name and fine in dealing. The citizens revolted, and on compromise Burgher Sharpe was permitted to retain his "tack" on payment of 20,000 merks, Scots, with which the outlandish structure was erected. In its upper uncouthness it contains the town clock and a peal of bells, and a complaining weathercock surmounts the spire.—*Cor. New York Commercial Advertiser.*

A disastrous explosion occurred yesterday at the dynamite magazine at the Pallice dock, La Rochelle, France. Ten persons were instantly killed and many wounded.

The last fad of the fashionable women of Fifth and Madison avenues is a rivalry in obtaining the handsomest bedstead for their sleeping apartments. All these bedsteads are metallic.—*New York Star.*

—Even a dead duck can claim that he died game

JUSTICE, NOT CHARITY.

The Radicals Are Not All Poor and Ignorant Men.

James A. Herne spoke to the New York actors from the stage of the Bijou Theatre last month. In the course of his address he said: Now I am a single taxer because I do not believe in revolutions. The great French revolution simply deposed one set of despots to replace them with another set. The American revolution dethroned one crowned king, and in his stead there have arisen 25,000 uncrowned kings. The crown was but a symbol. The single tax will quietly but effectually depose all kings, and under it they can never rise again. It will render it utterly impossible for any one man to oppress another; for when any man can get land to use, paying to the community a just tax for the value of his location, and no tax on what he produces from it, he is absolutely free—he need not beg for work. Nature is prodigal and yields to those who woo her. Now, unlike revolution, the single tax can only come slowly. It cannot come until the minds of the people are ready to receive it. So gradual will be its approach that the change will scarce be felt until it is accomplished; but that gradual approach will stay the tide of a bloody revolution. It wrongs no man; it rights all men; it means land for the people, wages for labor, interest to capital. Instead of land speculation, it will open up opportunities for investment hitherto undreamed of by capitalists. This is why I am a single taxer.

It is not a hobby with me. How can anything be a hobby or a fad that involves all that is best in life? Herbert Spencer, Tyndall, Huxley, Darwin, Humboldt, Carlyle, all saw the injustice of land speculation, and said so. Mr. Howells, Mark Twain and Edward Bellamy see it to-day, and say so. The press throughout the land sees it, and says so. The musicians say so. The poets, Shelley, Burns, Emerson, Whitman and Lanier, say so. The artists, among whom are to be named Deforrest Brush, George Innes, John J. Enneking, Dan Beard, F. S. Church, Robert Sewell, Kenneth Cranford, J. S. Hartly, say so. In the pulpit, Bishop Potter, Bishop Spaulding, Lyman Abbott, Hebert Newton, Rabbi Schireller, Father Huntington, M. J. Savage and others say so. The statesmen, the merchants, the clerks say so; the mechanics, the laborers say so; and so I come to you, actors, to ask you, not to say so, but for God's sake to say something—not to follow me, but to go into the public libraries and read the literature of the day upon this question and oppose me if you can.

Shake off this lethargy; it is killing your art. It is keeping you idle and lowering your standard of worth. It is said that there is an oversupply of theatres and actors. No! there is no oversupply of anything, and there never can be, so long as one human want remains unsatisfied. Underconsumption is the trouble. Free land, concentrate your people, instead of forcing them out over thousands of miles of territory; economize your vitality and your wealth, advance your civilization step by step in the order of evolution; found new cities only as they are needed, and you will find that you havn't got half theatres or actors enough. I am accused of being the champion of the common laborer I am the advocate of all labor; but I know that we can do nothing until the common laborer is free. He has got to be freed first. And I confess that it does seem to me that there is something radically wrong in a system that forces a man to toil incessantly from the sunrise to the sunset of his life—a life shortened on an average thirty years—only to stand on the threshold of his grave at last, gnarled and twisted like an old oak, and looking backward, say to himself: "For all this toil an insufficiency of food and clothing through life, and a pauper's grave at the end." And yet from that man's toil, from the wealth he has produced, some man or corporation of men has grown rich.

It is hard to make the comfortable people of the world see this truth, just as it is difficult to make the comfortable actor, the actor who is always in an engagement, believe that there is not something radically wrong with the uncomfortable actor who can get nothing to do. The rich are beginning to see it. That is demonstrated in their extensive charities. The time was that they waited until after death before disposing of their wealth; now they are adopting charitable measures during their lives. Charity under the present condition of things is a necessity, and we can't have too much of it; but I could wish we were well rid of it, and that justice stood in its stead. "Charity covereth a multitude of sins," but it also begets a multitude of wrongs. When Carnegie built that $300,000 library and bestowed it upon his workmen, one of them said, "If Andy'd only pay us our full wages we could build our own libraries." We single tax fellows say, justice is what we're after. Give us that and we'll have no use for charity.

A New Excuse.

She—Have you been drinking again?

He—No, m'love (hic)."

She—Well, how do you account for your present condition?

He—I fancy I must have been (hic) hypnotized.

Mica has been restored to the dutiable ist by the United States Senate.

In the U. S. Senate yesterday a 25 per cent. duty was placed on telegraph poles, ties, etc.

Capt. McMicken, formerly commodore of the Cunard Steamship Company's fleet, has died at Liverpool.

The Australian dockers' strike is showing signs of collapsing. Non-unionists are supplying the place of the strikers in large numbers.

The marriage of Lord Laurence Petre to Miss Jennie Williams, the American soubrette, will take place on the 29th inst., at the groom's home, Furniss House, Copsfold Hall, Ignastone, England. The ceremony will be private, the only persons present besides the contracting parties being the bride's mother and a few friends. Immediately after the ceremony the happy couple will go on a two months' tour of the continent.

The payment of another and final dividend of the defunct Central Bank, Toronto, depends upon the results of some suits now before the courts.