

# NEWS IN A NUTSHELL

## FIVE MINUTES' SELECT READING.

### Summary of Foreign, Domestic and War Items—Concise, Pithy, and Pointed.

#### DOMESTIC.

The Senecal Colonization Company has been formally organized.

Wm. Hewitt, sr., druggist of Victoria, died recently at the advanced age of eighty-nine years.

A son of Mr. E. Hackett, M.P., for Prince County, was drowned recently while bathing.

The electric light has been used on the Quebec harbour improvements for the first time.

A young woman named Stevenson, hailing from Hamilton, has mysteriously disappeared from Montreal.

The annual meeting of the shareholders of the Brantford Young Ladies College was held in that city recently.

Mr. John Cote, of Ottawa, was found lying dead in the middle of the road on Concession street, recently.

Montreal shows nearly double the surplus of any great city on this continent or in Europe, except Toronto, of births over deaths.

George Miller has been committed for trial on the charge of shooting Benson Sills with intent to murder at Thurlow township.

The hackmen of Hamilton have held a meeting and organized a union, with rules of government similar to those of the Toronto union.

James McGehan, for criminal assault at Dundas, on a little girl named Gerrie, and assault on Mrs. Gerrie, was sentenced to one year in the common gaol.

Frank Bowie was arrested at his dwelling at Tracadie, as an accessory to the murder of Randall Macdonald. There is strong proof that he aided his son.

The case of Maria McCabe, charged with the murder of her child, came up in court at Hamilton recently. The prisoner was committed for trial.

Operator Johnson, who was responsible for the South Eastern railway accident, is seventeen years old. He was on duty all night, and at 9 a.m. had not been relieved.

A man named O'Leary, who had been gaoled at Montreal on a capias for a debt by a Mr. Ross, was liberated by order of the court, as he was more than 73 years old.

A young man named Lafontaine, while picknicking at Beloeil with two brothers, was killed in their presence by a boulder which crashed down from the mountain side.

Mr. Joseph Hickson, accompanied by his private secretary, Mr. Reed, has gone east from Montreal to meet Sir Henry Tyler, President of the G. T. R., who visits Canada.

The Mississauga Indians of the Credit are looking up evidence in support of their claim to the possession and valuable tracts of land in Toronto and the Hamilton and Welland districts.

Madame Elunie Columbia Mondelet has asked the Court at Montreal for a separation from her husband and an interim alimentary pension of \$100 per month during her lifetime.

At Essex Centre recently Simon Cunningham, wife, and child attempted to cross the railroad. The waggon was struck by the engine, Cunningham was killed and his wife fatally injured.

Mr. Demers, of the Quebec Canadian, received cablegrams from his brother at Rome, stating that he and other Canadian pilgrims had an interview with the Pope, and received the communion at his hands.

#### UNITED STATES.

O'Donnell, Carey's murderer, is an American citizen, a native of Ohio.

The Customs receipts at New York for July show no reduction on account of the new tariff.

It has been ascertained that hot winds in June badly shrivelled the wheat in many sections of California.

There has been great rejoicing among the Irish organizations of Syracuse, N. Y., over the killing of Carey. Thirty-nine guns were fired.

Three hundred and sixty cases of giant powder, ignited by heat from the forest fires, blew out every pane of glass in Yale, B. C.

Charley Ford, the murderer of Jesse James, has been arrested at Kansas City on an old indictment for the Blue Cut train robbery.

It is stated that the Nova Scotia Bank of Woodstock is heavily involved by the failure of Shaw Bros., Boston. The Bank of St. Stephen is also a heavy loser.

An agreement has been reached between the New York Cigar Progressive Union and the manufacturers, and the strikers have resumed work.

A posse sent to capture the negroes who murdered Wyatt in Hempstead county, Ark., fought with them, killing three, wounding two, and capturing ten.

B. F. Semig, Assistant Surgeon of the United States army, was found dead in a hotel at San Francisco, with a bottle labelled poison by his side.

A boat containing Pat Quinn, George Sonst, aged 16, and his sister, 14, capsized in the river at New York recently. Quinn was saved and the others were drowned.

A nine-year-old son of Hon. E. Topliff, while going home from school in Brookfield township, Mich., was bitten on the bare foot by a rattlesnake, and died before morning.

Mrs. Boyd, of Brooklyn, who had an estate of \$75,000, was recently found dead in a hut on Smith's Beach, L. I. It is alleged that she was enticed from home by her son-in-law Crawford, whose wife was her sister's heir.

#### GENERAL.

The cholera has been declared epidemic in Bombay.

Several persons have been arrested at Ischia for plundering corpses.

The Emperor William is still at Gastein, and is deriving much benefit from the baths.

At Tournai, Belgium, the trial of Canon

Bernard for embezzling church funds has begun.

The Paris Chamber of Deputies has accepted the Senate's amendment to the Judicial Reform Bill.

An extra budget for 1884 has been submitted to the French Chamber of Deputies by the Government.

*Vedomosti*, a St. Petersburg organ, says serious designs to incite revolt in Poland have been discovered.

The special measures for the protection of officials connected with the Phoenix Park murder trials have been resumed.

The eldest son of James Beresford Hope, M. P., has been married in London to a daughter of General Frost, of St. Louis.

The *Cologne Gazette* places the number of lives lost at Ischia at 8,000.

A bill has been introduced into the House of Commons to centralize the hospital management in the event of an outbreak of cholera in London.

The widow of Lord Frederick Cavendish, who was murdered in Phoenix Park, Dublin, will be married again before the termination of the present year.

A Dublin despatch says some of the citizens again attempted to light bonfires in the streets as a token of their rejoicing over Carey's death, but the police again interfered.

Farnell has submitted to his colleagues for their judgment the pressing invitation he received to visit America. His colleagues generally are of the opinion that he will be urgently needed in Ireland.

Mr. Gladstone stated in the Commons that the Imperial Government were not prepared to make treaties for submitting questions of differences with other nations to international arbitration.

In the Commons recently, Mr. Ashly, Colonial Under Secretary, stated that the papers relative to the indemnity for violence done to the American fishermen at Port-au-Prince Bay were being prepared.

#### The Shadow of a Hand.

In the year 1846 the inhabitants of Dieppe were thrown into a state of the utmost consternation by a series of robberies and murders, evidently the work of one man. No trace of the perpetrator could be discovered, though one of his intended victims, who had narrowly escaped, averred that he had only three fingers on one of his hands. The Government offered a large reward for his apprehension, and the police displayed the greatest activity. In the outskirts of Dieppe there lived an elderly lady, the name of Beaumaurice, alone with one servant, in a rather solitary house. She was the widow of an officer, and noted for her strength of character and personal courage. The excitement prevailing in the town made no visible impression upon her, though the contrary might have been expected from one in her lonely position. On the 30th of April, Madame Beaumaurice, who had been suffering all day from nervous headache, retired to her bed-chamber about ten o'clock in the evening. Feeling very tired, she sat down in an easy chair to take a little rest. Before her stood the dressing-table, draped with curtains reaching to the floor. A lamp was burning behind her, on a little table. The lady had begun to undress herself when she saw something that stopped the beating of her heart. There appeared on the floor the shadow of a man's hand. The hand had only three fingers! The position of affairs was clear enough; the murderer was concealed under the dressing-table. The lady kept perfectly still and considered what was to be done. After a few moments reflection, she went to the door and called her servant, and asked her, as soon as she made her appearance—"Marie do you know where M. Bernard lives?" "Yes, madame." "I had quite forgotten that I have 500 francs to pay to-morrow morning. You had better go at once and get the money." "Very well, madame." "And lest he should hesitate about giving you the notes, I will give you a written order to take to him." The girl waited, and her mistress wrote—"Dear M. Bernard, the murderer of the Rue des Armes and the Rue Grenard is in my house. Come immediately, with two or three gendarmes, and take him into custody.—Helene Beaumaurice." She gave the note to the servant maid and sent her away. Then she sat down again and waited. Yes, the lady sat a whole hour in the room, in the presence of a notorious murderer who lay concealed under her dressing-table. There she sat—calm, cool, and resolute. The shadow of the hand appeared from time to time on the floor—the only token of the dreadful presence. When at length the gendarmes arrived, Jacques Reynaud was taken prisoner, after a desperate struggle, and shortly afterwards paid the penalty of his crimes under the axe of the guillotine.

#### The Real Worth of the Vacation.

The superior man is the man who makes the best use of his natural forces; the inferior person is the one who uses up his vitality in the shortest space of time. This may be a slow way of approaching a great principle, but it is perhaps the most sure method of showing the way to that conservative and rational living which has characterized the wisest people and those who have used life to the best advantage. There is vast power in keeping an equilibrium of forces. The vacation is the time when nature repairs the waste tissues. It seems like idleness to be lolling around listlessly by the seashore or at the country farm or by the mountain side, but it is just that seeming torpor of the faculties, on the part of the brain workers, which does most to recruit wasted energies, and is the best use to which the swiftly fleeting hours of vacation can be put. There is nothing like the extreme of rest to balance the extremes of strain to which bright persons are subjecting themselves in daily life. It can only be met in all of us by such a return to nature that her thousand ministrations to the minds and hearts of men may not be thwarted by our own indiscretion. The great thing is to maintain an equable life, to keep the nerves steady, to hold ourselves in check, and, if vacation can be used in such a way that professional and business people and busy brain workers can find rest for themselves in July and August, the whole community gains by their renewal of the chief forces of life. This is what a wisely-used vacation means for those who are now taking it. It means a mind and body in good repair on the first day of September.

#### DOOM OF IRISH INFORMERS.

### The Fate that has been Meted Out to Them in the Past.

The fate of Bailey, who was murdered in Skipper's alley, Dublin, in the latter end of 1881, should have taught Carey how little dependence he could place upon police protection when his services were no longer required. This Bailey gave information to the authorities which enabled them to make one of the most extensive seizures of arms and ammunition ever achieved by them in Ireland. Twenty-five rifles, ten revolvers, 12,000 rounds of ammunition, an immense store of dynamite, fulminate of mercury, detontating caps, and gunpowder fell into their hands through Bailey's instrumentality. How did the Government reward him? After a fortnight they

#### WITHDREW POLICE PROTECTION

from him, but proffered to pay his fare to London, a generosity which would have lessened the British Exchequer by about \$5. The wretched man begged to be sent out to some distant colony, pleading that his life would be in as much jeopardy in London as in Dublin. The representative of the Crown in Ireland could not dream of becoming responsible for such an extravagance. Bailey was turned adrift, his landlord would not let him back to his miserable tenement. His employer would not give him another hour's work. He was forced with his family into the workhouse. Even there the paupers turned against him and rendered his existence so unendurable that he ventured into the outer world again with the desperate resolve to beg or steal as much as would take him out of the country. Three days after this his body was discovered in Skipper's alley, and two bullets in his head told from what quarter his death sentence had come. No clue has ever been found to justify an arrest for the crime.

Other Irish informers, too, have been

#### UNIFORMLY FOREDOOMED

from the moment they appeared in the witness-box to tender evidence against their former friends. Pierce Nagle was the first traitor of importance in the Fenian ranks. To his revelations were due the conviction of the staff of the *Irish People* newspaper, and the first executive of the Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood—Luby, O'Leary, Kickham, O'Donovan Rossa and the rest. After his nefarious work had been accomplished he disappeared, and for eleven years nothing was heard from him. But the vengeance and hatred of an Irish conspiracy is everlasting, and in 1875 (eleven years after his treachery) it overtook Pierce Nagle. One cold gray autumn morning his corpse was found under a London railway arch, and a huge cheese knife driven through the back and penetrating the heart told that he had not died from natural causes.

Warner, the Cork informer, who was the first to reveal the existence of the seditious spirit in the army, was attacked a year or so subsequently in Clontarf. He was severely wounded, but did not die then, and his assailant, who was taken on the spot, got off with twenty years' penal servitude. Warner's wounds hastened his death, and added to the agony of his last moments. Talbot, to whom the life-long imprisonment of Sergeant McCarthy and other military Fenians was due, escaped for five or six years, but it was only a respite, not a reprieve. He was eventually shot through the head in Hardwicke street, Dublin, after leaving a brothel. He died in terrible pain, which was intensified by the bungling of surgeons who attended him, and who, in probing for the bullet, explored every inch of his cranium. Another military informer, named Meara was shot dead in a public house in Bishop street, Dublin, before he ended his appearances as witness in the court-martial. The last informer who suffered the death penalty previous to Carey was a man named Clarke, who was traced all the way from Mayo to Australia, and shot whilst engaged in ploughing a field.—*Philadelphia Press*.

#### Life on High Olympus.

"Mars!" The colonel lifted his eyes from the map of Gen. Crook's Mexico campaign and said, with an air of celestial weariness, as he caught the gleam of her Tremont Temple spectacles:

"All right, Minerva; make it short and not too hard. March on."

"Why did the State of Massachusetts refuse to sell the syndicate one-half of the Hoosac Tunnel?" asked the blue-eyed maid, holding her fingers in Emerson's "English Traits" to mark the article on "Song and Dance Business Without a Master," she had been reading.

The colonel rubbed his helmet of the shining bronze and awful plume and said he hadn't taken much interest in Massachusetts politics since the Parcs had refused to make Ben Butler a double ell dee, but he supposed they would sell it because there was some sell about it."

"But Hebe said: 'But don't talk so like a mouthing paragrapher, Mars; you make Minerva's.'"

However, Athene pressed the question, and said:

"Juno know the reason yourself, O white-armed Hebe?"

"Oh, don't Boreas with fourth grade examinations," replied the ox-eyed queen of heaven. "If they cancel it they can't sell it, of course."

"But all the gods shouted, 'Construe, construe!' and Hebe said she would not guess anymore if she was to be Saturn in that way."

Ganymede, the barkeeper, coming in for orders, said he didn't know that he caught on just exactly, but he thought it was because one was sellin' a hole, and the other was hole in a cell, whereat all Olympus howled, and told him to crawl up into the hayloft and sleep it off.

"But say, Athene," said Apollo, the celebrated inventor of the naris water which bears his name, "why can't they sell one-half the tunnel?"

"Because they don't half to?" suggested Mercury; but the immortals told him if he couldn't do better than that he'd better go back to the drug store and stick to the thermometer business. And then Athene said:

"Because they have to sell the hole thing if they sell any of it."

A hollow groan, mingled with low calls for "police," swept over the hill.—*San Francisco Argonaut*.

#### Indian Treatment of Mexican Captives.

The five Mexican women and one child recaptured from the Apaches by Gen. Crook were surprised by a band of Apaches under the personal command of Geronimo, about the 10th of May. The Indians, with their captives, travelled incessantly the remainder of the day and all night. They calculated that the next morning after the capture they were at least one hundred miles distant, though they cannot tell in which direction. For three days they were without water, but after that it was found in abundance. The country through which they passed was wild beyond description. At times they were compelled to crawl upon all fours. Their thirst for the first three days nearly drove them crazy, and the Indians would whip and lash them up, and compel them to travel. Toward the last of their captivity their food commenced giving out, and they were put upon ration, a small piece of raw beef being all that was given them. This had to be divided among the six. Mrs. Antonia Hernandez all this time carried her little child in her arms. The Indian children took great pleasure in tormenting him, pinching him, and jabbing sharpened sticks into his sides, giving him great pain. When they remonstrated, Geronimo or his men only laughed at her misery. The last two days of their captivity they had no food at all. There was snow on the mountains. The cold was intense, and the women suffered greatly, almost freezing. The Indians never remained quiet in one spot a day, but were continually moving. They travelled nearly 100 miles a day, going in every direction, but tending generally nearly westward. The captives were abused and maltreated in every possible manner. They were made to work heavily whenever camp was made, and were a general object of abuse and ridicule. The Indians would take up Mrs. Hernandez' little boy, threaten to kill him, and would throw stones at him to the great mental anguish of his mother. One of the women was sent as a hostage of some sort to Chihuahua to make peace. The exposure to cold, thirst, famine and exhaustion from travel and fear of torture was having an effect on the poor women. The first thing they knew they were hustled one day further into the mountains. The next day a brother of Chief Chatte delivered them up to Gen. Crook. As one of them expressed herself when she saw Gen. Crook and the soldiers: "It seemed as if the sky opened and Heaven appeared."—*San Francisco Morning Call*.

#### The Horrors of New York City.

Dwellers in the lake cities, or in any free and open city, with access to the air, have little conception of the suffering of the laboring population in New York. New York has its sea breezes, but they cannot penetrate the narrow streets nor modify the retained heat of the brick walls. They are literally ovens, where the baking is done not by direct fire but by radiated heat. A New York physician says the best place in the world to bake a baby is New York. They melt away every summer. People are so thick in the tenement houses that they breed discomfort and disease and inflict them upon one another. There is no water on the upper floors; or if there is it is tepid. In small rooms six, eight and even ten people are huddled, and they cannot get a draft by opening their doors through. They are handworking people, tired out at night, and the irritated children keep them awake. The streets and roofs are thronged with women striving for a breath of fresh air. Sometimes the mother falls asleep from sheer exhaustion, and policemen have rescued their babies from the gutter in which the little ones tumbled from the mother's relaxed arms. The vermin swarm on hot nights with special virulence. Exasperated by the heat, and vermin and want of rest, the inmates of these places quarrel, and often come to blows. The promiscuity of the sexes driven into a herd to sleep or rest, is the source of immorality.

New York, according to the census, is the greatest manufacturing city in the United States. Nothing that the New York *Tribune's* protection agent, Mr. Porter, can find to say of the English workmen is more horrible than can be told of the tenement districts in New York. And if any English people should care to advocate free trade as the *Tribune* advocates protection, it need only have one of its representatives write up these crowded New York streets in the great manufacturing centre of the United States.

#### A PRIZE STORY.

### It Entitles its Teller to be Called Chief Liar.

It is related that Mr. Sam McCurdy of Louisville, Ky., was sitting 'neath the shade of a tree talking to some friends, when his attention was called to a hen with a brood of young chickens and a large rat that had just emerged from its hole and was quietly regarding the young chickens with the prospect of a meal in view. As the rat came from the hole the house-cat caught sight of it. At the appearance of its ancient enemy, the cat, a Scotch terrier quietly made for the place were the cat stood. At this moment a boy named Andy Quaid came upon the scene. The chickens were not cognizant of being watched by the rat, nor did the rat see the cat, nor the feline dog, who had not noticed the coming of the boy.

A little chick wandered too nigh and he was seized by the rat, which in turn was pounced upon by the cat and the cat was caught in the mouth of the dog. The rat would not cease his hold on the chicken, and the cat, in spite of the shaking she was getting from the dog, did not let go the rat. It seemed to the boy that the rat was about to escape after a time, and getting a stone he hurled it at the colony. The stone struck the dog right between the eyes. The terrier released his grip on the cat and fell over dead. It had breathed its last before the cat in turn let go of the rat and turned over and died. The rat did not long survive the enemy, and beside the side of the already dead chicken he laid himself down and gave up the ghost.

The owner of the dog was so angry at his death that he is said to have come near making the story complete by killing the boy that killed the dog that shook the cat that caught the rat that bit the chicken in a yard on Clay street.—*Louisville Courier Journal*.

#### "May I?"

When she was asked to express an opinion on some trivial matter she looked timidly round with her clear gray eyes upon each of the masculine persons and said: "May I?"

Here we had the ivy and the oak reduced to practice.

Every man in that group grew an inch or two in stature and in girth without knowing it. A new magnanimity stirred in him and he cried: "Certainly! certainly!"

I have met that "May I" woman a good many times since, and she always walked over the stoniest places of life with sylph-like comfort, for all the masculine persons put their necks down for her to step upon.

She is the superb phantom of the social circle, the mistress of the mob, the empress of the masculine persons everywhere.

Your ordinary masculine person doesn't want to be conjured. He wants to be caajoled. And in every set of pretty women who tyrannize with their black eyes and coerce with their saucy conduct there is one gray-eyed "May I" creature who looks up all the men's hearts; and then in her own sweet and docile way, tortures and puns and burns them afterwards, without so much as a protesting squeak.

Don't ask me to name them all. I have one in my mind now who cling to an observer with the delicacy of a tear and the sweet softness of an odor. But she put \$200 a week in the bank and always said to the receiving teller with a winning pathos: "May I?"

And the receiving teller, feeling a thrill of masculine sympathy, always responded with an assuring "Certainly."

Such superb women are created to keep alive the masculine ideal of woman.

It would utterly die out if men could not go at intervals and refresh their memories with the angelic, impalpable character, set like a laurent flume on a most palpable physique.

I admire the "May I" woman. She not only wears an expression that, as Emerson says, appears to be looking for something better than she has ever found, but her innocent conduct always assures us that she has found something better than she has ever looked for.—*New York World*.

#### A Plucky Fool.

A curious bet which was made by two New Yorkers one day this week illustrates, as well as possible, the point which has been reached in dressing at the Branch. During the afternoon concert at the West End the son of a wealthy banker appeared in a curious combination of clothing which attracted attention from everyone. Not to be outdone in this respect, another young fellow immediately repaired to his room, and shortly afterward emerged in an entirely different suit. The coat was a seal brown, with a large green collar trimmed with braid full two inches wide, while the trousers were "polka-dot," but so large were the "dots" that they might easily be mistaken for saucers. His appearance created a general laugh among the people assembled on the veranda, and he indignantly asked one of his friends to explain the cause of it. In reply the young man offered to bet fifty dollars that he dared not enter the dining-room that evening in such a dress. The bet was made, and, as it soon became noised about, everybody was looking for him during the dinner hour. The doors of the dining room had hardly opened when he made his appearance, looking somewhat nervous and sheepish, but nevertheless dressed in the same suit. After gazing anxiously around the room as if trying to gather courage for a final effort, he walked boldly down the room and took his accustomed seat in the rear. It was indeed a victory over the crowd, and as he walked from the room two or three people applauded him.—*Long Branch Letter in Philadelphia Press*.

#### Joaquin Miller on the Model Farm, Ontario.

The Province pays \$30,000 a year to maintain a school for the practical education of farmers. This school turns out annually from 200 to 300 well disciplined and splendidly equipped men to take charge of the most important, healthy and altogether honorable pursuit on earth. We, in the States, are accustomed to think if a man is fit for nothing else he can settle down on a farm and get on. We have made the farm the last refuge of the tramp. They here are making the farm the first place for the true gentleman. And this is right. We must have one of these institutions in every State of our Union, a dozen if necessary, to dignify and make easy and intelligent the office of the farmer. The trade of war is out of date, the lawyer's office is of doubtful calling, for what does it give to the world in return for his bread? The doctor's place is hardly desirable for a refined nature; but the Canadians have decided that the farmers hold the world on their shoulders and are standing truly by them. They have altogether more than eighty associations devoted to the culture and development of stock and grain. The Province of Quebec has an institution not widely unlike that of Guelph, Ont., only on a smaller scale. I did not visit this, but am told that it is conducted entirely by a lady. The Province pays \$5,000 bounty towards its maintenance. As against them we have only little to show except the school in Michigan. Yet it is true that we have many institutions that profess farming. But I fear they do not practice it as at this model farm. Of course I cannot enter into details or attempt to digest the big book making their annual report on this place. But I may say as a cardinal idea they seek to be solidly practical; severely so; to keep the feet of the students down firmly down on the hard earth. They ignore Greek and all such nonsense, and try to teach common sense. Yet no ignoramus is admitted here by a seat deal. Each applicant must be at least 16 years old, must be of sound morals and good health and pass a very severe matriculation examination if not a graduate of the many high schools in the country.

Joseph Cook hopes the day will come when "we shall have only one postage-stamp for the whole world." And then a nice fix we'd be in if some fellow should fold that one up in his vest pocket, and perspiringly fuse it against a small square of hard tobacco and two or three newspaper clippings. And that is just what would happen if the world got down to its last stamp.