IRISH LEADERS IN JAIL.

Particulars of the Arrest of Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien Yesterday.

THE CAUSE OF THE TROUBLE.

A last night's London cable says: Later information shows that Mr. Dillon was arrested at Ballybrack, where he was visiting his uncle. He was hurried under a strong guard and with the utmost secrecy, to the railway station, where a special car was in waiting. As soon as he entered this the train was started for Dublin. Only a brief stop was made here, when the prisoner was carried on to Tipperary, the tenants of which town he is charged with having incited to refuse payment of rent to their landlord, Smith-Barry. The arrest of Wm. O'Brien was made at the Glengariff Hotel. Mrs. O'Brien was present. The charges against O'Brien are based on speeches made by him at Limerick and Tipperary, in which it is alleged he advised his auditors not to pay rent. From Glengariff O'Brien was immediately taken to Cork. A warrant has been issued for Mr. Dalton, who has been active in the work of the Land League. The police are keeping a strict watch on the headquarters of the Land League in Dublin. Persons entering or leaving are subject to close scrutiny. Despatches from Tipperary report that the organizers of the local branch of the league are under close police surveillance. The activity of the police indicates that the authorities contemplate further arrests. It is considered probable that warrants are already out against many leaders in the Land League of secondary rank, who have made themselves obnoxious by the active part they have taken in recent anti-rent campaigns. This sudden action of the Government has fallen like a thunderbolt from a clear sky. The Irish Nationalists had no suspicion of the impending blow, and are at a loss to know what it means. Mingled surprise and indignation are the predominant feelings. Despatches from various parts of Ireland show that the Nationalists are everywhere greatly excited at the arrests.

There was no abatement of interest throughout the day in the Irish arrests. Up to 7 o'clock this evening no definite information has reached London of the specified utterances of Dillon and O'Brien on which the warrants for their arrest were based. Neither had the Government given out any official explanation which would throw light upon the sudden and unexpected resort to a vigorous Irish policy. It is commonly supposed to-night that the ostensible grounds for O'Brien's arrest are to be found in a very plain speech that he made last Sunday to an assemblage of peasants at Schull, in County Cork. He dwelt upon the failure of the potato crop and spoke of the gloomy outlook for widespread distress which Ireland must face this winter. Warming to the theme, he said: "For tens of thousands of small farmers through Ireland it will become a question this winter whether they are to have food, or their landlords." Confronted with such an alternative, he thought there should be no hesitancy as to a choice. He advised the tenants on every estate to meet and consult as to what proportion, if any, of their rent they could honestly pay. When that question had been determined they should all abide by the decision. If the farmers, he said, should give to the landlords money which was needed to buy bread for their children, the Irish leaders would not dare to appeal to the world to come to the rescue of such a nation of slaves; but if tenants would absolutely refuse to pay a penny of rent until every family that tilled the soil was placed beyond the reach of starvation, then if the Government evicted starving people from their poor homes it would be swept out of existence by a torrent of English indignation, and the whole civilized world would send money and assistance for the benefit of the tenants.

Michael Davitt was interviewed this afternoon in regard to the arrests. He took a very hopeful view of the situation and thought the effect would be entirely favorable to the Irish cause. "If Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien," he said, "had deliberately set out to devise plans for increasing the popularity of the plan of campaign and heightening the prestige of the Land League they could not have accomplished their purpose in any way more successfully than by inducing Mr. Balfour to take precisely the step that he has taken of his own volition. It is just what they wanted. There had begun to be a feeling in Ireland that the plan of campaign has been carried far enough. These arrests will be sure to rouse public sentiment in its favor again. Mr. Balfour has not made a greater mistake since he has been in chief authority over Ireland."

A Dublin cable says; Mr. O'Brien and wife arrived at Tipperary at 9 o'clock to-night. The public lamps were not lighted. The couple were enthusiastically cheered during their passage through the town. Canon Cahill and other friends met them at the Court House.

An Explosion in a Mine.

A Wilkesbarre, Pa., despatch says: An explosion of gas took place in the Murray Hill shaft of the Lehigh & Wilkesbarre colliery this afternoon. The body of Anthony Jennings was soon taken out, badly burned. There were only five men in the shaft. Their names are: Lawrence Casey, James Sullivan, James Boswell (fire boss), Edward Bulbeen and Anthony Jennings. The shaft is one of the gaseiest in the world. At 3 o'clock a rescuing party, consisting of Supt. Scott, Foremen James Ford and Morgan and Mine Inspector Williams, entered the shaft in search of the men. They returned at 4 o'clock and reported that all were dead except Edward Bulbeen, who was seriously burned. The dead were brought from the pit to the surface, a distance of 600 feet, and taken to their late homes.

The British census will be taken in 1891. The cost of the census of Great Britain in 1881 was £172,000 for a population of 26,000,000. For England and Wales the cost per 1,000 of the population was £4 15s. 5d. in 1861, rising to £5 5s. 7d. in 1871, and £6 12s. 6d. in 1881. The number of enumerators was nearly 35,000 an in 1891 the number will not be far short of 40,000.

—It is in the cool, delicious autumn that the oyster gets into a stew.

A BLOODY TRAGEDY.

A Portsmouth Cooper Shoots His Three Daughters and Then Suicides.

A Portsmouth, N.H., despatch says: A terrible tragedy occurred here to-night, and there is great excitement. A mob of several hundred people surrounds the house where the bodies of three dead persons partly attest the extent of the crime. Fred H. J. Hein, aged 45 years, a cooper in the employ of the Eldredge Brewing Company, has a family of three daughters. The eldest, Carrie, aged 15 years, keeps house for him, his wife, who it is said was unfaithful, having left him several months ago. Since she left it is reported the girl Carrie has become wayward. Hein's trouble preyed upon his mind until he resolved to end the matter and remove from temptation the three female members of his household. Two of them and the murderer himself lie dead in his home, while at the hospital the third daughter lies dying with a bullet in her neck, and at his home C. W. Taylor, a well-known hardware merchant, whose name has been connected with that of Mrs. Heim, lies with two bullet-holes in his back. Before the discovery of Hein's deed a body of officers and citizens were scouring the city in search of him, and had he fallen into the hands of the mob he would have been lynched.

The story of the murder is: Charles W. Taylor, while entering his residence about 7.30 to-night, was rushed upon by the murderer, who fired two shots, both of which took effect in the small of his back. He is still alive, but will hardly live. Shortly before 8 o'clock people in the vicinity of Hein's house heard five pistol shots fired in rapid succession, and Maud, the 13-year-old daughter of Hein, ran out of the house and down the street. She proceeded but a short distance when she fell, saying, "Father has shot me." The girl was taken to the hospital, where she now lies in a critical condition. Three shots were fired at her, all taking effect.

The lower part of Hein's house was the scene of the murderer's most horrible work, and it shows evidence of a desperate struggle. The kitchen was covered with blood, and everything was in great disorder. Just outside the back door of the house lay two bodies. Carrie, the oldest girl, lay with her face covered with blood, the bullet having entered the left side of the face, passing upward toward the brain, death resulting instantly. Across her prostrate form lay Bertha, the youngest daughter. When found she was unconscious, and expired in fifteen minutes, the bullet that caused her death having entered her head just behind the left ear. In the front chamber was found the dead body of Hein on the floor. A bullet had passed through his head from the revolver which lay by his side.

THE STRANDED BARCELONA.

Capt. Boyle and Two Officers Remain on the Wrecked Vessel.

A Quebec despatch says: E. C. Fry, Lloyds' agent at this port, returned from the stranded steamship Barcelona Wednesday evening. The crew and cattlemen of the stranded vessel, 34 in all, also came up leaving Capt. Boyle and his two officers in charge of the wreck. The crew will be paid off here. Mr. Fry states that he found the Barcelona in a bad position. She is lying on the south edge of Red Island shoal, with a list to port, and heading south-southwest. She is on the rocks forward of the engine room after bulkhead, and the bottom of this part of the steamer is believed to be badly crushed, as it was completely filled fifteen minutes after she struck. She is tipped by the stern ten to twelve feet, and at high tide the water is about eight feet above the main deck aft, which is submerged as far as the forward hatch, the forecastle being the only place on the main deck free of water. The captain and all the officers have been compelled to take up their quarters on the upper bridge, and they had very little food and no water for two days until obtaining some of the latter from Red Island lighthouse. To reach Red Island lighthouse the only boat remaining had to receive a canvas bottom to replace a large portion of the wooden one broken and with this and baling the water out with buckets, the captain managed to reach Green Island telegraph, and afterwards Red Island for water. On the 3rd September, while on the passage out, the Barcelona encountered a terrible hurricane, during which three of her crew were washed overboard. The Barcelona is undoubtedly a total loss.

THE TRAIN WRECKERS.

A Choice of Versions as to the Story of Their Confessions.

A Troy, N. Y., despatch says: It is stated to-day that the confession of John Reed, Thos. Cain and Arthur Buett, three of the men engaged in wrecking the Montreal express on Tuesday, Sept. 4th, has been placed in the hands of counsel for prosecution, and that besides these three men the statements implicate John Cordial and John Kieman. It is said details of the plot are given. The confessions, it is stated, will be presented to the grand jury now in session as evidence on which to procure the indictment of the prisoners.

At the adjourned examination of Kieman and Cordial to-day, W. J. Ludden stated that he was counsel for all the defendants, but it was said by the counsel for the prosecution that Cain, Buett and Reed had said they did not desire counsel and did not desire an examination.

Mr. Ludden said he had conversed with the prisoners yesterday, and they denied making any confession. Reed, Mr. Ludden said, had told him he would be ready for examination this morning.

The Trust of the Democracy.

Washington *Post*: The Maine campaign can be summed up in a nutshell: Th D emocrats trusted to Providence, whil th e Republicans depended on Joe Manley.

The Sly Minx.

Philadelphia *Record*: "I'm so glad those big sleeves are in fashion again," said Miss Flerty. "I do so enjoy a laugh in my sleeve occasionally."

—The kid glove-darner, a small stick with a knob on the end, is out. It is on the principle of the stocking ball.

A RAILWAY HORROR.

Between Forty and Fifty Killed and Many Injured.

THREE TRAINS IN A HEAP.

A Reading, Pa., despatch of Friday night says: A wreck occurred on the Reading Railroad seventeen miles above this place at about 6.45 to-night. The train which met with the disaster left this city at 6.05 o'clock, ten minutes late. It is known as the Pottsville express, and was running at the rate of at least 38 to 40 miles an hour. It had on board possibly from 125 to 150 passengers, and it consisted of engine, tender, mail and express cars and three passenger cars. Near Shoemakersville, about fifteen miles above this city, there is a curve where the railroad is about 18 to 20 feet higher than the Schuylkill River. Here shortly before 6 o'clock a freight train ran into a coal train, throwing several cars on the opposite track, and before the train hands had time to go back to warn any approaching train of the danger the Pottsville express came around the curve and ran into the wrecked coal cars on its track. The engine went down the embankment, followed by the entire train with its human freight. The scene was one of great horror. The cries of the imprisoned passengers were heartrending. Some of the passengers managed to crawl out of their prison and arouse the neighborhood. Word was telegraphed to this city, and help summoned, but all information was refused at this point by the railroad officials. Physicians and surgeons and 300 workmen were taken to the spot by the company, and with the aid of a travelling electric light plant the work of clearing away the wreck was at once proceeded with. The work was slow, and the dead and dying were taken out with great difficulty. Up to 10 o'clock to-night some thirty wounded had been taken out. Of the latter some were brought to this city, and others taken to the Miners' Hospital at Ashland. The dead so far recovered are still on the ground.

THE NUMBER OF THE DEAD.

The Associated Press agent has just had direct communication with his representative at the scene of the wreck, and the latter says conservative estimates place the number of the killed at 40 to 50. It is almost impossible to estimate the exact number, and the full horror of the situation will not be known before morning. At 11 o'clock Mail Agent Greenwaldis' body was taken out, followed by the horribly mangled bodies of two Mahoney City firemen on their way home from the Chester convention. There is a rumor at the scene of the wreck that George R. Kaercher, of Pottsville, was in the wrecked parlor car. Whether this refers to Geo. R. Kaercher, the famous lawyer of this place, is not known, but if this is so, the State loses one of its brightest legal ornaments. The scene in this city was one of great excitement, which was not allayed until long after midnight.

ACCOUNT OF A PASSENGER.

The Associated Press representative just had an interview with a passenger who went down in the wreck and who was but slightly injured. Sixteen of the injured were brought on a special train to the Reading Hospital at 11 o'clock. This gentleman says that when the passenger train left Reading the cars were all well filled. Among them were many ladies. He sat in the front part of the last car. This is his story: "The train was going at a lively rate of speed. The passengers appeared a happy crowd, many of them ladies, chatting and laughing after a day's pleasure at the Berks County Fair. I was viewing the lovely country through which we were passing when suddenly there was a terrific crash. I was hurled from my seat, while the cars rolled down a twenty feet embankment, and I was thrown from one side of the car to the other, when splash one end went into the water, and I was thrown against the side of the car with a force that partly stunned me. I quickly recovered and managed to climb upon the seats on that side of the car which lay against the embankment. I was a prisoner, and while I was nursing my sprained ankle and wrist I realized that I was in a scene of veritable horror. Around and about me were human beings struggling in the water, screaming in their fright, and some almost dragged me back into the water. A few saved themselves as I did, and the remainder struggled in the water and then quietly sank out of sight."

IN DEATH UNITED.

An Artist and an Actress Suicide Together by Agreement.

A New York despatch says: About daybreak this morning Gustave G. Koch, a young German artist, ascended to the elevated road platform at Canal street, and exchanged a few words with Emile Rossie, an actress, 19 years of age, who lived at 140 Canal street, her room overlooking the elevated station. Koch said: "Yes, I have come, Emile. Are you ready?" The answer from the window was not heard. The man turned, and the next moment shot himself through the temple, falling dead on the platform. Before the report had died away another shot was heard in the girl's room, and it was soon found that she had also committed suicide by shooting herself through the heart. The couple were engaged to be married, but the girl's mother opposed the match so strongly that they decided to die together. Emile Rossie was a member of Amberg's stock company. She had been on the stage since babyhood. Her father and mother lived in Berlin. Her father was an Italian singer of note, but died some years ago. The girl's mother is a German writer and novelist, and she was ambitious for her child, and hoped she would make a good match.

The Editorial "We.

New York *World*: As Artemus Ward says, the man with a tape-worm is justified in saying "We."

It is noted in the New York stores that the new silks for dinner and evening toilets are magnificent in design and coloring. Flowers and sprays of the most delicious tints almost cover the most exquisite grounds of rich brocades.

—Pride like the summer girl goeth before the fall.

A LITTLE WAR.

Virginia Officers and Italian Navvies Have a Battle.

On Twelve Pole Creek, near Wayne Court House, Va., on Friday, a terrible fight occurred between a sheriff's *posse* and a gang of Italian railroad laborers. Several Italians were killed and a number wounded. Some weeks ago a contractor on the Norfolk & Western Railroad named Keough went away, leaving numerous creditors, among the number being the Italians. A new contractor took possession of the abandoned works, and put a number of laborers to work in a cut formerly worked by the Italians. The Italians refused to allow any one to work on the cut until they had received their pay, and proceeded to oust the new laborers. Three times the new laborers were run out by the Italians, who used stones, clubs, knives and pistols. The contractor then applied to the court for protection, and was furnished with a *posse* of a dozen men, headed by the sheriff of Wayne county. On Friday the sheriff attempted to arrest the Italians, who fiercely resisted, and a combat resulted, with forty or more Italians on one side, armed with stones, knives and revolvers, and the sheriff's men on the other. The Italians fought from behind trees and rocks. The firing became general, and lasted some minutes. When the smoke had cleared away several Italians were found in the last throes of death, and several more were wounded. The sheriff's men escaped with a few severe bruises. About twenty Italians were arrested and jailed. The remainder escaped.

A SUNDAY SMASH-UP.

A Freight Runs Into an Excursion Train With Disastrous Results.

A Sunday's Chicago dispatch says: At 8 o'clock to-night a switch engine on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railway ran into the rear of an excursion train on the Illinois Central near 18th street. At this hour 40 people are reported killed and a large number injured. For a time the confusion was so great that even an approximate idea of the loss of life was impossible to obtain. First reports from the police had it that 40 people probably had met death, while the railway officials said only two or three persons were certainly known to have been killed. Within half an hour, however, four mangled corpses had been dragged out of the heap of broken timbers and twisted iron that marked the spot where the collision took place. By this time it had also been ascertained that at least three other persons were seriously injured and six others slightly. The collision took place near Douglass Park, and the victims were Sunday excursionists returning to the city. The freight train crew assert that they passed Millard avenue under a clear signal. Millard avenue is only a short distance from where the smash-up occurred.

A Cute Sharper.

Several California papers recently contained a matrimonial appeal signed by a "young and beautiful Hungarian maiden, an orphan without means, but well educated and with domestic tendencies, who seeks a companion for life." The answers were to be directed to Paris, where the young lady was employed as a nurse. Incredible as it may seem a dozen offers from marriageable young 'Frisconians came over the sea. A lively correspondence ensued, and finally each of the wooers received an exquisite photograph and an affirmative answer from the beautiful Hungarian maiden, with the request that the lover should send the necessary cash for a transatlantic passage ticket. The swindler, or the syndicate of swindlers, netted 6,000 marks in all by the trick. And now the prospective bridegrooms, among whom are some well known names, dare not whisper their misery.

To California and Florida Free.

The Fireside Weekly, the popular Canadian story paper, is offering subscribers such tremendous prizes as a free trip to California and return, first-class; a $200 sealskin mantle; handsome Shetland Pony; return ticket to Florida, first-class; silver Tea Set; Lady's Gold Watch; china Tea Set; Mantel Clock; silver Watch; Dickens' Works; Waverly Novels, and many more. These prizes are for persons sending the greatest number of words constucted from the letters "Fireside Weekly." The contest is open to everyone sending in with their list $1 for The Fireside Weekly for Six Months, which also entitles them to a handsome premuim. The competition will be open for sixty days, but an additional prize of an elegant silver water pitcher is offered to the largest list received during September. Send five one-cent stamps to 9 Adelaide St. West, Toronto, for sample copy and premium supplement.

In the Far Southwest.

Mrs. Colt (wife of Col. Colt, of Texas)—As I was going by Turner's this morning, John, I heard Jim Bluff say that if justice had its due you'd have adorned a telegraph pole long ago.

Col. Colt (springing up from dinner table)—Jim Bluff, you say? Let me——.

Wife—Now, John, please finish your dinner. The shooting will keep.

A Secret That is Safe.

Toronto *News*: Mr. Handsome—Oh, you know, mother, women can't keep a secret.

His mother—Yes they can, my son. You have been industriously courting that Miss Highfly for a year, and you don't know her real age yet.

From the Same Catch.

Boston *Commonwealth*: At table—Hi, waiter, this bluefish is not quite as fresh as the one you brought me last week.

Waiter—Excuse me, sir, it is one of the very same lot.

Garibaldi's widow is about to contract a marriage with a Dr. Gabriel Tanferna, who is engaged at the naval academy in Leghorn. Signora Garibaldi made his acquaintance on the occasion of the illness of her son, Manlio, about two years ago. Last June, when staying at Maddalena, she was visited by Admiral Tabrani and his wife, and in the presence of other visitors, officers and friends, introduced Dr. Tanferna as her future husband. The wedding day is not fixed yet.

THE TEMPERANCE WORLD.

The Rum Curse in Africa—National W. C. T. U. Convention—A Neglected Children's Act—Missionary Work in Japan.

Mrs. Varcoe, of Melbourne, Australia, a popular and powerful temperance speaker, who is especially interested in juvenile work, has been gazetted as a constable under the "Neglected Children's Act," and now has authority to arrest destitute children or those found in immoral places, and to have them committed to her charge by magistrates. These children are kept in a home, established by her, until foster parents are found them.

Miss Jessie A. Ackerman, the second "round-the-world-missionary" for the W. C.T.U., lately addressed a Congregational Conference in Japan, composed of about forty native ministers, and a religious gathering of about 600 Buddhist students. The students were trying to cry down a man who was speaking, and great confusion prevailed, but they listened to Miss Ackerman, and frequently applauded.

The license system is said to be a great failure in Winnipeg, where there is hardly one saloon closed on Sunday and the police are worked harder than ever.

Nebraska with 600,000 less population, has 71 more boys in prison than Kansas.

Convention of the National W. C. T. U.

By invitation of the Governor and his Council, the Senate and the House of Georgia, and the Mayor of Atlanta, the National W. C. T. U. convention is to be held in that metropolis of the south this year. All the States and territories and the District of Columbia will be represented by delegates duly elected and having back of them a constituency larger than in any previous year. October 29th is set apart as a day of prayer for the convention. It is expected that William T. Stead, of England, will be present and make an address. A new feature will be three minute speeches by the forty-four State and Territorial Presidents, giving the outlook in their respective fields.

The Rum Curse in Africa.

Commerce is growing with great rapidity. Already fifteen steamers run regularly on the lower Congo, and ten river boats also navigate the stream. Four European mail steamers call each month at the mouth of the river. A railroad has been surveyed, and will soon be built, 275 miles long, to connect the lines of navigation, half of the money to construct which will be advanced by Belgium. All nations have an opportunity to furnish the other half of the needed capital. This will go far toward the development of Africa and the suppression of the infamous slave trade.

But there is a terrible evil connected with this commercial enterprise. It is the traffic in strong drink. The cupidity of so-called civilized nations, linked to the terrible appetite for liquor, especially strong in the natives of Africa, has been developing the liquor business to alarming proportions. One of the worst features of this is the great impediment it puts in the way of Christianity. Islam claims jurisdiction over nearly the half of Africa, and it has been estimated that the adherents of Mohammedanism number about 50,000,000—more than the followers of all other religions combined. It is true, the Arabians tolerate and carry on the traffic in slaves, but their religion absolutely prohibits the use of intoxicating drink. Africans with any degree of intelligence must see that it is only a question of time when the slave-trade shall be destroyed. The developments of civilization, with their co-operation, will inevitably accomplish this. But they must also observe the terrible havoc wrought by strong drink. Cupidity and the strong appetite of the people make a gloomy outlook for the suppression of the liquor traffic. We can see that the natives must be bewildered as to which is better—Islamism or Christianity. Little help is to be expected from the natives in the suppression of the liquor business. The great responsibility must, therefore, devolve upon European nations and the United States. It is to our disgrace that vast quantities of fiery rum are shipped every month from Boston to Africa, and the most of it is made in Massachusetts.

We know the deadly power of strong drink among the aborigines, especially in the case of our own North American Indians. Hence Congress has put the ban upon the trade among the Indians.—*Ex.*

An Interesting Masonic Discovery.

The Rev. Mr. Haskett Smith, vicar of Braunceweil, in Lincolnshire, is said to have made a discovery of special interest to freemasons. Mr. Smith has been sojourning for some months with the Druses of Lebanon, by whom he has been admitted into the most intimate relations, in consequence of the service rendered by him in sucking the vemon of a deadly snake from the body of a popular young member of their tribe. Among other marks of favor, Mr. Smith was initiated into a number of mysterious rites, and among these, according to his narrative we are quoting, his hosts startled him, as a freemason, by passing the most characteristic of masonic signs. Hence Mr. Smith argues that these strange people, who by some are believed to be lineal descendants of the ancient Hittites, are a branch of the great Phœnician race, whose ancestors supplied Lebanon cedars to the builders of Solomon's temple.—*London Daily News.*

The Average Length of Life Sentences.

"Fifteen years is about the average lifetime sentence," says a prison physician. "Very few convicts, though sentenced for life, serve more than that period. They die or are pardoned.

"In the Missouri prison there are five holiday pardons every year granted by the Governor. One white and one negro convict are pardoned on the 4th of July, and two white and one negro convicts are pardoned on Christmas. The long-termers get the benefit of this clemency. This I heartily endorse. If fifteen years does not reform a man fifty years will not."—*Globe-Democrat.*

The Man Wanted.

New York *Herald*: Manager—What is your name?

Applicant—Mulligatawney.

Manager—You are engaged. We need all the experienced supes we can get.

—A bunch of fancy grapes that you can hold in one hand brings $2 25 in Philadelphia.