DANISH STEAMERS COLLIDE.

Over One Hundred Persons Sent to the Bottom.

CONDUCT OF THE CRAZED PASSENGERS.

Arrival of the Steamer Thingvalla at Halifax.

Boston (Thursday) night's New York despatch says: The steamship Wieland, Capt. Albers, from Hamburg Aug. 5th, via Havre Aug. 7th, with merchandise and 113 cabin and 455 steerage passengers, reports that on Aug. 14th, thirty miles south of Sable Island, at noon, she saw the Danish steamer Thingvalla, Copenhagen for New York, with signals of distress. The Thingvalla had collided on the 14th, at 4 a. m., with the steamer Geiser, of the same line, from New York August 11th, for Copenhagen. The Geiser sank in about five minutes. Fourteen passengers and seventeen of the crew, among them Capt. Moller, are saved. Seventy-two passengers and thirty-three of the crew were lost. The steamer Wieland brought 455 passengers from the Thingvalla and those saved from the Geiser to New York. The Thingvalla will endeavor to reach Halifax. The Wieland is at Hoboken.

OCCURRED IN A FOG.

The Geiser left this port on August 11th bound for Stettin. The Thingvalla was on her way to this city, and was advertised to leave here on August 25th. A very heavy sea and a dense fog were experienced throughout the night and early morning of August 14th. It is said an object could not be distinguished 50 feet away. The Thingvalla struck the Geiser on the starboard side amidships about 4 o'clock in the morning. The ships then parted and within two minutes the Geiser sank. The crew of the Thingvalla did all they could to save the Geiser's crew and passengers while still in doubt whether the Thingvalla was not dangerously disabled, but owing to the heavy sea only 31 were saved. No other vessel was near at the time. The Wieland, on her way to this port, was 100 miles away. At 11.30 o'clock on the morning of the 14th the Wieland was sighted. Signals of distress were made and a transfer of passengers began. The sea was heavy, but no mishap occurred in the transfer. The officers of the company were unable to-night to give a list of the lost.

CAPTAIN ALBERS' STORY.

Capt. A. Albers, of the Wieland, tells the following story: At 1 o'clock on the morning of the 14th we passed some wreckage floating in the sea, and suspected that an accident had happened near us. A little later we sailed through a sea of oil, and sighted a broken boat of the Geiser's. About 11.30 we sighted a steamer to the northward about eight miles off, and seeing she had a flag of distress up we ran down to her. It proved to be the Thingvalla. Captain Lamb, of that vessel, came to us in a small boat and begged us to take off his passengers and those he had saved from the Geiser. He said his own vessel was so badly injured he expected her to sink at any moment. Her forward compartment had been carried away from halfway above the deck to below the water line. I sent the boats and the Thingvalla lowered two boats, and in five hours we had the saved passengers and crew of the Geiser on board. The sea was very rough, and the work of transferring the passengers was very difficult. The immense hole in the Thingvalla's bow was patched up as well as possible, and she started for Halifax. The collision, so far as known, was caused by the fog. The chief officer of each vessel was on deck at the time of the collision.

AN OFFICER'S ACCOUNT.

Third Officer Peterson told much the same story of the occurrence. He said—The fog was very dense. Through the night rain had fallen at intervals. The first we knew of the Geiser's approach was when she appeared on the starboard side, right upon us. The Geiser was struck opposite the engine-rooms amidship. The Geiser being heavily loaded was low in the water, so that the Thingvalla carried away her own compartment. The upper part of her bow ran over the decks of the Geiser. The Geiser's deck-houses were carried away and the state-rooms smashed in and the occupants killed. He first heard a bell ring in the Geiser's engine-room, but could not tell what the order was. He was on deck at the time. He then heard the bell again, this time backed, and the steamer had commenced to reverse when the Thingvalla struck her. The Geiser's whistle was blowing at the time. One of the Geiser's passengers was picked up with a broken leg.

As soon as the Wieland arrived in the lower bay Capt. Moller, of the Geiser, left the steamer on a revenue cutter. He went to the office of the company, where he was closeted a few moments with the agents. He only left word that the accident was due to the weather and went away without stating where he was going. The rescued crew of the Geiser were taken to the Hotel Denmark on the arrival of the Wieland.

BADLY INJURED.

The Thingvalla presents a strange spectacle, with nearly the whole of her bow torn away, leaving an immense hole exposed to view. A long piece of bow hangs over the hole, which reaches back into the sides of the ship over fifteen feet. The projecting piece hangs over the water like an outstretched arm, and shows where the powerful iron plates were broken through and snapped off like pipe stems. Crowds flocked to the wharf to see the steamer, and the wonder is expressed that she ever reached port. No one is allowed on board, and the only statement to be obtained is that of the captain. The steamer will discharge her cargo, be examined by the port warden, and be repaired here. She will be here probably for a couple of months. After repairing she is to reload her cargo and proceed to New York.

CAPT. LAMB'S REPORT.

Capt. Lamb has given the following statement of the disaster to the newspapers: It was just about 4 o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, the 14th, a few minutes before the watch had been changed, and my second officer, who was on deck came down, and I asked him how the weather was. He said it was raining, but not foggy. He retired a few minutes later. I heard the telegraph signal for the engines to reverse. This was the first intimation I had of any trouble. Leaping from my berth I ran for the deck. As I was hurrying up a collision occurred. It was a terrific shock, for the steamers coming together with a frightful crash. Rushing forward I found the Thingvalla to be locked with another steamer, which I did not then know. As I approached I saw a man, whom I afterwards found to be the Geiser's second officer, jump on to our deck. My steamer had cut right through his room, where he was sound asleep, and he leaped out of his bunk on to the Thingvalla's deck. It may have been two or it may have been four minutes before the engines were reversed and we backed off. Without delaying a moment I went to quiet my excited passengers, who were crowded on the deck and shouting and crying with fear. At the same time I looked after the safety of my ship, not having any knowledge as to what was the extent of our damage. The officers were already engaged in cutting away and launching lifeboats. One of the Thingvalla's boats had just been lowered when the other steamer went down stern first. This scene was a frightful one. I cannot attempt to describe it. Some of her passengers were rushing madly about her deck, while others were crowded in several boats on the water. It turned out afterwards that the ship foundered. A number of the passengers must have been killed in the bunks by the force of the collision, and never knew what happened. As the steamer plunged beneath the water, carrying down those on board, she capsized the boats that had got away. The air was rent with agonizing shrieks and prayers. Most of these people probably went down with the Geiser, and were followed soon after by the ill-fated souls in the boat, who must have been sucked under as the ship sank.

RESCUING THE PASSENGERS.

Three of our boats were already launched and trying to save as many as they could from the doomed Geiser; but it was slow work, as comparatively few managed to keep afloat after the steamer's disappearance. These boats were all I could spare in the very critical hour, and I did not know but what we might want the remaining ones for ourselves. The two vessels were not more than 100 or 150 feet apart when the Geiser went down. The screams of the drowning lasted perhaps two minutes, then suddenly all became quiet. Our three boats returned loaded with the saved who had been picked up in the water and off the bottoms of their capsized boats. I sent a boat back to continue their search ... survivors with dry clothes, hot coffee and wine and made them as comfortable as possible while attending to the injury to ourselves. The day was just beginning to break when the collision occurred. In explaining to the second officer sold me just before. It was not foggy. I heard the man around me say it was eight or ten minutes between the collision and the sinking of the Geiser; but I could not pay any attention to the time.

CAPT. MOLLER'S ESCAPE.

Capt. Moller told a most wonderful story of his escape. He was standing on the Geiser's bridge as the steamer settled down, and he jumped into the sea. He felt being sucked under by the ship, and while struggling to keep afloat he got his two legs entangled in a piece of wreckage. This turned him round in the water three or four times, and for some moments he was helpless, but finally succeeded in disengaging himself and managed to reach the surface again, breathless and almost exhausted. He then got on top of an upturned boat and held on till rescued by the men from the Thingvalla.

INJURY TO THE THINGVALLA.

After the Geiser disappeared we began jettisoning the cargo to keep the Thingvalla afloat. The crew and passengers worked side by side, throwing overboard what was brought out of the hold. What was jettisoned consisted solely of wood pulp and provisions. There was not much wind but there was a heavy swell. Between 9 and 10 o'clock we reached the forward bulkhead. We then stopped throwing the cargo over and got to work shoring up the compartment. We were leaking badly in the forehold; and we kept the pumps going all the time, so that the water had not time to gain on us. At 11 o'clock the steamer Wieland, for New York, hove in sight, and we transferred all the rescued passengers, as well as our own 450 passengers, to her. The Wieland proceeded about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, leaving us also steering for New York. We continued the work of shoring up the compartment, but after a while, on account of the wind and sea increasing, we found it impossible to keep on for New York, and decided to head for Halifax. At this time it still looked very much as if we might sink, and some of the crew refused to work, wanting to be transferred to the Wieland before she left us. We went as slow as two knots an hour, and sometimes found that too much. No mishap occurred in the transfer. The officers of the company were unable to-night to give a list of the lost.

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TEMPTED TO DEATH.

Adolph Harmon, of Long Branch, Plans a Picnic and Kills his Wife.

THEN HE SHOOTS HIMSELF.

A New York despatch says: The Highlands of Navesink were the scene of a terrible murder and suicide yesterday afternoon. Adolph Harmon, of Long Branch, tried to shoot his mother-in-law, and then killed his wife and himself. Mrs. Harmon's body was found 100 feet east of that of her husband. She had been shot directly through the heart. The left breast of her dress was covered with blood; the face was calm, as if death was almost painless. Harmon's face was covered with blood, which ran from a bullet hole over the right eye. Near the body of the handsome young wife lay her wrap and a jaunty little hat with brown and gold feathers on the side. A little crowd of women and men stood near the poor girl's remains. Although she had been a wife five years Mrs. Harmon looked like a young girl. Her light blonde hair waved over her forehead and her blue eyes could be plainly seen through the half closed lids. Constable Little sat under a large tree between the two bodies. From his hip pocket he took the cheap revolver which Harmon had used. It carried a ball of .44 calibre. Four of the six chambers of the weapon had been discharged.

THE ONLY WITNESS.

The reporter walked over to a cottage near the lighthouse, where he found Mrs. Millan Hays, the mother of the dead woman, and the only person living who witnessed Harmon's terrible crime. The entire left side of her face was filled with powder, the result of Harmon's attempt to kill her before he shot his pretty young wife. Mrs. Hays was hardly able to tell the story of the killing of her daughter, and the self-murder of the young husband. She sat by the window gazing out over the ocean and cried as she slowly related the story of the horrible crime.

A few weeks ago he purchased the revolver which he used with such fatal effect. He showed it to his wife one day and said, in a half-joking manner, "I shall kill you, Nellie, with this one of these days."

THE STORY OF THE SHOOTING.

Mrs. Hays' story of the shooting was as follows: "I am the wife of Charles Hays, a carpenter, living at Long Branch. I had two children—Elvina, Harmon's wife, whom we always called Nellie, and a son 14 years old. Harmon planned a picnic here to-day. He wanted me accompany him and his wife. At first I refused, but he was so urgent in his invitation that I consented to come here with them. We left Branchport on the steam yacht Jersey Lily. When we landed here we walked up the hill.

"When we were about half way up Harmon began hagging at his wife, and when she replied sharply to him he drew his revolver out of his pocket and pointed it at her. I made him put it back in his pocket. After we reached the top of the hill we ate the dinner which we had brought from home. Harmon renewed the quarrel with his wife. I was standing with my back to them when I heard Nellie scream, and, turning, I saw that Harmon had again drawn his revolver and had it pointed at my daughter. I ran over and told him to put the weapon up. He replaced it in his pocket and then caught up a stick and began beating Nellie with it.

THE FIRST SHOT.

"I caught hold of the stick and tried to pull it out of his hands. He let go, and, pulling out his revolver and cocking it, he deliberately fired it at my head. The bullet whizzed past my ear and my face was blown full of powder and I turned and ran, when I heard another report and a shrill scream from my daughter. I turned back and saw her staggering. She was only able to go about forty feet and she pitched forward upon her face. I heard two other reports, and saw Harmon stagger down the hill on the other side and then fall. I ran over to Nellie and turned her over. Blood was running from her left breast. She gasped faintly and died in less than two minutes. Harmon lived about two hours. Nellie was 21 years old. Harmon was two years older.

"The murder of my child was the outgrowth of Harmon's ugliness and terrible temper. He had no reason to be jealous, as she never received the attentions of other men. When Harmon pulled out his revolver on the way up the hill he told Nellie that he was going to kill her. When I made him put it back in his pocket he said, 'Well, I will kill you when we get home to-night.'"

NO ONE TO AID HIM.

After Harmon shot himself he lay unattended under the trees until he died, as no physician could be found. Both he and his wife were nicely dressed. His reputation was that of a surly, ill natured brute.

A member of the firm of Marfard, Brown & Co. said last evening that Harmon asked for leave of absence in the morning on the plea that he wanted to go to New York for the purpose of collecting some money due him. When his request was refused he became angry and resigned.

Several years ago Harmon fell in ove with Miss Martha Kruse, a pretty German living on Liberty street, Long Branch. She refused to receive his attentions and he shot her in the side. He served six months for his crime in the New Jersey State Prison. He was then married.

A BRIGAND ROMANCE.

A Balkan Chief Captures a Pretty Girl and Has a Mock Marriage.

A London cable says: A large portion of Turkey and the Balkan States is infested with brigands, and their number is rapidly growing. These outlaws, taking advantage of the absence of railway and telegraphic communication, become bolder daily, and the consternation of the better class of inhabitants is increasing to such an extent that many of them are leaving their homes, and taking refuge in the large towns. Recently a band of brigands invaded a small Roumelian town, and captured the daughter of a peasant, a young girl famed in that locality for her beauty. The chief of the band, wishing to make the girl his wife, had a mock marriage ceremony performed, one of the band personating a priest. He then sent a messenger to the village authorities informing them of the marriage and demanding that it be formally registered upon their books, a proceeding that would render the ceremony valid in the ecclesiastical courts. The authorities refused to comply with the demand and the chief sent the messenger back with his ultimatum, which was that he would sack the village if his demands were not immediately acceded to. The officials are now endeavoring to gain time by parleying with the chief, hoping meanwhile to be able to recover the girl by stealth.

Climate and Peculiarities of Our Pacific Coast.

(Correspondence Montreal Witness.)

At Valdey Island, south of Seymour Narrows, it rains frequently; north of that it rains generally; in Alaska it rains always, so people say. But we could not afford to lose the clouds on the mountains, and the grandeur of the humid sunsets beggars description.

At Victoria, where twelve thousand people are buried in profound repose, are all the sweet flowers and old-time institutions of the mother country. There are hansom cabs, a few bad smells, graduated society, and ivy and daisies, apple trees, oaks, elders, sweet clover and holly, broom and bracken. Its thick green grass, and all the little nameless weeds familiar to English eyes, bring back to English people a thousand reminiscences and tender thoughts. There is dreamy quiet in Victoria. Sybarite villas and cottage gardens, delicious air, cheap fruit and few mosquitoes. It is a place to dwell in; a place in which to rest and be at peace.

An Indian Elopement.

A St. Andrews correspondent of the St. Croix *Courier* writes: "The Indians at this point are intensely excited over the sudden disappearance of Horace Nicholas and his brother's wife. The latter has a dark bronze complexion, with features well defined, and is a typical Indian beauty; the former possesses no great attraction and is somewhat morose in disposition. It is a clear case of elopement, the two thinking that life could be made more enjoyable by living together. They selected a day on which the woman's husband was visiting the fishing and hunting grounds at Grand Manan. When last seen, the lovers were plying their birch canoe in the direction of Pleasant Point. It is said that they have pitched their tent there, and propose remaining as long as they possibly can to be undisturbed."

A woman living near the banks of the Tiber once saw a pomegranate in Rome, and it was learned that she portrayed 400 years.

TO SEARCH FOR STANLEY.

A Lieutenant of the U. S. Navy Organizing an Expedition.

A Washington despatch says: Lieut. A. Mason Shufeldt, of the Navy, who has recently returned from Madagascar, is now arranging for obtaining a year's leave of absence to go abroad, and will leave very soon, probably at the end of August, for Europe *enroute* to Zanzibar to organize and lead an expedition in search of Henry M. Stanley. Lieut. Shufeldt is a son of Rear Admiral Robert W. Shufeldt, who made the treaty with the King of Corea, and is possessed of the same spirit of restless love of travel and exploration that has characterized his father. After accompanying his father in the cruise around the world at the time the Corean treaty was made, Lieut. Shufeldt obtained leave and went to Madagascar, which he thoroughly explored for the first time. His operations in that neighborhood took him to the Zanzibar coast also, when he became familiar with the language of the people of that part of Africa. In his researches there he was materially aided by Sir Henry Kirk, the British Consul-General on that coast, who is himself a well-known African explorer, having been a member of Stanley's expedition at the time the American found and brought back tidings of Dr. Livingstone. Sir Henry and Lieut. Shufeldt are firm friends, and the latter will proceed first to enlist Sir Henry's aid in organizing the proposed expedition. It will be necessary for Lieut. Shufeldt to be at Zanzibar in the first half of November, for during the latter part of that month the trading caravans that have come down from the interior to dispose of their skins, gold dust and ivory in exchange for goods are getting ready for their return journeys. The caravans that reach the coast go only to the western boundary of their own country and then turn over a share of goods to other caravans that have brought products across their own country, and these transfer again to tribes still further in the interior. By taking advantage of this annual trading custom Lieut. Shufeldt hopes to be enabled to make his hazardous journey at very much less expense than other such expeditions have done, and will utilize the return of the caravans next summer to enable him to return safely to the coast.

Shufeldt is just 34 years of age. He is tall and wiry like his father, and is possessed of an iron constitution. He proposes to bear some part of the expense himself, but a portion will be contributed by persons interested in the results to be obtained, and Shufeldt will utilize his experience in book form.

A PRINTER'S BATTERED BRIDE.

An English Girl Goes Through the Shoshola Accident, and is Married in Bed.

A Port Jervis, N. Y., despatch says: A wedding occurred at the Delaware House, in this town, on Thursday night under peculiarly interesting and romantic circumstances, the bride being one of the victims of the late terrible railroad disaster near Shohola. Among the passengers on board of the first day coach of the Chicago express train, which was one of the cars that made the fearful plunge down an 80-foot embankment in complete darkness and storm to the brink of the Delaware River, was Miss Hannah Yearly, a handsome and intelligent young English girl from Congleton, Cheshire, where her father is engaged in business as a woollen merchant. She had sailed from Liverpool alone on Aug. 2nd, and landed in New York just in time to catch the fatal train. Her destination was Kansas City, where her Old Country lover and playmate awaited her coming, when the pair were to be married. Cyrus Arthur Slater, a printer, the lover in question, came to this country two years ago, and having made provision for his sweetheart sent for her to join him. By the advice of her parents, and in order to avoid annoyance to which a young single woman might be subject, she took the name of her betrothed and travelled as Mrs. Cyrus Slater, under which designation she appears in the list of casualties published in the despatches as one of those dangerously injured. The telegram sent to her lover, informing him of the misfortune that has overtaken his expectant bride, brought him to this town by the quickest train, which reached here on Thursday. He found her suffering from severe body bruises and scalp wounds, and her pretty face somewhat disfigured by cruel lacerations, but she is in a fair way to recover health, if not all of her former beauty. The meeting between the two lovers under such circumstances was naturally an affecting one, and resulted in an agreement to be married at once. Accordingly, on Thursday evening, the Rev. Calvin S. Hare, a Baptist clergyman, was called in, the faithful groom took his place by the bedside of the invalid bride and the pair were united in wedlock amid the hearty congratulations and good wishes of the little group of sympathizing strangers who were permitted to witness the ceremony.

AN OCEAN GROVE GIRL.

She Uses Cork Stays, but Has Considerable Trouble with Them.

She tripped down to the foamy edge of the surf and ran back, screaming prettily as the water ran over her toes. And all the spectators smiled. And then she ran down again and danced on one toe and then on the other, and then on both at once as she got all the way up to her ankles. Then picked up all her courage, and as a big wave rolled in she ran to meet it. It flopped her bang up against the beach, knocked her sailor hat into shapelessness, and, as it receded, drew her out as if she had been a wooden ball. It was almost too much of a good thing and she struggled and wiggled and spluttered. And while she struggled to get a foothold another wave seized her and she flipped over the top of it as light as an eggshell. Quick as thought came a third, and she danced over the top of that also, and every time she tried to get on her feet she was whisked back.

Then she realized that she was beautifully floating out to sea, and she sent up a scream that startled the bathers near her. One of them, young and brave and strong, rushed—for it was too shallow to swim—to her rescue. He seized her by the shoulder, but her fate would not down, and being a wise and thoughtful lad, he towed her into shore. She scarcely stopped to say thank you, and with the red blood of confusion showing in her tanned cheeks, rushed away to change her garments. She might have escaped with that had she not imparted the secret of the episode to a friend. And the secret was this: She was a prudent girl with a proper regard for her safety. She had taken out the whalebones of her corsets and introduced cork stays, and had put another layer of cork in her stockings. She had miscalculated the effect, only to find that while the cork kept her nicely above water, it quite as effectually prevented her getting down also. The story came out, and the girl left Ocean Grove simultaneously.—*Pittsburg Press.*

How Many Stars are There in Sight?

The total number of stars one can see will depend very largely upon the clearness of the atmosphere and the keenness of the eye. There are in the whole celestial sphere about 6,000 stars visible to an ordinarily good eye. Of these, however, we can never see more than a fraction at any one time because a half of the sphere is always below the horizon. If we could see a star in the horizon as easily as in the zenith, a half of the whole number, or about 3,000, would be visible on any clear night. But stars near the horizon are seen through so great a thickness of atmosphere as greatly to obscure their light, and only the brightest ones can there be seen. As a result of this obscuration it is not likely that more than 2,000 stars can ever be taken in at a single view by an ordinary eye. About 3,000 other stars are so near the South Pole that they never rise in our latitudes. Hence, out of 6,000 supposed to be visible, only 4,000 ever come within the range of our vision unless we make a journey towards the equator.—*Century Magazine.*

Initials by Telephone.

All people who have occasion to telephone names have had great difficulty in making initials understood. B, G, D, E, G, P, T and V sound so much alike that to distinguish between them is almost impossible, and M and N also sound very similar. A system used with very satisfactory results, when the person at the other end of the wire has understood it, is to give a word beginning with the letter that is the initial in question. For instance, suppose the name is B. P. Smith. A score or more of other combinations have almost the same sound, but if the order says: "B. P. Smith; B for butter and P for pepper; B. P. Smith," there is no difficulty in understanding.—*New Haven Palladium.*

Wonderful Discovery.

A man with a clean shirt on never complains a colder—Waterloo Times.

TWINS LIFT A DEBT.

A Fortunate Mother Wipes Out a Mortgage.

"If you make up the even two dozen children by next year I will lift the mortgage off the farm," said the owner of a short distance from Pottstown, to Mrs. Nader, the mother of twenty-two children, as she was rocking the twenty-second child in a cradle upon the occasion of his visit. The man meant his offer as a joke—but

The next year the owner was on hand promptly to collect the interest, when to his surprise the proud mother motioned him to the cradle, and lifting the coverlet, showed him fine twins, which completed the two dozen. There was nothing to do but grin and bear it. The owner lifted the mortgage, and said he believed in protecting home industry.

Mrs. Gilbert, who formerly lived at Franklin street and Fairmount avenue, proudly told her friends that she was the mother of twenty-two children, all in good health, and Mrs. Osler, who lives near the Market street ferry in Camden, is famed far and near as the maternal proprietor of nearly a quarter of a hundred children, and says she will live long enough to see each one of her twenty-three offspring the happy parent of a third generation of Oslers, who are well represented in the city across the Delaware.

A happy attendant at the games of the canny Scots at Gloucester yesterday was a mother from the land of thistles who kept her eye on the lively movements of fifteen young Scots who danced to the Highland Fling to the music of three bagpipes.

At one of the largest hotels in Atlantic City last week there stopped a fine-looking old man of some 90 years, now a retired merchant. He has been married three times in nearly the century of his life, and he had eighteen children by his first wife, six by a second and four by the third, making a total of twenty-eight. The oldest of this young colony is 70 years of age and the youngest 16. The old gentleman is hearty and happy, and takes his daily bath in the surf with as much gusto as his 30-year-old grandson and his 3-year-old great-granddaughter. — *Philadelphia Record.*

CRUEL ONTARIO FARMERS.

If the Sad Story of a Liverpool Waif to the New York Police be True.

A New York despatch says: A 14 year-old boy named Joseph O'Brien walked into the Charles street police station last night and asked for a night's lodging. He told the sergeant that his parents died in Liverpool when he was 7 years old. He was then placed in the Kirkdell Orphan Asylum, in Liverpool. Soon afterwards the authorities shipped him and fifty others to St. Catharines, Ont., where all were put into an asylum there, and afterwards bound out to farmers. He went out to work for a man named Neeson, as a cow herder and milker. The lad related a story of handiest cruelty experienced by him at the hands of Neeson and his wife. He remained with them three years, and frequently his entire body was covered with sores, the results of welts made by a blackenake whip. Eventually two lumbermen interfered and placed him in a hospital. When he left that institution he worked for another farmer. When he had earned $32 he asked for it, but was chased off the farm without a cent. He eventually reached Rochester, where he worked until yesterday. He had $18 50 coming to him, and intends to sail at once for home to see a dying sister, his only relative. In Jefferson Market Police Court to-day the boy repeated his story to Justice Patterson. He will probably sail for home to-morrow, and in the meantime well provided for.

HANGED TO AN APPLE TREE.

Mr. Silva, of Morgan Park, Chicago, Runs Across a Suicide.

"There were plenty of other apple-trees in the neighborhood," said C. P. Silva, indignantly, to an evening *News* reporter to-day, "and I don't think it was right in him to come and hang himself in my door yard."

Mr. Silva was speaking of the suicide of a German gardener, who used to work for him on his place in Morgan Park. The only name Mr. Silva knew him by was Adam, and that he once lived in Englewood; that he was presumably an unmarried man, and that he drank a good deal, are all the items in his past career known to Mr. Silva.

He had gone back and forth from his house to the chicken-coop several times during the morning without noticing the corpse under the apple tree, and it was not until Mr. Silva started for the train that he looked back and saw a man apparently kneeling under a tree. He turned and found it was Adam, with a clothes-line around his neck, and fastened to a limb of a tree, the body partly resting on the toes, and the clenched hands almost touching the ground. He had probably hanged himself during the night, as the body was cold and rigid.—*Chicago News.*

A FIENDISH MURDER.

Two Poachers Fire Upon a Fishing Party and Kill a Woman.

A Halifax, N. S., despatch says: Major Howes and family, of Boston, fishing on the Tobique, were fired upon Sunday by a party ambushed in the woods, forty rods distant. Their shot pierced Mrs. Howe's head, killing her instantly. A daughter Ellen, who was in a second canoe, only escaped a similar fate by lying down. The Major's son and his companion returned the fire, and the cowards took to their heels and fled to the woods. It is supposed that the shots were fired by two poachers, named Day and Trafton, who had been driven away while spearing salmon, and who threatened to shoot at the first opportunity. The sheriff is after these men. The Major and his party went to Andover last night, with the body of the murdered woman. They are completely prostrated with grief.

A Runaway Street Car.

"Keep your seats or you'll all be killed!" The excited individual who thus exclaimed was Conductor Warren, of Allen street car No. 78.

Yesterday he ran extra during the noon hour, his regular route being on Virginia street. The car was on Fourteenth street, near the State Normal School. Suddenly both brake-rods broke, and the car, heavily loaded with men, women and children, started down the grade banging against the affrighted horses' heels. Driver Welch, seeing that he could not stop the car, did not forget the first law of nature and with great presence of mind unhooked his team, turned them to one side and allowed the car with its terrified human freightage to proceed. It was at this juncture that the conductor cried out as above narrated. At the corner of Vermont street a lady, despite the protest, jumped from the car. The West avenue car pulled up from York street and the driver saw the runaway coming. It was too late to pull back, so he turned in, and by thrashing his horses managed to keep ahead. After a while the car slowed and the men were able to get off and block the wheels. The lady who had jumped off was picked up with a badly strained back, was placed in a carriage and driven to her home on Eagle street.—*Buffalo Courier.*

What Started Him.

Music publisher—"That's grand! That's the most soul-stirring march I've heard in years; it's better than the 'Marseillaise.' When did you compose it?"

Young composer—"Last evening."

"It's glorious! Why, sir, that march could start a revolution. It raises a man right out of himself and makes him feel that he could overturn a thousand Governments and murder his own grandmother for freedom. You must have been in a strange psychical state when you wrote it."

"Well, the twins were both yelling, my wife was thrashing around with the jumping toothache, and my mother-in-law was blaming me for everything."

A Rising Young Man.

"To his fond father, who has asked him where he is in his class now: "Oh, pa, I've got a much better place than I had the last quarter." "Indeed. Well, where are you?" "I'm fourteenth." "Fourteenth, you little lazybones! You were eighth last term. Do you call that a better place?" "Yes; it's nearer the stove."

A boy of 6 years, after thinking a few moments, said to his mother: "Mamma, was papa to your wedding, too?" to which the mother replied: "Yes, sonny, I invited him."

Young Frenchman—"Ah, oui. Est ces fix by custom in Paris, when a young man marry he get certain number francs from the father of the girl." Young American—"It isn't so in this country. Here you must not only be able to support the girl but very often some of the family into the bargain. Why, there's the fare to Paris!"

BOYS ON THE FARM.

Agricultural Education in the Common Schools.

THE TEXT BOOK REQUIRED.

Mr. Thomas Shaw on the Great Want of the Day.

MINISTER DRYDEN'S RESPECTED IDEAS.

The twenty-eighth convention of the Ontario Teachers' Association was concluded yesterday afternoon at the Normal School, Toronto. The President, Mr. J. H. Smith, occupied the chair.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, R. McQueen, Kirkwall; Recording Secretary, R. W. Doan, Toronto; Corresponding Secretary, D. H. Hunter, Woodstock; Treasurer, W. J. Hendry, Mimico.

The President introduced to the convention Mr. Thomas Shaw, Secretary of the Central Farmers' Union, who read a paper on "Agriculture in Our Rural Schools." After complaining that agriculture was not taught in the public schools, Mr. Shaw went on to speak of the coming text-book on the subject, dealing closely with what it should contain. The following are the prominent thoughts advanced in the paper:

The reasons why agriculture has not received more attention at the hands of our educational authorities are not far to seek. It has been sought by those who need it most—the farmers. Hitherto they have been so largely absorbed with the work of removing physical obstructions on their farms, and getting bread and butter for their families, that they have not given due attention to the nature of the mental food they should get at the school. They have not clamored for the introduction of an agricultural text-book, or it would have come long ago. They have been content with bread when they could have had the butter for the asking. This Province has many thousands of Common Schools, and High Schools by the score, and these are not too many, and yet it has but one school virtually where agriculture is taught. Though the Guelph College were brimful of students, only one farmer in 1,500 could send his son there. The sons of the 1,499 must go without instruction in what is to be their future life-work, or get their instruction at home—a sweeping reflection this on the ignoble content of the farmer. Thus it is that the power of rural communities are drafted away into the cities, that in the governing voice of the country the farmer gets a place amongst the thirty rather than the first three, and that in the social scale he is pressed tightly against the wall. We are without a text-book. Why? Book-making is a good deal of a trade. It is largely governed by the law of supply and demand. Now that farmers clamor for it, it will come. The old national series of school books come from Britain. A book adapted to the wants of Canada cannot come from Britain or any country but Canada. The soil of Canada forbids it, the climate of Canada forbids it, and the honor of Canada forbids it. It must be written by a Canadian. The reasons why the study of agriculture should be introduced into our rural schools are not far to seek. There is first its relative importance to the farmer, whose children almost exclusively fill the forms of rural schools. It is to him both meat and drink, and clothing and money. It is the steed he rides from the cradle to the grave, and the funeral car that conveys him to his last resting place. Why should he be taught this from his earliest infancy? We know of no study so well calculated to stimulate the perceptive faculties at a tender age as the study of agriculture. Then there is its relative importance to the whole community. The prosperity of every one is largely bound up with that of the farmer. The number of the spokes in every wheel of business, the number of wheels and the number of revolutions are largely determined by the success attending the operations of the farmers. About two-thirds of the population of this country are farmers. I believe they own more than two thirds of its property, and they furnish more than two-thirds of the brains that stock the professions. The part they play in the commonwealth is nearly all in all a two-thirds' factor, and therefore they are surely entitled to a two-thirds' consideration at the hands of our educational authorities. A boy who, to the practical training he gets at home, adds sound theoretical instruction from a school text-book will beat the boy at farming who has only the first. Whatever, then, tends to improve farming should be countenanced by the whole community.

A TEXT BOOK NECESSARY.

There is no doubt in my mind as to the best mode of introducing agriculture into our Common Schools, though I am not so clear as to all that the medium of instruction should contain. It should be introduced through means of a text-book worthy of the name. I do not in the meantime favor the erection of any additional schools of agriculture, but I do favor the wholesale utilizing of our rural schools we have for teaching agriculture. When this is done the want of departmental instruction in the higher schools will force itself upon public attention, and these for the time being will become nurseries for the Agricultural College.

WHAT IT SHOULD BE.

I do not know who the writer of that text book will be, but I can tell you, as already more than hinted, that he will be a Canadian, and I may add that his hands will bear upon him the marks of hard and honest manual toil. As to the style of this book it will be written in the plain