

Her Heroic Experiences in Attempting to Rescue Her Child from a Well.

At Cornwallville, N.Y., a despatch says: Mrs. French and her husband live on the old mill farm, in the town of Bradford, this county. In the farmyard is a deep well, with a low curb, the water being drawn up by an old-fashioned sweep. On Saturday the family were absent from home except Mrs. French and her 2-year-old son. Farmer French came home at noon. There was no one in the house. He went into the kitchen. On the table was a slate on which was written, in a hasty scrawl:

"Baby and I are in the well." French ran to the well. Looking down, he saw his wife in the water, clinging to the wall, but apparently dead. Alva Morris, a neighbor, was passing at the time, and responded to the farmer's cries for help. Morris let himself down in the well and fastened a rope around Mrs. French, and she was drawn to the top. She was alive but unconscious. She was restored with difficulty. As soon as she revived she asked for her child. The body of the child was found at the bottom of the well.

At 10 o'clock this forenoon, said Mrs. French, I went to the well to get a pail of water, taking baby along. I saw that a board on the curb was loose and I ran back to the house to get a hammer and nails to fasten the board, and thoughtlessly left the child by the well. When I came back the baby was gone. I looked in the well and saw him struggling. Mrs. French, thinking that she might be in the water soon, I rushed back and wrote on the slate that we were in the well, so that we could help as soon as possible. I then hurried to the well and let myself down to the water by the rope. I succeeded in getting the baby out of the water with one hand while I held myself above the water with the other. I then placed one foot in a niche on one side of the well, and the other foot on the opposite side, and then raised myself so I could keep afloat. The water, which was above my waist.

The baby was alive, and, having the use of both my hand and arms, I soon brought him to me. I called constantly for help as loudly as I could. My third attempt to get the baby out of the water failed. I then tried to get the baby out of the water with one hand while I held myself above the water with the other. I then placed one foot in a niche on one side of the well, and the other foot on the opposite side, and then raised myself so I could keep afloat. The water, which was above my waist.

How my strength ever held out I do not know. I stopped to rest, and thought of tossing the baby up over the curb. If I could reach the curb, I could get the baby out of the water. I then tried to get the baby out of the water with one hand while I held myself above the water with the other. I then placed one foot in a niche on one side of the well, and the other foot on the opposite side, and then raised myself so I could keep afloat. The water, which was above my waist.

The Edinburgh Exhibition.

Brilliant opening by Prince Albert Victor of Wales.

An Edinburgh despatch of last (Thursday) night's date says: The Edinburgh Exhibition was opened today with fitting ceremony by Prince Albert Victor, who, accompanied by the Princess Louise, arrived yesterday at 10 o'clock. The Marquis of Linton, who was the special guest, with a select party. On his way to Edinburgh this morning he met by the Edinburgh Railway Cavalry and the Edinburgh Police. The Marquis of Linton, who was the special guest, with a select party. On his way to Edinburgh this morning he met by the Edinburgh Railway Cavalry and the Edinburgh Police.

SEVERAL SAILORS.

The crew of the boat Dublin reported to be short of food.

A Halifax, N.S., despatch says: Last October the steamer Brooklyn was wrecked on Anticosti Island while on a voyage from Liverpool to Quebec. The wrecking-ship was E. D. Smith's ship. The crew of the vessel, after securing a cargo of provisions, were wrecked in the same place on November 20th. The owners here understood by advice that the crew wanted to remain on the island all winter, and did not try to get off. The crew of twelve men, including the captain, had a box of provisions, seven miles from Fox Harbour, where there are only three fishermen's families, they got what provisions they could from the wreck and settled down. During the winter they suffered terribly from cold and from the spring the provisions having been short. One of their number, named James Green, decided to try and get home. He took an open boat and crossed the Gulf of St. Lawrence, a distance of 180 miles, to Gaspé Point. He was there three days in the boat and not a word of news from the men and boat when he left in the middle of April except that the water was a very hard sea and all had died of starvation. It is supposed the remaining men will be sent for immediately.

Flowers for Fuel.

HEROIC MRS. FRENCH. Her Heroic Experiences in Attempting to Rescue Her Child from a Well.

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THE WESTERN SLAUGHTER. Five More of the Wounded Chicago Policemen Beyond Hope of Recovery.

THE BOMB-THROWER A REVOLUTIONARY AGENT. Wisconsin's Governor Determined to Preserve Peace at All Hazards.

ST. LOUIS, May 19. - A riotous scene was enacted in the northeastern section of Toronto yesterday just as the afternoon was closing. No. 510 Parliament street, opposite the gates of the St. James' cemetery, was the scene of the affair. Charles Reid, a drunken, worthless man, shot his wife with a revolver twice and then shot himself. Mrs. Reid is living and may recover, but the wound is serious and may prove fatal. The man who shot his wife was a man of 40 years of age, and was a native of the city. He was a member of the St. James' cemetery. He was a member of the St. James' cemetery. He was a member of the St. James' cemetery.

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PECULIARITIES OF MARY-SHAKING. The Apathetic, Dead-Fish Shake-Grip Like Grip of a Fisherman.

IN DEFENSE OF MOTHERS-IN-LAW. Their Condition in Civilization and Among Savage Tribes.

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