

## A NEGRO'S TREACHERY.

The Terrible Massacre of Bianchi's Expedition in Africa.

Signor Luccardi, correspondent of the Milan Society of Exploration in Africa, has sent from Massowah the following summary, dated Dec. 12, 1884, of Signor Naretti's report confirming the news of the massacre of the expedition led by Signor Bianchi: "From Mavaja Bianchi and his companions continued their journey into the country of Mohammed d'Auffar d'Aussa. During the first stage they were surrounded by Danakils, but frightened them away with a few shots and breworks. The next morning seven Danakils approached, and the travellers told their guide, Mandaitu, to ask what they wanted. After a long conversation the guide returned, saying that the Danakils wanted to make peace and be friends, and declared that they were ready to show the travellers where water was to be found, and to conduct them as far as Assab. Bianchi accepted this offer, and allowed the Danakils to stay in the tent and eat and drink with them and his companions. Bianchi said to them: 'If you are our friends, I beg you to tell me whether you know where our friends Giuletti and his party died.' One of the Danakils answered: 'We know the place. It is not far from here and the place where we shall camp to-night.' The party then left the golemu far behind to the right, and, passing the volcano, advanced to the north-west and camped in the evening. Bianchi, M-nari, and Diani, with the seven friendly Danakils and the guide, then went to the spot where Giuletti and his companions were killed to search for their remains. They found and took with them a few bones, returning to the camp, where they passed a quiet night. In the morning they raised the camp, and at that moment a quarrel arose between Mandaitu and the natives, whom Bianchi and his companions, with the help of a servant, managed to separate, and the journey was continued. They arrived at evening at a place called Rovack, which is still in the region of Mavaja. There, on the summit of an elevation, near a small lake, they camped. Bianchi and his companions ascended to the top-most point, and exclaimed, 'here is Assab; we are very near!' and joyfully returned to the camp. The Danakils had taken with them a fine white cow as a present, and this was killed for supper. Afterward the whole party began to talk and laugh, but the travellers were on their guard, and had placed some slaves and an Abyssinian servant outside to watch, while Bianchi's own faithful servant went to and fro. Towards 2 o'clock in the morning some noise was heard outside the camp. The travellers were taken by surprise. Bianchi had only time to call his faithful servant, 'Ciufa! Ciufa! who on entering the tent was the first to be killed. Diana wounded a savage in the leg before he himself fell. The guide Mandaitu was only slightly wounded with a lance, and on his calling out, 'I am Mandaitu! I am Mandaitu!' the chief of the Danakils told his followers to let the man live, as he was one of them. The servants outside the tent shot a native, but in their turn were all massacred. This occurred about the 7th or 8th of October. In the morning, when the Danakils found that Mandaitu was wounded, they gave him twenty cows and thirty sheep, and carried him into his own country, also called Mandaitu, and only two days' journey from Siket. This," continues Signor Luccardi, "is the sad story related by Naretti. It seems to me that Mandaitu, who misled Bianchi and his companions, is the chief traitor. I therefore wrote yesterday to King John, begging him if he wished to please the king of Italy, to try and take Mandaitu, as he was so near Siket, and send him to Italy at the disposition of the Italian government."

### His Big Friend.

A crowd gathered on a wharf in San Francisco had an opportunity to see a dog rescue another dog from drowning, and go about his work as intelligently as if he had been the trained officer of a humane society. The *Alta* says: A small terrier dog fell from the stringer of the wharf into the bay. He swam around for some time in a circle, and many plans were suggested for his rescue, but none of them proved practical. The little creature seemed doomed to a watery grave, for he was fast becoming exhausted. The female portion of the audience was much exercised, and gave many expressions of pity. Just at the moment that all hopes of saving the terrier were given up, the bark of a dog in the crowd attracted attention, and there appeared upon the stringer in front of the wharf, a large Newfoundland. He saw the little fellow in the water, and with a low wail he ran to and fro along the wharf for a moment or two, and then, to the surprise of every one present, he sprang into the water and at once swam to the terrier. Seizing him by the neck with his teeth, and after swimming about for some time, he sighted the new sea-wall extension, about a hundred yards distant, for which he headed. Upon landing his burden on terra firma, the Newfoundland gave two or three sharp barks, and seemed to be proud of what he had done. It was some time before the terrier was able to gain strength to walk away. One of the witnesses of the strange sight, patting the Newfoundland dog, said, "This dog is mine, and I would not take one thousand dollars for him at this moment." George Augustus Sala is the son of an Italian gentleman and a once famous English singer. He is fifty-six years old, and has had an immense experience of the world.

## READABLE ITEMS.

Callorn's Raisins.—The Tichborne Claimant.—Death Rate in England.—The Duke of Buccleuch, &c. &c.

A Vermont farmer made a net profit of \$43 50 from the produce of a single hen turkey during the past season. This is equal to 100 bushels of wheat in Kansas at 43 cents per bushel, with this difference: It would cost as much to raise and harvest the wheat as it would bring, while the proceeds of the turkey were gain.

A two-and-a-half-year-old child wandered away from his home at Moccasin Springs, Utah, a few days ago, and after traveling several miles through a deep snow and sleeping one night in the mud, it was found, forty-six hours after starting, badly frost-bitten, but in such a condition that by good treatment and nourishment it soon recovered.

The London *Echo* says: "While our navy is reported to be gone to the dogs, and the national industries are supposed to be following the navy, it must fill every well-conditioned Briton's heart with delight and pride to learn from the papers that the repairing and refitting of the royal yacht are just complete. The bill is only £50,000 sterling.

A charitable clergyman of Chicago had a large bundle of half-used clothing made up for disposition by a ladies' missionary society, but when the agents of the latter called at the clergyman's house they were given by mistake a bundle prepared for laundryman, and by the time the error was discovered the family wash was on its way many miles toward the Northwest.

A peculiar article produced by the negroes of Georgia is called by them persimmon bread. Five pounds of it, it is said, will make nearly a barrel of agreeable and non-intoxicating beer. The persimmons are gathered when thoroughly ripe, the mass is kneaded till it is of the consistency of bread dough, made into a cake, and then put into an oven and baked. It will keep all winter, and can be used until late in the spring.

Churchill's Medical Directory gives the number of doctors in Great Britain at the end of 1884 at 21,381, as against 19,947 in 1882. In London the increase has been 12 per cent., so that the metropolis now has a doctor to every 880 inhabitants. But England turns out very many more doctors than it retains. In 1882 over 1,500 registered practitioners resided abroad, and in 1884 they numbered over 1,900, an increase of 26 per cent. in two years. Altogether there are now over 25,000 doctors holding British certificates.

There are in existence rather more than forty Egyptian obelisks. Of these England possesses 7; America, 1; Germany, 1; France, 2; Italy (including Rome, which has 12), 17, and Constantinople, 2. The remainder, many of which are fallen or broken, are still in Egypt. The smallest is the Lepsius obelisk in the Royal Museum at Berlin, which is two feet one and a half inches high, and weighs 200 pounds; the largest, unfinished, of Assouan, still in quarries at Syene, the estimated weight of which is more than 1,500,000 pounds.

In the twenty-eight large towns of England—containing an aggregate of 9,000,000 of population—the death rate for 1884 was 19.3 per 1,000, being 1.4 below the mean rate in the ten years ending in 1833. The rates for 1881-2-3 were 18.9, 19.6, and 19.5. The decline has been, according to the *Lancet*, coincident with the Public Health acts of 1872, and 1875. From 1840 to 1870 the rate was practically stationary at 22.4; from 1871 to 1875 it declined to 22, and in 1876-80 fell to 20.08. In the first four years of the current decade it fell to 19.3, and the death rate in forty-three previous years. The effect of these reductions is to add two years to the life of every male and three and a half to the life of every female born in England.

The saltpetre beds of Nevada are better situated for the development of their deposits than the desert entirely devoid of water and all vegetable life, and where the developments can be accomplished only by surmounting many difficulties; the provisions of the miners have to be transported from long distances; the water supply for all purposes is condensed from the ocean water and carried to the nitre fields, while fuel has to be procured from the mountains in the south of Chili. In Nevada, we are told, the saltpetre deposits are in the vicinity of a rich farming country, with an abundant supply of water and wood close at hand, and the nitre can be furnished at prices considerably cheaper than that for which the South American article can be obtained.

Edmund Yates fares less agreeably than did Leigh Hunt, when the latter was imprisoned in 1812-14 for calling the Prince of Wales "An Onion of 50." By his own taste and the attentions of his friends Hunt's prison cell was transformed into an elegant apartment, adorned with bookcases, busts, and flowers; luxuries of many kinds were showered upon him, and he was cheered by visits from such men as Byron, Shelley, Keats, Moore, Lamb, and Hazlitt. Poor Yates, on the other hand, is to be put on an allowance of half a pint of wine, or one pint of malt liquor per day; visits from friends must be arranged by the visiting magistrates, and he can receive only one newspaper daily. His letters are to be regulated by the Governor's orders. He is to take exercise by himself in the first-class misdemeanor's ground, to rise at 6:30, and to retire at 9:15.

Some of the British peers are very wealthy, as for instance the new Duke of Buccleuch. The entailed estates in

Scotland to which he has just succeeded extend to upward of 450,000 acres, and include the magnificent seats of Bowhill, Drumlanrig Castle, and Dalkeith Palace. The present annual rental is about £170,000, which is at least 20 per cent. less than the return of ten years ago. The Duke also comes into the Boughton estates, in Northants, near Kettering, and he gets a property in Warwickshire, near Rugby, the two being now worth about £28,000 a year. The Duke's pier at Granton brings in £10,000 a year, his min rals and quarries a re worth nearly as much, and he owns valuable urban properties in Midlothian. The Duke will receive about £500,000 from his father's personal estate. His income, therefore, will be about £270,000, on which pittance even a Duke can live handsomely.

### Narrow Escape.

Positions in the service of railroads at certain points in the extreme west and south-west are sometimes filled at the not infrequent peril of the lives of those who have their duties to discharge. A man who recently occupied such a position tells a thrilling story of one of his experiences. He had never been really in danger but once, and that was at Granada on the Santa Fe road, when it was first opened. He says, "I was in the office in the evening, getting ready to close up, when four or five rough, hard-looking men came in. They didn't say much, but seemed to be looking the ground over. We were always on the lookout for such dangerous looking fellows, and as the machine connected with the telegraph was ticking, I pretended that somebody was asking me a question. 'I laughed a little, and seized the key I called for the agent at the station where the express stopped for water and ticked off the words: 'Don't stop the express at Granada to-night, whether signalled here or not. Robbers here.' The men eyed me sharply, but said nothing. The sounder kept up a merry click, and I leaned back in the chair. They remained at the station for half an hour and then one of them asked me what time the train was due. 'Eleven five,' I said. 'Well, we wait,' one of them replied. I told him that I would signal it.

"About 10.30 I got out the red lantern and lighted it. Just as I got it fixed two of the men jumped at me with revolvers in their hands and said they would save me the trouble. While one of them covered me with a pistol, the others tied me flat on my back to a settee. I couldn't move head or foot. 'After they had tied me there I began to think what sort of a scrape I had got myself in. The train would come presently and would go flying by, and then those cut throats would murder me in revenge. I had hardly thought this over when I heard a sharp whistle and a roar. 'The men ran out' to the platform with marks on and revolvers in hand. One of them had the lantern, which he swung vigorously. In going out on the platform they left the door open, so that I could see them distinctly. 'I began to hope that the train would stop, for I knew that it contained men enough to overpower the robbers, if not taken too much by surprise. 'The roar came nearer and nearer, until at last I knew by the sound that the train was not going to stop. With the whistle blowing at full blast and the dust flying in clouds, it swept by like a streak of lightning. 'My time had come, I thought. The robbers dropped the lantern and began to swear. Then I could hear them talking, and pretty soon I made up my mind that the train had stopped down the road, and that the robbers were watching it. 'Before long they took to their heels, mounted their horses and were gone, and when some men came up from the train to the depot, armed with Winchesters, I was the only occupant. 'They released me, and I told them what had happened. Two of them stayed with me, and the train went on. If any express ever came any nearer being robbed than that one, I'd like to know it."

### An Ocean Waif.

Every day something turns up to call forth the remark that truth is stranger than fiction. The London papers are advertising for the coming forward of the parents or relatives of a child whose nurse was washed off the deck of an English steamer and drowned, leaving scarcely a clue to the identification of her charge. But this is not so strange a fact as that associated with an adopted daughter of the Hon. F. G. Hay, recently deceased. During a life of strange experiences, Mr. Hay was once a common sailor in the English navy, and at the time of his death was an officer of the British-India Steam Navigation Company.

One of the company's steamers was a few miles off Aden. Mr. Hay was in command of the watch about four a. m., when he fancied he noticed a boat adrift and that he heard a faint scream. He at once stopped the vessel, lowered a boat and proceeded to search for the castaway. He was rewarded by discovering the dead body of a lady and a living child tied together in a boat, which was half full of water.

The child he adopted, and she is now in the charge of his family. Oddly enough, he was never able to discover her birth or parentage, or even the name of the vessel on which she had been a passenger. This sounds like a chapter from a sensational romance, but it is true, notwithstanding.

Count Pahlen, a Russian nobleman well known in English society, who has just died at the age of ninety-six, once won a hundred thousand dollars at a sitting from Prince John Lichtenstein.

## ALL SORTS.

Running expenses—Children.  
A club house—The police station.  
An i-deal person—The poet.  
A great wag—A goat's tail.  
The opium joints should be dislocated.  
A rolling mill—A rough and tumble prize fight.  
A conscientious milkman never wears pumps.

"Nevada is God's own country," said a returning emigrant, "and I'm not going to dispute possession with Him."

Of the 32,000 Indians in Darota 30,000 are said to speak the English language almost as well as an imported theatrical star.

The pulsation of a cat's heart is said to be from 110 to 120 per minute. This must be during a lull in the shower of bootjacks.

Says an epigrammatic writer: "Waste in feeding is criminal." And he might have added, the more feeding, the more waist.

"Here you are!" shouted a vendor of toy balloons; "here you are! A little one for ascent!" But all the same it cost a dime to get one.

The old lady who asked for a gold ring sixteen parsadys fine was probably related to the elderly gentleman who said his daughter was attending the conservatory of music.

Will those persons who mourn over the good old times which are gone, be so good as to fix the date of those times? Then we can look at the record for the evidence.

"It is easy to see that that man has never served on a jury before," remarked an old lawyer in court to a friend. "Why?" his unprofessional friend inquired. "Because he pays such close attention to the evidence."

"A sociable man is one who, when he

has ten minutes to spare, goes and bores somebody who hasn't," says an exchange. This item is correct except in respect to the number of minutes the sociable man has to spare.

### A Shower of Beetles.

Men who go down to the sea in ships most decidedly do some strange sights, nor are the yarns they spin a whit less strange. No exception to the rule of sailors is Commodore Temple of the United States navy, who, some nights ago, sailing on the vasty deep, heard a pattering as of a heavy rain falling on deck. He got up to reconnoitre and found himself assailed with missiles on all sides which he at first took to be hailstones, but which proved to be beetles. The commodore was so disconcerted by this that he "piped all hands;" but, as our contemporary from whose columns we read this marvellous tale says, the men no sooner came on deck and got struck by the flying beetles than they bolted in terror. The captain determined to have the matter out, though his face was well nigh pounded to a jelly, besides being bitten and stung. He discovered that he was sailing through the midst of a shower of beetles, which seemed to get thicker every minute. In fact, the living storm got so dense that he was unable to see a pipe-lighter when he applied it to the end of his meerschaum.

The insects swarmed down into the cabin and engine-room and completely stopped the machinery. After an hour of this sort of fun the storm passed over. It was then found that the beetles, which were not much bigger than a grasshopper, covered the deck in a solid mass to the depth of two feet, while the yards and shrouds were smeared with them, smashed to a sort of yellow paste. It was fully a day before the sailors could quite rid the ship of them, and a large shoal of fish swam behind the vessel, waiting to swallow the "squash bugs" as they were pitched overboard.

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