TONS OF GOLD.

British Man-of-War's Men Superintend the Landing of the Elder's Specie.

A PRECIOUS CARGO.

A London cable says: The landing of the specie carried on the elder was attended by elaborate precautions. As much of the gold was destined for the Bank of England the British Government took charge of the work, which was supervised by Captain Robert D. B. Bruce, of the ironclad Invincible. The amount landed for the Bank of England was eight and one-half tons. The men engaged in the work all belonged to the local coast guard. The labor was not part of their official duty and they were therefore paid at the liberal rate of £4 for each trip to and from the wrecked steamship. The Atherford lifeboat was used in bringing the specie on shore, and Inspector Gibson, with a body of constables belonging to the Isle of Wight, was on guard on the beach to watch the treasure on its arrival. Crowds of people witnessed the transfer and curiously looked on as the boxes of gold were lifted out of the boat. As soon as each box was landed it was picked up by twenty bearers and carried up the cliff between a double line of the coast guard and police. At the top of the cliff the boxes were piled together, a coast guardsman with drawn pistol and cutlass in hand keeping vigilant ward over the precious pile. The people who thronged around maintained good order and were content with gazing at the heap, which represented wealth greater than any they had ever dreamed of. At a later hour the boxes containing the treasure were placed on waggons and escorted to Newport by the chief of the coast guard, Officer Locke, accompanied by a detachment with cutlasses and revolvers. At Newport a special train was waiting for the arrival of the treasure, which was at once loaded into goods waggons, carefully guarded and conveyed to Cowes. There the gold was transferred to a special steamer and conveyed across the Soleut to the mainland and thence by special train from Southampton to London. After the specie had been saved the crew of the lifeboat rested for an hour. At the firing of a gun they assembled again. The agent of the, steamship company thanked them for the work they had so successfully done and asked them to save the mails at the same rate of pay, £4 a trip. The crew at once placed itself under orders and was told to take 40 bags of mail at a trip, the whole amount being 400 bags. Ten trips were therefore necessary and these were accomplished without accident. Captain Henckle and 25 of his crew were still on board the Elder to-night. A great deal of loose maize in torn bags, known to be from the bottom of the Elder's cargo, was washed on shore to-day and 80 bales of the cotton that had been thrown overboard when the steamer struck were hoisted to the top of the cliff by derricks.

A TAX OFFICER ROBBED.

A Sneak Thief Walks Off with His Satchel and Money.

A Petrolea despatch says: Mr. Thomas Steadmann, township tax collector, and his daughter, who had been visiting in Petrolea on Saturday receiving taxes, were returning home on the train to the twelfth line on Saturday night. They had with them a satchel, which contained the collection roll, several cheques amounting to four or five hundred dollars, and four one-dollar bills. It appears Mr. Steadmann laid the satchel down in front of his daughter on the seat, and went through to the baggage car. He met a man on the car steps who went into the passenger car. This man snatched the satchel and walked out of the far door with it, and slammed the door hard. The noise startled Miss Steadmann, who had the car window open and was talking to some friends on the platform. She immediately missed the satchel and gave the alarm, but so far no trace of it has been found. There was only one old man and woman in the car at the time besides Miss Steadmann. This old man noticed the fellow take the satchel, but paid no attention to him. It was supposed that Mr. Steadmann generally carried a large amount of tax money in this satchel on Saturday, and no doubt the thief or thieves were well aware of this fact, and worked the opportunity; but on this trip, very fortunately, he had most of the funds in bank cheques. It is thought there were others in the plot, and that it was their intention to overtake Mr. Steadmann at the 12th line and waylay him on his way from the track to his home, which is about one mile. Mr. Inghrim, Reeve of Inniskillen, and Mr. Steadmann have offered a reward of $50 each for the apprehension of the thieves.

HE WAS A BAD HUSBAND.

A Woman Wants Divorce from an Alleged Scoundrelly Husband.

A despatch from Columbus, O., says: Minerva Conway petitions for divorce from Thomas Conway, to whom she was married at Wichita, Kan., on September 23rd, 1887. Mrs. Conway says her husband made deliberate attempts to assassinate her, but, failing in his purpose, skipped out for Canada. She says that soon after their marriage he became quarrelsome and abusive, and was in the habit of swearing at her, and habitually made false and gross charges against her. On September 5th, 1883, at Cincinnati, while she was asleep in the bed usually occupied by herself and husband, he procured a rope and passed it around her neck, trying to choke her to death. The landlady, hearing the noise, broke open the door, and prevented him from accomplishing his purpose. She would have been hanged but for this assistance. Shortly afterward, on the same day, he pursued her with an open knife and threatened to kill her. Other charges are made of the most sensational character. She has since lived separate from him. Defendant's business is in grate mantels, and he can earn from $4 to $5 per day. When last heard from he was in Toronto, Canada. She asks to be restored to her maiden name of Minerva Hite.

ON THE WAY TO LONDON.

Spurgeon's Remains Removed from Mentone—The Services.

A London cable says: The coffin containing the remains of Rev. Mr. Spurgeon has been taken to the Scotch Church in Mentone, and to-day impressive services were held over the body. The church was decorated with palm branches and a few floral wreaths. A large number of the relatives, friends and admirers of the deceased were present, and the church was filled to overflowing with all those desirous of gaining admission. The services commenced at 10 o'clock. After the delivery of the addresses and the offering of prayers, a telegram of condolence from the Prince of Wales and a message from Mr. Moody, the American evangelist, quoting the 25th and 26th verses of the 11th chapter of St. John, were read. Upon the conclusion of the services the coffin was conveyed to a hearse beautifully decorated with flowers and taken to the railway station for conveyance to London. The hearse was followed by a number of carriages containing the mourners and by quite a number of persons on foot.

THE LOTTERY GIVES UP.

The Louisiana Swindle Will Accept No More Charters.

A New Orleans despatch says: Mr. John A. Morris, of the Louisiana Lottery Company, has addressed a letter to the people of Louisiana in which, after submitting the reasons which led the lottery company to seek a renewal of its charter, he says: "As the Supreme Court of the United States has decided the Anti-Lottery Postal law to be a constitutional, it is my purpose and that of my associates to respect that law and abstain from violating it in any manner. Convinced that the granting of another lottery charter in the State would be the cause of continued agitation and discontent upon the part of a number of citizens of Louisiana for the entire period for which a charter might be granted, we would be unwilling to accept such a charter, even though it was given to us without the payment of one dollar of license tax."

Harris Sentenced to Death.

A New York despatch says: Carlyle W. Harris, the medical student who was convicted last Tuesday of murdering his young wife by morphine poisoning, was to-day sentenced to death by Recorder Smyth in the Court of General Sessions. His counsel gave notice of appeal.

I heard a "missionary" (that is a travelling man) once say that he could not go on the road for a firm that didn't advertise, for it took too much valuable time to explain to every supposed buyer who he was, where he came from and what the merits of his goods were. He said, moreover, that if the buyer had all this information before him he generally received him cordially, was glad to see him and had been looking for him for some time.—*Ex.*

A HOTEL HORROR.

New York Visited by Another Appalling Disaster.

A MIDNIGHT FIRE ALARM,

And the Horrible Awakening of Over a Hundred Guests.

MANY PEOPLE LOSE THEIR LIVES.

The Hotel Royal at 6th avenue and 40th street, opposite Bryant Park, was completely destroyed by fire and a large number of people were burned and suffocated in the ruins.

The Hotel Royal was built more than 25 years ago. The house was the home of many persons in the theatrical profession and was patronized chiefly by transients for the night, that class which keeps late hours in the upper part of the tenderloin district.

The fire broke out shortly after three o'clock this morning, and spread with fearful rapidity, the flames soon enveloping the entire building and cutting off all means of escape for the guests rooming in the upper stories of the building.

The origin of the fire is unknown. It started in the basement near the elevator shaft, which was located in the middle of the building.

The fire department arrived within a few minutes after the alarm was given by an engineer on the elevated railroad, but meanwhile the most heartrending and sickening scenes were being enacted.

The horror-stricken crowd that had quickly gathered in the streets about the doomed building saw men and women, clad only in their night clothes, jump from the upper stories and fall upon the stone flagging of the sidewalks, crushed to death or seriously injured.

WHAT EYE-WITNESSES SAW.

Eye-witnesses tell of the appearance at the upper windows of terror-stricken men and women who, unable to find escape, fell back overcome by the smoke and flames. Every window of the building seemed filled with men, women and children, crying out piteously for those below to save them. Many of those were certainly burned to death.

The fire escapes in the rear of the building afforded a means of escape for some, whilst the fire ropes provided in all the rooms were utilized by many male guests in reaching the street.

According to the most reliable reports there were about 150 people all told, sleeping in the hotel last night. How many of these were lost may not be ascertained for several days.

Nearly every room of the 124 rooms which the hotel had on its five floors was occupied last night by guests, both permanent and transient; in fact all rooms save four had been taken at 1 o'clock in the morning when Richard Mears, the proprietor, went to bed.

At 3.05 o'clock Mears and his wife, who occupied a room on the third floor forty feet from the staircase, were aroused and found the staircase in flames. Mears groped his way to a window through blinding smoke and escaped, and his wife was subsequently rescued by firemen in an unconscious condition.

MANY LEAP TO DEATH.

Just as she reached the ground the body of an unknown man, who had jumped from a third-story window, struck the pavement and his brains were dashed out.

Suddenly the walls fell. At the time people could be observed at several windows on the top floor, crying for help, but they fell back and were soon burned in the ruins.

Five burned, crushed and disfigured bodies, two women and three men, were removed to the morgue.

It is feared, however, that a search of the vast smoking pile of debris in the cellar of the hotel will reveal many ghastly finds. It was reported at a late hour to-night that no less than 100 people are still unaccounted for.

DASHED TO DEATH.

Before the fire companies arrived one man, whose name is not known, sprang from a third story window, and was dashed to death on the ground below. People turned their faces away, horrified at the sight. This was on the Sixth avenue side of the building. A moment later another man leaped from a window on the 40th street side, and was instantly killed. Shortly afterwards two women jumped from windows on the 6th avenue side, and were dead when picked up. Their dead bodies were taken to the 30th street station-house, and afterwards identified and removed to the morgue.

A THRILLING ESCAPE.

One of the most thrilling escapes of the night of terrors was that of a young man named J. Noonan, of Jersey City. Noonan had been recently married, and had just returned from an extended wedding trip with his bride. He came to this city yesterday to celebrate the event with his friends, and after a night of it was taken to the Hotel Royal, and put to bed by two companions on the fourth floor. Noonan was awakened by the shouts of fire and the cries for help of men and women in the building. For a moment he was dazed, but in an instant he collected his scattered senses. He looked out in the hall, but there was no escape there. He looked out of the window, and no ladder was near him, so he, with the confidence of an athlete, swung himself from the windowsill to the window below, and from one window to another he descended until he reached the ground.

The Dead Waggon.

At 8 o'clock this morning the first dead waggon arrived from the scene of the holocaust, bringing four bodies. They were marked by numbers one, two, three, four. Number one was that of a woman, who, in her terror, had jumped out of a window and over the head of a gallant fireman who was on his way up a ladder to her rescue. Her skull was crushed in. She was evidently a handsome woman, with a magnificent bust and well preserved features. She was about 30 years of age, with rich dark hair and eyes, upper teeth filled with gold. She weighed about 140 pounds. A black knit under-vest was all the clothing she had with which to identify her, but she wore on her finger a heavy gold band ring.

Box No. 2 also contained the remains of a woman of nearly the same age. She, too, had been a pretty woman, heavily built and weighing probably 150 pounds. She had dark brown hair, brown eyes and wore only a cloth undervest. She was doubtless suffocated. She should be readily identified by the jewelry worn by her. She had a pair of diamond earrings and wore a diamond finger ring of two pearls and six turquoises and sapphires, and one ring with three emeralds.

Box No. 3 was that of a man 5 ft. 6 in. tall, 30 years old, with black curly hair, smooth face and gold filled front upper teeth. He wore blue mixed pants, a long muslin night shirt with blue and red border, white linen drawers, white merino undershirt, white suspenders with black stripe and marked Delavy, Sixth avenue. He had precipitated himself from a window, and his brains were scattered on the sidewalk.

In box No. 4 were the remains of a man 40 years of age, 5 feet 8 inches in height, brown hair, moustache and eyes, and teeth filled with gold. He weighed 160 pounds, and had on a blue and grey striped tennis shirt. He died of suffocation.

At 10.15 o'clock another body was brought in. It was that of a large, able-bodied man and was entirely nude. The face had been burned beyond recognition and the left arm was also burned to a crisp. His identification was soon completed. The finger ring of gold which he wore was the means of identification. It was the body of H. C. Levy, salesman for the firm of Strauss & Freeman, clothing manufacturers. He was recognized by David L. Weiss, Levy's brother, and a number of relatives also identified the body.

A New York despatch says: The sixth body was found this morning in a room on the top floor of the ruin on the 40th street side. It was apparently that of a woman, but so badly burned as to make identification well-nigh impossible. The seventh body was found at 9.20 a. m. It was that of a man, and was lying among the debris in the cellar. How many charred and mangled bodies are still buried beneath the ruins is a question of horrible uncertainty. Besides the three bodies taken out this morning five others had been recovered. The bodies of many others may lie hidden in the mass of steaming wreckage which chokes up the wide space beneath the blackened and disfigured walls. From a careful examination of the hotel register and the journal which was furnished by Night Clerk Underwood, the number of persons in the building when the fire broke out was 152. Of these eight are known to be dead. Eighty-one were rescued by the firemen, assisted by citizens, before the walls collapsed, and sixty-one are still missing. Among those who were rescued from the flaming building are twenty-four who are more or less seriously burned and bruised.

At 10 o'clock the eighth body was found. It was that of a man. It was lying among the debris in the cellar of the building.

Four more bodies have been uncovered by the workmen, but cannot as yet be taken out of the ruins on account of the heavy timbers lying over and around them.

Up to 2.30 p. m. nine bodies have been recovered, five men and four women. Of these only two have been identified, Henry C. Levy, of Levy, Strauss & Freeman, wholesale clothiers, 707 Broadway, New York, and J. O. O. Townsend, of New Haven.

At 1 o'clock all the bodies discovered in the ruins were taken to the morgue. Numerous articles that had been picked up were removed to the 30th street station. Among these was a package of letters marked "Lena Cohn," a hand-bag marked with the initial "Y," a silver thimble marked "M. A. D.," and two pairs of scissors. The young woman who was taken to the New York hospital and refused to give her name because "it might be embarrassing," was identified this morning as Etta Green, one of the "help" in the Sturtevant House. Miss Green is improving, and will be able to leave the hospital in a few days. The workmen on the ruins have had some narrow escapes during the day from falling walls.

IDENTIFYING VICTIMS.

There was a great crowd at the morgue. Many came to see if the victims there were their friends, but the majority were curiosity seekers. Charles Blake, an elderly man from Stamford, Conn., came with a friend to enquire for his sister, Sarah Blake, 49 years of age, who registered at the hotel on Saturday. He was of the opinion that the remains in the box marked No. 6 corresponded with the body of his sister, but did not positively identify it. A middle-aged man, with tears in his eyes, came in quest of Mrs. Rogers, of Brooklyn, who was a friend of his, and who told him she had an "engagement" at the Hotel Royal for Saturday and Sunday nights. He failed to identify anyone. Among the visitors was Police Capt. Cross, who critically inspected the bodies, and was quite sure that he recognized the face of No. 2. He promised to send an officer that would be likely to know whether it was the person he suspected. When the captain left two stylishly dressed women came and looked at the bodies. The elder of the two, of handsome and somewhat dissipated appearance, said that she was the proprietress of an establishment, the locality of which she did not care to disclose. Mr. Levy, who was lost in the fire, had called at her house on Saturday, she said, and took one of the inmates of whom he was fond, to the theatre. She never returned, and probably went with him to the hotel. They could not find her at the morgue. Samuel Cherley, a bell-boy at the Hotel Royal, was sure he could identify two of the bodies. The one in box No. 1 was, he thought, that of Mr. Lewis, the bookmaker's wife. He recognized the woman by her hair. He believed No. 4 to be that of her husband, as the features were similar and the shirt he wore was like one he had often seen Lewis wear.

Miss Mary McCarthy called with Miss Bridget Begley and was quite certain that No. 9 was the body of Housekeeper Begley. The false teeth corresponded, she thought, with those of Mrs. Begley, and she went off to bring the dentist to verify their make.

Thomas White, of Orange, N. J., came to look after his brother Charles, also of Orange.

Mrs. Hattie VanNorden, wife of Mr. H. J. VanNorden, manager of the Royal Worcester Corset Company, was undoubtedly among those who perished. Her husband says she had jewels worth $30,000 in her possession.

AMONG THE DEBRIS.

At the scene of the holocaust 200 Italians continued their work upon the ruins throughout the afternoon. The south wall and dining-room still remained standing. The police had great difficulty in keeping the people beyond the fire lines. The southern portion of Bryant park was cleared of people in the afternoon, but the crowds still lingered in the northern part of the park, although they could see little more than the tops of the ruined walls. Hour after hour passed, and each minute the crowd expected that news would be sent out that another body had been found. The heaps of debris grew higher and higher until Fortieth street was entirely blocked.

Toward five o'clock a steam derrick was placed on Fortieth street, and a number of electric lights strung in order that the work could be continued all night.

MORE BODIES FOUND.

At 5.55 o'clock the body of a man about 40 years of age, height 5 feet 10 inches, was found near the 6th avenue entrance of the hotel. The front of the body was badly badly. The back was in fairly good condition. It was marked body No. 10.

At 7 o'clock the trunk of a woman was found (body No. 11) near the Sixth avenue entrance. There were no marks on it by which it could be identified. The hair on the head was burned so that no identification could possibly be made from a sample of it. A few teeth were, however, extracted in the hope that some relative or friend might eventually be able to identify the corpse.

At 8 o'clock the trunk of a woman was found near the 40th street entrance to the hotel. It was marked "Body No. 12." The legs and arms were gone, and nothing was found near it by which it could be identified.

At 8.25 o'clock the Italian laborers employed in clearing the ruins found the foot of a human being wedged in under a piano. Work at that point, however, was stopped temporarily.

WHO WAS HE?

Mrs. W. F. Lockard, of this city, who is suffering from internal injuries, is in a critical condition at the Gedney House. All the others who were rescued from the hotel, suffering from burns or other injuries, are said to be doing well. This afternoon there was found in the ruins a black alligator hand-satchel containing a 100 mile ticket on the Long Island Railway, made out in the name of J. H. May, a pair of gold-link sleeve buttons, some clothing, and a package of letters. The name of May is not on the hotel register, but it is thought he may have been one of those who registered under a false name.

Body No. 9 was to-night identified as that of Mrs. Begley's. Inquiries were made tonight for a Miss Davis, of Philadelphia, and Louis Coulter, of Lowell, Mass., who are said to have been in the hotel on Saturday night. Mrs. J. B. Carey, one of the missing, has turned up all right. No more bodies were found up to 1 o'clock this morning.

SAVED BEFORE HE SHOT.

The guest who probably had the most narrow escape was M. L. Harman, a travelling salesman for a St. Louis wholesale grocery house. He registered at the hotel on Saturday evening with his wife. "I had a room on the sixth floor," said Mr. Harman, "and was aroused from my sleep by a loud, roaring noise, and by the sound of a whistle, which I think was from one of the engines on the elevated road. I opened my door and discovered that the stairway leading to the lower floors was in a blaze. The hallway was filled with smoke, and as it poured into my room as long as the door was open, I quickly closed it, knowing that there was no escape that way. I then went to the window and opened it and there seemed to be as much smoke on the outside as there was in the hallway, for the room soon filled with smoke from that direction. Both my wife and I would have suffocated in the room had I not taken two towels, which I soaked with water. These we used to keep the smoke out of our lungs by holding them over our mouths to breathe. I tried to find a fire escape near our window, but there was none, and I thought at one time that we should never get out of the room alive. It was certain death to jump six stories, and as it was altogether better to death, I said to my wife: 'Mattie, I am going to shoot you and then kill myself.'

"I concluded that it would be better to die that way than burn to death, and as I always sleep with a revolver under my pillow, I hurried to the box to get it. By this time the flames were coming up through the cracks in the floor and through the door. Just as I was about to shoot my wife fell to the floor with a crash, and we went down probably two stories. The flooring stopped opposite a window and my wife jumped out and landed on the portico beneath. A rope was hanging out of this window, and with this assistance I managed to get down another story, but here I slipped to the portico beside my wife. I picked her up, but was unable to carry her, and, as I was almost suffocated, as the fire injured me, I was endeavoring to find a ladder and try to carry her down to the street, when two firemen took her from me. How I reached the street I don't know."

DIVORCE IN HIGH LIFE.

The Revelations in the De Steurs Divorce Case at Sioux Falls.

A Sioux Falls despatch says: The De Steurs divorce case was begun this morning, the Baroness de Steurs, Count Zberowski, her lawyer, and her maid being in court.

The Baroness was first on the stand, and occupied the whole morning in telling her story. She said her husband had always been cruel and irritable with her; that he called her "a savage American." Often a State dinner he would become angry at her and shout out "I wish to God I had never married you." Once when Minister at Madrid, negotiating a delicate commercial treaty the Baron had asked her to play the coquette with the Minister of Commerce and make him think that he could do what he liked with her. This base proposition she indignantly rejected. He charged her with being unfaithful, and made her swear solemnly in church that she was not before he would believe her. On June 12th, 1890, he had the doctors examine her as to her sanity, and took her children away from her. She left him and has not seen him since.

The deposition of Baron de Steurs is an interesting document, giving glimpses of life in aristocratic European circles. The Baron attributes all the trouble he had with his wife to her peculiar nervous affection, which has baffled the best medical skill. His wife smoked cigarettes, he says, in spite of his objections, and even gave them to the children. On one occasion, at a public dinner, where many notables were present, she made derogatory remarks about her husband and then apologized for them the next day. When the King of Holland was ill she complained that he took so long to die. On another occasion she declared that she was a pessimist, and lived only for pleasure.

SHE CHARGES CONSPIRACY.

A Wife's Story of How Evidence for a Divorce Suit Was Obtained.

A Cleveland despatch says: A sensation has been caused by Capt. J. W. Moore, one of the best known and wealthiest vessel owners on the great lakes, beginning suit for divorce against his wife, Mrs. Laura A. Moore. He is about 60 years old and she about 40. He married her twelve years ago, when she was a widow with two children. He charges her with gross unfaithfulness at many times and places, and cites a number of instances. A prominent livery-stable keeper and one J. Albert Wilson are mentioned as co-respondents. Capt. Moore has for a week lived at a hotel and his wife occupies their handsome house in the Detroit road. Yesterday Mrs. Moore sued Capt. Moore, Capt. Wm. S. Mack, Capt Richard Neville, A. R. Rumsey, J. Arthur Wilson, and another whose name is unknown, for $100,000 damages. She charges conspiracy. She alleges that Wilson was introduced to her by Wm. S. Mack as being a personal friend of his family, and that Wilson, under the plea of taking her to visit his wife, through the conspiracy of the defendants, took her to a house of ill-repute. She claims that Wilson compelled her to remove a portion of her clothing, and that when she was in that condition the door of the room opened and Wm. S. Mack, Richard Neville, A. Rumsey, and another man, who said he was an officer of the law, entered. The intruders, she says, then ordered the alleged officer to arrest her, which he did. Mrs. Moore claims that it was a conspiracy to deprive her of her just share of her husband's estate, and that Wilson was paid $5,000 for his work.

INDIAN PRE-MILLENARIANS.

Waiting for a Messiah and Indulging in Ghost Dancing.

A Chicago despatch says: Capt. Eli H. Huggins, aide-de-camp to Gen. Miles, returned this morning from an extensive trip to the Indian territory. He was sent there to investigate and report on the rumors of ghost dancing among the Indians there.

"The Arapahoe, Cheyenne, and Osage Indians still cling to the belief that the Messiah will come some day appear to save them," said Captain Higgins, "and they are not at all disappointed in the failure of the Messiah to come among them last year. They do not pretend to know the date of His coming. The former frenzy among them and their excited dances have given way to a quiet belief, which has almost become a religion with them, that whites are to be destroyed and the Messiah will come. There is no excitement among the whites who live on land bordering on the reservations, and no excitement is at all apparent nor outbreak is feared."

Capt. Huggins witnessed the distribution of cattle for food for the Indians at the Cheyenne and Arapahoe agencies. An investigation showed that all the poor and worthless cattle were given to the Indians, the fatter ones being shipped to the markets

SIR MORRELL DEAD.

The Eminent Throat Surgeon Dies of a Bronchial Attack.

A London cable says: Sir Morrell Mackenzie, the distinguished physician, whose serious illness with bronchitis was announced a few days ago, died to-day. Sir Morrell Mackenzie was born in Leytonstone, Essex, in 1837, and was educated at the London Hospital Medical College and in Paris and Vienna. He was the author of numerous publications on laryngological subjects, and in particular of a systematic treatise in two volumes on "Diseases of the Throat and Nose," which is acknowledged to be a standard work. Dr. Mackenzie was also the author of monograms on diphtheria and hay fever and of an article on "Specialism in Medicine," which appeared in the "Fortnightly Review" in 1885, and which excited considerable attention. Dr. Mackenzie was attendance on Frederick III., German Emperor, during the latter's last illness and was knighted in 1887. He published in 1888 "The Fatal Illness of Frederick the Noble." At the close of that year he resigned his connection with the College of Physicians. In 1889 he contributed to the "Contemporary Review" some essays entitled "The Voice in Singing and Speaking."

A DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.

A Murderous Wife Slashes Her Husband With a Razor.

A Milan, Tenn., despatch says: A horrible tragedy occurred in Carroll county on Friday night. Charles Travis and his wife have been living unhappily for some time. A few days ago the wife pushed one of the children into the fireplace, burning it badly. In his anger the husband kicked his wife out of doors. She swore to kill him, and on Friday night, while her husband was asleep, Mrs. Travis procured a razor and slashed his face and throat in a dozen places. Travis grappled with his wife and secured the razor. He was so weakened by loss of blood, however, that he died before help arrived. When the neighbors reached the house Mrs. Travis was found covered with blood and in the act of shooting herself with a revolver. It is believed she was insane through brooding over domestic troubles.

MILITARY PI.

Chilton Soldiers Wreck Newspaper Offices Because of Alleged Insults.

A Santiago despatch says: The offices of the *Democracy* at Santiago and the *Opposition* at Valparaiso have been cleaned out. These two papers are regarded as unfriendly to the present Government. The former was attacked by a mob and short work was made of the office. In the case of the latter it is claimed that some military officers who were passing the office were insulted from the windows, and then assaulted with iron bars and pistol shots. They broke into the office, smashed the furniture, piled the type in the forms, and otherwise wrecked the office. Both papers, as well as the *La Republica*, whose office was cleaned out on Tuesday, issued small fly-sheets, protesting against the outrages of the mobs as a violation of the liberty of the press.

"Say," said an ex-saloon-keeper as he leaned over the bar of a more fortunate purveyor of drinks, "I can tell you how you can sell more whiskey if you want to know." "Of course I would," replied the other. "How can it be done?" "Put less water in," was the reply.

Statisticians say that an average man of 154 pounds weight has enough iron in his composition to make a plowshare, and enough phosphorus to make half a million matches.

DR. KEELEY, of chloride-of-gold cure fame, says asafœtida in sixteen grain doses four times daily is as certain a specific for the grip as quinine is for ague.

A BOY KIDNAPPED.

His Abductors Demand $6,000 in Cash for His Ransom.

A New York despatch says: A band of daring kidnappers have stolen Ward Ferris Waterbury, the 4-year-old son of Charles P. Waterbury, a well-to-do farmer of Long Ridge, Conn., which is near the New York line, and are holding him for $6,000 ransom.

In many respects the case is similar to the famous abduction of Charley Ross, near Philadelphia in 1874.

The child was stolen on Monday, within an eighth of a mile of his home, while on his way to school. So well planned was the outrage that practically no trace of the kidnappers was left behind after they had gone a mile and a half. It all happened in a thickly settled and respectable community, and the father has received a letter from the men who have his child threatening that if he does not promptly pay the money they will kill the lad, and intimating that they will also wreak vengeance on his head.

The demand of the child stealers, who signed themselves "River Boys," was that the money should be paid to them at midnight on Tuesday night on a bridge near Bedford, which is on the dividing line between Connecticut and Westchester county, N. Y. It is far from a railroad station and out of reach of the telegraph.

The father of the boy started to keep the appointment with $3,000 in his pocket, all he could raise in such a short time. Deputy Sheriffs Howard Pugsley and Stephen Hart, of White Plains, started for the scene, having received word from Mr. Waterbury. They will protect the father, and if possible apprehend the kidnappers.

The whole country side is up in arms. The plan was a most daring one, and the parents of the stolen lad are frantic. There may be a lynching if the villains are caught.

About fifty armed men spent all Monday night in scouring the country for the boy with lanterns. Suspicion exists that Charles E. Waterbury, who is a nephew of the boy's father, knows more about the plot than he will admit. It was he who bore the note to Charles P. Waterbury, in which the kidnappers made their demand for $6,000. He claims to have been out hunting when he saw three men armed with shotguns standing beside a phaeton. One of them had the child on his back, and threw the note to Waterbury, telling him to deliver it, while the others threatened him away with their guns.

Charles E. Waterbury is not on good terms with his uncle, and when he delivered the note advised that the ransom demanded be paid. What may prove significant is that the father's relatives are not on good terms with him, and claim that he took an advantage of them in dividing the estate.

A later despatch says the kidnappers did not keep the appointment and at 3 o'clock on the morning after the father's return the family were awakened by a ring at the door and opened it to find their boy had been returned.

A Greenwich, Conn., despatch says: Charles E. Waterbury, who abducted his cousin, Ward Waterbury, on Monday, has been arrested here. Waterbury was walking along the road near his house. He had a bundle of clothing in his arms and a big revolver, which was cocked. He was looking suspiciously about him as he sneaked along. He evidently feared arrest and started nervously at every sound. When Sellock stepped in front of him Waterbury showed fight, but the deputy sheriff overpowered him and told him he had better be quiet, because there were other officers near by. Waterbury said he was on his way to Greenwich to give himself up. There is no doubt, however, that he intended to leave town.

At 12 o'clock yesterday the three prisoners, Waterbury, Sutherland and McCann, were arraigned before Judge Hoyt. Ward Waterbury and his father and mother were in court.

Ward Waterbury said one of the men who abducted him had a black beard. A false beard was found in the house of Charles E. Waterbury, where Ward was confined during his absence from home.

Ward Waterbury told the story of his abduction practically the same as has been published. The boy shuddered as he related the story of how he was stolen away. He seemed to stand in dread of McCann, and occasionally had to be reassured by his father. McCann was manifestly nervous while Ward was on the stand. Nothing could shake Ward's testimony.

Ward's father, Charles P. Waterbury, also testified. He related how Charles E. Waterbury had brought him the note demanding $6,000 ransom for Ward. He also told of his visiting Mitter's Bridge to meet the kidnappers, and then described Ward's return home.

Before McCann's examination was concluded Ward Waterbury positively identified him as one of the men who had kidnapped him. The little fellow had been watching McCann steadfastly all the time. McCann sought to present only his full face to the child, but occasionally he forgot himself and turned his head. Finally Ward exclaimed, "That's him; that's the man."

Judge Hoyt questioned Ward, and Ward said he recognized McCann by marks on his face and the side of his head. Ward said he was positive McCann was one of the men.

Charles E. Waterbury refused to plead.

Sutherland's behaviour was in marked contrast to that of Waterbury. He asked for time to procure counsel. Judge Hoyt granted this and set down his hearing for to morrow morning.

Charles E. Waterbury and McCann were bound over for the Supreme Court, which will meet at Bridgeport, February 16th. They were remanded to jail in default of $5,000 bonds each.

HIS DAYS NUMBERED.

Murderer McElvaine Recognizes That He Must Pay the Penalty.

A Sing Sing despatch says: Charles McElvaine, who is to be electrocuted the week beginning to-morrow, is a changed man. The sudden change came over him last Wednesday afternoon, when his sister visited him after she had returned from Albany after interceding in his behalf with Governor Flower. She told him every means had been exhausted to save him, and that he had better be resigned and prepare to meet his fate. Since then he has prayed constantly, which is a strange contrast to his former behaviour. His spiritual adviser is the Rev. John B. Crooden, who visits him constantly. A few days ago he presented him with a prayer book, which he has read over and over again. In fact he does nothing now but take his food and read the prayer book. His appetite is very good, and he has had choice food every day. Yesterday morning Principal Keeper Connaughton gave him a glass of sherry, and he drank with a relish. He says that he is now prepared to meet the worst, and the officials think that he will walk to the death chair without giving them any trouble. Everything is now in readiness for the electrocution. The chair which has been used on former occasions is now in place, and all the instruments of death can be put in shape in a short time. McElvaine's wife, brother-in-law, and his young sister and brother visited him at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon.

THE SCAFFOLD FELL.

And Two Men Were Killed Outright and Six Hurt.

A Birmingham, Ala., despatch says: A horrible accident occurred at the Sloss furnace this afternoon, two men being killed outright and six injured. A hot blast stove was being repacked, and the men were working on a scaffold in the interior of the walls, 58 feet from the ground. Suddenly the scaffolding gave way, and the men with all their implements and a forge fell to the ground in an indescribable mass. Two men were killed and six injured. All the men except one are seriously hurt, and some of them may die. The excessive weight of the portable forge and three kegs of rivets caused the accident.

A Banker's Narrow Escape.

A Memphis, Tenn., despatch says: Four days ago Allen Hines committed Rose Egan, the daughter of Frank Egan, and ran away. He was brought to Memphis yesterday morning, and the little girl and her father visited Chief Davis' headquarters to identify Hines. As soon as the child recognized Hines she drew a pistol from under her apron and quickly handed it to her father, who levelled the weapon at Hines, and was in the act of shooting when the chief made a grab for the revolver. He then had a hard struggle with the father and daughter before he could secure the weapon.

Padded Slippers.

"Charley, I wonder what would be a nice present to give papa for Christmas?" asked Clara. "Give him a pair of padded slippers," suggested Charley.

On account of grave errors of treatment, the use of Koch's lymph has been ordered to be discontinued in the Russian military hospitals.

A CHINAMAN AT DINNER.

A Great Variety of Vegetables—Unpleasants Delicacies and Other Stuff Unpalatable to Canadians.

A Chinese dinner begins, as we would think, at the wrong end first. At the first course we were served with tea in dainty little China cups. The second course consisted of small dishes of watermelon seeds. These are a favorite delicacy among the Chinese. Next came sliced oranges, served in individual dishes. The oranges were small and very sweet and juicy. The fourth course was the dinner proper and contained the substantials. Rice was the principal viand and was served in a large centre dish, each person being given a bowl. There were several smaller dishes of different kinds of meats and vegetables to eat with the rice, such as duck meat, pork, mutton and curry, bean curd, stringed coconut, etc. This course concluded our dinner, since we did not partake of the rice wine with which the Chinese frequently end their meals.

Rice is the Chinaman's staff of life and forms the principal article of diet throughout the country. It is cooked by steaming in a basket or sieve suspended over a shallow iron kettle partly filled with water. The other articles of food are cooked in the same way and at the same time, as many as four or five steamers being fitted nicely over each other and covered to keep in the steam, which the water below supplies to all at once. Baked bread is not used; neither is milk, butter or cheese. At first it seemed strange to me to sit down to a meal at which these familiar dishes were lacking.

Perhaps the greatest variety in the Chinese bill-of-fare is found in the vegetables, and certainly much of their agriculture consists in raising them. Bean curd or bean jam, such as we had at the hotel dinner, is made by boiling or grinding black beans and mixing the flour with water, turmeric and other ingredients. There are twenty or more kinds of beans and peas raised in China and they are prepared for food in many different ways. Cabbage, broccoli, kale, cauliflower, cress, colewort, lettuce, sow thistle, spinach, celery, dandelion, succory, sweet basil, ginger, mustard, radishes, artemisia, amaranthus, tacca, pig weed, burslaue, shepherds' purse, clover, garlics, leeks, onions, scallions, allantus and chives are some of the principal greens, many of them decidedly odoriferous during cooking and after eating. Carrots, gourds, squashes, cucumbers, watermelons, tomatoes, turnips, radishes, brinjals, pumpkins and okras may be named as most common among the score or more garden vegetables. Sweet potatoes are very plentiful. The Irish potato has been grown for a good many years, but has not come into general use among the people. Fruits of most varieties are abundant all the year, oranges being the most common.

The few puppies and kittens that are sold for the table are fed on a diet of rice beforehand. Rats may be eaten in some few cases; in fact I believe I saw a string of fried rats hanging in a market in Canton, but they are neither common nor cheap, and ought not to be considered a distinctive part of Chinese diet any more than frogs' legs and snails should be of American diet. Birdnest soup is eaten occasionally by those who can afford it. It is very expensive, costing a dollar an ounce. I was fortunate enough to taste some once, and thought it the most delicious soup I had ever eaten. Sharks' fins are also eaten now and then by epicures.

At frequent intervals along the streets in the city there are what might be called restaurants right out into the streets. The kitchen range is seen squatted on the stone pavement on a low stool. He has a little earthen furnace, or "fungelow," on which he cooks various kinds of food. On a low counter by his side are trays of food and in front of the counter are stools for customers.

The Chinese generally have only two meals a day, breakfast about 9 or 10 o'clock in the morning and dinner at 4 or 5 in the afternoon. Husband and wife seldom eat together and never do so when strangers or guests are present. The females eat by themselves, after themen have finished. The rice is placed in a large dish in the centre of the table and each person helps himself, filling his bowl by means of a ladle or large spoon. He then holds his bowl in his left hand near the chin and pushes the rice into his mouth by means of two chop-sticks, both held between the thumb and the fore and middle fingers of the right hand. Knives and forks are not used at meals. Whenever a bit of fish or vegetable is wanted, it is selected from the common dish and conveyed to the mouth by the use of the chopsticks.—*The Voice.*

CHEATED THE GALLOWS AFTER ALL

The Brockville Murderer, Fitzsimmons, Cuts His Throat in His Cell in New Orleans and Will Die.

Fitzsimmons, alias Ambrose G. Budd and several other names, who was arrested here Tuesday, charged with murder and theft in Pittsburg, Pa., cut his throat with a penknife at 11 o'clock this morning in a cell at the Parish prison. He will die. Fitzsimmons left a long letter, in which he says:

"I have pursued crime