A PRISON RULED BY FIENDS.

Convicts Systematically Tortured Until Death or Insanity Supervenes.

In its exposure of the brutalities practised in Dannemora Prison the New York *Advertiser* says: The "deputy" or principal keeper of Clinton Prison is James Moon, a woodchopper from Warren county, who "came as guard and rix on his merits." Mr. Moon is a personification of brutality—the worst product of a lumber camp—intemperate, profane, swaggering, and ignorant of any of the amenities of civilization. Barbarous atrocities which have resulted in physical disability and insanity of the victim have been charged against him.

Under "Deputy" Moon's administration convicts have been hung by the wrists in shackles for periods of 12, 24 and 30 consecutive hours; roasted against a laundry heater; frozen, almost naked, in the prison yard; driven to work when scarcely able to walk; worked from daybreak until bedtime; deprived of food and water four, five and six consecutive days; beaten in the face with fists and over the head with clubs by keepers while hanging defenceless in the shackles; confined in dungeons for weeks on a daily allowance of one ounce of bread and a gill of water; shackled backward to cell doors for long periods; placed in positions of torture daily for weeks; hung by the wrists with a slender cord of waxed thread until their terrible agonies end in unconsciousness, and subjected to other brutalities hard and overworked until, as Officer James McGraw remarked: "Two-thirds of the loafers are half crazy."

Scream after scream of agony rang through the prison corridors on Wednesday evening, January 28th last. Convicts shuddered and trembled in their cells, and officers in the uniform of the State of New York stood by laughing as Keeper Haggerty forced his heavy cane into the mouth of little Joe Smith and wrenched apart his bleeding jaws. The victim, Joseph Smith, of Cell 86, Company 8, is a frail youth of 18 years. He weighs about 105 pounds—a miserable, starved-looking little waif from the gutters of New York.

Hanging by one skinny wrist from "Haggerty's Christmas Tree," the boy's feet touched the floor lightly, the weight of his body straining his puny arm. Deputy Moon stood by directing Haggerty's movements and the unconcerned air of guards and keepers indicated that nothing unusual was going on. Gurgle, gurgle, gurgle, and as the cane was forced backward with a horrid wrenching motion into the little fellow's mouth his cries grew fainter and fainter, until he finally sank into the arms of his cruel tormentor limp and motionless.

Released from the keeper's grasp and the "bit" removed, the boy's frail body swayed with wagging head and bleeding mouth until he recovered consciousness. He then cried out again, uttering one pitiful wail of agony. It was his last. "Give it to him in the mouth!" roared the deputy, and like a flash Haggerty's big fist struck the boy full in the face. Reeling and swaying from the force of the blow, the wretched little creature's body swung from the pipe like a pugilist's sandbag. Then John Marsden, another guard, took a hand, and, to outdo Haggerty, struck the boy two blows in the face. This was met with a grin of approval from the deputy. Stunned and bleeding, the quivering victim muttered, "Please, please, mercy!" but Keeper Joseph Nash seized him, paying no heed to his cry. He grasped the starveling by the shoulder, and, holding him up, struck him blow after blow in the face until your correspondent, unable to endure the spectacle longer, stole around the corner of the inner cage of cells and shut out the horrid scene. "All right!" sounded and the prison closed, leaving the wretched child of crime with his bruised and swollen face, to hang all night on the terrible "Christmas tree."

On the afternoon of the next day—Jan. 29th—this boy, with his hands manacled behind him, was marched out between two burly keepers into a ruined wing of the prison and shackled backward to a cell door. This wing, which was partially destroyed by fire on Jan. 1st, was entirely open to the weather, which was bitterly cold. All through the afternoon of the 29th and the morning of the 30th the little fellow could be heard crying, "Have mercy on me! have mercy on me!" Keepers enveloped in bearskin overcoats hurried past him to reach shelter; companies of convicts in lockstep marched by him "double-quick" to escape the piercing cold; the prison dogs huddled in their warm kennels. "Joe" remained in his position all through the night and until noon next day, with the tears freezing on his cheeks, his bare hands manacled behind him to the frosty bars, and his plaintive, boyish voice ringing that pitiful, heart-rending cry, "Oh, have mercy on me! have mercy on me!"

Interviewed afterward at his cell, the boy said that he was shackled backward to the cell door in the burned wing for 24 hours. During that time he was deprived of food and water, and suffered untold agonies from cold and hunger. Questioned in the officers' mess as to the cause of the boy's punishment, his keeper replied that "he was a very mischievous little fellow."

WILL BUILD A SHRINE.

To Commemorate the Cure of His Daughter.

Detroit *News*: Among the party of 200 pilgrims who left Detroit several weeks ago in charge of Rev. Fr. Frank J. Van Antwerp, pastor of the Church of the Holy Rosary, to visit the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre, near Quebec, was Miss Mary Doran, daughter of Michael Doran, a farmer living two miles above the boulevard, on Twelfth street. Miss Doran is 21 years old, and since her 14th year has been a victim of hip disease. She was compelled to hobble around on crutches, and although for several years under the care of one of the best surgeons in Detroit, her case seemed hopeless.

The party arrived at St. Anne de Beaupre and attended various ceremonies, including the blessing of pious articles and veneration of the relics of St. Anne. It was reported at the time that Miss Doran received great benefit from the exposure of the sacred relics, and that her saying of the novenas, or nine days' prayer, after returning home would have been the cause; but, no matter what occasioned the cure, it is a fact that the young lady's hip trouble has entirely disappeared since her return from Beaupre. She attends services regularly at the Church of the Holy Rosary, and Rev. Fr. Van Antwerp said this morning that her cure seemed to be permanent. Miss Doran's father is so grateful for her unexpected restoration to health that he has decided to erect an altar or shrine to St. Anne de Beaupre at Fr. Van Antwerp's church. It will be placed in the new brick addition, which Fr. Van Antwerp is planning to erect. The frame building will be moved back and a brick front added, increasing the seating capacity of the church to 980, or about double the present number of seats.

TRAGEDY ON A TRAIN.

Two Men Killed in a Quarrel Over a Dissolute Female.

A Carnic, Ill., despatch says: A terrible tragedy occurred on Friday at Texas City, nineteen miles north of here. Mike Weitzel was in company with Mary Ballentine, a notorious character, on a freight train. When near Texas City, Otis Johnson, aged seventeen, who was in the caboose, resented some unseemly remarks made by the woman. Weitzel instantly knocked Johnson prostrate with a slug shot. Johnson got up and made a slash at Weitzel with a knife, cutting a deep gash across the abdomen, disembowelling Weitzel. The woman then picked up a hatchet and struck Johnson a fearful blow on the face. Both Johnson and Weitzel have since died.

PENITENTIARY HORRORS.

Convicts Whipped and Branded With Red Hot Irons.

A Little Rock, Ark., despatch says: The inquiry by the federal authorities under direction of United States Attorney-General Miller as to the alleged brutal treatment of federal convicts in the penitentiary here still continues. Abraham Davis, a convict, testified that shortly after his term began he was branded three times on the hips with a red hot iron, severely whipped, and subsequently confined in a dark cell two days and nights on bread and water. The lessees of the penitentiary denied branding, and in justification of the whipping and confinement of Davis in a dark cell introduced testimony to show that he was lazy and impudent.

See This Actually Occur?

Judge: "Ah," he said, with a sigh, "this isn't a bit like mother's bread!"

"I suppose your mother made the best bread in the world," she replied with spirit.

"No; far from it. I never could eat the bread baked at home."

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL'S last words: "Oh! Why don't you let me die?"

THE RAT PORTAGE TRAGEDY.

Mrs. Carruthers Charged With the Murder of Her Husband.

ARRESTED IN TORONTO.

An Unfortunate Engagement—Illicit Love—The Husband's Eyes Opened—A Night—Attempts to Buy Strychnine—How Carruthers Was Killed.

A Rat Portage despatch says: On the 3rd day of January, this year, Thomas Blake Carruthers, a hard-working farmer, was found by his wife dying on the floor of his cabin, which was situated near the banks of Rainy River, a few miles from Rat Portage. There were two bullet holes from a 38-calibre revolver in his head, and the deadly weapon lay beside the unconscious man. The theory of suicide was at once set up and accepted by many, but so strongly prevailed the feeling that Carruther's life had been taken by another hand than his own that a little more than a month ago a petition, signed by nearly every farmer within a radius of ten miles, was sent in to the Attorney-General praying that a Government detective be sent at once to ferret out the mystery. The authorities lost no time in despatching Detective Murray, who, for the past three weeks, has been on the scene of the tragedy. This shrewd officer, a man of wide experience, went into the Rainy River district without disclosing his identity, remained among the people gathering up evidence here and there, every little of which established firmly in his mind the conviction that the young yoeman of 30 years, who had left his home in Perth county a little more than a year ago with a view to bettering his fortunes, had been cruelly murdered.

THE WIFE ARRESTED.

Acting on the information gathered about the spot where Carruthers was shot, Detective Murray returned to Toronto yesterday morning, and after a diligent search located Mrs. Carruthers on Stafford street, where she was visiting friends. She was placed under arrest by the officer, but owing to her being somewhat indisposed she was not removed to the county jail, a guard being left on watch for a day or two, when she will be taken to Rat Portage on a charge of murder. Mrs. Carruthers is a tall, well-built and handsome woman; a decided brunette, with dark brown eyes and heavy lashes.

THE SERPENT IN THE GARDEN.

It appears that about a year ago last Christmas a man named Fotheringham left the township of Blanchard, Perth county, and settled on the Rainy River, where he started a saw mill. After he had been there a few months he returned to Perth county on a visit, where he met Carruthers, who lived with his newly-made wife on the farm contiguous to that worked by Fotheringham previous to his going north. The three had for years been neighbors, and were on very friendly terms. Fotheringham advised Carruthers to go to the Rainy River and engage in farming, promising that if necessary he would give him work the year round in his mill. Carruthers went up to look about the place, and, returning in a few weeks, decided to make the move. He took his wife and two small children with him, leaving his relatives, all of whom are highly respectable, behind. His first work was to build a small log cabin convenient to the mill and near the river bank. Fotheringham made his promise good and gave Carruthers employment in the mill. After things had gone along smoothly for a few months Carruthers grew jealous of his wife and Fotheringham, the latter being a frequent visitor at the cabin. This feeling of distrust gradually developed until one day when Fotheringham called at the cabin Carruthers told him that he never wanted to see him around his place again. The rumor that Mrs. Carruthers and Fotheringham were on very intimate terms caused the mill hands to talk, all of which reached the ears of Carruthers. This made the husband desperate, and when a few days later, returning to the house unexpectedly, he found Fotheringham and his wife alone in the house, hot words occurred between the two men, Carruthers

THREATENED TO SHOOT HIS RIVAL

if he ever caught him on the premises again. The mill man left the place, and Carruthers went towards the field in which he was working, but this was only to elude the other. Carruthers came back in a few minutes and found Fotheringham and his wife again together, the latter alleging that the mill owner was fooling with her and had torn her apron off. Before the enraged husband had time to act Fotheringham left the cabin, but was pursued by Carruthers. The two men came together and a desperate fight ensued in which Carruthers was victor. He then swore that unless Fotheringham got off the river he (Carruthers) would kill him. Fotheringham left for Rat Portage the next day and did not return until after Carruthers had been shot. Mrs. Watt, a cook in Fotheringham's boarding-house, states that her employer engaged Mrs. Carruthers to assist in the work about the house, but she was never allowed to do anything, being kept in Fotheringham's company almost continually. This was before the mill owner left the district in December.

THE WIFE'S STORY.

About 10 o'clock on the morning of January 3rd, according to Mrs. Carruthers' statement, she and her husband had quarrelled, having been on bad terms for a few weeks. After cooking breakfast, which Carruthers refused to eat, she went out to the river, 40 yards distant from the house, to get a pail of water through the ice. She did this and on her way back to the cabin fed the cow. While at the stable, only 30 feet from the house, she heard an unusual noise inside, and returning found her husband lying on the floor. She did not touch him, but ran for Mrs. Jordan, the nearest neighbor, who went at once for a man named Fisher. Fisher came and found Carruthers on the floor with a 32-calibre revolver lying close by. There were two bullet holes in the man's head; one had entered about two inches behind the right ear, gone diagonally through the brain and was flattened against the left base of the skull. The second shot had struck the bridge of the nose near the left eye and gone through the mouth and throat, severing the jugular vein. A young doctor, son of Archdeacon Phair, of Winnipeg, who was in the neighborhood, reached the tragic scene in a few minutes, but the man was dead. W. D. Lyon, a stipendiary magistrate of Rat Portage, hearing of the affair took a constable and went down to the cabin, where a coroner's jury was empanelled and an inquest held. Only a few witnesses were examined and a verdict was not agreed upon, but since the holding of the inquest facts have come to light which will at least make the suicide theory appear absurd.

A CLUMSY TRICK.

While the corpse was lying in the shanty Mr. Fisher and Mrs. Carruthers went up into the garret while the neighbors were sitting below, and after half an hour returned with a piece of paper on which was written: "I was heartbroken and tired of life and decided to end the awful conflict. Good bye." Signed "Tom." This paper was taken in possession of by the magistrate and handed to Detective Murray when he arrived there. Upon the man Fisher being questioned he stated that he had found the note in a coat pocket belonging to the dead man which was wrapped up in a bundle of old clothes in the loft. An expert on handwriting was engaged, and he is prepared to swear the writing on the paper is not in Carruthers' hand.

TRIED TO BUY STRYCHNINE.

A druggist at Rat Portage is prepared to swear that Fotheringham applied to him for strychnine but was refused; he stating that it was for Mrs. Carruthers who wanted to poison rats. Fotheringham also admits this. On another occasion Mrs. Carruthers sent by a neighbor for a phial of deadly fluid poison. There is some other important evidence regarding the revolver and bullets, which will not be made public until the case comes on. Mrs. Carruthers' maiden name was Slack, and she lived for many years in Perth county, where her relatives, all very estimable people, still reside. Detective Murray will leave with his prisoner on Saturday morning for Rat Portage, where she will be tried at the next sitting of the Criminal Assize Court. The case is creating great interest in the Rainy River District and also in Perth County, where all the parties concerned are well known. Some members of the Slack family will probably accompany Mrs. Carruthers to Rat Portage and engage Mrs. Carruthers's counsel for her defence.

A Toronto report says: Nellie Carruthers, the young widow from Rainy River, who was placed under arrest Thursday morning on Stafford street by Government Detective John Murray, charged with the murder of her husband early in January, has been highly favored by the officer of the law. Rarely is a prisoner accused of murder accorded freedom, except that freedom which is surrounded by iron bars. In this case, Mrs. Carruthers, after being taken into custody, was driven to the Metropole Hotel and given a very comfortable room. She is under the surveillance of a guard, who is in her company constantly except at night, when Annie Fralick, one of the Metropole dining-room girls, takes her in charge. The prisoner's companion reported yesterday morning that Mrs. Carruthers slept little during the night and was very restless at times. She declined to talk, however, of the tragedy, and occasionally fell into a meditative mood. While these spells were upon her she appeared to be staring penetratively at some imaginative object, then suddenly recollecting that she was not alone, she would end the reverie with a merry laugh. The greater part of the day was spent in the parlor of the hotel where until noon she was in the company of her two brothers from St. Mary's, who returned home at that hour. She chatted freely with her guard during the afternoon and laughed heartily after reading the newspaper accounts of her husband's death and the recent arrest. When looking at her photograph in a local paper she turned to her guard and remarked: "Isn't that horrid? It don't look a bit like me, does it? And as for that hat, I never wore one like it in my life."

Mrs. Carruthers amused herself at the piano frequently and sang many sacred songs, such as "I Will Sing of My Redeemer," "Peace, Peace, Be Still," etc. She has rather a sweet voice and touches the piano like a mistress of music. In the evening many curious persons dropped into the parlor to have a look at the prisoner, and in each case she met their gaze with a pleasant smile, apparently treating the whole affair as a huge burlesque. It is understood that before leaving for home yesterday the brothers of the prisoner retained Messrs. Maclaren, Macdonald, Merritt & Shipley as counsel for the defence. It appears that Fotheringham and Nellie Slack (Mrs. Carruthers' maiden name) were schoolmates in Perth County, and it is also understood that the former was much opposed to her marriage with Carruthers, who was her first cousin. The family connection was made stronger still by the marriage of Wm. Slack, the prisoner's brother, to a sister of the dead man. It is stated on good authority that Carrothers at the time of his death was insured for $1,000 in the Masonic Life Insurance Company, but as Mrs. Carruthers could not get possession of the money after her husband's funeral, Fotheringham gave her funds with which to leave the country. She came to her old home in Perth county on a Saturday night and disappeared the following Monday morning, no person knowing whither she had gone. The detective says that her family feared arrest and positively declined to make known her whereabouts. Detective Murray and his prisoner will leave at 11 o'clock this morning for Owen Sound, where they will board the Alberta for Port Arthur.

WANTED TO LYNCH HIM.

A Baltimore Scoundrel's Life Saved by Police Protection.

A Baltimore despatch says: Maurice Sikes, of Rosebury Mills, Howard county, probably saved the police some trouble yesterday and his life at the same time when he sought their protection from the fury of a mob that was after him. Sikes, who has a notorious name in the country, secured the services of Rachael Koplen, a German girl, with a remarkably pretty face and fine figure. She was engaged as house girl and had worked almost a month when Sikes, who had been showing her attention, appeared in her room and made improper proposals. When she repulsed his advances he assaulted her, stifling her cries for assistance with a pillow. He then, according to her story before the Magistrate, kept her confined to the room, and for nearly a month she was a prisoner. She says she was subjected to outrageous treatment. To make certain that she could not get away he took from her all her savings, about $25. Several days ago she managed to escape and succeeded in borrowing enough money from a kind-hearted neighbor to pay her fare to Baltimore, where an uncle, Mr. Richard Susan, lives. She arrived safely and told her story. Before a course of action was determined Sikes, unexpectedly, made his appearance. Fearful of the consequence of his crime, he had hurried hither to make an explanation. No sooner did he enter the house than the family "went for" him. He was hooted and kicked into the street. Then the neighbors, who had heard the story, took a hand, and about 60 started in pursuit of the fleeing man. Stones, glassware, anything within reach, were hurled after him, and cries of "Hang him." A policeman rescued him and he willingly went to the station house.

THE SARNIA TUNNEL

To Be Opened September 19th With Great Festivities.

A Sarnia despatch says: A meeting of the directors of the St. Clair Tunnel Company took place on Saturday evening in the official rooms of the Grand Trunk at Point Edward. Among the directors present were: Sir Henry Tyler, General Manager Seargeant, Chief Engineer Hobson, Charles Mackenzie, M. P. P., and other directors of the tunnel company. The date for the formal opening of the tunnel was definitely fixed for the 19th of September next. A large number of guests will be invited, consisting of the Governor-General, President of the United States, Governors of all the Canadian provinces, representatives of the different Cabinets, as well as the State governors and mayors of a number of cities both in Canada and the United States. Arrangements have been made to run a train through the tunnel having on board the invited guests, and afterwards to hold a banquet in the Grand Trunk freight sheds at Sarnia. It is said that the Governor-General has promised to be present.

Nationalities and Skilled Labor.

The comparative abrogation of the apprenticeship system in America is having its results in the non-development of native skill. This is emphasized from a report by State Labor Commissioner Heath, in which we find that from a personal canvass of about 9,000 workmen in 201 shops and manufactories in twenty-five villages and cities in Michigan, it was found that the average earnings of different nationalities were as follows: Scotchmen, £115 7s. 3d.; Englishmen, £113 1s.; Irishmen, £105 6s. 8d.; Canadians, £100 4s. 4d.; Hollanders, £92 8s. 8d.; Americans, £92 7s. 6d.; Germans, £87 18s. 3d. This report would indicate that the Scotch mechanic is worth 25 per cent. more than the American; the English 22½ per cent. more; the Irish 11¾ per cent. more; the Canadian 8½ per cent. more, and the Hollander just a fraction of a per cent. more, but still sufficient to give him the lead; while of the seven nationalities enumerated the Americans lead but one, and it is only by five per cent. It is rather remarkable that one is Germany, which seems to prove that the majority of German emigrants are not skilled mechanics.

Universally Detested.

"There is," says a horticulturist, "hardly an instance in natural history of a plant so universally detested by the animal world as the castor oil plant. No sort of bird, beast or creeping thing will touch a castor oil plant. It seems to be a rank poison to all the animal world. Even a goat will starve before biting off a leaf and a horse will sniff at it and turn up his upper lip as though it had the most detestable odor on the face of the earth. Army worms and the locusts will pass it by, though they may eat every other green thing in sight, and there is no surer way to drive moles away from a lawn than to plant a few castor beans here and there. Even the tobacco worm will refuse to be fed on its leaves."

A New York newspaper growls because "Chicago has got one leper. New York may have him. There is nothing mean about Chicago.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

A railroad in the Argentine Republic has one stretch of 211 miles without a curve or bridge.

A story comes from Montana of a woman who has been struck by lightning and not injured in the least. Moreover, the bolt presented her with a photograph for nothing—a photograph of the branch of tree traced on her arm.

An emulsion consisting of water, soap and kerosene in suitable proportions is the most effective remedy yet found to destroy the chinch bug. A furrow is made about a field, some fresh cornstalks added, and when the bugs collect they are sprayed with the emulsion.

—"Are you engaged to Jack Hall?" "Yes; are you?"

THE DECK COLLAPSED

And Fourteen Excursionists Were Killed and Thirty Injured.

A SAD PICNIC ENDING.

A Cold Spring Harbor, L. I., despatch says: A terrible disaster occurred here this afternoon, by which fourteen persons, eight women, four children and two men, lost their lives, and about thirty men, women and children were injured. The steamer Crystal Stream with the barge Republic in tow, and having aboard about 500 adults and as many children on the excursion of the employees of Theodore Kaiser, dry goods dealers, of 197 Graham avenue, Brooklyn, arrived at the Cold Spring grove dock about 2 o'clock. About half past 3 the last whistles for all to get aboard were blown by the steamer, and at 3.45 everybody was ready to start. The larger portion of the excursion were on the barge, where the younger people were dancing. Just then some heavy clouds covered the sky, then came a squall, the wind driving everything before it. The boat hands, anticipating a shower, had let down the canvas curtains which were attached to the hurricane deck of the barge, and fastened them down to the port side. This prevented the wind from blowing through, and as the strong gust struck the barge it lifted the starboard side of the hurricane deck clear from its fastening and supports, and forced it and the posts and partitions in the centre over to the port side. As it pushed over, the end of the deck nearest the dock to which the barge was fastened dropped down upon the hundreds of women and children who had crowded over to that side of the barge in an effort to escape. In a moment the air was rent with screams and agonizing cries of the poor victims whose lives were being crushed out and limbs broken. The scene was heartrending in the extreme, and the excitement on the steamer among the relatives and friends of those on the barge added to the pandemonium which prevailed. The officers, dock-hands and other men on the steamer lost no time in reaching the barge and doing all in their power to rescue all whom they could from the wreck. The lifeless bodies of fourteen were seen to be lying near the gunwale. All had had the lives crushed out of them by being caught between the edge of the fallen deck and the guard rails. Women and children, and even strong men wept piteously as they looked upon the dead or dying.

The place where the disaster occurred is at the head of Cold Spring harbor, not far from Laurelton, and is a favorite picnic ground. The falling of the deck of the barge, was, it is said, due to the rotten condition of the supports. Many of the excursionists carried home with them pieces of the centre-posts, which show they were perfectly rotten at the core. The barge itself, it is said, is unsafe in other particulars

THREE CLOTHES STOLEN.

Nude Railroad Engineer Startle Indianapolis Ladies.

An Indianapolis despatch says: A. M. Stinson, general agent of the Big Four Railroad, and brother-in-law of President Ingalls, and H. A. Christy, a Buffalo travelling man, occupied berths on a sleeping-car on the Big Four train that reached here from the west at 3.15 yesterday morning. When the two men awoke they discovered that their clothes had been stolen, and, wrapping themselves in sheets, they hurried over to the Spencer House and sent in a telephone call for a hack to carry them to the Bates, where Stinson said they had other clothing. The hack was sent over from the depot just opposite, and as Stinson rushed across the pavement and put his foot on the step to enter he saw two ladies on the back seat. They discovered him at the same moment, and covering their faces with their hands, uttered a scream after scream. Stinson turned to rush back into the hotel, but in doing so he fell over Christy, who had followed him to the hack, and it was some moments before they could disentangle themselves and regain the hotel. Another hack was ordered, and the two men finally got to the Bates House.

A FEMALE HYPNOTIZER

Doing a Rushing Evangelistic Business in Kansas.

A Topeka, Kan., despatch says: Mrs. Woodworth, the Illinois evangelist, has been holding meetings in a tent here for the past month, and great excitement prevails. Every night many are thrown into trances, which last from fifteen minutes to ten hours. Last night twelve persons were stretched out at the same time. Friends would throw them on benches and allow them to lie there until they came to their senses. Some were held in a half-standing position and presented a ghastly appearance, with their set faces turned upward to the electric light. At different times during last night's meeting there were between twenty and twenty-five persons under the influence of the "power." Eighteen were in trances Monday night. The crowds that gather around the tent are very large.

IMPROVED BREAD-MAKING.

A Process Which Increases the Loaf and Improves Its Quality.

It would seem as if the method of bread-baking could be but little improved, but an English gas engineer has devised a process which is said to be a decided improvement over that at present used for baking the "staff of life." The process consists in placing the molded dough in a gas oven just warm, and then gradually increasing the heat until the maximum point is reached. The theory upon which the method is based is that the usual great heat of the oven kills the yeast germ, thus preventing it from fulfilling its allotted work. Some experiments recently made showed that the loaves baked by the new process were larger in size and finer in quality than loaves from the same batch of dough which were baked in a regular oven.

Genius Versus Grit.

It is an everyday occurrence to hear individual exclamations of surprise over the brilliant successful career of an apparently commonplace man or woman: "To save my life I can see nothing remarkable in her," is what the amateur critic, with rather fretful impotence, complains—and yet, one by one, the triumphant seeker after fortune captures every citadel, storms the fortress, and finally plants her colors on the topmost turret for all the world to cheer. Of course, no one ever does see the one thing able to accomplish these wonders, for the sole agent is hard, patient toil, the sort that is done in the closet in odd hours, when the rest of mankind is asleep, ever digging away at an idea and breathing life and activity into it by sheer force of will—over and over again, the same old story of tortise and hare, until one marvels to hear lack of talent given as excuse for want of fortune, says the *Illustrated American*. In material matters, genius, unless supplemented by energy, does not count for a tuppence, while, on the other hand, grit is an independent factor, spinning flax out of hay and straw, indifferent of means of hand, and only caring for the end in view.

First Cause, First Served.

Buffalo *News*: Young man—So Miss Ella is your oldest sister? Who comes after her?

Small Brother—Nobody ain't come as yet, but pay says that the first fellow that comes can have her.

The largest dam of any kind in the southern hemisphere is that at Beetaloo, Southern Australia. It is built of concrete, has a capacity of 800,000,000 gallons and cost $585,000.

Arthur Brand, the Liberal, who was recently elected to Parliament from Wisbeach, was materially assisted in his campaign by his wife. She is an accomplished musician, and captivated the voters at political meetings by singing songs during the intermission between speeches.

There is an immense garden in China that embraces an area of 50,000 square miles. It is all meadow land and is filled with lakes, ponds and canals. Altogether it is as large as the States of New York and Pennsylvania combined.

A goose farm has been started in Michigan. It will be managed by a Michigander.

LORD LANSDOWNE, Viceroy of India, has caused the arrest of the proprietor, editor, manager and printer of one of the leading native journals for attacking the Government. He never tried to silence the Canadian press in such a summary manner.

William O'Brien having paid the costs in the action for libel brought by him against Lord Salisbury, the action of the Bankruptcy Court in declaring him insolvent has been annulled.

ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.

The Czar Compelling Poles to Pay for a Monument to Muravieff.

A Vienna cable says: The Poles are greatly excited over the proposed erection of a monument under the auspices of the Russian Government to the memory of Count Muravieff, known as "The Hangman of Poland." It was by order of Muravieff that a multitude of Poles were put to death at Wilna in 1863. He was likened to Ivan the Terrible in ferocity, and many patriotic noblemen and citizens of Warsaw were victims. The proposition is to erect a memorial to him in Wilna, which witnessed his worst atrocities, and the fact that the present Governor-General of Wilna has subscribed to the fund for that purpose shows that the authorities endorse the movement. What is almost incredible is that pressure is brought to bear to compel Poles to subscribe to the scheme for honoring the man who slaughtered their countrymen. The Poles generally construe the movement as a national insult, although it will also serve to keep alive in Poland the sentiment of nationality and the memories of the heroic past. The Polish national party has no longer an organized existence, and the national sentiment has been steadily dying out for many years. Many Poles have joined the pan-slavist movement, others have become Nihilists. Galicia, the Polish Province of Austria, has a local Government which satisfies the aristocracy and the townsmen, but the Ruthenian peasantry are Russian in race and religion, and have no sympathy with their former feudal lords, from whose iron rule they were freed by the edict of a Russian Czar. In Posen, the part of Poland which fell to the lot of Prussia, the national leaders are now endeavoring to make terms with Emperor William, and one of their number recently proclaimed his belief that Polish nationality is dead. The failure of the insurrection of 1863, which Muravieff suppressed, was largely due to the irreconcilable difference of aim between the Democratic or socialistic townsmen and the aristocracy. The peasantry as a class took no part in the movement.

MANIPURI EXECUTED.

The Senaputty and Another Rebel Hanged at the City Gates.

A Simla cable says: Two of the leaders of the massacre of British officials in March last were hanged to-day at the gates of Manipur. The two men were members of the reigning family at Manipur. Both had appealed from the sentence imposed upon them by the Military Court, but the Viceroy of India decided that they should die.

The principal victim to-day was the Senaputty, or commander-in-chief of the Manipuri army. He was the younger brother of the Rajah of Manipur, and some years ago he drove the Rajah into exile and placed another brother on the throne, who governed Manipur under the title of Jubraj or Regent. The Senaputty instigated the the massacre of Chief Commissioner Quinton, Political Agent Gen. Wood, and others, who lost their lives at the durbar held in Manipur.

The other victim was the Tongal general who violated the flag of truce under which the Englishmen were decoyed from the residency at Manipur, which they had so gallantly defended against overwhelming odds when attacked by Manipuri, and who gave orders to the native executioner to strike the heads and feet from the British prisoners.

An immense crowd of natives witnessed the executions. There was no sign of any disturbance, for large detachments of troops were present.

The Jubraj (Regent) of Manipur and the Prince Angoa Sena, whose sentences of death were commuted by the Viceroy to transportation for life and forfeiture of their property, will shortly be taken from the country.

A TWO-YEAR-OLD SMOKER.

A Brutal Father to be Prosecuted for Tobacco-Poisoning a Baby.

A Chicago despatch says: The Illinois Humane Society has decided to prosecute the parents of 2-year-old Leonard Turner, the tobacco-smoking baby. The child's case was brought to public notice only a day or two ago. Ever since the baby was two months old his father, who is said to be a dissipated character, has been teaching him to smoke. The child has become so accustomed to the weed that he cries for his pipe and tobacco. The child is in a very feeble condition, already suffering from acute nicotine poisoning and having what is known to physicians as the "tobacco heart." His skin, eyes and brain are also affected. Doctors express doubts as to whether the child can be brought back to a healthy condition.

AERONAUT DROWNED.

His Parachute Covered Him and Prevented His Swimming.

A Syracuse despatch says: James Buckingham, known as Prof. Deine, the aeronaut and parachutist, who made an ascension at Pleasant beach, on Onandaga lake, near this city to-day, met a horrible death in the water there about 6 o'clock. The ascent was made without difficulty, and when several hundred feet up in the air the professor loosened his hold on the balloon and dropped directly over the lake. The parachute was inflated with air, and the descent was made slowly, but when the water was reached the parachute completely covered Buckingham, and it is thought he was unable to extricate himself from its folds. About 7,000 people were present, and witnessed the fall from the balloon and the subsequent drowning.

New Race of People.

A letter received in St. Paul from the Menage exploring expedition records the discovery of a new race of people in the Phillipine islands. "It had been decided to make the ascent of the highest mountain in the Phillippines, and it was when a height of 1,200 feet had been reached that it was first discovered that the mountains were inhabited, and by an entirely different people than had ever been seen in the lower lands. After several attempts to photograph a group the feat was accomplished. It took a good deal of manoeuvering, as the natives were not up with the kodak craze and imagined that the camera was on the scalp-hunt."—*Chicago Mail.*

Howled for a Priest's Blood.

A Cleveland despatch says: A mob of Hungarians surrounded the house of John Martvony, pastor of St. Ladislaus Catholic Church, late last night, broke the window, and howled for the pastor's blood. The police arrived just in time to prevent the breaking down of the doors. There has been trouble between the Hungarian and Polish members, because, as it is claimed, Father Martvonsy, who is a Pole, favored the Polish members.

Crimean and Indian Veterans.

In the British House of Commons on the 12th ult. Mr. Robertson asked the Secretary of War if he would now state what steps he proposed to take this session with reference to the relief of the Crimean veterans and veterans of the Indian mutiny. Mr. Stanhope said that he proposed to make a statement this year on the lines already mentioned and that no legislation would be necessary. There are quite a number of these veterans in Hamilton who will watch with interest for Mr. Stanhope's statement.

Abducted Girls Rescued.

A Chicago despatch says: On information received here last night the police raided a disreputable resort on the South side kept by a colored woman, and after a long search discovered a blind door nailed up. It led to an attic, in which the officers found two women, Mrs. Mary Simpler, of Cincinnati, and Malvina Sparling, a handsome young Danish girl, who had been decoyed into the den, thrust into the attic, and starved in order to force them into lives of shame. The keeper of the place was held to the grand jury.

Exactly.

Puck: "I put my foot right down on the whole business."

"You V-toed it, eh?"

A Level-Headed Parent.

Texas *Siftings*: A Yale College student, being hard up, wrote to his father in New York:

"Send me a hundred dollars by return mail. He who gives quickly gives double."

The old gentleman replied by the next mail, enclosing $50, with the remark that as he had responded promptly, the $50 inclosed were equivalent to the desired $100.

In England the working classes form 69 per cent., the middle class 28 per cent., and the upper class 3 per cent. of the population.

Ministers in Topeka, Kansas, warned their communicants not to go to hear Rev. Talmage lecture. Queer things happen in Kansas.

FORCED TO ENDORSE.

A Bank President Chloroformed and Gagged by a Desperado.

A Memphis, Tenn., despatch says: R. Dudley Frazer, President of the Security and Memphis City Banks, Secretary of the Memphis City Railway, principal owner of the *Public Ledger*, and one of the most wealthy and prominent citizens of Memphis, was yesterday afternoon chloroformed and robbed at the Gayoso Hotel by a man giving his name as J. A. Morris, of New Orleans. Morris took a room at the hotel and sent for Mr. Frazer, to whom he introduced himself as John A. Morris, of the Louisiana Lottery Company, of New Orleans. He said he wanted to consult Mr. Frazer about the affairs of the lottery company, which had been greatly antagonized of late. Mr. Frazer gave information in regard to Memphis moneyed institutions, but would give no advice and turned to go. Morris asked him to have a drink. He declined, but Morris insisted, and Mr. Frazer walked to a window. Suddenly Morris presented two pistols at Frazer, and said, "I am a desperate man, I have no money, my family in New Orleans are destitute. You must endorse a cheque for $5,000."

Fraser tried to argue with Morris, but the latter was obstinate, and Frazer finally agreed to endorse a cheque for $500. The cheque was then drawn on the Hibernian National Bank of New Orleans, and Frazer endorsed it "R. D. Frazer," hoping the cashier at his bank would suspect something wrong and refuse to cash it, as he always endorsed his cheques "R. Dudley Frazer." Morris sent a boy with the cheque to a bank here and then clapped a napkin saturated with chloroform on Frazer's face. Frazer remembers nothing more of the affair. He was found unconscious on the bed in Morris' room in the evening. His watch and $50 were gone. The cheque lay on the table, the boy having been unable to cash it.

The police are lookin for Morris.

A GOOD MAN'S DEATH.

William T. Crosadale, editor of the New York *Standard*, who died last Sunday at the age of 47, was born in Delaware. From E. N. Vallandigham's tribute to his memory we extract the following:

"Mr. Crosadale is to be valued for what he was, rather than for what he did, though from his seventeenth year to his forty-seventh year he gave his best energies to a high and useful calling, and in that time ceaselessly devoted his powers to the highest interests of whatever community he happened to find himself a part. The lesson of his life, however, lies in his character. Knaves and fools hated him, because he spared neither, and many excellent persons of formal mold misunderstood and undervalued this large, natural man. Those, however, who had the privilege of looking into his heart, knew him for a man incapable of meanness, and ceaselessly devoted to his highest ideals. He was a great fighting power with a conscience. He was impatient of small men and petty expedients; he often misjudged men on first acquaintance, because he found it difficult to realize that others were not, like himself, exactly what they seemed. His generosity was of the large, unthinking sort that does not stop to count cost; his geniality was expansive and infectious; his wit, neither trite nor trifling, seldom stopped at mere fun, but usually carried with it a large element of wisdom. He had the faculty of epigram in the highest degree, and he frequently conveyed in a single sentence a truth instinct with humor. He was often surrounded by a charmed circle of men, who listened with delight, surprise and laughter to a fusilade of epigram and witticism, following so fast one upon another's heels that no face had time for an instant's serenity, though all carried away the remembrance of something better than simple humor. In spite of his own rare gifts of this sort, he was quick to recognize and applaud the wit of others, and he forgave it when levelled against himself, if only it had for being the excuse of cleverness. His attitude toward the many good women that gave him their friendship, and especially toward young girls, often of less than half his age, was absolutely charming. Every woman who knew him well recognized behind the huge bulk and rubicund face as chivalrous a soul as ever gladly gave itself up in defence of pure womanhood. Accompanying the genial smile, which he reserved for the good women whom he specially delighted to honor, was a dimple, curiously misplaced in that rough masculine cheek, yet as much a part of the man as the great voice and odd impediment of speech that lent vigor to his sallies."

Henry George wrote:

"Death came to Crosadale when he did not expect it and we never thought of it. It came to him as sooner or later, and with warning or without it, it must come to us. We feel the loss; we are touched by the awe. But it is not for us to sorrow or to dwell on what might have been. Into and out of