

**A MAN OF MANY WIVES.**  
Five Times a Bigamist?—Prescott Police Take Their Prisoner East From Whittby.  
A Whittby despatch says: Constable Crites, of Prescott, with an assistant arrived here this morning and has returned with the prisoner Elias E. Seymour, alias W. J. Sawyer, alias Martin, arrested here last evening on charges of bigamy, stealing and bigamy, telegraphed from the town down the St. Lawrence. The innocent young girl, apparently not more than 17, who came here with Seymour, stated that she met him only two weeks ago Saturday, and that they were married the following Thursday. Her maiden name was Fish and her home in Gananoque. For a wedding trip they went to Toronto, where he got a livery and drove to Whittby. In selling the horse and buggy to raise money enough for fares to Buffalo from here, he got into trouble. No one has yet claimed the property at Sebret's. Seymour, it was stated by the Prescott policeman, had only a few months ago been released from the Kingston Penitentiary, six months before his time up, because of exemplary behavior. He was a member of the bigamy ring. This is his sixth venture on the sea of matrimony. During the preliminary hearing before Police Magistrate Harper the simple girl, who has so sadly erred in hastily marrying the scoundrel, with wondering innocence listened to the discussion by the court officials of her case was to be taken care of, when finally the kind-hearted magistrate settled the matter by sending Policeman Crites \$10 with which to pay her fare home, and she went without a word. It is hoped a wiser woman. One of Seymour's victims is now respectably married and living at Belleville. At the time that Shaver figured before the public there he was engaged in keeping a small store at Onemee, the business having been started with his stolen money. He was then in the city on a business trip, and hunting up a girl that had formerly courted, was quietly married by Rev. J. B. Clarkson, now in Cobourg. Chief McKinnon learned of the marriage, and knowing of Shaver's character followed him to Toronto. He had stopped with his bride at a hotel on the way when the Chief found them and brought the girl back to her friends, and the bigamist was sent to Kingston for three years.

**MR. FOGG'S STRANGE STORY.**  
Read His Own Name on a Tombstone—A Wanderer for Twenty Years.  
An Oxford, Me., despatch says: An old man with gray hair and beard, bowed down with years and feeble, was seen on the day before Christmas, while he was walking like one partially blind, among the graves in the old churchyard. In spite of his years his frame showed great strength and power of endurance. His name was Ezekiel Fogg, and as he stooped before an old stone, crumbling with frost and snow, he had the unusual experience of witnessing his own name engraved thereon. The fact was that, although alive and still vigorous, he had been for years dead to his family and friends, and they had marked his death by a simple mound and headstone. The old man had a very romantic life since last he saw his friends. He started for the west over twenty years ago and settled in Plattsburg, N.Y., for a short time, only to continue on in his travels until he reached a town in Nebraska, where he was buried in a stone quarry. There his wife and son Frank, a child in arms, joined him later, but after a year or two they came back to Maine, the father agreeing to follow in a few days. Fogg did not return and no word was heard from him. It was long after he denied that he had been murdered for his money. It was reported that three strangers hired him to guide them through the woods to a distant town. Then the names of A. B. Fuller, R. M. Peterson and two others were copied from a story of murder in which the strangers had been hired to put him out of the way. Fogg travelled about in various parts of the west, arriving at one time in Arkansas and living later as a hunter and trapper in the mountains of the far west. One day he found a Maine paper and he read of the death of a man bearing the name of his own. This revived his memories and he decided to return home, hoping that he might find some trace of his family, and also that he could be benefited by the treatment of a skilful oculist.

**A CAT IN THE ORGAN.**  
A New Kind of Church Music Causes a Sensation.  
A Syracuse (N.Y.) despatch says: There has been a large organ in St. Paul's Cathedral for a week. Whenever H. R. Fuller, the organist, touched the keys, weird noises were heard in the interior.  
There was a large attendance at the morning service yesterday. Rev. Dr. Lockwood was in the middle of the benediction when a large, wild-looking matted cat made a flying leap over the head of the organist and landed near W. J. West, a member of the choir, fastening its claws in his knee. Before he could be seized it fled to the organ on the side. The organist, a gentleman in the rear tried to catch it, but only succeeded in making it double its tracks and go rushing up the main aisle straight for Dr. Lockwood. The worthy rector lost his place in the prayer as he caught sight of the wild-eyed creature approaching. The cat did not pause, but rushed between the feet of the excited chorus boys. A few seconds later and the cat was back again in its old quarters in the organ. It was some time before the interrupted service could be resumed. An investigation showed that the cat had made her home in the organ and had broken several of the smaller "trackers." The ecclesiastical authorities have made every effort to capture the cat, but without success.

**A Victim of Dance House Dives.**  
A Chicago despatch says: The stories of the horrors suffered by unfortunate girls in the dance house stockades in Northern Wisconsin were recalled by a scene in the Court of Insane Inquiry this morning. A slight and handsome young girl, dressed in black, was led in. Nathan was her name, so the doctor told the jury. He said her father was acute mania. As he spoke, the prisoner glanced behind her and covered in her chair, muttering: "Save me! they are after me. I hear them barking, and the men are right behind them!" Hattie Nathan was the daughter of parents who live in Oconto Wis. She was a ward girl and got into trouble, which resulted in her entering one of the brothels near Marinette. She soon realized the horrors of her position, and made repeated but unsuccessful attempts to escape till the result that she became demented. Then she was released. She next appeared at the door of a house of ill-repute in this city, and was cared for. She has remained there since, being rational a portion of the time. Of late her dementia has been more acute, and the result was today's proceedings. She will be sent back to her home in Oconto.

**Herv Nervs Were Settled.**  
Mrs. Halliday—Don't you find that the noise of the boiler factory across the street affects your nerves, Mrs. Youngwife?  
Mrs. Youngwife—"I seldom hear it."  
"How strange!"  
"Well, you see, baby is teething now."

Superintendent Sheffield, who was shot in Montreal by the railway car porter, is still living, and the doctors have some hope that he may survive.

A company has been formed to sink a test well for oil, gas or salt at Chatham.

**TRY, TRY AGAIN.**  
A Persistent Lover Successful at Last.  
A Belleville despatch says: There was a quiet marriage at St. John's Church this morning, and the story as told by an intimate acquaintance of both parties sounds very romantic. Some 17 years ago Mr. Reginald Lambton Howell, a son of the Chief Justice of Quebec, was teller in the local branch of Montreal. He was handsome, affable, fond of society, and was courted by a wide circle of friends. He fell in love with a Belleville belle, but courted in vain. His suit was rejected repeatedly, and finally despairing of success, he gave up his position and left the city. For a time he was in the Upper Bank Toronto, but after a time disappeared entirely, at least so far as his Belleville friends were concerned. In the meantime the lady of his choice was wooed and won by the late Charles W. Bell. They had been married but a few years when Mr. Bell died, leaving a young widow and an infant son. Shortly after the old lover returned and renewed his suit, but with no better success than had attended him at first. He has been absent for some four years, but returned with the result of a license secured in the evening, and this morning Rev. D. F. Bogart tied the nuptial knot and the couple took the noon train for the east. The whole affair was so quietly and quickly carried out that not even the most intimate friends of the bride knew of it, but there were some in the city who will remember 17 years ago and think of the old adage, "Faint heart never won fair lady."

**A STARTLING STORY.**  
A Fenian Witness on the Phoenix Park Murders.  
**THE INVINCIBLES AND FENIANS.**  
A London cable says: Upon the resumption of the session of the Parnell commission yesterday morning, presiding Justice Hannen said Mr. O'Brien's article in *United Ireland*, for which he was summoned to appear before the court, exceeded a fair discussion of the case under investigation, but he admitted that there was some force in Mr. O'Brien's arguments regarding the continued circulation of the *Times* pamphlet, and said he believed no disrespect was intended to be shown towards the court by the article. Therefore he would not punish Mr. O'Brien. He added, however, that in future cases of a similar nature would be more severely treated.

Patrick Delaney, a convict in the Maryborough prison, testified that he belonged to the Fenians until September, 1882. The principal leaders of the organization were Messrs. Egan, Brennan, Dr. McAllister, John Devoy and John Dore. About 1879 a number of delegates, including John O'Connor, John Devoy and Gen. Millen, came from America, and the witness attended a meeting in Foresters' Hall, Dublin, at which John Devoy represented the Fenian Council, and at that time he heard Father O'Connor, the parish priest, make a speech in which he said that a number of delegates, including John O'Connor, John Devoy and Gen. Millen, came from America, and the witness attended a meeting in Foresters' Hall, Dublin, at which John Devoy represented the Fenian Council, and at that time he heard Father O'Connor, the parish priest, make a speech in which he said that a number of delegates, including John O'Connor, John Devoy and Gen. 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Millen, came from America, and the witness attended a meeting in Foresters' Hall, Dublin, at which John Devoy represented the Fenian Council, and at that time he heard Father O'Connor, the parish priest, make a speech in which he said that a number of delegates, including John O'Connor, John Devoy and Gen. Mr. Parnell is at present confined to the house with an attack of rheumatism in the shoulder. While his illness is very painful it is nothing serious, and he is expected to be about in a few days.

**THEY LYNCHED THE OLD MAN.**  
His Four Daughters Elope, and He Killed Two of Their Lovers and Fatally Wounded One of the Girls.  
A St. Louis despatch says: The little town of Bolivar, in Mercer County, Mo., turns out the following tragic story: Henry Thomas, an old farmer, had four grown daughters, named Margaret, Nancy, Jane and Jane, aged 16, 18, 20 and 22 years respectively. Last Wednesday night Samuel and Charles Hasbun, brothers, procured a ladder and helped Margaret and Jane out of a second-story window of their father's house, and as they were about to elope with the girl the old man appeared on the scene and too late to prevent their escape. He at once procured the best horse he had and a shotgun, and started in hot pursuit. When about twelve miles from home he overtook the fugitives. He immediately opened fire on them, killing both the boys and seriously wounding Margaret. After getting nearly to the girls he was told that the other two, Hattie and Nancy, had eloped with Ned Gleason and Thos. Allison. He led the girls back to his home, and in charge of some neighbors and started after the others. After scouring the other two girls without any serious trouble he started back, but when about two miles from home a mob took possession of him and strung him up to a tree. The old man was taken to the hospital, but he died there shortly after he was brought to the hospital. Margaret died last night.

**LYNCHERS AND POLICE.**  
Have a Bloody Fight Over Some Prisoners.  
A St. Louis despatch says: A special from Fort Worth, Tex., received here late last night, says Sheriff Richardson, of that city, received a telephone message about midnight from Graham, in Young County, to the effect that while a Deputy United States Marshal, with a posse of Graham citizens, was scouring the four Marlow brothers, Buckhart and another man named Pearce to the Parker County jail at Weatherford, the prisoners being indicted for four murders and eight cases of horse theft, a mob of thirty citizens attempted to break them out. Richardson and his posse defended the prisoners and a terrible fight took place. Two of the Marlow brothers were killed and four of the posse at the first fire. The fight continued, and another one of the Marlows and Pearce were wounded, and another one of the citizens mortally hurt. The prisoners Pearce, Marlow and Buckhart escaped, but all are said to be wounded. The fight took place two and a half miles from town. It is not known how many of the mob were hurt. A large posse of Graham citizens has been organized in pursuit of the fugitives and the members of the mob. Sheriff Richardson has wired the sheriff at Henrietta, Vernon, Wichita, Cisco, Abilene and Colorado City.

**GAMBLERS AND LOST.**  
A Young Man and a Young Woman Suicide at Monte Carlo.  
A London cable says: The young man and woman who committed suicide at Monte Carlo yesterday were respectively 23 and 19 years of age. They were natives of Lyons and had spent the winter together at Monte Carlo. Neither was known, nor was their identity as yet been established. Other information concerning the couple was brought with them large sum of money and spent most of their time at the gaming-table, roulette being their favorite game. When they had reached the bottom of their combined purse they wrote to friends in Lyons announcing the fact, and asserting that they contemplated suicide. Upon receipt of a letter from one of them, Delaney he held in custody in London in case he should be wanted again.

**Neglected Opportunities.**  
Sympathetic Visitor—Poor man! What are you here for?  
"For stealing a gold ring, Miss."  
"Poor fellow! And don't you sometimes regret your wasted opportunities?"  
"Indeed I do, miss. There was a five-thousand-dollar necktie in the showcase that I stole the ring from and I never saw it."  
Never Saw Him Before.  
"Now, children," said the visitor, creating his face into the Sunday-school smile, sun-baked and kind dried, "why do you think I am a Christian?" Young Headless, in back seat—"Cause we don't know you!"

**From Bad to Worse.**  
She—"I would like to call you by your Christian name, love, but Tom is so hateful and common, you know. Haven't you some pet name?" He—"No, no, I—er—haven't!"  
She—"Are you always known as Tom among your friends? He [brightening up]—"No, the boys call me 'Shorty'."

Jay Gould will take a trip through the South to recuperate.

**TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.**  
Rev. Canon Belcher, of Grace Church, Montreal, is dangerously ill with pneumonia.  
The Morrisburg electric fire alarm was tested on Saturday, and works very satisfactorily.  
Albert Dufco, 20 years old, was drowned on Saturday while attempting to cross Hay Bay, near Napanee.  
Rev. T. W. Jeffrey preached the anniversary sermons of Elm Street Methodist Church, Toronto, yesterday.  
The weather was very cold in Montreal yesterday, and the Carnival Committee now hope to have the ice palace built in time for the Carnival.  
A theological student at Albert College, Charles Edwards, has been advised by an unknown friend in England that he is heir to an estate valued at several hundred thousand pounds.  
A deputation from Montreal waited on the Governor-General and Sir John Macdonald in Ottawa on Saturday, and invited them to the Montreal Board of Trade dinner on Wednesday.  
Celina Meteyer, a 13-year-old girl who was confined in a dark room at the back of a Montreal barber's shop, and kept for immoral purposes, was on Saturday sent to the American Hotel, and her mother, her brother and sister, who had fled from her, have since escaped to the States.  
Jailer Sparks was surprised on Friday when the door of the Windsor Court House opened and in walked James Smith, the juvenile prisoner, who took French leave last Tuesday. He said he had been wandering around the Grand Marais, and was now going home.

**A BURGALAR'S CLEVER EXPEDIENT.**  
Policeman Seized by Burglars.  
A woman named Catherine Barragan was charged at Boston Police Court, London, the other day with aiding in a burglary in an optician's shop in Holborn. Evidence was given to the effect that detectives went to prisoner's residence, and there found several opera glasses and a barometer. Whilst there a man came in whom they charged with complicity, and on searching him found a barometer in his pocket. He said he had just bought it over the way. The officers went with him to a shop on the opposite side of the street. The man went behind the counter, and suddenly disappeared through a trap door. Witness immediately followed, and fell into a dark cellar, where he was instantly seized by two bull terriers, who held him while the man made good his escape. Other officers came to the rescue of witness, but it was necessary to beat the dogs off with an iron crowbar before they released their hold. The prisoner was remanded.

**WOMEN'S WORK.**  
"What can a helpless female do?"  
Rock the cradle and bake and brew.  
Or if you cannot do your board,  
Rock your brother's wife for your board;  
Or live in one room with an invalid cousin,  
Or press your skirts for a dollar a dozen,  
Or please some man by looking sweet,  
Or please him by giving him things to eat,  
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**Equal to the Occasion.**  
"These books, doctor, are my best friends, and with their aid I can do anything." "The spirits of the authors come!"  
"To let in the dim old room!"  
A smile the doctor's thin lips stirred,  
As one by one the books he shut;  
"I notice, Mrs. G., the book 'The Spirit of the Law' is uncut."  
"That many volumes are uncut."

**ODD DEVELOPMENTS IN AFRICA.**  
Explorer Stanley, it seems, has been having a good time in the great Central African lands, albeit his journeyings are as yet a trifle mysterious. The present aspect of affairs in Central Africa is, to say the least, a trifle ludicrous. The letter of Stanley to Tippu Tip, the ex-slave driver who has always been a friend to the intrepid explorer, shows pretty conclusively that long after the outside public had suspected Tippu Tip's falsity, and accused him of being a private trader of Bartlelot, the second-in-command of the relief expedition, the most cordial relations existed between him and Stanley. That is one point cleared up. But the doings of Emin Bey yet remain a mystery. When Stanley started on his journey to Africa, he was rescued by European who had managed to retain control of a vast territory in the centre of the continent long after Gordon's butchery at Khartoum. Then it was asserted that Emin was in imminent danger, and that his only chance of escape lay in sending an expedition to him with "fighting supplies" and men. The expedition went, and it has returned as it came, down the great river Congo, but no Emin accompanies it. That much-pitied individual has, according to Stanley, all that he needs. He is living in luxury and is apparently pretty much monarch of all he surveys. It looks as if he had refused to be saved from all this comfort, and the expedition to rescue him from his supposed perilous position has degenerated into a huge exploring caravan. One would suppose that after the evidence thus adduced by Stanley, the white ruler of Central Africa would be taken at his word, and left alone to work out the great problem in which he is engaged, until such time, at any rate, as Stanley and his reports return to civilization, and report the progress which he has made with the remarkable man, whose career is not even second, in point of romance, to that of the dead hero of Khartoum. But the world-beat savour of Emin increases. The latest is Mr. Stevens, the English one who advised notoriety some time ago through his accomplishment of a journey by wheel through many Eastern lands. He will try his hand at saving Emin, and at the same time endeavor to get at the true inwardness of the African ruler's conduct. 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