A HORRIBLE DISH.

Child Cooked and Served to a Picnic Party

BY AN INSANE NEGRESS.

The Horrified People Burn the Woman Alive.

A Savannah, Ga., despatch says: The full account of the Tatnall county cannibal affair is as follows: A few days ago some of the colored people in the lower end of the county held a picnic. They had engaged a cook and general overseer of the culinary department an old negro woman. Great preparations had been made for the festivities and the sport ran high. It was a hungry band that gathered for dinner and awaited the summons. It was served at last, and the merry-makers fell to with a will. Hardly had the edibles begun to disappear, when a strange hush fell upon the boisterous group; one had been served to a piece of meat that clung to a small human bone. It did not look like anything he had ever seen come from a frying-pan before and he showed it to his neighbor. The other looked at it attentively for a moment. "It is the finger of a child," he said.

There was a sensation which quickly spread into a panic. A hasty examination of other plates was made. More fingers were found, and pieces of meat that were evidently human flesh were held upon forks and gazed at by the now thoroughly excited negroes. They stared at each other in a frightened way, and then there was a simultaneous break for the cabin, in which the cook had prepared the meal. She met them at the door, brandishing a large knife. A wild light—like that of a maniac—gleamed from her eyes. The crowd passed as the knife was flourished over their heads, all but one, a woman, who rushed forward with a shriek, "My child; what have you done with my child?" There was no answer from the old cook. "I left it here in her charge," cried the excited mother, appealing to the friends about her. "Where is my child? She has killed it." With fiendish yells the dusky army, fired by her agonizing cries, bore down upon the cook and in spite of her frantic struggles tore the knife from her grasp. Evidence of the murder were about them, there was blood on the floor and the table was smeared with it. The living child was not here to be seen, but in its place was a portion of a little human body which had been taken from the oven. Pieces of flesh had been carved from it. The excitement among the searchers was of the wildest kind. They tore everything to pieces in the cabin in their fury. It was plain enough that the old woman had murdered the child there, and had cooked half of the body. Where was the other half? There were drops of blood across the floor. Some one, less excited than the rest, followed the tell-tale trail. It led to a barrel just outside and behind the shanty. A shout informed his companions that the missing portion had been found. They rushed out to find him pulling it from the barrel, where it had been salted down. Then there was a general cry for vengeance, and the frenzied shouts rang through the trees. Some suggested lynching, but there was no rope. Others wanted to hack her in pieces with the same knife that took the life of the little child. Still another cried "Burn her!" and the cry was taken up and repeated until all in the excited crowd were crying "Burn her! burn her!" She fought like a wild beast. She crouched and struggled, and used her teeth and hands. But her captors were too many to cope with successfully, and she was led out to the slaughter kicking and shrieking. They dragged her to a tree and bound her tightly to it. Then they heaped brush around her and fired it in a dozen places. A circle of fire surrounded her, and from the midst of it she begged for mercy one moment and shrieked her imprecations the next; and around her stood the excited negroes watching the flames as they scorched her flesh and seized upon her clothing and enveloped her in a sheet of fire. It was a scene too terrible to paint, but not one of them took their eyes from her until she fell into the ashes a blackened corpse. The woman was undoubtedly insane.

WHO THREW THE BOMB?

The Party Identified by a Witness—Spies Also Said to be There.

A Chicago despatch says: In the Anarchist trial yesterday, H L Gilmer, a painter, testified that he arrived at the Haymarket at 4 45 o'clock. At the corner of Desplaines and Randolph streets, he saw the waggon occupied by the speakers. Fielden was speaking. The witness saw some one leave the waggon and steal towards the alley, where four or five persons were conversing. Witness was at the mouth of the alley. At that moment some one cried out "Here comes the police." Then the man who had left the waggon and joined the parties in the alley lit a match and, placing it against something held in the hand of one of the persons, a fuse began to fizzle, and immediately thereafter the bomb was thrown. Witness was shown the picture of Schaubeil and recognized it as that of the man who threw the bomb. "You say a man came from the waggon and joined this group, can you recognize any of the defendants besides that man?" "Yes, that is the man—pointing at Spies." When Spies was pointed out he displayed great and palpable agitation. "Do you recognize any of the remaining defendants composing any part of that group?" "Yes, that man there was one of the group." The witness pointed out Fischer. Gilmer said he thought he saw Schwab near the waggon. Counsel for the defendants sharply cross-examined witness but was baffled at every point. The Anarchists, particularly Spies and Fischer, appeared to be completely borne down by the damaging character of the evidence.

Latest from Ireland.

Lord Templemore has made his Dunbroody tenants an offer of 15 per cent. reduction.

Extra police, to the number of eighty-five, have been drafted into Killarney, and a large number have also been drafte into Kenmare.

Everywhere in Carlow the harvest prospects are most encouraging. Potatoes and oats are likely to be exceptionally heavy crops.

On July 8th an old man named John Clarke while eating his dinner in the house of a relative in Peter street, Drogheda, was choked by a piece of meat lodging in his throat.

At Armagh Assizes, Hugh Daley, a farmer, charged with having murdered his wife by kicking her to death at Black Watertown on May 24th, was sentenced to penal servitude for life.

A lamentable occurrence is reported from Spiddale, about fifteen miles from Galway. Dr. Brodie, a dispensary doctor, shot his wife while suffering from the effects of drink, to which he had been addicted.

Bees Take Part in an Election.

At Luton, yesterday, July 8th, while polling was in active progress, a swarm of bees belonging to Mr. Latchmore, banker, left their hives and made for the door of the Corn Exchange, which was the polling station, eventually settling on a lamp post close by. The polling agents beat a hasty retreat, while the crowd fled in all directions. The excitement continued until a man climbed the lamp-post and captured the bees by covering them with a box.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

ARGYLL'S CROFTERS.

The Boycott and Agitation the Cause of the Trouble,

AT LEAST THE DUKE SAYS SO

A London cable says: The difficulty with the crofters at Tiree is assuming an acute shape. Military preparations are being made to reduce the island to obedience. Mr. MacFarlane, the crofter member who was defeated at the late elections, this morning attacks the Duke of Argyll as responsible for the trouble at Tiree, by consolidating small holdings into great farms, thereby doing great injustice to the islanders. The Duke has written a brief letter, which will appear in the *Times* to-morrow, plumply contradicting the assertion of Mr. MacFarlane. The Duke authorizes the statement that the present trouble is due to the determination of the landlord of Tiree to protect one of the tenants, recently a crofter, against boycotting by the local Land League.

The Duke states that this crofter is able to command capital enough to enable him to take over stock and cultivate a small dairy farm. The farm was held by a family now settled in Australia and doing well. The girl of this family wished to take the farm last year. She had so much sense that the Duke directed the farm to be let to her, but her brother, an engineer from New Zealand, persuaded her that she would do better there. She went, leaving the farm vacant. The crofter referred to desired to improve his condition and family by taking it. He was the brother of the late President of the local Free Land League. The members of the Land League were so incensed at this step, which they regarded as likely to encourage landlordism, that they ordered a boycott and sent threatening letters to the crofter and the Duke's agent, whose life for some time was in danger. Furthermore they displaced from position the President of the Land League a brother crofter, and insisted that the land should be broken up into small and inadequate holdings again. It is the conviction of the Duke that the local Land League wishes to prevent anything like prosperous development to the tenants in Tiree, the hope being common with Land Leagues in Ireland and of similar organizations throughout Scotland to attack the principle of landlordism.

The Duke does not expect there will be any serious attempt at armed resistance to the military force the Liberal Government has despatched to restore order. As an illustration in regard to the condition to which the island has been reduced, in the Duke's opinion, by the operation of the Land League, he cites the case of two policemen, who being driven out of the island a few days ago, found themselves on a steamer returning with a third person, whom they arrested as soon as the mainland was reached, the reason being not of any particular connection with the uprising of the crofters, but charged with the scuttling of a ship many months ago and who has been living in perfect safety at Tiree, because no constables would venture to arrest him.

A difficult job is before the new Government in bringing about a "new reign of law," to use the phrase made popular by the Duke's book. The military demonstrations made against the crofters last year, while it put a stop upon violent outrages, has not been so followed up by strict and impartial administration as to secure the regular operation of authority on that island, consequently the poor rates have not been paid over in a great part of Skye, and recently it has been found necessary for the local bankers and proprietors to advance money to carry on the poor houses, in order to prevent paupers from actual starvation, while many of the schoolmasters throughout the island have not received their stipend for some time past. The importance of the Tiree troubles, in the mind of the Duke, resides in their representative character, as they simply give local expression to the general disturbance of ideas throughout the British islands. Among certain classes of the population, the terms land and rights of property in land—looked at from this point—are of more importance than might be inferred from the direct confusion and trouble caused by them, and the Duke is inclined to attribute them less to any suffering or distress among the people than to the spirit of agitation on these subjects such as was fomented originally in the United States and since then in Great Britain by Mr. Henry George and his followers.

ELIZA'S TURN NOW.

A Crop of Suits Arising Out of the Pall Mall-Armstrong Case.

A London cable says: The *Evening News* says the parents of Eliza Armstrong, the young girl who figured so conspicuously in the *Pall Mall Gazette* exposures, have arranged to bring suits for $40,000 damages against Mr. Stead, the former editor of the *Gazette*, its publishers and General Booth, of the Salvation Army. The claim will be for libel on the girl's parents and for assaulting the child. The action threatened by Mrs. Armstrong embraces six suits. Eliza proposes to sue Mr. Stead for $5,000 for libel, assault and false imprisonment, and Mr. Thompson, the proprietor, and Mr. Lambert, the printer of the *Gazette*, together for $5,000 for libel. The parents of the girl threaten to sue Messrs. Thompson and Lambert for $7,500 for libel and Mr. Stead for $8,500 for libel and loss of their daughter's services. Mr. Armstrong and Eliza will jointly sue Mr. Bramwell Booth for $5,000 for assault and wrongful detention or imprisonment of the girl, and for loss of her services. Then Eliza will sue Dr. Smith for $5,000 on a charge of assault and causing distress both of mind and body. The preliminary steps in the suits have all been taken.

Bugs Take Possession of the Village.

A Patchogue (L I) despatch says: Last night this village was invaded by a species of flying bug. The insects swarmed in such numbers that all the stores in the principal business block were compelled to close up an hour before the usual time. So long as a light remained in the buildings the bugs kept up a continual attack upon windows and lamp globes. The bugs were about an inch long and three quarters of an inch in diameter, with hard shelly backs. The oldest inhabitant never saw anything like it.

A Corner in Whiskey.

A Louisville (Ky.) despatch says: It is stated that a syndicate has been formed with a capital of $1 000 000 to corner the markets for Kentucky and Bourbon whiskey. Sanior & Son, Cincinnati, and E. H. Taylor, of Frankfort, are named as organizers of the syndicate, and it is said they have bought up nearly all the whiskey of the years 1879 to 1883, inclusive, some 77,000 barrels.

There will be a veritable "man-milliner" in the new British Parliament in the person of Mr. Isaacson, Tory member for Stepney, whose business *alias* is Mme. Elise, of Regent street. His millinery establishment is very fashionable and profitable.

Mme. Sembrich has offered to sing in American concert halls, but now that Patti has decided to come back the other "stars" should mind that their managers pay them immense sums before they leave Europe. The fear seems to exist that the large prices paid to hear the greatest living vocalist will make the public less anxious to patronize other artists, and so these vocalists want their salaries in advance.

CANNIBALISM AT LABRADOR.

Terrible Story of Cannibalism, Starvation and Death.

A St. John's (Nfld.) despatch says: The schooner Nancy Barrett has just put in here bringing the latest reports from the Labrador coast. A despatch from White Bay says that whalers report that Hudson Bay Strait has either been frozen over again—an unprecedented occurrence at this season—or has become choked with floating ice and is solid. A large number of Arctic bears, driven south by starvation, have crossed over from Pennyland, and are devastating the country. They number over 1,000, and have appeared near Cape Mugford. What little is left of the stores of that region has been seized upon by these voracious animals. The Indians in that locality are eating their dead companions. Those who die among the white settlers are buried secretly to keep the Esquimaux from getting them. The graves are all disguised.

A St John's, Nfld., special says: Hergeatis Yer, one of the Esquimaux who arrived here on the Nancy Barrett from Okkab, Labrador, says the population of seal settlements was nearly 130, but when he left with his wife not a soul remained. Early in March the food gave out, every drop of oil and bit of seal skin was utilized, and at rare intervals bear was killed, but finally the supplies were quite exhausted. On June 3d they had eaten nothing for six days, and goaded by hunger they feasted upon the corpses of several of the whites and a few Indians that had been killed by the cold. When one of their own party died the body was cut open, the entrails were taken out, and the remainder was frozen up for use. From this food terrible dysentery set in among the survivors, and on July 7th there were but sixteen persons left alive. The bodies of over twenty-five were eaten. The sixteen survivors started down the coast in sledges drawn by four dogs, the only living creatures left them. The ponies had been sacrificed to appease hunger long before. When about 24 miles from Cape Mugford a heavy snow-storm set in, and while the party were endeavoring to find their way they were attacked by white bears to the number of 25 or 30, which killed all of the party but two, the survivors being among the number at Cape Mugford.

It is reported that more than one-half of the entire population have died of hunger. Thousands of bears have crossed over from Pennyland, ransacked the shores of Okkab, dug open graves and devoured the dead and attacked the living. They have devastated an immense district, of which the inhabitants, abandoning the smaller settlements, have flocked to the larger fishing points, where they have been followed by hordes of bears and devoured in great numbers. The neighborhood of Hopedale, the centre of a considerable seal-fishing traffic, has also suffered from lack of food and the ferocity of bears and wolves. Within the past two months over 150 persons have perished from cold or hunger, or by falling a prey to the wild beasts. Men driven mad by hunger have fought with bears over the remains of their dead companions, the bears being usually successful and receiving a double repast.

THE DEADLY PICNIC.

Fifty People Poisoned at a Nova Scotia Picnic.

A (last (Friday) night's Halifax despatch says: Tremendous excitement was created in the city this evening by reports that spread like wildfire, of the whole-sale poisoning of a picnic party at McNab's Island, a pleasure resort down the harbor. The picnic was one held by the Band of Hope, a juvenile temperance organization, and the attendants numbered probably about 1 200, including about 300 small children. About an hour after dinner men, women and children began to take sick, vomiting and complaining of cramps and pains through their bodies. Some lay down on the grass, unable to move their limbs, and had to be carried to a neighboring cottage, where a sort of temporary hospital was improvised. Others took to the woods when their illness came on, and remained there until the steamer returned to the city in the evening. All suffered terribly, some of them continuing ill all the afternoon and evening, and being unable to move; and many of them were at first rendered unconscious. Owing to the sensation caused amongst the picnickers by the affair, and the confusion which followed, it is impossible to obtain a full list of the people affected, but it is believed the sufferers numbered fifty fifty. No fatal results are anticipated through the poisoning. It is not known what was the particular cause of the trouble, some ascribing it to diseased meat, others to ice-cream and others to the water. Some people who partook both of the beef and the ice-cream, however, were not at all affected, while in some cases those who sat by them at the same tables were taken violently ill an hour later. The extraordinary affair completely destroyed the success of the picnic when it was only half over, everybody becoming greatly excited and crowding about the sick people in alarm. Only two of the persons affected were able to walk to their homes after returning to the city, the others being driven off in carriages. Most of those who were ill were grown up people, only three or four of the small children making any complaints. The baf served to the picnickers had been cooked on Tuesday for use next day, but the picnic being postponed it was preserved on ice until to-day.

A Milkman's Last Round.

A Chicago despatch says: A milk waggon with a corpse in the driver's seat, holding the reins, was the ghastly sensation to which the residents of West Twelfth street were treated this morning. Samuel D Newton, residing at No. 44 Ruble street, had delivered milk to the housewives along this street for years. His horse and cart became familiar objects as he daily drove from door to door in the early morning. The horse knew the route as well as his master. The surprise, therefore, was great this morning when the horse would stop at old places but no master would descend from his perch, and the old horse, too, seemed surprised, for, after remaining a few moments near the curb without seeing his driver, he would stare off again.

An officer who was familiar with Newton and his cart noticed that something was wrong and investigated. He hallooed to Samuel without the least attention being paid to him. Coming alongside the horse he stopped him. There sat Samuel, as usual, lines in hand and looking straight ahead. The eyes were open and the face pale. Thinking the man was sick, the officer shook him, and he fell backward among his cans. He was dead, having passed away quietly while going over the route he had travelled for years. The body was laid out at the morgue. Heart disease is the supposed cause of death.

A Living Curiosity.

A Berne cable says: English and American tourists in Switzerland have suddenly discovered an object of interest in a boy aged 14 years, living in the Alkeri Valley, Canton of Zug, and it has become fashionable to visit him. The boy's body from his hips upward has not grown since his birth, and he has retained all the characteristics of infancy in respect of helplessness and inability to take food other than that ordinarily given to very young babies. His arms and legs have grown normally as to length, but are thin and unable to support his body, frail as it is. The parents of this spider like creature are very poor, and the recent frequent visits of rich curiosity seekers, whose pity has rarely failed to take substantial form, has been a God-send to them.

WAR CLOUDS IN EUROPE.

Critical Position of France to Germany Owing to General Boulanger.

A London cablegram says: This afternoon I was favored by a conversation in Parliament street with an experienced public man, whose hand is constantly on the lever of European politics, but whose name I am prohibited from giving. He said: "Home Rule and Parliament will not give the journalists much for discussion and treatment until next winter, but I look to great events in Europe shortly. France and Germany are beginning to make faces at one another, and I should not be surprised that when the crops are gathered at least Germany will move, unless General Boulanger is obliged to take a back seat by his Government, for at present he is nagging Germany. I read the article in last Sunday's *Figaro*, headed "Boulanger, *c'est la guerre*," and especially the references in it to French patriotism and redeeming the return from Metz and Sedan.

"Although the writer signs his name, can one doubt that the inspiration comes from the General whose name is in the head line? The article will irritate Prussia very much, and then some counter attack from the Prussian press will put the French 'on their ears' end.' Boulanger is playing a deep game. He knows he can't last long in power without war. In fact he is a sort of French Skobeleff, ready for anything. "History often repeats itself. If war should break out there will be another holy alliance. It will be like when Louis XVIII. was put on the throne of France. This time I don't doubt that the Comte de Paris will be the new Louis XVIII. to govern dismembered France for the alliance. No doubt they would cut her up in slices.

HOW IT WOULD BE DONE.

"To satisfy Italy's vanity and keep her quiet they would give her back Nice and Savoy. In fact it would be the partition of Poland over again. The talk of an alliance of Russia and France is all moonshine. There can be no real alliance between monarchical and republican forms of government, no more than between a cat and a dog. The monarchical party is bound to suffer from such an alliance. Remember France and your United States when Louis XVI. joined them. He thereby signed his death warrant and prepared the way for the French revolution. Russian statesmen are too far sighted not to see this.

RUSSIAN WANTS.

"What Russia wants is the Black Sea for her fleets and Constantinople for her winter capital. Russia can do this by holding Austria in check with promises of a larger Southern boundary, even to the sea. As for France, I think she will fight like a tiger as bay to regain her lost possessions and to carry the banner of democracy through the Continent of Europe. The First Napoleon could have done this, but, unfortunately for Europe, he was far from being a Washington, although he had Washington's good example before him. He cared only for himself and his glory, and not for the people who placed him where he was. It is Lord Salisbury's Foreign Secretary, and not his Irish Secretary, in the Cabinet now forming who may have most to do in the next six months."

A ROMANTIC STORY.

Lovers Divided by the Franco-Prussian War United at Last.

A New York despatch says: Mayor Whitney, at his office in Brooklyn, married to-day Herman Krautz and Anna Eschenbach. Prussian war medals decorated the groom's breast, and something unusual about their demeanor led to questioning which developed a romantic story. Herman and Anna lived at Friedenstedds, on the Rhine, and he was 18 years old when the Franco-Prussian war broke out. He marched off to fight for the vaterland, and his sweetheart rode after him in one of the waggons of the Red Cross Hospital corps. A Gravelotte a fragment of shell struck Herman, and when the soldiers came round after the battle to bury the dead he was put into a shallow pit with twenty or thirty other bodies. Grief at the news of his death drove Anna out of her mind, and, wandering on the battlefield, she sought the pit in which he had been buried and dug out his body. Soldiers came upon her and forcibly carried her off to the hospital, where she was sent back to Germany, but they did not bother to reinter the body she had resurrected. That night it rained heavily and Herman was revived by it. He was nursed back to life, but a portion of the skull pressing upon the brain made him insane. Anna recovered her reason, and thinking him dead came to live with her father in America. Last fall a celebrated German doctor examined Herman, and, by trepanning, restored him to reason. He made inquiries about his betrothed, and, discovering her location in Brooklyn, wrote to her and learned that she was free and loved her still. A week ago he reached America, and to-day's wedding ends the story for the present.

INFANT TRAVELLER.

Only 2 Years Old and Has Made Three Transatlantic Trips.

A New York despatch says: Jack Costello, 2 years of age, has just arrived in this city on the steamer City of Chester from Ireland. This was young Mr. Costello's third voyage across the ocean. His father left a young wife in Ireland and came to this country to make a home for his family. A year ago a woman came to Castle Garden and told Fr. Riordan that Costello was going to marry another woman. The priest wrote to Ireland about it and Mrs Costello and the baby came right over to see about it. She found that the story was entirely false, having been started, out of spite, by a woman Costello wouldn't marry. The home, however, was not yet made, and the little family had a hard time to get along. Finally, young Jack was sent back as a steerage passenger to his grandmother in Ireland. Lately Costello's circumstances have improved, and he sent for the young heir to come to America again, which the youth did all alone. He was the pet of all the passengers on the way over.

Operating an Organ by Electricity.

The new organ now being constructed in Canterbury Cathedral by Messrs. Willis will be, when completed, in every way worthy of the grand old edifice, of which it is to form a most important part. The entire instrument will be operated by electricity, the supply being derived from a battery which is being placed in the old Singing School. Some idea of the wondrous properties of the new instrument may be gathered from the fact that the length of the cables conducting the electric currents average 130 feet from the console (or keyboard to the pneumatic levers operating the valves of the sound boards. The organist will occupy a raised position in the second arch of the south aisle, just over the spot where the old instrument was played, his manipulation of the keys being flashed by means of the electricity through the 120 feet of cable to the action of the instrument in the triforium above. The organ will be blown by four men in the old Singing School. The whole of the patents employed in the pneumatic and electric action are the inventions of Messrs Willis, who are affording good evidence of their intention to thoroughly sustain their world-wide reputation in the work upon which they are now engaged.—*Electrical Review.*

A dealer advertises "Lightning fruit jars." They may be a new brand, but for lightening fruit jars there is nothing more successful than a small boy and solitude.

A swarm of Dakota grasshoppers stopped twenty minutes for refreshments and ate up a fifty acre field near Fargo.

LIGHTNING STROKES.

Extraordinary Results of the Storm in New England.

A Boston despatch says: There was a severe thunder storm in this section yesterday morning. B F Packard, a young man residing at Attleboro', became frightened, and jumping from his bed was instantly killed by a bolt in the middle of the room. His body was terribly scarred. The house was consumed. At Randolph the lightning struck the house of Mrs Raby, a widow. She and her three children were in bed, when a bolt struck the bedstead, splintering it to pieces and setting the clothing on fire. The mother seized her children and staggered into the street. The house was burned. At Manfield two barns were set on fire and consumed. At Middleboro' two barns were burned and eight horses killed. The tobacco throughout the Connecticut valley was beaten down and destroyed by rain. At Taunton the lightning struck the house of George Dean, and ripped the floor and scattered the plastering in all the upper rooms. At Norfolk a barn was struck and set on fire. The flames quickly communicated to a dwelling adjoining and both buildings were destroyed. The animals in the barn, consisting of horses and other cattle, were killed; the inmates of the house escaped. At Leominster the lightning danced around the cottage of Oliver Putnam, smashing everything and snapping huge rafters square off. Mr Putnam rushed upstairs to his child's room, where he found that a huge rafter weighing over 300 pounds had fallen beside the child in bed, but fortunately had not injured it. Along the streets trees were torn up by the roots. Hundreds of acres of corn were destroyed. Details of the damage wrought by this morning's thunder storm are coming in from all directions. In Brighton John Behan's stable was struck and eight horses were killed. His tenement house caught fire from the stable and was partly burned. In Fall River a bolt struck a cottage and passed into a room where Michael Toomey and his three children were sleeping. One side of the bed and the footboard were shattered and the bed clothes were scorched, but none of the occupants were hurt. Several houses were slightly damaged, and two ladies were prostrated. The tempest was especially severe in Worcester county, where the wind was almost cyclonic. Trees were torn up and twisted, bushels of green fruit shaken down, acres of corn laid low, and houses rocked frightfully. The storm was equally severe in Connecticut. In East Hartford two large barns were struck and burned, with heavy loss. In Weathersfield a vigorous cyclone tore up large trees and prostrated the growing crops.

The barn of the Calumet Mills Co. at Uxbridge was struck by lightning, and the hostler, Henry Anthony, and two valuable horses were killed. Numerous other houses and barns were struck in the localities visited by the storm.

SOLD ON "GREEN GOODS."

Another Fool and His Money Part Company.

A Boston despatch says: M.M Steward, of Caledonia, Prince Edward Island, arrived here from New York this morning and went to the Adams Express Company's office and got a valise which he had sent him from Gotham. He expected to find $700 in United States bills in it. Instead of that he found a good sized, hard-baked brick. Steward went to New York as an agent for several young men of his native town, who had commissioned him to get some "green goods" from parties who advertised in the Canadian papers. He arrived in New York with $330 in gold and stopped at the Sinclair Hotel, Third avenue, where he met the men who wanted to trade with him. After they left the clerk told him to shun the two men who called, saying they were sharpers, but he said he was able to care for himself. That afternoon he met Philip Kreigen and Thomas Anderson at No 391 East Tenth street, where he received $700 in bills and $25 in gold for his money. Then they induced him to put his money in a valise and send it to Boston by express, for fear of losing it, while they showed him the sights of the town. On his arrival here this morning he found a brick instead of the money he expected. He called at police headquarters and told the above story, saying he had spent his last cent in getting to Boston and had no means of getting food or lodging.

A CLEVER REPORTER.

How a Swindling Newspaper Man Lived in Clover.

A New York despatch says: Ross Raymond, formerly a newspaper reporter, who has figured frequently in police courts as a swindler, was arrested yesterday at the Hotel St. George for passing worthless cheques. On June 24th and 25th Raymond had cashed by the manager of the Belvidere Hotel two cheques made to his (Raymond's) order by "George Fairchild," on the banking firm of Spencer, Trask & Co., of Albany. Spencer, Trask & Co., repudiated both cheques. The prisoner was remanded until to-morrow. Raymond is about 35 years old, and has victimized people all over the world. In Europe and the East Indies he swindled various consuls and hotel men, claiming to be the correspondent of the London *Standard*, New York *Times*, and New York *Herald*. While in Calcutta he lived with a beautiful woman whom he passed for his wife, and it is said had a retinue of forty-eight servants. Once, when in Paris, Raymond claimed to have an important commission from Chinese Gordon. He invited a company of dignitaries to a lavish banquet at an hotel, and borrowed 500 francs from the proprietor.

The Child and the Tramp.

A little daughter of a Boston household was lately left alone for a short time while her mother went to the neighbor's. During the absence of the lady a ring was heard, and the little housekeeper answered it, to find that a dirty-looking tramp was standing upon the steps. He demanded food or money in a gruff voice, and put his foot against the door so that it could not be closed. The child was perplexed for a moment, and then, recovering her self-possession, said: "If you please take your foot away, I will go upstairs and ask my mother." The beggarly sot, for a wonder, did as he was desired, and with a bang the courageous little maid put six inches of oak between her and the unwelcome visitor. Then, after she had turned the key in the big lock, she sat down and placidly awaited the return of her mother.

They Asked the Brakesman.

Prof. Geo. L. Vose, whose manual on railroad engineering is authority the world over, was one day puzzling over the time card on the wall of the Boston & Maine station, without making out what he wanted to know, when the President of the road, Mr. Forber, came by and accosted him. "I am very glad to see you," the Professor said. "I wish you would help me out with this time table. I cannot make head or tail out of it.' The President joined in the investigation, and for some moments the pair floundered about among a. m.'s and p. m.'s with no satisfactory results whatever. "Oh, I never can make anything out of these things," President Forber exclaimed at length. "Let's ask somebody! And they went and asked a brakesman.—*Boston Letter in Providence Journal.*

At 9 o'clock last evening the condition of Dr. E J Edwards, of London, was such as to give his friends cause for great anxiety.

Late Scottish Jottings.

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NEW PARCEL POST.

Rules of the New Service Between the United Kingdom and Canada.

A Montreal despatch says: The post-office authorities have to-day received from Mr. Griffin, Deputy Postmaster General at Ottawa, the rules of the new parcel post between Britain and Canada, which goes into effect next Monday, the 2nd of August. Parcels can only be transmitted by the weekly Canadian steamer calling at Halifax in winter and Rimouski in summer. It has been considered impossible to establish a uniform rate, and the Dominion has been roughly divided into four sections, according to their distance from the Old Country. Section A includes Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and Quebec, and the rate from these Provinces will be 30 cents per pound, or fraction of a pound; from Section B, consisting of Ontario, the rate will be 35 cents; from Section C, including Manitoba and the Northwest Territories, 40 cents; and from Section D, comprised simply of British Columbia, 45 cents. No parcel may be more than three pounds in weight. The postage is to be prepaid in ordinary stamps. Outside every package the sender must fix a form, supplied by the postmaster, giving description, net weight, gross weight and value of the contents, the signature and address of sender. This information is for the British Customs authorities.

EVERY MAN OF THEM BOLTED

Sudden Advent of a Young Lady in nature's Garb in a Railroad Car.

A New York telegram says: A lady and gentleman came over from Brooklyn on the South Ferry at 4 o'clock this morning and took the north bound elevated train, which left the ferry at 4 15. As it proceeded up town the lady became unwell. At 84th street the gentleman with her suddenly jumped up and explained to the passengers the cause of his wife's illness. Then every man of them bolted into the forward car. Before the next station was reached the number of passengers was increased by one, a young lady in nature's garb, and endowed with a healthy, powerful soprano voice. There was no physician on the train, but at the 125th street station an ambulance was summoned and mother and child were taken home.

The lady was Mrs. Annie Koblanczsky, of 102nd street. Her husband is a Brooklyn druggist. She had been with her mother in this city, but becoming nervous there had begged to be taken back to her own house. The mother and baby are in excellent condition.

ADRIFT IN A DORY.

The Perilous Voyage to Land of Two Gloucester Fishermen.

A St. Pierre, Que., despatch says: Harvey Daley and Jeremiah Smith, two seamen belonging to the schooner Frederick Goring, of Gloucester, Mass., while fishing on the Green Bank, got adrift in a dory during a thick fog and stormy weather. They lay around twenty four hours hoping to find their vessel, but, abandoning that hope, they decided to pull to the northward for land. After four and a half days, terribly exhausted, being without food or water, they sighted and got on board the French fishing schooner Eliza, anchored on the St. Pierre Bank. They passed thirty-six hours on the schooner, and after recuperating obtained food and water and took to their dory again, and after five days reached Lamaline. There they were provided with lodging by a fisherman of the district and brought to St. Pierre to-day, safe and sound.

Mrs. Cleveland's Greeting to Her Namesake.

A Cincinnati, O., despatch says: On July 19th a daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Winter, of Newport, Ky. It was named Frankie Cleveland Winter and a letter informing Mrs. Cleveland of the fact brought the following reply:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON.

MY DEAR MRS. WINTER.—Many thanks for the kind way in which you remembered me in your little girl's name. May she be blessed through life as I have been, but will you do me the favor not to call her Frankie, but Frances or Frank? I am never called Frankie, as I dislike the name very much. With my congratulations and best wishes I am most sincerely yours,

July 23, 1886. FRANCES CLEVELAND.

Her Majesty's Goat.

Her Majesty has presented the Third Battalion of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers with a fine white goat from the famous herd in Windsor Great Park. This regiment is always preceded in its marches by a goat.—*London Truth.*

Major General Middleton will leave shortly on a tour of inspection through the Maritime Provinces.

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