DEATH'S HARVEST.

Terrible Results from Last Week's Tornado.

SOME HEARTRENDING CALAMITIES.

A Large Silk Mill Blown Down in Reading, Pa.

THE LATEST PARTICULARS.

A silk mill, in which 250 girls were employed, blew down just before the hour for quitting work. About the same time there was an explosion and fire in the same neighborhood, by which eight men were burned to death.

Suddenness that was Appalling.

The fleecy clouds gave way to the ominous signs of a coming storm. Dark, heavy banks of clouds marshalled themselves over the city. There was a stillness as of a coming danger. Suddenly the wind whistled, roared and tore in mad confusion. The storm clouds grew heavier still, and louder roared the winds. In the western sky the storm was seen approaching with a thundering noise. The swath it cut was narrow, but its effect was terrible. Persons residing along the track of the storm say that they saw the first signs of danger in a funnel-shaped maelstrom which seemed to gather up everything within its reach and cast it right and left. Out in the country, the houses and barns were unroofed, farm outbuildings overturned, crops rooted up and destruction spread in every direction. The track of this destructive element was not more than 200 feet wide, and it is lucky that it only touched the suburbs of the city. It came from the west, but passed along the northern border of Reading. First it touched the Mt. Penn stove works. Here the corner of the building was struck and a portion of the roof was cut off as nicely as if done with a pair of scissors. Then the storm cloud scurried across some fields, took off a portion of the roof of J. H. Sternbergh's rolling mill, and a number of dwellings were unroofed as nicely as if their tin roofs were paper. The storm then hurried across the property of the Reading Railroad Company and crossed the railroad. Here a passenger car was standing. This was overturned as neatly as if it was a toy, and its splinters scattered in every direction. Meanwhile, the

Rain Poured Down in Torrents.

The atmosphere became heavy and oppressive, and it was almost as dark as night. Directly alongside the tracks of the Reading Railroad was situated the paint shop of the Reading Railroad Company. It was a one-story building about 60 by 150 feet in size. Here about thirty men were employed in painting passenger cars. There were eight or nine of these cars in the building. They had been built at the company's shops in this city at a cost of $6,000 each. The building was struck square in the middle, and the bricks scattered like feathers. The cars were turned topsy-turvy, while the men were buried under the *debris*. Some of the bricks were carried a square away. The chamber of each of the passenger cars was already filled with gas as they were ready to be taken out on the road in a few days. These exploded with terrific force, causing the people all over the city to run out of their houses, thinking that it was an earthquake. There was a considerable quantity of gasoline in the building, and this added fuel to the flames which shot heavenward with the roar of musketry. Some twenty of the men had a chance to crawl out of the *debris*, but four of their companions were enveloped in the embrace of the flames. Their cries were heard for a moment, then the voices were hushed forever. They were roasted to death, and the fire from the nine passenger cars lit up the heavens for miles around. In the meantime the fire department was called out, but its services were unavailing. The building and cars were consumed in fifteen minutes, and nothing was left but the smoking ruins, under which lay four human beings burned to a crisp. Their names are: John Kohler, Albert Laudberger, Sheridan Jones and George Schaeffer. It was rumored that several others had been killed, but these are the only ones who it is known have lost their lives. Aaron Dewalt, another employee in the paint shop, had his arm broken, and George Knobb was injured internally, no doubt fatally. The loss to the railroad company is fully $75,000. While this was all going on the storm was travelling forward at the rate of about 100 miles an hour, unroofing houses and doing other damage.

An Awful Crash.

Directly in the storm's path, at the corner of Twelfth and Marian streets stood the Reading silk mill, one of the industries of the city, and in which were about 175 happy girls working. The building was a huge structure, most substantially built, four stories in height, and had a basement besides. It occupied an entire block of ground. The size of the building itself was nearly 300 feet in length and about 150 feet wide. It was surmounted by a massive tower, fully 100 feet from the ground. The funnel-shaped storm cloud struck the building directly in the centre on its broadest side, which faced the west. It fell to pieces as if composed of so many building blocks. Nearly 200 human beings went down in the awful wreck. Human tongue can never tell the terrible scenes of that hour. The walls gave way, the floors fell down, one on top of the other, and carried their great mass of human beings to the bottom. The bricks were piled up in the greatest confusion, while amid the hurricane and whistling, rushing roaring wind, terrific cries for succor were sent up to heaven. It was a moment that tried men's souls; and almost simultaneously with the fall of the building came the awful cries for relief. Girls with blackened faces, bruised and broken limbs, their clothing tattered and torn, dragged themselves from the ruins. So probably seventy-five to one hundred escaped or were dragged out by their friends. These, of course, worked on the upper floors and were thrown near the top of the debris. At some places the bricks were piled twenty feet deep, and underneath are lying so-night human bodies by the score. About 250 girls and young women are usually employed in the mill, but at 4 o'clock about eighty were relieved from duty for the day. They returned to their homes before the storm came. The most reliable estimate of to-night places the number in the building when it went down in the neighborhood of 175, and, as before stated, 100 of these were rescued by friends or dragged themselves out immediately after the accident. The alarm for relief was immediately sent out, and in a short time thousands of citizens arrived to take out the dead and dying.

The Scene Was a Harrowing One,

and baggars description. The mill is situated near the foot of Mt. Penn, a high mountain overlooking the city. When the people arrived everything was enveloped in darkness. Then hugs bonfires were built which cast a dismal glare on the surrounding scene. The fire companies left the burning paint shop and assisted in the rescue of the dead and dying. The entire police force was called out, the ambulance and relief corps and a thousand people were in among the debris, carrying out bruised, pulling away timbers and prying wherever they could, all at the same time, but their work was slow compared with the demand for the rescue of the victims of the disaster. Here a young woman was taken out, bruised and suffering from cuts. One body taken out had its head cut off. Others were in various postures, the living all suffering from the most terrible wounds and some almost moved to death. The Associated Press representative entered what was once the basement of the building, and groping his way through the debris noticed five bodies of young girls lying close together. He tried to pull them out, but they were pinned down and it was impossible to get them out. They were dead and beyond all human aid. Up to half-past 10 o'clock to-night probably the bodies of a dozen dead have been taken out, while the greater portion of the remainder were still under the ruins.

The Work of Rescue

will be pushed all night, but it may be far into to-morrow before all the bodies are taken out. The rescuers still have the greatest hopes that some of those inside are still living, and there is every reason for saying that in this the persons who believe that way are right. All is chaos and confusion around the mill. The managers are missing, and the largest number of the dead is mere guesswork. It may not be over forty, and then again at this hour there is a likelihood that it will reach sixty or even eighty. The silk mill was built about four years ago, and together with the machinery is a total wreck. This means a loss of over $100,000.

The seriously injured are: Laura Wright, Rebecca Fouss, Emma Blumm, Katie Hepler, Annie Bricker, Mary Rose, Sallie Hesser, Sophie Gaul, Annie Fry, Rose Clemmen, Emma Taylor, Mamie Kinsey, Howard Bricker, Sallie Young, Kate Hartman, Ella Salome, Kate Coren, Annie Lewis and Emma Hamersahn. About ninety others were slightly hurt, principally bruised by being thrown from the building by the wind. Those who escaped early in the evening hurried to their homes, and as nothing was heard from them it was thought they had been buried in the ruins. All of them reported to the Superintendent either in person or by messenger.

The crowd at the wrecked mill was so great yesterday that the mayor requested Company "A," Fourth Regiment, to report for duty, in addition to the entire police force. The incoming trains on the roads entering Reading brought thousands of people here yesterday to view the wreck. Many industrial establishments have been closed and the workingmen put to work clearing away the timbers and broken machinery. The work of rescue was greatly retarded from the singular manner in which the silk mill collapsed. It did not blow over, as might have been expected from the terrible force of the wind, but was bodily crushed down, falling in upon itself in one mass, not a vestige of the walls remaining standing above the stone foundation. The rafters and timbers of the flooring projected in all directions. As the building was steam-heated the ruins did not take fire, otherwise not one of the unfortunates could possibly have escaped death and in its most appalling form. Teams of every description, omnibuses, funeral coaches, fire waggons, hospital vans and other vehicles were pressed into service and were running to and from the scene of the disaster all night long, bearing the bodies of the wounded, dying and dead to their homes or to the different hospitals. From the statement of some of those who escaped from the building it appears to have gone down in an instant. There was a loud crash of breaking timber and the persons in the building rushed toward the main doors. A good many of them succeeded in getting out, while four girls saved themselves by jumping from the second story windows.

Story of a Survivor.

Augustus F. Roscup, residing at No. 638 North Tenth street, was the foreman of the first and second floors of the silk mill. His statement is as follows: "It was about twenty minutes past 5 when I went to the second story to turn on the electric lights. After I had done this I stood looking about the room for about ten minutes. Suddenly I heard a loud rushing noise, which I thought was a cyclone. The building then shook. I was standing in the southern end of the room, and before I could look out of the window I felt the building sink. Quick as lightning the portion of the room I was in went down. The girls rushed about me crying and screaming and calling for help. They did not realize what was taking place. It seemed to me as if the centre of the building was struck first. I cannot describe the scene. It was awful. I could not do anything and could not think of what I should do. Our end of the building went down first and while the floor was sinking it seemed to me as if the girls in the other part of the room were on the top of a hill, that was the way that it impressed me. While we were going down I saw the other portion of the floor fall. In two or three minutes all was over. The screaming of the girls was heartrending. I was knocked down under heavy timbers and held fast by my foot. I could move every other part of my body excepting my leg. I wanted to reach down with my knife and cut the shoe off my foot. In this way I loosened and managed to arise. Amid the screams of the girls and falling beams and bricks I succeeded in escaping.

HOW SOME GIRLS ESCAPED.

I got out of the ruins on the eastern side of the building, but how, I do not know. I called to the girls as loudly as I could. They were all terribly excited, and I never witnessed anything so awful in all my life. Many of them heard me and worked themselves towards me. At some places it seemed as if the floor was closed as a solid mass, and the girls would creep around this, crawl over the machines and creep on their hands and knees until they got to the opening where I was. The machines saved many from being crushed to death and left a space between the floor and debris to crawl out.

I believe that fully one hundred persons escaped with me. I remember seeing them run across the commons in different directions to their homes, terrified naturally. Some ran away a short distance and then returned to the ruins. The entire building was down. The girls came back to look for their brothers and sisters and friends. We could hear the moans and shrieks of those imprisoned in the ruins. The rain was pouring down and all around was dark. I was badly bruised and hurt about the body, head and limbs and went home after I saw I could do nothing. Between 250 and 300 operatives were in the building. About 4 o'clock I allowed sixteen girls to go home. All the floors were in operation. The report that one hundred went home at 4 o'clock is not true.

Havoc Elsewhere.

It is reported that the storm partly demolished the factory of the Westinghouse Air Brake Company near this city. The damage will be heavy. Trainmen report damage to property on nearly all the railroads centring in the city. At Appolo considerable damage was done and one man killed. A number of buildings were destroyed at Steubenville, O. Several buildings were blown down at Jeanette, on the Pennsylvania road. A telegram from Altoona says that railroad men report damage in all the interior towns. Several bridges were blown down. A telegram from Williamsport to the *Times* says the cyclone wrecked the Demorest sewing machine foundry and unroofed the Mankey decorative works. Two dwellings were wrecked and much damage done. At Sunbury a rail mill stack was blown down, burying ten men. Two were killed.

A special from Carlisle says: About 3.30 o'clock this afternoon a terrible cyclone struck this city and destroyed thousands of dollars' worth of property and caused probably fatal injury to several persons. The roof of the Industrial Training School was blown off and the windows smashed and broken. The damage to the school will reach $5,000. The city armory was blown down and Bretz's stables were damaged. Telephone and electric wires were broken and the town is in total darkness to-night. A lady named Mrs. Stoner and several others whose names cannot be learned were severely if not fatally injured. The reports from the surrounding country indicate a severe loss to farmers; barns, stables, houses and fences were blown down. The losses as far as heard from will reach $30,000.

The Other Calamity.

The following is a list of the killed and injured at the Philadelphia & Reading paint shop, which was struck by the cyclone and the men enveloped in flames by the explosion of the gas chambers in nine passenger cars:

Killed—Allen Landerberger, head, legs and arms missing.

John M. Kahler, carpenter, head crushed.

Sheridan Jones, burned to death.

George Aulchaeffer, legs burned off.

Injured—George Knabb, seriously.

Aaron Dewalt, arm broken.

The loss to the Philadelphia & Reading Railway Company is probably $65,000, and to the silk mill and its machinery $110,000.

The Kind of Storm It Was.

A special despatch from Pittsburg, Pa., says: The storm which passed over this city this afternoon and wrought such frightful destruction to life and property possessed every feature of a tornado. United States Signal Officer Stewart said that the storm came from the southwest. It made its first appearance in Texas on Monday, reaching Arkansas on Tuesday, and struck Chicago at 8 o'clock this morning. The storm then swerved in a direct line for Pittsburg, which, however, escaped the greatest severity, as the track of its force lay northwest of this city. Just before the storm struck the city the barometer recorded 29.08, the lowest point reached here since the establishment of the signal service in this city. At 12.30 o'clock the velocity of the wind was forty-seven miles an hour. Five minutes later it had attained twenty-five miles, and at 12.45 the maximum of forty miles an hour was reached and the tornado was over. It was the most furious storm ever known here. The characteristic left-footed gyrations

will be found on the storm chart. Old boots and shoes, stamped to a pulp, are now converted into the soft, stamped, ornamented leather so popular for artistic bookbinding.

DEATH ON THE RAIL.

Full Particulars of Yesterday's Disaster on the N. Y., P. & O. Railway.

EIGHT PERSONS MEET THEIR DOOM.

Horrible Scenes—Many Passengers Hurt—The Train a Wreck.

A last (Monday) night's special despatch from Akron gives the following details of the collision on the New York, Pennsylvania & Ohio Railway: At 9.27 o'clock this morning train No. 8, east bound, rounding the sharp curve a mile and a half east of Tallmadge, came suddenly upon a part of freight train No. 31. There was a dense fog, and this conspired with other things to make the accident beyond human power to avert. Engineer Robert Huntington had just time to reverse his engine when the dreadful crash came, and in an instant he yielded up his life. The freight was heavy, and while it was climbing the grade a coupling parted about the middle of the train. It was decided to resort to the common expedient of doubling up. Flagmen were sent out, one to the east and another to the west, to warn any approaching train. Brakeman Bradley, an old and experienced railroader, was sent ahead to flag the east bound passenger train, which was known to be about due. Meantime the first part of the broken freight train was taken to Tallmadge siding. The engine then returned to the second part. A signal was then given, which is said to have been to summon back the flagmen stationed at the east. Flagman Bradley took it to be for him also and started back to the freight. The engineer of the freight engine says that no whistle was sounded, but at any rate Bradley heard it so, and went back. The

Tallmadge when the express came along. The momentum of the fast train was somewhat checked by the reverse, but the impact was terrific nevertheless. The freight engineer and brakesman jumped and escaped serious injury. The passenger engine was crushed into bits and mingled with the wreckage behind it. The freight engine reared up and stood almost on an end. Engineer Huntington and Fireman Walters, of the express, were terribly crushed. The brave engineer was disembowled, his head crushed and his limbs broken and doubled up. The passenger train consisted of a combination baggage and express car and smoker, a common coach and two sleepers.

The greatest horror came when the baggage car and smoker, which telescoped with the common coach, took fire. After the accident the two telescoped coaches appeared as one, and from the shattered and burning cars came the groans and shrieks of the unfortunates. Then came a scene of terror. The strong struggled to escape the horrible death by fire, while the weak and the hopelessly wounded prayed for succor from the flames that were fast enveloping them. One man, George Shaw, penned in by the wreckage, managed, by superhuman efforts, to release his lower limbs and escaped cut and bruised. The last man to get out alive was able to grasp an axe handle and retain his hold until he was drawn through a gap half dead, but was quickly resuscitated. In the smoker were eight Chinamen; five were pulled out alive, but half dead from fright. Three were never seen after the crash, and bones and bits of charred flesh, gathered up in a bag, were all that were found of them.

One of the most pathetic scenes was that attending the death of little Mary Anne Lyon, an orphan, who was being sent through from Idaho on a second-class ticket to relatives in Cherry Creek, N. Y. Edward Pellger, a passenger going to New York, tells this story of her death: "I noticed a little girl who appeared to be all alone, and learned that she had been ticketed through. When the crash came I was in my berth in the sleeper and received only a slight shock. My first thought was of little Mary, and I rushed out of the car, and to my horror saw that the smoker was all in flames. I went outside the opposite part of the car, where the little one had sat, and found that she had been wedged down by a seat which had fallen upon her. The flames were already surrounding her, and finding she could not be rescued, I fled from the spot, imagining that I could see her pleading eyes and hear her dreadful shrieks. This so unnerved me that I threw myself down upon the ground and sobbed."

Another eye-witness says that the little girl, whose shrieks were heart-rending, released herself just before the fire got to her, and for a moment groped wildly about in the prison of a car, then fell over, choked by the smoke, the flames quickly coming up to complete the dreadful work.

A DOG WORTH OWNING.

The Terrible Onslaught which He Made on a Burglar.

A South Norwalk (Conn.) despatch says: The facts in a curious case of attempted burglary in the town of Darien were made known here to-day. Mr. James L. Callart, whose house is some distance east of the New Haven Railroad station at Darien, retired early Tuesday evening in confidence that a large shepherd dog of his shut in the kitchen would take care of things as usual while he slept. That confidence was not misplaced. Soon after midnight a man crawled stealthily up to the kitchen window and with a diamond cut a circle five inches in diameter on one of the panes. He then applied a circular piece of mucilaged leather to the glass, and with a string made fast to the centre gave a sudden jerk, removing that portion of the glass. The noise awoke the dog, which waited till the man reached through the hole to shove the door bolt, and then grabbed the intruding arm. A terrible tussle followed, the man struggling to release himself, the dog forcing his teeth further into the arm, making his hold more secure. The result was the sash yielded and fell, the faithful animal leaped outside, grabbed the visitor by the throat, tearing the flesh, and, following the arm down to the hand, laid the bones bare in several places. The victim of this deserved punishment finally escaped, but with less clothing on than he had before the encounter. Finding his way to this city he called on Medical Examiner Dr. Burke and told a made-up story of how he got hurt. The doctor believed the tale, as the evidence in corroboration of its truth seemed strong, bade his visitor in, dressed and bandaged his wounds, supplied a suit of new clothes, dispensed much sympathy, and, in fact, did all in his power to render the man comfortable. Late last night the man disappeared. Meantime his name had not been ascertained, but, learning of the affair in Darien, and the efforts of the authorities there to capture a burglar, the doctor is convinced his guest was none other than he who was defeated by the dog.

WICKED SALLIE McGEE.

She Could Cry to Order and Weep Loudest of the Mourners.

A Philadelphia despatch says: The tender years of Sallie McGee yesterday saved her from a felon's cell. Judge Hare refused to sentence the girl, who had been convicted of stealing at funerals, as an appeal for mercy had been made in her behalf. This girl was in the habit of attending funerals and joining in the great weeping over the departed. When the opportunity offered she carried off whatever she could lay her hands on.

Preferred Death to Dishonor.

An Ottawa despatch says: A French-Canadian named Phillias Bourgeard committed suicide at Moreau's Hotel on Friday night. He was a tailor belonging to Verchères, Que., but had come to Ottawa and obtained work. He retired to his room on Friday night about 10 o'clock, having previously handed the bartender two letters to be posted, one being addressed to his father. Shortly after going to his room two shots, following each other in rapid succession, were heard. On rushing into his room it was found that the unfortunate man had blown out his brains. The coroner took possession of the letters which deceased had left to be posted. That addressed to his father was to the effect that the writer intended to take his life, as owing to deception he had been inveigled into a marriage with a disreputable woman in Montreal. An inquest was held on Saturday and a verdict of suicide was returned. The case bears some resemblance to that of the commercial traveller who married Polly Bredin.

There were 809 cases tried before the Police Magistrate in St. Thomas last year, of which 248 were drunks.

The first railroad successfully operated on this continent was constructed in 1826, and extended from Baltimore to a point called Elliott's Mills, a distance of twelve miles.

A HEROIC REPORTER.

Gallant Rescue of Six Babies From a Burning Building.

A Philadelphia despatch says: The handsome houses of Robert McWade, city

Hamilton during the time of the Phipps extradition trial), and J. H. Tighe, on Lancaster avenue, at Wayne Station, were entirely destroyed by fire last night. The total loss is about $22,000. Nine small children narrowly escaped being burned in their beds. Mrs. Jones, a sister-in-law of Mr. Tighe, was driven crazy by the excitement and had to be taken out of the house by force. When the fire broke out Mr. McWade had just finished supper and was sitting in the parlor with his wife and several nearly grown children, after the little ones had been put to bed. His first thought was of his children, and he darted upstairs and succeeded in getting them all out of doors safely. Then he and several neighbors formed a bucket brigade, but the flames gained steadily on them, fanned by the northwest wind. The houses of Mr. McWade and Mr. Tighe adjoin. The flames soon spread to the property next door. There is but one fire company in Wayne. It owns no engine, but has a line of hose. The company responded, but they could do nothing to save the buildings. Some one shouted that there was a woman at one of the windows of Mr. Tighe's house. Mr. McWade ran upstairs through flame and smoke and found Mrs. Jones with a babe in her arms standing in the centre of a third-story room. He told her to go down stairs, but she refused to go. Then he tried to persuade her, but she said she would not move. She was perfectly calm. Her mind had given way. Mr. McWade seized her by the arms and dragged her out of the room by force. He managed, but with great difficulty, to get her down the stairs, and she and the baby were taken out safely.

screams in Mr. Tighe's house. He ran in again, and in a second-story room found two little children lying in bed with the flames darting all around them. He picked them up, and with an infant tucked under each arm sprang down-stairs, and barely managed to reach the door through the clouds of thick smoke. The flames were extinguished at 10 o clock. Mr. McWade loses about $16,000. He had a library valued at $5,000, which it had taken him several years to collect, and none of it was saved. He had no insurance on the house or its contents. Mr. Tighe's loss is about $3,500. The house did not belong to him. His effects were partly insured in the New England Mutual Company.

Mr. McWade's little children, who were taken from their beds, were almost naked. They were tenderly carried through the terrible rainstorm to the houses of the neighbors, where they were cared for. The ladies had no time to save their clothing. They were scantily dressed, and were cared for by their friends who live close by.

TWO MURDERS IN BRITAIN.

A Crazy Artist Murders His Sweetheart and a Scotchman's Wife Dies While He is Doing the Whitechapel Act.

A London cable says: One murderer the police have got, and they are very happy over it, though it is hard to tell why, for the murderer was only a weak-minded, self-styled artist, and gave himself up to the authorities voluntarily. This man brutally murdered his sweetheart, Emily Joy, and could give no better reason for it than that a sudden impulse came over him. He is not insane, and Miss Joy had given him nothing to complain of. To prove his original good faith the young murderer, whose real name is Jenkins, but who calls himself E. S. Wheatcroft, B. S. A., produces a long agreement, a part of which runs as follows:

Dec. 25th, 1888.

MISS EMILY JOY,—I, the undersigned, agree to marry Miss Emily Joy at any time she may state, and I can further state that I have a standing income besides my small capital, which amounts in cash to £300 10s., and that I will swear I will never give said Miss Joy any reason to complain of any unhappiness. I will also state that since I have been with said Miss Joy I have never been in company with any young lady, and that I have never in my life committed any offence upon any young lady, and that I was never married during my past life, and I agree to make said young lady happy all her life. All I have said I will swear to on oath.

EBENEZER SAMUEL WHEATCROFT, B. S. A.

This illustrates how useless a contract sometimes is.

Another captured murderer is a Scotch peddler named Mackenzie, who relied on his wife not to accuse him and took no pains to conceal his whereabouts. The poor woman, bearing in mind, perhaps, the habit which judges over here have of treating brutality to a wife as a very trifling offence, was several days in the hospital before she said her husband had attempted upon her the devilish Whitechapel atrocities which he had read about, and that it was only when frightened by the neighbors that he began kicking and beating her to make it appear nothing unusual was happening. The hospital authorities, who had been treating the poor creature simply as in need of rest and freedom from kicks, had barely time to verify the truth of her statement before she died. It was found she had suffered the most shocking mutilation.

MAN'S DUPLICITY.

George Algernon Jefferson Anderson Missing With His Wife's Money.

A Brockville despatch says: Some time during the forepart of December last Geo. Algernon Jefferson Anderson arrived in Dundela and was engaged in writing records in family Bibles. He was an excellent chirographer and was liberally patronized by the people in the vicinity. He boarded in the same house in which the school mistress stayed, and as he was of rather prepossessing appearance she soon became enamored of him. He professed to reciprocate her affection and an engagement soon followed. She lent him $25 to pay his fare to Morrisburg, to purchase some clothes. He returned and they were married at Bell's Corners on Dec. 22nd. They afterwards visited Morrisburg, where she drew $100 of her savings from the bank, and gave them to George Algernon, to secure a house in Brockville in which to take up there abode. She had business in Ottawa, and after spending a couple of days of married life, they separated, she going to Ottawa and he coming to Brockville to secure a house. On Saturday last she arrived in Brockville and since then she has been looking for her truant husband. George Algernon Jefferson Anderson, but he with the imposing name has left for parts unknown. The young lady in question possesses a highly respectable appearance, and her friends in the vicinity of Dundela are said to be prominent persons.

The Father of Twenty-one Children.

A Montreal despatch says: Louis Lesage, superintendent of the waterworks, died at Verdun this morning. He was born in 1827. His parents educated him for the priesthood, and he succeeded in passing the first examination for holy orders, but withdrew and decided to follow civil engineering. In 1851 his designs were accepted for the Court House, St. Peter's Church on Visitation street, and the St. Pelagie Convent, etc. He obtained the assistant commissionership of public works, and was appointed to survey the proposed railway to River du Loup. He was engaged on harbor improvements as engineer and in 1858 was made assistant engineer in the office of Mr. Keefer on the first Montreal Waterworks. In 1856 he was appointed to the position which he retained until his death. For deeds of bravery he was awarded a diploma and medal of La Societe des Chevaliers Sauveteurs des Alpes Maritimes. He was the father of 21 children. His funeral will take place on Friday morning.

The Horseshoe Falls.

Exaggerated reports have been set afloat to the effect that immense quantities of rock have fallen out of the precipice of the Horseshoe Falls last Friday night week, and that the noise terrified some good Canadian people, and changed the angle in the Horseshoe Falls to its former horseshoe shape. Some rock did fall, but no one was horrified, and Supt. Welch, of the reservation, says little change has been made in the appearance of the falls.—*Niagara Falls, N. Y., Courier.*

A Panama despatch says: On November 21st an earthquake almost totally destroyed the town of Quanera, but despite the widespread destruction no loss of life occurred.

Governor Haldane, of Aylmer jail; Mrs. James Thompson, Ottawa, and Mrs. R. Foster, Montreal, have fallen heirs to an estate valued at over $400,000 by the death of their father, who died recently in Montreal. Mr. Haldane will resign his position and go to live in Montreal.

Mrs. Langtry is writing her life. It should be a spicy book.

DASHED TO PIECES.

Vessel Lost With all the Crew Except the Captain—His Heroic Son.

A Halifax, N. S., despatch says: Newfoundland advices give the following

Atalaya and all of her crew except one, Capt. Thos. Brown being the only survivor. The Atalaya left Ronan on the 27th of Oct., bound for Palermo. She had on board a cargo of empty kerosene oil casks. From the time she left France the weather was extremely rough. On the night of the 27th of December a heavy gale was blowing from the southeast, accompanied by a heavy sea and thick fog. The captain had not got an observation for some days and did not exactly know his whereabouts; but he thought he was considerably south of Newfoundland.

At 1.20 on the morning of the 28th the ship struck. On hearing the shock, the captain, who was below, rushed on deck, the rest of the watch soon following. Through the mist it could be perceived that the vessel had struck some twenty feet from the shore, and the outline of a high cliff could be seen through the darkness.

As was afterwards ascertained, the place where the vessel struck was Bear's Cove, about two miles south of Renews. The water was about three and a half fathoms deep. The sea was running very high, and the captain gave orders to get the small boat ready, but concluded not to leave the ship in the dark and fog unless the ship gave evidence of going to pieces.

The captain gave orders that a line be put on shore and made fast, by which, if the ship broke up, the lives of the crew might be saved. The boat was launched for this purpose, and into her got the first mate and one of the crew. As they were pushing off from the ship two others of the crew jumped into the boat, upsetting her and casting all into the sea, instantly drowning them. Of the four men in the boat, the mate was a white man, the three

board the vessel all might have been saved. There were only four men now on board, the captain, the second mate, his son (a young man of 18), and two negroes. One of these was below sick, the other had also been complaining for some time past, and was practically of no use in any emergency.

After the upsetting of the boat young Brown volunteered to swim ashore with the line, and in spite of his father's remonstrances jumped into the water. It was the brave act of a brave man, but the young lad's efforts to reach the land were unavailing, and he was pulled back to the vessel. At 5 o'clock the ship went to pieces. The two negroes went down with her, but Captain Brown and his son jumped into the water.

The young man had a cork fender, the father a large plank. The latter heard the voice of the boy cheering him on for some time, but a heavy sea rolled between them. The father was cast upon the shore, and the manly voice of the boy was hushed forever. It is thought that he must have struck against some of the casks floating about, and received injuries which rendered him incapable of swimming.

The captain reached the shore with his clothing nearly torn from his body. He did not know where he was, but perceiving a narrow path he followed it. In a short time he reached the house of a man named Coady, who took him in and gave him shelter for the night. He was in a very exhausted condition and was incapable of coming to St. Johns for some days. Capt. Brown is a Swede by birth, but is a naturalized American citizen, having been in that country for many years. He sailed out of Philadelphia, and is about 50 years old. "My boy's last words were," he said, 'Come on, pop, we'll soon reach the land.' My brave boy, if it had not been for the cowardice of the negro crew you would be alive and with me to-day."

BEATEN TO DEATH.

A French Canadian Fatally Assaulted by Flesherton Toughs.

A last (Wednesday) night's Orillia despatch says: Yesterday, when the afternoon train from Midland drew into the station here, among other passengers who alighted were Charles Hebner, his brother and a French Canadian named Philip Morriel. They made their way up town, Morriel stopping at the Oriental Hotel. In the evening the Hebners came around with the intention, according to their threats, of giving the Frenchman a thrashing, but they were promptly expelled by the proprietor of the hotel. The train left at 9 o'clock, all being aboard and somewhat the worse of liquor. Arriving at Flesherton, about sixteen miles north of here, their place of residence, they alighted. The train had hardly moved out when the Hebners attacked Morriel, Charles knocking him down with a pair of skates he had strapped together. A man named Thomas Carimill, who witnessed the affair, tried to intervene and was also knocked down, but was only slightly hurt. The Hebners kicked Morriel in face and body almost into a jelly and left him for dead. In a few minutes, however, he arose and walked to his boarding house, about a quarter of a mile distant. He told them that "the Hebners had been trying to murder him, but they couldn's kill a Frenchman." Dr. Healey, of Waubaushene, was immediately sent for, but arrived only a few minutes before Morriel died—about four hours after he had been beaten. The Hebners were arrested and brought to the Ryan House, Coldwater. An inquest is being held on the body of the deceased. The Hebners bear a hard name here, Charles having lost an arm in the Central Prison while serving a term there. Morriel seemed to be a quiet fellow, and had been working on the farm of Mr. Scarrow. He has a brother and sister in Quebec, who have been telegraphed to. It is rumored that there is a woman at the bottom of the affair.

ONLY A DIFFERENCE OF BIRTH.

Professor Hosmer's Comparison of an English King and an American President.

"By a rough estimate 110,000,000 people in the world call English their mother-tongue, in institutions, blood and language, for the most part, derived from the German woods," says Professor Hosmer, in his life of Sir Henry Vane. "Until 400 years ago the English-speaking race was confined within one nationality. Then, in consequence of a bad colonial policy, a split took place, so that to-day the world has two English-speaking divisions of about equal strength, the British Empire and the United States of America.

"The President of the United States has, under the constitution, the powers of an English King of the eighteenth century—of George III., in fact. The only differences lie here, that the President is elected instead of being born, to wield them for a short term of years instead of for life."

Suffered in Silence for His Brother.

A Stillwater, Minn., despatch says: There was released from State prison the other day, on pardon from the Governor, a man who suffered disgrace and imprisonment for over ten years, for a crime of which he was not only innocent, but which he actively tried to prevent. The victim is Jacob Bird, who, when 14 years old, was convicted in Dakota county of murder and sentenced to the State prison for life. The executive document granting the pardon states: "It appears from the affidavits of J. N. Castle, an attorney in the case, and Stephen Newell, then Sheriff of Dakota county, that the crime was committed by Jacob's brother John, who died in jail before trial, and that the prisoner, Jacob, had not even assisted in committing the crime, and was opposed to it." Jacob never made any attempt to implicate his brother.

A Novel Race.

Bees can fly with remarkable speed. A pigeon fancier in Westphalia bet that a dozen bees, liberated three miles from their hive would reach it in better time than a dozen pigeons would reach their cot from the same distance. The first bee beat the first pigeon by a quarter of a minute, and three other bees reached the goal before the second pigeon.

Sir John Lister Kaye has decided to purchase ten forms of 5,000 rates each from the Inland Department.

At Louisville yesterday Judge Jackson of the Federal Circuit Court, overthrew a decision of the Inter-State Commerce Commission. He held that the commission could only arbitrate differences and had no right or power to enforce its decisions.

J. K. O'Hall, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., dropped dead in the Ringland Hotel, Oswego, after drinking a glass of mineral water. He has relatives in Kingston.

Dr. J. H. Nyer, of Hazleton, Pa., shot and killed his wife yesterday morning, and then committed suicide. Every circumstance points to a mutual understanding between the two.

RED-ROSE MIKE'S CONFESSION.

His Account of the Terrible Crime in the Pennsylvania Mountains.

A Wilkesbarre (Pa.) telegram says: At the hearing yesterday before Justice Rooney, Red-Rose Mike Rizello, the Italian charged with the murder of Paymaster McClure and Hugh Flanigan, was held without bail to answer the charge at the next sessions of the Criminal Court.

P. F. Quigley, the merchant of Miners' Mills, who at the suggestion of the Pinkertons became Mike's confidential friend and went his bail when he was first arrested, visited the prisoner at the County Jail yesterday afternoon and had a long talk with him. Mike broke down several times during the course of the conversation.

The following statement of the crime was made by the prisoner in the presence of a reporter:

"Well, I am in a bad box, but I hope everything will come out all right. Greed for money led me to commit this crime. When you met me in your store on the morning of Friday, October 19th, I was there for a bad purpose. I was waiting for Paymaster McClure. About the time I thought he was due from Wilkesbarre I left the store and started up the road. When I got near the Whitehouse road where you turn off to the shanties I heard McClure's horse coming behind me. I did not look back. I was then about one hundred yards from the ambush where my accomplices were stationed. When McClure and Flanigan came up to me, McClure shouted: 'Hello, Mike!' I replied, 'Good morning.'

"As soon as the carriage passed me I walked fast and kept right behind them, although the occupants of the buggy paid no attention to me. When we reached the place where my accomplices were I pulled out my revolver.

"Before I could fire Bevinneo, who was an expert marksman, fired at McClure and he fell out of the vehicle. His foot caught and he was dragged. Then I fired four shots from the rear and Villella, who was standing behind a stump on the opposite side of the road from the blacksmith, then fired at Flanigan and he fell out of the carriage. The horse started to run up the road and I thought he would make his way to the railroad before we could stop him and get the money. Villello got scared when the first shots were fired and ran through the woods to the shanty. Bevinneo was a good runner. He ran after the horse and caught him about two hundred yards up the road. He shot the animal in the head. We then cut the strap that held the valise to the buggy and made our way through the woods to the shanties. I did not see McFadden. McClure and Flanigan must have seen the other two men as they stepped out in the road; you know the men, Quigley; because you remember one day they started to quarrel with you when you were buying some cabbage from a man in front of your store.

"Supt. McQuinn was right when he accused me of the murder that evening. Bevinneo and Villello are now in Italy."

THE KING'S BODY GUARD.

Revolution at Uganda—King Deposed—Christians Murdered—Mohammedanism on Top.

A Zanzibar despatch says: Advices have been received from the interior that in October last Mwanga, King of Uganda, plotted to destroy his entire body guard, his intention being to abandon them on an island in Lake Nyanza, where they would starve to death. The guards, who had been forewarned of the king's intention, refused to enter the canoes which were to convey them to the island, but returned to the capital and made an attack on Mwanga's palace. The king fled to escape the fury of the guards, and his brother Kewewa was enthroned in his stead. Kewewa appointed Christians to the principal offices. This enraged the Arabs, who murdered many of the Christian officials and replaced them with Mohammedans. The Arabs burned the English and French mission stations, and killed many of the converts to Christianity. The mission boat Eleanor, in which some of the persons who had been converted by the French missionaries were fleeing, was struck by a hippopotamus and sunk, five of the converts being drowned. Many letters from Emin Bey and Henry M. Stanley were destroyed by the burning of the missionary stations. The missionaries have reached Usamboix in safety. The Msalala depot is safe. Mwanga is a prisoner at Magu. He has appealed to the English missionaries for assistance. The Arabs have written to Missionary McKay, exulting in their triumph, and prophesying the extinction of all the mission stations in Central Africa in revenge for England's anti-slavery policy. They have proclaimed Uganda a Mohammedan kingdom.

A LOVE TRAGEDY.

Bloody Duel Over the Hand of a Young Quebec Lady—Tragic Termination to the Bout.

A Montreal despatch says: A bloodthirsty and barbarous duel has been fought near Louisville, Que. Two young men named Charpentier and Frechette were aspirants for the hand of one Mlle. Chimen, and they were not long in finding a pretext for a quarrel, which came to a tragic ending on Thursday. They met and in the most cold-blooded manner arranged between themselves to settle the matter by a duel, the conditions of which were unique and barbarous. Seconds were dispensed with, and both men were to go to a certain point on the river bank at a given hour and there to fight with any weapon which came to hand, firearms or cutting weapons to be excluded, until one of them was killed or insensible, when the survivor was to throw his body into the river. Both men kept the appointment, and the battle lasted about ten minutes, both the men using their fists as a rule, after which they took to stones, and the end came when Charpentier's skull was crushed in by a blow from an iron bar which Frechette picked up. The final condition of throwing the body into the river was not complied with, the victor driving off in his waggon. He has not been heard of since, it being supposed he has escaped to the United States. It was impossible to cut off his flight, as the telegraph