FEARFUL EXPLOSIONS

A Wareroom Wrecked and Burned-A Glot Killed and a Young Man Terribly

A Philadelphia despatch says: Three explosions in rapid succession were beard this evening in a five-story building occupied by H. Vehmeyer as a furniture wareroom, corner of Second and Market streats. Immediately after the wall on the Second street side of the building fell. The side valks were crowded with penestrians. who ran affrighted in all directions. Mary Catheart, of Palmyra, N. J., was buried under a portion of the fallen wall. Her head was crushed in and one of her arms. nearly cut off. She died two hours later nearly out off. She died two hours later Her sister was slightly in advance of her and escaped uninjured. After the wall fell flames burit from the building, and a man suddedly appeared at a third-story window on the Market street side with his clothing and hair on fire. He was recognized as Henry Vehmeyer, son of the proprietor, and was about to lesp to the ground. A ladder was placed against the ground. A ladder was placed against the wall, but being to abort to reach him a number of man held it at arms' length, and the half blinded man ecoured a foo hold and commenced to decoud. When half way down he swooned, but his limbs ought between the rounds and he was safely lowered. His neck, bust and aras were hadly burned. The flames made rapid headway and communicated to the adjoining building, but at 8 o'clock were under control. The corner buildings on Market and Socond atreets were badly damaged. Vehmeyer's loss on stock is estimated at \$50,000 The losses on the various buildings aggregate \$30 000 and other losses \$13,000.

TRAMPS SEIZE A G. T. R. TRAIN. Riding to Detroit by Overnwing the Brakemen with Revolvers

south bound Grand Trunk freight train was boarded by five armed men who kept postession of the train until a short disleft, fea ing the trainmen would receive reinforcements. At Mount Olemens two deputy sheriffs boarded the train, but were quickly overpowered and disarmed. At Frazer the conductor managed to leave the overpowered and disarmed. At 2 and 6 p. m. train and telegraphed to Datroit for help. Early this morning an engine and caboose with a posse of officers started out and met the captured train at the Detroit and Milwaukee Junotion. No trace of the men has been discovered. The tramps told the trainmen that they wanted to get to Detroit

DESTRUCTIVE CYCLONES.

in time to catch the circus.

Grea Damage in Northeastern Kansas Many Persons Fatally Injured.

An Atchison, Kan., despatch says: Cyclones visited Nortonsville, Gaffs and Frankfort, Northeastern Kansas, yesterday afternoon, doing great damage to property At Nortonsville, the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad depot was lifted from its foundation and set squarely across the track. A dwelling house was completely demolished and a woman seriously hurt. At Goffs the Missouri Pacific depot was hadly wrecked, and a car lifted up and turned over twenty five feet away. Pieces of wrecked barn were carried several miles. Many residences were levelled. No one was killed, but some were very seriously injured and will probably die.

A Sad Case. A St. Louis, Mo., despatch says: Flora Emily Downs, who claims to have worked as a newspaper writer in England and Twonto, deliberately broke the window of a jowellery store here last night and abstracted several valuable articles, making no attempt to escape. When arrested she told a pitiful story of poverty and despera-She went from Toronto to Chicago short time ago, but not getting employmen came here and was no more successful Having exhausted her means she became desperate and determined to commit crime to obtain shelter and food. She first attempted forgery by signing the name of a prominent broker here to a cheque and presenting it to the bank, but was not She then determined to commit the act above described. She appears to be a woman of education and culture.

A Toronto Man Murdered in Texas.

The Paris (Texas) Tribune prints the story of the murder of Prof. J. W. Youmans at a boarding house in that place. The murder is alleged by the Tribune to be the act of a jewous husband named S. P. Homes, who was separated from his wife and was jealous of Youmans. Homes also stabbed his sister fatally and wounded his wife at the same Prof. Youmans was 65 years old, was a native of Toronto, and was a clever musician. For a number of years he lived in Belleville. He was born in Prince Edward

The death rate of Dublin has jumped to 39 8 per 1,000, the highest since 1883 The report of five cases of typhus fever seems to show that the city is in an unsanitary condition.

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WHOLE NO 1,403 NO. 1.

JOHNSTON OF BALLYKILBEG.

The Chief Secretary for Ireland Demands

His Resignation.

GREAT EXCITEMENT IN ULSTER. The Ulster papers of the last mail contain long accounts of the case of Mr. William Johnston, of Ballykilbeg, one of the Fishery Inspectors for Ireland, who has been called upon to resign by the Gladstone Ministry. Mr. Johnston, who was formerly M.P. for one of the Ulster constituencies, visited Canada some years ago, being at that time chief of the Orange Order in the Old Country. Some years ago he was appointed to a fishery inspectorship by the Disraeli Government. Shortly after thi-, complaint was made in Parliament of his conduct in was made in Parliament of his conduct in addressing public gatherings on Orange questions; and at length an order of the Treasury Board was passed expressly prohibiting him from doing so. It appears that he broke through the regulations once more, and the Chief Secretary, reminding him of his obligation o abstain from participating in party demonstrations, asked him to resign Johnston denied that he had done anything wrong, and declined to resign, whereupon

TORNADO WARNINGS.

he has been dismissed.

A Canadian Storm Prophet on the Weather of Next Month. Mr. Walter H. Smith, of Montreal, Pre-

sident of the Astro-Meteorological Associa-tion, has issued a tornado and storm warning for the last eight or ten days of waring for the last eight or ten days of June. His principal reasons for expecting disturbed conditions of the atmosphere at the above dates are primarily the perihelion passages of the planets Mercury and Venus on June 24th and 26th respectively. Past records have taught the Montreal astronome:—who, it will be remembered, succeeded the late Mr. Vennor, pub-lishing the Vennor's Almanae for this year—that some of the worst tornadoes and cyclonic storms have occurred in summer seasons, even when but one of the inferior planets was nearest to the sun. These positions, he says, electrically influence the earth's atmosphere. With Mercury at perihelion on August 3rd, 1882, a cyclone wrecked Suowflake, Man.; adam sging waterspout fell at Shelby, Onio, on the 3rd, and a heated term, with auroral displays, lasted from 4th to 7th, followed by high winds and a cool reaction. On July 21st, 1883, with Mercury again at summer peribelion, a terrible tornado wrecked Minnesota, doing \$130,000 worth of damage in Dodge County alone, with tornedoes as far north as Sorel, Que., houses being wrecked near there on the 22.d. On August 22.d. 1883 (one mouth later), Venus came to her perihelion point, and great heat was felt over the Eastern States and Oanda; sunstrokes were numerous on the 20th and 21st, with heavy storms west; great tornado on 21st at Rochester, Minn., which tore up 135 dwelling houses and killed twenty-six persons; 22nd, hurricans at Ottawa, Oat. July 7th, 1884, saw Mercury at perihelion, with intense heat prevailing on 5th and 6th; heavy storms broke over on 5th and 6th; heavy storms broke over Iowa, Wisconsin and New York State; on the 7th a waterspout fell on Madison county, Ark., sweeping away houses and crops. Mr. Smith's "general forecast" for the last eight or ten days of June, 1885, reads as follows: "Oppressive heat, high winds, thunder showers and unsettled A Detroit (Mich.) despatch says: Last weather in Canada and the Northeastern United States; tornadoes probable in tornado sections, notably the Western and Southwestern States, near the Mississippi Valley, followed by a reactionery cool to very cool reriod of high barometric pressure, with local frosts in northern and middle sections, June ending cool. Tornadoss occur most frequently between the hours of This correspondent's predictions have been singularly correct thus far, he having told to a day the lowest thermometer reading of the winter two months beforehand : forecast the great storms of January and February just a accurately, as well as the cold weather of April and the backwardness of the fore

TORNADO IN TEXAS.

part of May.

Fenriul Destruction by a Furious Rain and Wind Storm-Whole Familie Washed Away and Drowned.

A Waso, Texas, telegram says: The fiercest storm ever known in this vicinity aged on Wednesday night, almost with the fury of a tornado. Rain fell in great sheets for several hours, completely deluging this city. Daylight revealed a distressing picture, for, in addition to great damage to property, a number of lives had been lost. By 9 o'clock vesterday morning Waco Creek ad overflowed its banks, the swift current sweeping away a number of houses along its course. A building just south of the city limits, occupied by T. H. Deminghoff, a German, with his wife and three children, was overwhelmed and the entire family drowned. Another building a few feet away, occupied by a family named Cameron, was lifted from its foundation and completely de-molished. The family narrowly escaped, but lost everything. Two dwellings were carried down the stream some distance before their occupants escaped. Lower down, on Waco Creek, over a dozen other houses were swept away. Five of eight bridges spanning the creek within the city limits are washed away, The wind blev with tremendous velocity, unroofing warehouses and other buildings. The water last night was within two feet of the great Missouri Pacific iron bridge, and the sus-pension bridge belonging to the city was threatened. Six miles south of the city a family of six negroes was washed away and drowned. The damage to farms and crops along the river and creeks is enormous. the railroads leading to the city are badly washed and traffic is suspended.

A German chemist advertises that he will furnish Koch's coma bacillus- the sup posed infective germ of cholera-" ready mounted on slides for popular use in microscopes." As there seems to be some foundation for Prof. Koch's statement that these germs, though harmless when dry recover their activity when moistened the popular" microscopist will do well not to fool with these slides during this summer at least : he might accidentally drop one o them into a pitcher of drinking water.

It is commonly thought that Germany has the largest consumption of tobacco, but the Hamburg Journal shows that this is an error, for both Turkey and Holland surpass, relatively to their population, the German consumption. Even in Switzer land the consumption has risen to 28 kilograms per head, while in Germany it is only 1.8, and in France 1.3.

PRESS AND PULPIT.

A Lay Sermon on the Chief End of Man.

to Success.

concerned, their chief arm and purpose are the support of their families. From one end of the world to the other the peoples spend their time, rack their brains, tire their muscles, to make money enough to keep the wolf from the door, so that the bread and butter man may have free and unimpeded access. The great muss of mankind live their lives like a tale that is told. In the morning they rise to labor. Through the day they toil and strive, and with the night they sink to sleep, drawing the night they sink to sleep, drawing the drapery of forgefulness about them and theirs, sickness avoided, sturdy health enjoyed, the doctor a stranger and policemen afar off. What is the use of talking to them about purpose in life? As you walk through your streets, look at the delvers, the men who dig your trenches, with begrimed faces and dirty hands and THE SCESTANTIAL REWARDS WHICH ATTEND dirty clothes, standing knee-deep in the mud and water laying pipes, packing stone, diligence, sobriety, and faithfulness in all comenting this, that and the other, up at 5 the relations of life. It seems to me that o'clock in the morning atter a sound sleep good will to man is the highway to success, at night, hastily dressing, feverishly eating, and that the purpose guiding the life of picking and shovelling by 6 o'clock in the every one of us might very well be a desire morning. Now don't come any nonsense over yourselves and say, "Why, the purpose of such men as these should be to dig the best trenches, to lay their pipes in the very best manner, to see that their mortar s mixed better than the mortar of any body else, to take pride in the regularity of the lines of stone." The fierce sun beats down upon their heads, literally tanning

are rigid and furrowed and seamed. Their hand, once dimpled like those of your children to-day, are like gnarled knots of oak; their name shortened and stunted, the knuckles swellen and distorted, their vertasting sensation that horrible gritty feeting which makes you and me hurry to the washroom, where, with soap and water and ammonia and a good stiff brush, we get even the little grime from our skin. At noon they rest, eating a chunk of bread and a hunk of meat, washed down with office or with water or with beer, their single solace the savory odor and the becalming influence of their blackjack, smoked in a snort clay pipe. Another long stretch of cirty work, which could be done just as well by a million other people as by them, brings them to their evening hour, when they trudge home, their backs fairly cracking with weariness, and to what? Nine hundred and ninety-nine in every thousand of them to dirt, to ound, bringing them every day \$1.50.

HAPPY, HAPPY WORKINGMEN.

But are they the great army of the world's inhabitants? Not much. They are the select few who literally ride upon the horse of prosperity, looking down upon their felicymen, milious upon millions who have nowhere to lay their heads and never get a piece of bread even, save from the ash barrel of charity or the garbage box of accident. What purpose can these people have in life, save a crust. I was standing in the pension office this afternoon witness for a childless widow as she drew a pittance paid her by the Government in ieu of the strong-handed support of a loving son, one of those martyrs who faught during the lite war of the rebellion, to whom Grant has just dedicated his memoirs of the war. A man stepped up to me and asked my attention for a moment. He said he came here from the West with a wife and two children, thinking to find work, and vanted something with which to buy bread for his family that night. Now, there tood the widow, a woman 75 years of age, in feeble health, to whom the Government this man, about 45 years of age,

WITHOUT A CENT IN THE WORLD, but with a wife and two children waiting at bring. I wonder what they would have said to Bro. Bowers when he asked what should be the chief end of man. Do you suppose that it would be the immediate newer of that bereaved mother, literally tottering on the edge of the grave, and probably a pauper's grave at that, " to glorify And what would be the response of that man, strong, willing to work? Would it be "to glorify God?" And if it were, what would would they mean by the term glorify God? The chief end of man, no matter what it ought to be, is to get enough to eat and a place to sleep in. Whose fault is it? Ah, that I don't know. Why are not our ends and aims and aspirations and purposes of a more elevated nature. That's conundrum. I don't answer it; you narrow the circle and say what should be the chief end of a young newspaper man, a starting physician, an aspiring lawyer, a budding artist, a boy in a store, or bank or in the employ of a corporation, it would be much easier. In my judgment journalism affords a wider field, a more fertile opportunity for the glorifying of God, as I understand it, than any other profession. Writers are born, not made. Style may be formed, improved, but a man with quick perceptive faculties, a fair education, a facile hand, the whole leavened

TO ELEVATE MANKIND,

to extend the horizon of human endeavor, to build up the good, to pull down the evil to eradicate corruption by tearing away its covers and exposing it to the sunlight of publicity, to sow the seeds of honesty, to brand dishonor, to inculcate a truly catholic spirit toward all, than all the ministers doctors, lawyers, reformers bunched together. Journalism has many sub-divisions. There are men in journalism

WHORE BOLE THOUGHT IS MONEY.

When Emma Nevada was leaving New opened in Dublin on June 24th.

York the other day she said, " I have been very fairly treated by the press, with one notable exception, that of the critic of a large morning paper, who called upon me and said that for money he would take care of me, that his criticisms should be favorable. I declined to pay him, and the consequence was he attacked me right straight SYMPATHY WITH THE SORROWFUL along." Miss Nevada should have given the fellow's name, for, although insiders are tolerably well informed as to whom Good-will to Man the Highway she referred, her assertion was sent broadcast through the country, and all the New ast through the country, and all the New York critics must suffer in public opinion until the name is given. There are men in high places of journalism who do nothing except for money. For money they will write on either eide, or refrain from writing on any. There are editors, writers, publishers who have no more idea of the true mission of the world to the other the peoples journalism than they have of the doctrine of inspiration. On the other hand, some of the noblest names in literature have been, and are, and always will be, identified with this particular form of popular education. A man whose thought is always in the interest of his fellows, who is courageous and willing to brave contumely, biding bis time, who never writes a word he doesn't mean, and who is bright enough to keep the words he means until the times are ripe to sow the seed the barvest from which will be for the healing of the nation, is certain to gain the respect, the goodwill, the honor of his fellows, and, as a rule, to reap also

INDUSTRY,

and determination to better the race, to leave it a little higher than we found it. If our ministers were less solemu, if they knew more about the men to whom they preach, if they understood the cares and trials and tribulations of life not only, but the pleasures, the successes, the joys of life as well, if they paid more attention to to day, and let the dim to-morrow look out their skin until it turns to hide. Their for itself, if they thought more of the faces, continue His successful career unaided, they might in time hope, for they are a powerful body of men, to stand shoulder to shoulder with the great journalists of the time. I am certain that in the pulpics of this country especially

there are great and good men who are doing all they can to better their race, alshough they are held down by conventionality, by prejudice, by disinclination to make talk, and content themselves too muca with goody-goody advice, reserving what hey are pleased to call the more ambitious flights of thought for popp, cook consideration of things of which they knew no more than a babe undern. The fact of the business is, we knew nothing beyond the act that we live this particular WE HOPE TO LIVE FOR YEARS T. C. ...E

in this beautiful earth, and it would be a most grateful fact if in some way it could be shown to be a fact that hereafter we were to go on through the countless ages of and to what? Nine hundred and ninety nine in every thousand of them to dirt, to squaior, to an atmosphere so vitiated that even a dog's stomach would be turned, to weary women and to crying babies, to an ill-furnished apartment, to a meagrely spread table, and then, after another smoke, to bed, to sleep, to wake, to repeat, and who are these? Why, these are not the poor; they are the happy, happy work. men. They have got something to do, they have steady employment. The years roll sicians have been groping in the dark for have steady employment. The years roll sicians have been groping in the dark for centuries, and nothing more amply typifis their everyday action than that significant word practice. The great majority of physicians are practicing all the time, and, considering how nistle they really know, the aid and comfort they are to the race is marvellous. As a matter of fact, they are of more comfort than aid. A physician who understands human nature, who plays with the baby, makes friends with the listens to the woes and tribulations of the good wife and mother, is the fellow to whom the master of the house

mostCHEERFULLY PAYS THE LARGEST BILLS.

It isn't the medicine that's bottled up, but it's the comfort, the consolation, that are unbottled, that marks the broad line between an unsuccessful and a popular physician. But a doctor who studies, who keeps abreast of the times, who is familiar with all new discoveries, who applies tests and educates himself, not that he may keep six or eight horses, not that he may live or this, that or the other avenue, not that his family may shine in society, but that he may be a man marked by his fellows by in feeble health, to whom the Government reason of his helpfulness to his kind, surely pays \$12 a month, and on the other hand he may expect to stand side by side with the most advanced, the most useful of the children of the earth. What

THE GREAT NAMES IN HISTORY?

home for the possible crust "Papa" was to What are they remembered for? Which of them are taken by intelligent teachers as nodels for the young men and women of to-day? Not the warriors, but the lovers of their kind. Go back and back as far a record takes us, penetrate even the gloom of tradition, bring out the tombstones and read the names most indelibly cut thereon. Every one of them rises before your memory in a moment, and coming d through the later ages when imperishable print puts in never-fading record their names and achievements, is it not a fact that he who is courteous, thoughtful considerate, helpful, standing up for the oppressed, fighting the battles of the poor grasping with a strong hand of love infected body of a fellow-man by the flow ug hair of wailing distress, is most re garded, most respected, most revered and really best known?

Prince Albert Victor, son of the Prince of Wales, is to be called to the bar in London on June 10th.

The Princess Beatrice is a tall, light haired, slender girl, pot at all like mother, and much prettier than the other Royal children. She has (as many people have said) "an American look, delicate features, a nose a trifle " tip-tilted like a flower," and very fine brown eyes, with true sympathy for his race, can do sweet red lips, and luxurious brown hair more in journalism

Altogether I thought her adorable.—Cor Boston Traveller.

The Princess of Wales, by accepting the degree of Doctor of Music conferred upon her by the Royal University of Ireland wearing the academical costume on the occasion, has sanctioned, once for all. the much discussed question of the pro-priety of lady graduates appearing in academical robes at their presentation to

The Irish Artisans' Exhibition is to be

FOURTH COUSINS.

(By Gordon Stables, M. D., R. N.)

a visit to a distant relative of mine, who lived in one of the Shetland islands. It was early summer with myself then; I was a medical student, with life all before me. The steamboat landed me at Lerwick, and I completed my journey-with my boxes—next day in an open boat. It was a very cold morning, with a gray, cold, choppy sea on, the spray from which dashed over the boat, wetting me thoroughly, and

An opening in a wall of rock took us at the sea, with green, bare fields on every side, and wild, weird-like sheep, that gazed on us for a moment, then bleated and fled. Right at the end of this rock stood my friend's house, comfortable and solid-looking, but unsheltered by a single tree. "I shan't stay long here," I said to my-self, as I landed.

self, as I landed.

An hour or two afterward I had changed my mind entirely. I was seated in a charmingly and cozily furnished drawing-room, upstairs. The windows looked out to and away across the broad Atlantic. How strange it was! for the loch that had led me to the front of the house, and the waters of which rippled up to the very lawn, was part of the German Oceau, and here at the back, and not a stone's throw distant,

was the Atlantic.

Beside the fire, in an easy chair, sat my gray-haired old relation and host, and, not far off, his wife. Presently Cousin Maggie entered, smiling to me as she did so; her left hand lingered foudly for a moment on her father's gray locks, then she sat down unbidden to the plane. On the strength of my blood-relationship, distant though it was, for we were really only third or fourth cousins. I was made a member of this family from the first, and Maggie treated me as a brother. I was not entirely pleased with the latter arrangement, because many days had not passed ere I concluded it would be a pleasant pastime for me to make love to Cousin Maggie. But weeks went by and my love-making was still postponed; it became a sive die kind of a probability. Maggie was constantly with me when out of doors my companion in known to have practiced on an inter-all my fishing and shooting trips. But she occasion in Nerend domestic life. carried not only a rod but even a rifle her-self; she could give in a lessons in casting

for our safety.
One day Maggie and I were together in a

suid.

sea nymph, "love? Love betwixt a cousin still, like Peleus, a man may win a Nereid

Poor 1" she repeated, looking very firm

and earnest now; "If the man I loved were poor I'd carry & creel for him; I'd gather hells for his sake; but I don't love anybody, and dou't mean to. Come! So that was the beginning and end of my love-making with Cousin Maggie.

And Maggie had said she never meant to love any one. Well, we can never tell what may be in our immediate future.

put off from the shore ere cats'-paws began to ruffle the water. They came in from the west, and before we had got half-way to the distant headland a steady breeze was blowing. We had hoisted our sail and were running before it with the speed of a gull

on the wing.

Once round the point, we had a beam wind till we entered the fiord, then we had to beat to windward all the way home, by which time it was blowing quite a gale

It went round more to the north about sunset, and then for the first time we noticed a yacht of small dimensions on the distant horizon. Her intention appeared to be that of rounding the island and probably anchoring on the lee side of it. She was in an ugly position, however, and we all watched her a: xiously till nightfall hid

I retired early, but sleep was out of the question, for the wind raged and howled around the house like wild wolves. About 12 o'clock the sound of a gun fell on my ears. I could not be mistaken, for the

window rattled in sharp response.

I sprang from my couch and began to dress, and immediately after my aged relative entered the room. He looked very

"The yacht is on the Ba," he said, solemnly.

They were words to me of fearful signifi-cance. The yacht, I knew, must soon break up and nothing could save the crew.
I quickly followed my relative into the back drawing-room, where Maggie was with We gazed out into the night out and across the sea. At the same moment, out there on the terrible Ba. a

blue light sprang up, revealing the yacht and even its people on board. She was leading well over to one side, her masts gone, and the apray dashing over her "Come," cried Maggie, "there is no time to lose. We can guide their boat to the

ave. Come, cousin!"
I felt dazed, thunderstruck. Was I to take an active part in a forlorn hope? Was Maggie—how beautiful and daring she looked now!—to assume the role of a modern Grace Darling? So it appeared.

We pulled out of the fiord, Maggie and I and up under lee of the island, then, ou rounding the point, we encountered the whole force of the sea and wind. There was a glimmering light on the wrecked yacht, and for that we rowed, or rather were borne along on the gale. No boat save Shatland skiff could have been trusted in auch a sea.

As we neared the Ba, steadying herself by leaning on my shoulder, Maggie stood up and waved the lantern, and it was answered from the wreck. Next moment it seemed to me we were on the lee side, and Maggie herself hailed the shipwrecked peo

ple.
"We cannot come nearer," she cried; lower your boat and follow our light closely. Take the tiller, ncw," she continued, addressing me, " and steer for the light you

see on the cliff. Keep her well up, though, or all will be lost."

We waited—and that with difficulty—for In the early summer of 1860 I went upon that the yacht's boat was lowered, then

away we went.

The light on the cliff-top moved slowly down the wind. I kept the boat's head a point or two above it and on she dashed. The rocks loomed black and high as we neared them, the waves breaking in terrible turmoil beneath. Suddenly the light was

lowered over the cliff down to the very water's edge. over the boat, wetting me thoroughly, and "Steady, now," cried my brave cousin, making me feel pinched, blear-eyed, and next moment we were round a point and into smooth water, with the yacht's

boat close beside us. The place was partly cave, partly "poss."

We beached our boats, and here we remained all night, and were rescued next morning by a fisherman's yacht. The yacht's people were the captain, his wife and one boy—Norwegians all, Brinster by name. What need to tell of the gratitude of those whom Maggie's heroism had saved

from a watery grave?

But it came to pass that when, a few months afterward, a beautiful new yacht came round to the fiord to take those shipwrecked mariners away, Cousin Maggie went with them on a cruise. It came to pass also that when I paid my next visit to pass also that when I paid my next visit to R.—, in the following summer, I found living at my relative's house a Msj. Brinster and a Mrs. Brinster. Mrs. Brinster was my cousin Maggie, and Maj. Brinster was my cousin Maggie's "fate."

THE CYCLADES.

Islands Still Abounding with Classic Customs-The Nymphs. The Cyclades are the isles where every

variety of human life has left its mark and its descendants. From the prehistoric villages, under the pumice and lava of Thera, to the historic Greek settlements, to the Venetian, Persian, Turkish and French settlers, all the various couches of humanity have deposited their traditions, material relies and superstitious fancies in Cycladean soil or Cycladean custom, says the Saturday Review. The ancient Greek reigion is not extinct. The Nereids are in full force, and an extant "Mrs. Gamp" 18 known to have practiced on an interesting volcano is called the Heplantus. Birds carried not only a rod but even a rifle herself; she could give ma lessons in casting
the fly—and did; she often shot dead the
seals that I had merely wounded, and her
prowess in lowing astonished me, and her
daring in venturing so far out to sea in our
broad, open boat often made me tremble
for our safety.

Votano is called the Heplestiss. Birds
and goats are sacrificed when a new
nouse is built. The old popular
songs are chanted. The volcanic forces at
Thera have raised a rock in the shape of a
ship out of the sea; precisely what must
have occurred in the harbor of Soheria,
where the Plantanes or ship in the processor. where the PLE loians explained the event one day maggie and I were together in a cave close by the ocean—a favorite haunt of ours on hot afternoons. Our boat was drawn up close by. The day was bright, and the sea was calm, its tiny wavelets making drowey, dreamy music on the yellow sands. She had been reading aloud, and I was gazing at hor face.

"I heep to think you are heautiful" I "I begin to think you are beautiful," I dwelt in the ruined castle. It is a more modern faith that a baskerful of good She looked down at me where I lay with those innocent eyes of hers, that always looked into mine as frankly as a child's would.

"I'm not sure," I continued, "that I shan't commence making love to you, and perhaps I might marry you. What would you think of that?"

What would the first exploit of Hercules and the commence of the comm She looked down at me where I lay with things is let down out of heaven on the day "Love!" she laughed, as musically as a not to the cry of "horse and hattock" and a cousin? Preposterous!"

I dare say," I resumed, pretending to through all her transformations. In short, pout, "you wouldn't marry me because I'm the Nereids retain all the qualities possessed by their kindred, the Scotch fairies, ludia, the sky maidens of Maori and Red Indian fancy. The Siph-niot spotters yet toil at their wheel in the very attitude of the craft as represented on Greek vases. The width of the people takes the classical form of riddles. "What sort of chicken is that which they scrape and cut, and then the shoemaker uses his feathers in his art?" one need give it up; "A pig!" The rustics Hardly had we left the cave that day and out their own shoon out of rough pig's hide, like Eumæus whom Odysseus found thus employed; "Now he was fitting sandals to his feet; cutting a rough brown

KILLED FOR FORTY DOLLARS. Atrocious Murder of a Night Clerk in a New York Drug Store.

oxhide."

A New York telegram says: When the day clerk entered Crawford's drug store, Hudson street, this morning, he found the door open and the dead body of the night olerk, Richard Hands, in a sitting posture on the floor of the sitting room. He sumnoned the police and it was found that Hand's skull had been crushed with a heavy iron postle which lay near by, his throat out from ear to ear, and other marks of violence on his face. Thirty five or forty dollars had been taken from the till. The crowd, attracted by the news of the murder, became so great in the vicinity that the entire police reserve of the precinct had to be called out to restrain the people until the coroner arrived. The doctor found three great gashes on the back of the head. The entire right side of the skull was crushed in. The gash in his throat presented a sickening sight. There is no clue to the murderer.

Me Came for His Bride and Found Mer

A Cleveland despatch says: William Skaley, a handsome young sailor, wrote Nellie Hoffman, his intended, that he would be in Cleveland on May 29th to claim her as his bride and take her to the little cottage he had rented.
"Where's Nellie?" asked Skaley, as he

entered the house of Mr. Carpenter. on Canal street, where Nellie boarded. "I came a day sooner than I wrote her I would,

"Why, didn't you know?" said Miss Carpenter, turning pale. "Nellie is dead. She was found drowned last Sunday in the foul water of the river.'

When he learned that the girl had already been buried at the city's expense Skaley sank down overcome with grief. He learned that she went on Saturday after the expected letter from him, but it had not come. It was at first feared that disap pointment caused her to commit suicide but even that would have been less terrible news to the lover than the story that she had started home under escort of an old captain, and was never again seen alive, and that foul play is suspected.

A Persian paper states that Russia is negotiating with Bokhara for the cession to the former of all the towns on the left bank of the Amudaria River.

Ex-President Arthur's French cook at the United States White House has been discharged. President Cleveland has installed in his place a young Irishwoman named Katherine Keenan.

OLD WORLD CABLEGRAMS.

Asiatic Cholera Said to have Broken Out in London.

RUSSIAN WAR PREPARATIONS.

Volcanic eruptions of Mount Vesuvius

are increasing in activity. The Marquis of Hartington, who wasill at Dublin during the past few days, has returned to London.

The Right Rev. Richard Gilmour, D. D., Bishop of the Roman Catholic diocese of Cleveland, arrived at Liverpool yesterday on the City of Richmond.

It is reported Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt is the chief stockholder of the new Metropole Hotel on the Thames embankment, which s the largest hotel in London.

France, supported by other European powers, proposes that offences against the press laws in Egypt shall be tried by nternational tribunals. Turkey and England oppose this proposition. Some of the Berlin papers are very war-

like in tone over the Zanzibar trouble, and hint that England and Italy must be punished for inciting the Sultan of Zanzibar against the German Trading Company. During practice with a twenty-ton gun n the harbor at Queenstown Saturday a

ball, by some unexplained reason, went in dangerous proximity to the Roche's point lighthouse, which had a narrow escape from destruction. A special says that while it is probable members of the Royal family will make tours in Ireland during next autumn, the Queen will not visit the island, the osten-

sible reason being that her health is not robust enough to stand the strain. Lord Granville's Secretary has written o the News that its statement of the status of the Anglo-Russian negotiations is incorrect, and that negociations are still pro-ceeding. The News maintains that its

statement is substantially correct. So immense has been the demand for flowers by admirers of the dead poet, Hugo, for tributes at his funeral that there is a flower famine in Paris. Tennyson has sent a diadem composed of Irish lilies. Politicians of all shades of opinion in England are sending floral tributes to the deal

Earl Spencer has failed to convince Sir Charles Dilke that a renewal of the Crimes Act in Ireland is necessary, and the probability is that the Government will be compelled to back down, and will get out of its dilemma by the introduction of a harmless renewal bill to remain in force about a

A letter has been received from Dr. Schweinfurth, the German traveller, stating that a schooner which was pursued recently threw overboard a quantity of contraband destined for Osman Digna's rebels. Schweinfurth urges the necessity of keeping strict watch on the African coast line to prevent the Mahdi and his followers from obtaining supplies. Thousands of laborers are being for-

warded to hasten the completion of the Russian Central Asian Railway. The Viedomosti wants Russia to insist that a limit be put upon the Afghan armaments supplied by means of English money. It urges that a strong Russian fortress be built opposite Herat. The official bulletins announce that the

Emperor William of Germany has recovered from his recent indisposition. While he has taken a turn for the better, his condition is far from authorizing such hopeful bulletins. He is still confined to bed. It is true there is no longer danger from his intestinal complaint, but the Emperor's persistent insemnia is causing his medical attendants great alarm. A London cable says: The report of the

spread of cholera in Spain is causing a feeling of alarm here. Sixty cases occurred within the past week at Valencia and several cases are reported at Marseilles. disease has appeared in this city in the neighborhood of the docks, undoubtedly imported in French and Spanish ships, and though it is stated to be only of a mild type there is reason to fear more than one death from genuine Asiatio cholera has taken

NEW WORLD TELEGRAMS.

A Dime Novel Hero Sent to the Reformatory.

THE TYPHOID PLACUE AT PLYMOUTH.

Kingston has demanded a license fee from the Book-room held a few days in connection with the Montreal Conference Donald Ross, of Nairn, father of A. W.

Ross, M.P., of Lisgar, died on Saturday. He had been a resident of Middlesex county since 1832. Baum, the Texas cotton swindler, who was awaiting extradition in Chatham jail pending the decision of the Superior Court

on a motion for bis discharge, died on Saturday of heart disease. Privates Showcross and McConaghey, who left their sentry posts at Kingston Fort, have been sentenced to six and seven months respectively. Sergeant Goodfellow, formerly of Ganancque, for being insolent to an officer, was reduced to a private.

A boy named Hodgins, whose parents reside in Belleville, stole some money from his mother to purchase a revolver, and started on the road as a dime novel hero. Re was arrested at Trenton and sentenced to three years in the Reformatory at Penetanguishene.

Hon. Oliver Mowat and Mrs. Mowat arrived in Ottawa on Saturday night. It is understood that the Provincial Premier's visit is for the purpose of obtaining information as to the nature of the Dominion Government's claim upon Ontario territory in connection with the Indian title.

Detective Cuddy, of Toronto, left ffor Niagara Falls late on Saturday night in company with Government Detective Rogers to bring the prisoner arrested there for killing a Toronto policeman to Toronto. Yesterday morning a despatch was received at police headquarters to the effect that the man arrested was not Little. The prisoner has been released.

On Friday evening a young man named Georgie Gerdis, aged about 22, and married about six months, who lived in the town ship of Herschel, near Faraday town line road. left his home in the evening to visit a neighbor on business, carrying with him his rifle. He was found next morning lying dead, having been shot through the body. The accident was evidently caused by carelessness in crossing the feuce with

the gun. Detective Tracey, acting as State agent, started from St. Louis, Mo., on Saturday night for Auckland, New Zealand, to receive the murderer Maxwell, who killed Preller at the Southern Hotel.

Decoration Day was observed on Saturday in a fitting manner in the South, as well as in other portions of the country. The Grand Army celebrations at the national cemeteries were on an elaborate and impressive scale.

A Plymouth, Pa., telegram says death is reported since last night, and many patients are dangerously ill and beyond recovery. The doctors believe the danger of secondary infection is becoming greater every day by contamination of the wells. The Grand Jury has indicted the Borough Council for criminal neglect of duty for not keeping the town in a good sanitary condition.