1025 Hargrieve Rd., Unit 3,
London, Ontario N6E 1P7

Phone: (519) 686-1970
After Hours: 657-0390

THIS ORIGINAL DOCUMENT IS IN VERY POOR CONDITION

A WARLIKE REHEARSAL.

Britain Engaged in Naval Warfare Since Tuesday Last.

THE OFFENSIVE AND DEFENSIVE FLEETS.

A London cable says: While the Kaiser and the Czar have been rehearsing peace during the week England has been rehearsing war. She declared hostilities against herself, as it were, at noon on Tuesday, when the naval manœuvres began in dead earnest off Bantry Bay, on the South Irish coast, and in Lough Swilly, the magnificent inlet on the north coast leading to Londonderry, and also in and around the Scotch and Irish dividing seas at St. George's channel. The object was to obtain a fair approximation to the condition of actual warfare. In this mimic war England admits for her own purposes that Ireland is a nation, a hostile one, which she calls for the purposes of this war Achill, and which, with her armament and fleet, is blockaded within Bantry Bay on the south coast, and within the outer port of Londonderry on the north coast; the English fleet, *per se*, guarding ingress and egress at each place, and seeking an opportunity for offensive operations.

THE OPPOSING SQUADRONS.

At the Admiralty the offensive squadron was named "A," and the defending enemy was called "B." These opposing forces were subdivided into divisions, "A 1," "A 2," "B 1," "B 2." The first "A" division of the English assailants, with Milford Haven as a base, was under Vice-Admiral Baird, who was told off to operate against the first "B" division of the Irish defenders in Bantry Bay, under Rear-Admiral Tryon, and the second "A," under Rear-Admiral Rawley, with a base at Arran Island, was pitted against Admiral Fitzroy, of "B 2," near by Londonderry."

THE MANŒUVRES IN THE NORTH.

For brevity's sake, I select an illustration of the manœuvres in those only affecting the North Coast squadrons, "A 2" and "B 2." It is to be presumed that on July 19th the Irish fleet "B 2" was driven into Lough Swilly, off the anchorage near the town of Buncrunna, by the superior English fleet "A 2." Consequently, since Tuesday the blockaded Irish fleet has been endeavoring to get into Lough Swilly colliers and supplies, and to get out itself or to make sorties, or get torpedo boats out at night, or a cruiser out, like another Alabama, to prey on British commerce in the Channel. Meanwhile the English have been reconnoitering, enticing, laying traps and watching the Irish torpedo boats, or getting inside, or capturing supply ships, and were in readiness to chase and capture any escaped cruiser.

THE PROCLAMATION OF WAR.

Brief references to the operations since the mimic war began will serve to illustrate the situation, which is expected to continue to August 20th. While all the officers and men concerned on each side appreciate that what has been done is only a game, nevertheless each side does its best, just as if the warfare was not a mimic contest. Soon after the proclamation of war, which took effect on Tuesday at noon, the news arrived to the Irish fleet that the British enemy was in sight of Malinhead. The news was confirmed from the signal station at the entrance to the harbor.

WATCHING THE ENEMY.

Manœuvering at once commenced, and steam was got up on the Calypso and Curlew, which went outside to watch the movements of the British enemy, and ascertain the strength and disposition of the force. The Hearty and Amphion then proceeded out of the harbor with the Calypso and Curlew to assist in ascertaining the movements of the enemy. Then the whole Irish fleet weighed anchor in single column. The line lead formed and moved slowly away from the anchorage. The Devastation was accompanied by her torpedo boats, which formed on her starboard beam. On reaching Dunree Head, the masts and funnels of nine of the enemy's vessels were seen, including the Inflexible, Agincourt and Mercury and four torpedo boats. The British squadron had not been idle, advancing in two divisions, with the Inconstant and Mohawk as scouts.

OPENING FIRE.

The flagship Agincourt opened fire and the Neptune and Thames were then detached to try and intercept the Hearty and Amphion, when these immediately steamed for the harbor, Admiral Fitzroy, of the Irish fleet, having induced the British to commence a useless cannonade. While making good his retreat he opened fire on the Neptune from the after barbette guns of the Rodney, his flagship. The Neptune and Thames, which had been pounding away at the Amphion and Hearty, seeing that the Irish squadron meant business, ceased firing and rejoined the English. The Irish squadron anchored at 9 p. m. inside Dunree Head, while the Amphion, Calypso, Hearty and Curlew remained outside at the entrance, and at gun fire the torpedo flotilla, with the Spider, proceeded outside to annoy the English.

ESCAPE OF A FAST CRUISER.

During the night the Irish fast cruiser Iris successfully escaped the blockade, and is metaphorically believed to be scouring the channel and capturing British vessels in the carrying trade. Thus the "war" began," and the same kind of tactics above outlined ensued for the next two days without any result except to show the difficulty the Irish squadron had to escape, yet giving an opportunity for practising every kind of manœuvring necessary for war uses.

TORPEDO PRACTICE.

On Friday on board the Rodney was some torpedo practice. A naval correspondent on board describes this incident: "One torpedo that ran kept very straight for about 300 yards, and was then deflected by the current ebb, eddying by the shore. There was the usual difficulty about getting these expensive toys into shape. They fit so very accurately that it is next to impossible to get them in, and they must be held absolutely upright. Then, if a drop of water gets into the tube, the torpedo is sure to jam. This one of ours did so-day, and as the men tried to force it into its place the tail was wrenched off, and now the torpedo is without its tail, and about as mobile as a fish under the same circumstances. It is a matter of no surprise that many naval officers detest and distrust these weapons, and believe that after all the money that has been expended upon them, their use will be so very uncertain in action that it may be delusive and dangerous. The trips and practices so far have done much to bear out Lord Charles Beresford's animadversions. The torpedo boats were found to roll horribly in an ordinary sea—one rolled 40 degrees on either side. Much machinery was found defective, the powder used has been severely criticised, and the torpedo catcher and fly has been so damaged by straining that it needs repairs all over. The cruise so far has shown the relative value of big ships and a mosquito fleet, with the advantage with the former.

Writes one authority to-day: The manœuvres only prove that what is wanted for war is a vessel capable of standing rough usage at sea, and not an elaborate toy in which mathematicians, draughtsmen and engineers laboriously tried to combine incompatible qualities."

AN ENEMY'S SHIP CAPTURED.

Up to last night a chill, while unable to break the northern or southern blockade, has so far successfully resisted all traps and ruses to land, and events are becoming monotonous. Reference, however, may be made to an incident of last evening at the southern coast blockade. It seems the steamer Valiare, with coals for the blockading squadron, had for temporary shelter put into Crook Haven harbor, where there was no seeming protecting force. Just as she was getting away, two coast guardsmen went alongside stating they had a telegram for the captain, who became suspicious and ordered his men to pull up the ladder. Thereupon the coastguard drew his revolver and threatened to shoot the first man who touched it. Then they were allowed to come on board. No sooner had they got on deck than the captain ordered the steamer to go ahead, intending to carry his would-be captors with him to sea. The officer commanding ashore was, however, prepared, and had men and guns posted in a position that commanded the vessel. He at once opened a heavy fire and at the same time additional men put off to board the Valiare. The captain seeing his game was up, to escape surrendered and the Valiare was taken home to port as a prize. She was allowed to proceed later on presumably instructions received. To-day being Sunday is a day of rest, but it would be otherwise were we not expeditiously shamming.

Miss Ella C. Sabin has just been Superintendent of the Public School Portland, Ore., and Principal of School, with a yearly salary of $3,000.

A WIFE'S DIABOLICAL DEED.

A Jealous Woman Pours Carbolic Acid Into the Mouth of Her Sleeping Husband.

A Columbus (Ind.) despatch says: Mary Doran, who was arrested for the murder of her husband, Oscar Doran, in this city on the 20th inst., by pouring into his mouth while he was asleep two ounces of carbolic acid, at an early hour yesterday morning called to her cell in the county jail the sheriff and the jailer, and made known her intention of confessing her horrible crime. When all was ready to take her statement she said: "I came from Indianapolis to this city, where my husband was at work as an engineer, and went at once to his room at the Farley Hotel. Then, after arranging my toilet, I went to a drug store near by and purchased two ounces of carbolic acid and also two ounces of laudanum. My husband came off duty at midnight and came to his room, where I was waiting to receive him. We conversed until 1 o'clock, when we retired and still conversed. We have had quarrels, and we did not at all times agree. We talked over our troubles some. My husband, who was tired, then went to sleep, and seeing that he was sound asleep I got up and took the acid I had bought, and reaching over his face poured the fluid into his mouth and face. A terrible struggle followed. He raised his feet, said 'What is this?' and called for water. He then dropped back across the bed in a convulsion and a terrible struggle followed, but he spoke no more, for he had inhaled the fluid and it had at once rendered him speechless. I then went to the door and opened it and went down to the waiting-room to get someone to go for the doctor, but I returned to the room, and he was still in the position I had left him, with his head and knees drawn together across the bed, but not breathing, for he was dead. I then threw the bottle which contained the acid out of the window and it was afterward picked up by officers. I took stimulants to nerve me up to this. I loved my husband, but I am sure, as he was a good looking man, that other women loved him also. I made up my mind either to kill him or disfigure his face so in the future I might receive his full affection. I have no living relatives that I will name and am ready to die. I am not a subject for an asylum, for I am not insane. I slept well last night and have just eaten a hearty breakfast."

BUT THE BURGLAR GOT AWAY.

How Captain Reilly's Daughter Spoiled Her Father's Clever Capture.

A despatch from New York says: Capt. "Tom" Reilly, the genial commander of the Nineteenth precinct, who is spending his vacation with his family at Lake Aunt Katrine, way up in Ulster county, had an unpleasant experience last Wednesday night. The captain is stopping at the Aunt Katrine House, kept by Mr. B. R. Martin, on the edge of the lake. The house is isolated, but being always crowded with guests the loneliness is unknown, and the isolation is one of its chief attractions. Last Wednesday night, after the guests had retired, Capt. Reilly was awakened by his daughter, who rapped softly at his door and cried, "Papa, there is a burglar in the house. I hear him." The captain arose and stole quietly down stairs. In the dining-room he saw a light and a man hurriedly placing the hotel silver in a bag. The captain was the only man in the house and he prepared to give the burglar a "Nineteenth precinct surprise party." And he did it. With one bound he cleared the room and had the burglar by the throat. But the latter was not to be caught so easily, and made a desperate resistance, but without avail, for the captain's grip was on his throat to stay. The doughty captain and the burglar fought all over the room, and the captain had decidedly the best of it when his daughter, fearing that the captain might be hurt, ran in and throwing her arms around him, disconcerted the captain for a moment and he loosened his grip. The burglar was not long in taking advantage of the unexpected release, and with a clean jump he went head first through a window on to the lawn of the hotel. The captain gave chase and also jumped through the window, but only to hear the wheels of a waggon driven rapidly away. The captain was thoroughly disgusted, but had to make the best of the disappointment. He was glad to find, however, that the burglar had taken nothing with him, but had left his bag for the captain to preserve as a memento of his moonlight adventure.

THEIR GOLDEN WEDDING.

How the Grand Old Man is Spending His Honeymoon.

A London cable says: Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone have been very much *en evidence* this week after the function at Spencer House, where they were presented with their portraits by Mr. Moll and Mr. Herkomer in honor of their golden wedding. They dined in the evening with Mrs. Ashley Ponsonby, where they were met by Sir George and Lady Trevelyan, Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, Mr. and Miss Childers and a number of Parliamentary adherents and their wives. They appeared again Friday morning at the Irish Exposition in their wedding garments after sitting for a photograph in honor of their golden wedding. Mrs. Gladstone's long green velvet train, carried over her arm, being greatly in her way during the perambulation of the Irish Exhibition. They were very liberal in their purchases, which ranged from Beleek pottery and Irish lace to reproductions of old Celtic jewellery. Mr. Gladstone's discursive interests were expended alternately in discussion of the Speaker's dress in the famous picture of the Irish Parliament in the Art Gallery, which he denounced as incorrect for the occasion, the milking qualities of Kerry cows, the hygienic value of all-wool clothing, on which he was very eloquent, *apropos* of the new Irish departure in that direction, and the jumping capacity of Connemara's ponies. He seemed in marvellous health and spirits and not in the least fatigued after standing about for two hours.

HORSE THIEVES BUSY.

A Texas Band Set Up a Branch Establishment in Chicago.

A Chicago despatch says: Edward Brown, aged 16, who came to this city from Texas about two months ago, has been arrested here charged with horse-stealing. His record during his brief residence in Chicago has been a remarkable one. It seems that Brown, in company with another Texas boy named Crane, who has fled the city, deliberately formed a partnership for the purpose of stealing horses. They hired a barn on Warren avenue, bought hay by the ton, oats by the car-load and went into the horse stealing business. Within the past six weeks they have stolen and sold over forty horses and a number of vehicles, most of them of the most valuable kind, and they would probably have continued their operations for some time longer had they not added highway robbery to their programme and stolen the watch of a blacksmith, who put the police on their track.

To Explore the Selkirk Glaciers.

A Queenstown despatch says: Rev. W. S. Green, rector of Carrygoline, near Queenstown, a distinguished scientist, who was a member of the deep sea expedition party under the auspices of the Royal Irish Academy which recently made soundings in the Atlantic, obtaining from the bottom of the sea at a depth of over 7,000 feet various species of animals, some new to scientists, and which also tested the extent of the zone inhabited by fishes, sailed from here on the City of Rome for New York, *en route* to British Columbia. Mr. Green is commissioned by the Royal Geographical Society to inspect and make a rough survey of the unexplored glacier regions of the Selkirk range in British Columbia, and the scientist will be assisted in his arduous duties by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. Mr. Green has also been commissioned by the Royal Dublin Society to collect in the United States information on the fish trade and fisheries, with a view to the development of the industry on this side of the Atlantic.

Nothing hurts a man, nothing hurts a party, so terribly as fool friends.

In the seventeenth century, in Spain, the wearing of spectacles by both the sexes was a mark of social eminence. For this reason they were worn by many who by right of birth were not entitled to them. It was then the custom that no one carried on a conversation until these brain illuminators were first fixed on the nose and adjusted carefully by the dainty, pink-nailed fingers of their fair owners.

Tolstoi, the famous Russian novelist, is now being pursued by mad-house keepers, who, backed by some of the great man's relatives, insist that the author's writings prove him crazy. Tolstoi has a fortune; the relatives, gossip says, want it.

IN THE 19TH CENTURY, TOO.

A Wisconsin Farmer's Family Bewitched—Strange Testimony in Court.

A Milwaukee despatch says: A strange case has recently occupied the attention of the Police Court in the village of Princeton, in this State. William Roberts is a well-to-do farmer of Princeton. He has a wife and four children. Across the road from his farm lives an old German lady named Albright, who is unable to speak or understand English. Since last Christmas Mr. Roberts claims that his family and house have been bewitched, and swears to any number of astonishing occurrences which cannot be well accounted for by ordinary means. His entire family corroborated him in a series of most surprising statements. Gradually he grew to a belief that the witch was his little old German neighbor. He gave her, on two separate occasions, due notice that she must cease casting her evil eye over him. The manifestations did not stop, so the other day he took his gun and started out to kill her. He instead thought that her death alone could dispel the evil charm. It became necessary that Mr. Roberts be placed in custody before he murdered the supposed witch, and he was therefore arrested and placed on trial, and thus the witchcraft discloseures came about.

When the case was called Mr. Roberts, for the defence, went into the witness stand. He swore that as long ago as last Christmas things about his house began to act very queerly. The first he noticed was a spot of blood on one of the pillows of his bed. He slept alone and it frightened him. The sheets were changed continually, but in a short time the bloody spot would again appear. Then there were great letters "B" and "R" drawn on the wall in blue ink, which would come and disappear mysteriously, and strange writings on the wall. His wife was also having great trouble with her cooking utensils and dinner dishes. Many a time, having got the meals upon the table and stepped to the door to call the rest to dinner, she had turned again to find the table nearly stripped of its contents. The bread and meat had disappeared, and plates, knives, forks and salt sellers had absolutely vanished as if by magic. Sometimes they would be found in cut-of-the-way places, under the waggon house, in the corn crib, out in the garden and often they were never discovered. These queer demonstrations and many others were sworn to by Mr. Roberts and his wife in the most honest and solemn manner, and no cross-questioning could divert them from a straightforward story.

Both the children, Anna and John, were placed on the stand, and they told in a frank and artless manner the same and many other equally astonishing occurrences. A ring had suddenly disappeared from Anna's finger. She had seen dishes come sailing out of the cupboard when no one was near it and settle softly down on the floor without breaking. Both she and the boy had seen the clothing thrown off the beds, and coats and dresses pulled from the walls and hurled across the room. Anna was asked by some of the other children might have been the mischievous agents of all the trouble, but they gave every appearance of innocence, and not the severest cross-questioning could confuse them. In fact the police, the lawyers, the crowd of spectators and the country people were about are absolutely convinced that Anna did not share her parents' belief in Mrs. Albright's culpability as a witch. She said she did not believe in witchcraft, and still she swore with emphasis and apparent terror in the recollection that these strange things had actually transpired. A married brother, named Edward Roberts, and his wife, who were here for a few weeks' visit, were called to testify. They had each like unaccountable tales to relate. Edward's wife was present when the ring disappeared from Anna's finger. She had noticed it a moment before, and in the twinkling of an eye it was the other. Anna's other hand was engaged at the time and she could not have removed it herself. Later in the day they took a pail out into the garden and picked some berries. When they sorted them over that night the ring was found among them. Edward testified that he was getting a lunch one night in the kitchen when he turned to the cupboard and found that a number of dishes had vanished from the table. His watch was taken from his pocket one night while he slept and the next day it was found in the cupboard down stairs.

Such are the strange stories which this family told in the witness stand. They had summoned the parish priest and asked him to dissolve the charm, and he had confessed to them that it seemed as if supernatural agencies were at work, and he would have to consult the bishop in order to obtain the interposition of the Church in the afflicted family's behalf. The evidence was concluded Friday, and, thoroughly at a loss what to do, the justice continued the case for three weeks. During the intervening time a diligent effort will be made by physicians, county officers, and a number of prominent people who have become interested in the case, to arrive at some intelligent conclusion.

SAVED FROM DROWNING.

Narrow Escape of an Ingersoll Lady and Her Daughter—Saved by Rev. W. H. Laird.

A Beaumaris, Muskoka, despatch says: There was very nearly a drowning accident here a day or so ago. Kee-way-den Island is situated about two miles out from Beaumaris and on this island are three cottages, one occupied by Rev. Mr. Maitland, Ingersoll; Joseph Gibson, Postmaster at Ingersoll, and Messrs. McCaulay and Dundas and party; another by Mrs. Ross, Ingersoll; and the last by Rev. W. H. Laird, of the First Methodist Church, Hamilton, and party. It appears that Wynnie Ross and Queenie Maitland were playing on the rocks at the edge of the water not far from the cottages, which are located a short distance apart, and Queenie, who is 8 years old, fell into the water, which was at that point 25 feet deep. Wynnie ran screaming to the house and Mrs. Maitland rushed wildly to the water's edge and without the slightest hesitation leaped in and seized her child. Mrs. Maitland was unable to swim and could not regain the rocks. Rev. Mr. Laird—who was the only man on the island at the time—heard the screams and hastened to the spot and reached out a long pole, which the drowning woman clutched and was drawn safely up, holding her child in her arms. When Mr. Laird arrived Mrs. Maitland had sunk twice, and but for his timely assistance both she and the child would most assuredly have met a watery grave. Both have entirely recovered from the effects of the ducking.

The Pike County War.

A Charleston (W. Va.) despatch says: War has broken out afresh in Pike County, Ky. A number of Eureka detectives arrived here yesterday accompanied by a western-looking individual who goes by the soubriquet of "Kentucky Bill," and they state that a few days ago they, accompanied by several others, ran afoul of a party of forty members of the McCoy faction on Peter's Creek, in Pike County, near the West Virginia line. The McCoy men supposed they had come to arrest them, and a regular battle ensued. It is believed that John Dolson, of the McCoy party, was killed. A number of others were wounded. The detectives had their clothing perforated by bullets, but were unhurt. They got out of the way as soon as they could, and thus ended the battle. Over 300 shots were fired. The authorities and citizens of Kentucky offer rewards aggregating over $1,000 each for the arrest of the Hatfields, who daily anticipate an attack being brought about in the hope of capturing them. It is feared the old trouble will break out with increased violence. Both parties are apprehensive of an attack, and go prepared to defend themselves should occasion require it.

Married his Wife Twice

A Waterbury, Conn., despatch says: Captain A. P. Lyon, of Woodbury, has paralysis. He is a Government pensioner, having served in an Illinois regiment. He has been married thirty years but fire some years ago destroyed a hotel he kept and with it his marriage license. In his feeble health he has been scrounging for his wife's support after his death, and being desirous that she should get a pension has made an investigation, which revealed the fact that his marriage had not been recorded, and that the clergyman who married them and the witnesses of the ceremony were all dead. He scrounged his wife, and this week all trouble for the bride was removed by the couple being remarried and the fact properly recorded.

The largest artesian well in the world is in Queensland, Australia. A stream of water 12 inches in diameter flows from the well at the rate of 400 gallons per minute, having a temperature of 120 degrees Fahrenheit.

THE OLD STORY RETOLD.

A London Opera Singer's Miserable Tale in a Chicago Divorce Court.

A Chicago despatch says: Lizzie Lemore's life romance was told in Judge Baker's court on Thursday morning, and a sadder one is seldom recorded even in divorce annals. Twenty years ago she was a London opera singer and a protege of Lord George Pages. As a friend and contemporary of Adah Isaacs Menken, the famous Mazeppa of Astley's theatre, she frequently met the Prince of Wales, and her mezzo-soprano voice was well-known to London opera-goers. She fell in love with Edward Hoare, a private of the British army. A private soldier's pay made him susceptible to any woman of means, and as Lizzie Lemure had $80,000, in 1870 they were married and came to Chicago. With her money a house was purchased at Park Ridge, and Mrs. Hoare's activity and energy procured for her husband the position of civil engineer on the Northwestern Railroad, which position he has held for fourteen years. Their life was commonplace but happy in Park Ridge until eight years ago. In April, 1880, having been blessed with no children, Mrs. Hoare brought over from England her 16-year-old niece, Emily Knibbs. Emily was not pretty, but she was vivacious. She lived with the Hoares until she became a mother, when she confessed that Mr. Hoare was the father of her child. Mrs. Hoare, who had never suspected the couple, was made ill by the disclosure, and went to California. Upon her return she found her husband and her niece living together in her house. They were ordered out.

Asked why she forgave her husband any provocation for his treachery?" inquired Mrs. Hoare's lawyer.

Mrs. Hoare arose from her seat with flashing eye. "Provocation?" she cried. "Well, yes, if you call taking him to Paris and spending £500 on him in a month; if you call giving him all of my £2,000, which I made on the stage, and £650 left me by my mother in England two years ago—if you call that provocation, then, I suppose I gave him provocation. I loved him passionately; I was as true to him as any woman ever was to any man. Everything I had he got. He has absorbed it all, and to-day, in the meridian of life, I find myself heart-broken, penniless, with nothing but what kind friends give me in charity, while he lives in a hotel at Park Ridge, within a stone's throw of Emily Knibbs, upon whom he lavishes his salary as a civil engineer. I have often rued the day when his fine form and shallow head lured me to this."

She was given a divorce.

DODGE'S DODGES.

An Eccentric Young American Marries Miss Cooke, the Equestrienne.

An Edinburgh cable says: Young William Walter Phelps Dodge and the still younger Miss Ida Lena Cooke were married here by the High Sheriff, who is as successful at tying the matrimonial as the more fatal noose. The bride's father was present and some of the bridegroom's relatives. The young bridegroom had received his parents' blessing and consent by cable, and that the principal motive for this was the chivalric one of saving the young lady from the idea of her having been compromised by the elopement. The young couple took happy, and have returned to the romantic lake district where love's young dream began.

When Walter Phelps Dodge went abroad he left behind him an unenviable notoriety, which he had brought upon himself by his own idiotic conduct. The part he remembered was a mere practice of his alleged marriage with Miss Lillian H. Stokes, daughter of Mr. Thomas Stokes, and his cousin, was published in several papers on the morning of January 1st, 1888. The marriage was indignantly denied by the persons interested, and a hue and cry raised after the author of the hoax. To the surprise of every one two days' investigation fixed the authorship on young Dodge himself, and he made an abject confession. He had met the young lady for the first time on Christmas, and but six times in all. As she was an heiress to $1,000,000 young Dodge was charged with being a fortune hunter, hoping by this trick to force a real marriage to hush up the story. That he later denied, saying his object was only to perpetrate a joke. Young Dodge, who is very well connected, was a freshman at Yale College. He had been ostracized when he returned there on the beginning of the winter term, and very soon left New Haven. Miss Ida Cooke is the equestrienne with whom he eloped in England.

COLLAPSE OF A BUILDING.

The Eleventh Regiment Armory of New York Wrecked—Four Girls Injured, One Fatally.

A New York despatch says: The old armory of the Eleventh Regiment at Elm and White streets has been used for commercial purposes for some years, though it is owned by the city. Yesterday afternoon the gallery, for 31 feet on one side, collapsed and fell, carrying down with it five heavy folding machines and about fifty girls and women. Over 200 girls and women who were at work at the time ran panic-stricken into the street. The scene when the police and firemen arrived baffled description. Men were trying to get at the buried people, and women were shrieking and moaning. Blocks were rigged up and the work of removal began. The ground floor was occupied by John Simmons, iron merchant dealer, and the main hall by the McWilliams Printing Company. The Lovell Manufacturing Company, of book printers and binders, occupied a wide gallery around the hall, 15 feet from the floor. In the gallery were the five heavy folding machines and tons of printed matter. The gallery was supported by wooden uprights, under this being heavy iron pipes in stock. At 4 o'clock the double strain reached its breaking point, and the northeast part of the gallery fell. The heavy folding machines crashed like rock-ribbed monsters to the floor of the hall. The floor yielded, and the machines crashed through to the ground floor. Six girls, who had been working at the machines, went down in the wreck all the way to the ground floor. The rest managed to escape. Two of the six were uninjured. Mary Bignell, of 127 King street, Brooklyn, lay dead, her hands clutching a piece of the sheets she was holding when the crash came. The other girls had fallen in such a way that the *debris* formed an arch over their heads. They were unhurt. The sixth, Mrs. Mary Macdonald, was badly bruised.

FIGHTING FOR THE LOVE OF IT.

A Kansas Encounter in which Seven Men Bite the Dust.

A Liberal, Kansas, despatch says: A livery stable keeper at Hugoton gives the following particulars of an encounter between Hugoton and Woodsdale men in Stevens County, whereby seven men lost their lives: Sam Robinson, the city marshal of Hugoton and W. Cook, of the same town, went to the Dudly ranch, near Tony Creek, yesterday, accompanied by their wives, to look up some cattle they were trying to buy. While taking dinner Deputy Sheriff Short, a Woodsdale man, accompanied by five other Woodsdale men, rode up to the party and asked Robinson to surrender as he had a warrant for his arrest. Robinson said he would go a short distance from camp, leaving Cook and the ladies behind, and then give his enemies a chance to take him. He did so, and on reaching a convenient spot both parties opened fire, with the result that four Woodsdale men turned up their toes. The other two fled to the strip and Robinson escaped without a scratch. Cook returned to Hugoton and gave the alarm, and soon an armed force went to their assistance. Meeting a lot of Woodsdale men, an encounter took place, in which three more persons were killed and a number wounded. The whole county is at war. John Clymer, Sheriff of Stevens county, was one of the men killed in the second fight. The names of the other killed could not be ascertained.

A Healthful Drink.

Buttermilk is one of the most healthful of summer drinks. Among its beneficial effects, particular stress is laid upon its power to clear the system of unwholesome impurities which clog and poison it during the enervating season. *Hall's Journal of Health* says: "It should be freely used by all who can get it. Every one who values good health should drink buttermilk every day in warm weather and let tea, coffee, etc., alone." For the benefit of those who are not aware of it, it adds that in the churning the first process of digestion is gone through, making it one of the easiest and quickest of all things to digest. It makes gastric juice, and contains properties that readily assimilate with it, with very little wear upon the digestive organs.

Stilson Hutchins, the Washington journalist, will buy the early home of Horace Greeley at Amherst, N.H., it is said.

MRS. HOLMES' HELP.

"No, sir!" said Farmer Holmes, as he energetically knocked the ashes out of his pipe; "no, sir! You may marry the girl if you choose, for I can't prevent that; but I repeat that if you do, she nor you shall ever find a home beneath my roof! That's all I've got to say!"

"But, father, once for all, what is your objection to Miss Weston?"

"Ain't she a city girl, sir?"

"Granted. But is that a crime or a disgrace?"

"Don't she wear her hair frizzled and crimped over her forehead like our two-year bull? and a water-fall, as you call it (sneeringly), on the top o' her head, big enough to hold one o' your mother's apple dumplings?"

"Really, sir"—

"Yes, really, sir; you can't deny it! What can a city-bred girl do but paw the piany and wriggle about in her finery and turn up her nose at everything good and useful? No, sir! Get and marry the girl if you please; but she shall never come here to idle about and give herself airs and be waited on like a princess. That's all I've got to say!" concluded the old gentleman, stumping vigorously out of the kitchen to look after things in the barnyard.

All this discourse—that is, of course, the matter of it, merely softened and doubly refined—did Richard Holmes find himself compelled to repeat to Clary Weston, on his next weekly visit to the city.

He was a young country doctor who had but recently obtained his diploma in the city, where he had met with and become engaged to pretty Miss Weston.

He had nothing but talent to begin on, for his father, though rich, was parsimonious as regarded money. Yet, living at home on the farm, as his parents desired he should do, his expenses would be few and he might soon get into a good practice.

Clara did not look at all hurt or offended when told Mr. Holmes, sen's., idea of the capacities of city girls. On the contrary, she laughed and seemed quite amused.

"So your father thinks I must be a mere doll? Do you know, Richard, that papa calls me a famous little housekeeper and that it was I who made the rolls and the cake we had for tea?"

"You! Is it possible, darling?" exclaimed the delighted Richard.

"And I would wager you anything you please that I could be of more 'use' to your mother than the most accomplished help she can hire in the country," continued the girl, tossing her frizzled head with a pretty air of mock gravity.

"Suppose we try that," suggested the lover with a sudden bright idea.

So they talked it over, and agreed to a little plan that was to effect this desirable consummation; the first step to which was a private marriage, known but to Miss Weston's own family.

* * *

"Humph!" muttered Farmer Holmes, looking askance at the new help which his wife had engaged—"humph! she don't look fit for much with such hands and such a waist."

"Fit? Why you haven't an idea of all she's done to-day!" answered Mrs. Holmes, enthusiastically. "She's swept the parlor carpet with a damp broom, dipped in something or other—a little alum in it, I believe—and made the colors come out as fresh and clean as when 'twas new.

"Then she's cleaned up the old gilt frames that I wanted regilded, until they shine like gold; and told me how I could make a better pudding with less eggs—that very pudding you praised at dinner—and now she's altering the pattern of your best dress." And, indeed, poor Mrs. Holmes felt as though a burden of daily care was removed from her shoulders; and she became quite grateful and attached to the pretty, cheerful, obliging girl. She only wished that she had such a daughter, she added, sighing; and yet she could not help that Richard should be so indifferent to Mirandy, since he appeared to have given up all thought of that city Miss Weston.

"Dick," said Squire Holmes, poking in the ashes with the end of his cane, "Dick, you don't see much of that girl, Miss Weston, now, eh?"

"No, sir," answered Dick, demurely.

"Glad of it! Thought you'd take a sensible view of the thing in time. Still, a young fellow like you ought to marry."

"I agree with you, sir," said the doctor. "If you could find a suitable girl now, I suggested the squire, cautiously; "a tidy, industrious, smart, good-tempered, good-looking".

"Dear me, father!" interrupted Dick, in a tone of astonishment, "where on earth am I to find such a combination of perfections?"

"Why," said the old man, looking up sharply, "there's Mirandy, for instance."

"Oh!" said the doctor, turning over the leaves of a big book.

"Yes, sir; and a nicer girl couldn't be found this side of the ocean, sir."

"Look here, Richard," said he solemnly, "is your objection to Mirandy Parsons?"

"No objection to the young lady herself, sir," responded Richard, gravely.

"Then why don't you marry her?" said his father, bringing his cane emphatically down upon the floor.

"Because, sir," answered Richard, hesitatingly—"because, father, to tell the truth—I am already married."

"What?" roared the old man.

"Yes, sir; I've been married these two months," confessed Richard, penitently.

"You have? And you dare tell me so! Married to whom?" he roared again.

"To Miss Clara Weston, sir."

This was too much. The old gentleman was speechless, and his wife, scarcely less agitated than himself, shrieked to Mirandy for brandy and water.

A few gulps restored him to speech, and the first use he made of that faculty was to order his son to quit the house.

"I will, sir," said the doctor, calmly, "but not until you have seen my wife. She's in the next room dutifully waiting to be presented to you and my mother. Come here, Clara, to your father-in-law."

And Mrs. Holmes' help, blushing and a little frightened, advanced and stood by the doctor's side.

"This is my wife, my dear father and mother—Clara Weston, the city girl. I hope you will forgive the innocent plot, but I wished to prove to you that she could do something more than frizzle her hair, paw on pianos and wriggle around in her finery."

The mother, her first astonishment subsiding, was easily reconciled to the state of things, and in her heart secretly approved the young couple's proceedings. Perhaps, also, in his secret heart, her husband did the same, though he thought proper to grumble and growl for a day or two over his son's undutiful conduct in marrying without his consent, and imposing his wife upon him in his own house as somebody else. But still, considering that only good came of it—a good that, without the trick, would have been lost to them all—the old gentleman finally magnanimously made up his mind to forgiveness, and even consented to his happy wife's proposal of a big Christmas dinner in honor of their son and his pretty bride.

Just as They Have Always Done.

A First grocer (excitedly)—Do you know that Powderly has advised workingmen to buy no more coffee, in order to spite the men who are getting up a corner in it?

Second grocer (more cool)—Yes, I read about it.

"Why, it will ruin our business. It is an outrage."

"Not at all."

"What can we do if we don't sell them coffee?"

"Keep right on selling them burnt peas and chicory just as we have always done."—*Texas Siftings.*

Wife—John, your hair is coming out at a terrible rate. Husband—I know it, my dear. I must do something for it at once. Wife—I wish you would, John, for my sake. You know how people will talk.

President Cleveland is fishing in deep water off Long Island. Harrison is fishing on dry land, but he will be in deep and very salty water before long.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

It is said that the only good Indian is a dead Indian. This may be true, but then again it may be not. But there can be no uncertainty about this: The only good post is the dead post.

Politician—Well, what do you think of taking the duty off chloride of sodium? Saginaw salt man—Oh, I don't care a hang about mining! I want the duty off salt. I don't want them to take the duty off salt.

The Transvaal republic in South Africa bids fair to become a British possession before many years. The English are flocking to the gold mines in large numbers, and the Boers are apprehensive of being swamped. Arms and ammunition are now being distributed among them, and it is supposed that they will forcibly resist any attempt to get Englishmen represented in the legislative body.

CURRENT TOPICS.

THE Powers of Europe, which have exhausted their resources in preparing for war, are at peace; while the United States, which refuses to spend money in war preparations, has put a cowboy-and-Indian war under way in the Indian Territory without a day having been wasted in diplomatic negotiations. Perhaps the more preparation the less use. But it is a case in which the prevention is almost as costly as the calamity.

NOBODY is surprised to learn that within the last five years the United States Government has lost over $200,000 because of errors or defects in the instruments used to test sugars in appraising them for the collection of duties. But there would have been wild-eyed astonishment if it should have been found that the Government had got the best of it by that amount or even a minute fraction of it. In importing circles to swindle Uncle Sam successfully seems to be the supreme test of business integrity.

THE coming week will witness a large influx of American visitors, and we trust they will find our climate quite to their liking. Those of our visitors who have tried it in previous years have had only good reports to give, and it has in no way deteriorated with age. We feel proud of our summer climate, which is one of the few good things we have left that is untaxed. It holds its own without protection. It has survived Confederate rule, the big fire and ten years of Tory rule. We have abundance of cool atmosphere and refreshing sea breezes to share with all our visitors without in any way depriving ourselves of our usual comfort.—*St. John's Telegraph.*

FROM the conduct of Sir Morell Mackenzie during the illness of Emperor Frederick, of Germany, the English-speaking public has formed an idea that he is amply able to take care of himself in any controversy that may arise with the doctors of the Fatherland. A physician with the courage to keep the knives of scientific butchers from the throat of the Crown Prince would not be likely to bear himself meanly in any wordy war. For this reason the report which Dr. Mackenzie has been requested to prepare for the ex-Empress Victoria may be expected to contain some very interesting reading.

EVERY child who is taught to plant tree seed or who sets a tree with his own hand is being taught a good lesson. He feels that he is doing something that will make the world a better or pleasanter world to live in, it may be, long after he himself ceases to live. A memorial tree appeals more to the affections than can any monument of marble or bronze. The tree is a thing of life, and if we plant it there seems to be a sort of family relationship growing up with its growth. We have seen many an elm spreading its broad branches over a dilapidated country farm-house which the occupant would not part with for the sum that would build a new home. The home to him would not be a home without that dear old tree.

SOJOURNERS at the summer resorts are complaining in vigorous explicitness of the highhanded conduct of the hotel servants in the matter of tips. It has become impossible to obtain the slightest offices from the attendants without first displaying a gratuity. The thing has become not only annoying but absolutely disgusting, and there have been instances where persons have tired of the nuisance to that degree that they actually packed up bag and baggage and returned to their home rather than endure the constant petty demands of penny grubbers. There seems to be a notion among country hotel servants that every man, woman and child that comes to them with a sniff of fresh air is an approximate millionaire. And it's a blooming mistake.

"A PERSONAL friend of Jay Gould"—it seems he has friends, a fact not popularly suspected—is credited with saying concerning the report that the multi-millionaire has sold his Western Union Telegraph stock: "I should think as soon that he had sold his wife. He fully appreciates the special advantages enjoyed by the Western Union Company, and I am positive that he regards the property as the best legacy for his children." It is a fair inference that the popular demand for a postal telegraph service will ever be granted. Mr. Gould and other monopolists may some day have a rude awakening on this subject. It may not always be said, "Let me carry the people's telegrams and I care not who makes their laws."

PER