AN INTERNATIONAL BOX.

The Infernal Machine that Frightened the British Legation.

WASHINGTON, June 26.—The people at the British legation were very much alarmed one pleasant afternoon a few weeks ago. A box arrived at the house. It was of a mysterious size, with double coupling fastening, and with what Mr. Saurin, the First Secretary, declared to be a decidedly grimy Irish complexion. No letter of advice came with the box, but there was a fear-suggesting label on the cover giving directions as to how the dreadful thing should be opened.

The butler notified the First Secretary, who looked at the box, grew pale, withdrew hastily, and, in his turn, notified the Minister. Mr. West also withdrew, and quickly ordered the butler to remove the "beastly thing" into the tennis court, and to put it into the middle of the tarred space where the representatives of Great Britain maintain their muscles and the institutions of their native land. The box was believed to contain dynamite, and to come from Irish sources. Mr. West grew very nervous, and furtively peeped at the destructive implement from behind the curtain, dodging occasionally as he thought he saw symptoms of explosion. Mr. Saurin, after having the box carefully measured and the character of the wood of which it was made determined, went to the library and was soon surrounded by the works of Grotius, Puffendorf, and Vattel. After a long search among the authorities Saurin became convinced that he had found a precedent. He read to Mr. West an extract from Puffendorf, in which the duties of friendly neighbors are pointed out. Mr. Saurin argued from this that it was conclusively the duty of the Government of the United States to open the box. Mr. West is said to have asked what would be the consequences to the relations between the two Governments if Secretary Frelinghuysen should be destroyed by the dynamite intended for the slaughter of the British Minister. The conclusion was that the risk could be taken, as this country had nothing in the way of war material except some old arbitration commissions, and, as the damages would be so small, that the British Ministry would rather pay them than have its representative sacrificed.

Therefore the box was sent to the State Department, with a request for protection. Two detectives of indolent habits sat on the grass in a neighboring lot, and for two weeks watched the legation house; it did not blow up. Then came the international question, and this was discussed by Secretary Frelinghuysen and Assistant Secretary Davis. The authority in the State Department is Pelzotto, and Mr. Davis carefully studied this great author many days and nights. It was finally found that Pelzotto bids that all Irish suspects, in the form of boxes sent to the British Minister, must be opened by this Government.

At first it was thought that the box should be sent to the Secretary of War. That functionary, however, was loath to accept the responsibility. He was told that the box contained an agent of war, but Mr. Lincoln smiled, and suggested that Mr. Chandler had as much jurisdiction over war as he had, and, moreover, that Chandler had a navy yard, with a lot of workmen. Mr. Lincoln offered to compromise by ordering twenty men and a Lieutenant under arms at the Arsenal. This offer was accepted, and the box was safely carried down to the navy yard, and orders were given that the infernal machine should be opened. A structure was built over the suspect; it was composed of pieces of old ship armor which Secor Robeson had overlooked. A hole was left in this armor and a saw was inserted in such a way that the end of the box might be cut off. To this was attached a very long pole. An aged carpenter who had been in the service for forty years, and who had not much usefulness left in him, was selected to work the saw. This old carpenter laid down behind a ridge of earth, and slowly and carefully began to saw.

The yard seemed deserted, but occasionally an anxious face peered out at the doomed carpenter. Mr. Frelinghuysen's pale countenance dodged from behind the building whose where ships used to be built. Mr. Davis occasionally glanced over the top of a sheet anchor. Mr. West looked over a wharf, for he had betaken himself to a small boat. Mr. Saurin remained with Mr. Chandler outside the gate of the yard. They had a large telescope.

The carpenter sawed carefully on. Suddenly the saw stopped, and it was evident that a wire had been struck. The saw was carefully removed, but the infernal machine did not go off. A rope was fastened to the wires, and still the machine did not go off. Length after length of rope was tied together, and finally a final pull was given; then a stronger one. Still the thing did not go off. As the Cabinet and Mr. West and Mr. Saurin were in consultation, a hansom dashed furiously down the street. Mr. Howard and Mr. Chandler, the second secretaries of the legation, were seen inside waving a letter. They drove up to the pale and anxious group. The letter of advice had come; the machine was intended to express juice from sugar cane, and its inventor asked Mr. West to recommend it.

Mr. West looked dignified; so did all the rest. Mr. West and Mr. Frelinghuysen then consulted apart for a time. When they returned, Mr. Frelinghuysen said:

"Gentlemen, we have determined that it will be best for the interests of the two countries to make a state secret of this matter."

The others bowed, and all looked sternly at the sky.

Then Mr. Davis put his hands under his coat tails, disguised himself with a pair of blue goggles, and hurried on board the Speedwell, which took him down the river. Mr. Frelinghuysen looked suspiciously at Mr. Chandler, who was winking at something behind the hansom, and walked away alone. Mr. Chandler was winking at Mr. Howard and Mr. Shelton, who were laughing at something. Perhaps it was at Mr. Saurin, who was seated on a big gun reading Puffendorf to find out if a juice extractor can be turned into an international question.

Acquainted with the Land.

A man with a fine covering of yellow mud on his boots sat down on a chair in Park row on Sunday and prepared to receive the services of a bootblack.

"Pamrapo?" said the bootblack, inquisitively, as he looked at the mud.

"No, my lad, not Pamrapo," said the man. "Try again."

"Not Pamrapo, New Jersey, eh?" said the boy, thoughtfully. "It looks a little like base ball ground and. Mebbe it's Greenville?"

"No, it's not Greenville; but don't give it up," replied the man, encouragingly. "Go on and try again. I've time enough to spare. Train doesn't leave until 1 30."

The boy looked at the mud, felt it, rubbed it, and was advised by the man to put a little of it to his ear, and try if any additional information could be obtained through the sense of hearing.

"I'll tell you what," the boy said, at last, "if that mud comes from nearer is than Clairmont I'll shine 'em up for nothin'."

The man hesitated for a second. He was evidently half inclined to bail from Communipaw, but the boy's honest eyes were on him, and he could not lie.

"All right, my lad," he said; "Clairmont it is. Give 'em a patent leather shine now, and ten cents is yours."

When the Train Starts.

"What are the rules of the company about the starting of trains at the stations?" was asked of an employee of the elevated railroad.

"The brakeman between the last two cars is required to see that his gates are clear and then to close them. Then he pulls the cord over his head as a signal to the next brakeman forward, who has hold of the rope, that all is right. He is not allowed to open the gates after they are closed. The next man forward having seen his own gates clear, must wait for the signal from the one behind him before pulling the cord. The signal is thus transmitted to the conductor who, signals the engineer to start the train."

"Should the brakeman step up to the gates and look up and down the platform to see that no one is in danger along the side of the car?"

"There is no need of that."

"How does it happen that the man in the rear, signalling the one ahead of him, does not start the train?"

"The man ahead are supposed to keep enough slack rope in their hands to prevent that."

Better to be Lawyer than Litigant.

"Is it true that the case of Zabriskie agt. Van Riper is settled?" asked a Sun reporter of Lawyer L. M. Ward of Paterson on Saturday. This case has been in the courts for a long time. It involved the possession of a Bergen county farm. The case hinged upon the validity of a receipt given by Herman Van Riper, deceased, denoting the payment of the mortgage. The receipt was declared by Zabriskie to be a forgery. The question of its genuineness has at last been compromised.

"Yes," replied Mr. Ward, "the case is settled."

"And it is said, Mr. Ward, that you have come into possession of the farm."

"That's so," replied Mr. Ward, laughing. "I've got the farm, and Garret Ackerson of Hackensack, the lawyer on the other side, has got all the money. I got a mortgage on the farm, and then I paid the balance and became the owner. The money I paid went to Ackerson."

"And what have the two farmers got, Mr. Ward?"

"Nothing. When we began the case there were two well-off farmers and two poor lawyers. Now there are two poor farmers and two well-off lawyers."

Mr. Norris Orders One Wife By Mail.

James Norris, a steel hammerer in Park Brothers & Co.'s shops at Newark, wrote yesterday to Superintendent Jackson, at Castle Garden, asking him to pick out from among the English women immigrants a woman about 25 years of age, and tell her he would call to day to make arrangements to marry her. Norris says he is 38 years of age, has been married before, and has children able to look out for themselves. For four Mr. Jackson might think him a fraud, he enclosed $7, his last week's wages, and his photograph. He says he has mailed twice at the Garden on Sundays to look for a wife without losing a working day, but could not get it.

A Creature of Habit.

A guest in a down-town restaurant last night, after he had finished his meal and wiped his lips, stood up and turned off the gas.

"What did you do that for?" asked a waiter.

The guest for a moment stood aghast.

"Well you see," he said, finally, "I generally get home late at night, and my wife always leaves some cates my supper I put the light out and go to bed. I forget where I was just now. After all, what am I but a mere creature of habit?"

DRUGGIST LEMAN'S PRESCRIPTION.

Declaring that the Remains of his Medicine have been Tampered With.

Bruno C. Leman, the druggist of 2,038 Second avenue, who prescribed for Frederick W. Vollmer of 240 East 104th street the day before Vollmer's death, gave $1,000 bail before Coroner Kennedy yesterday.

"If Mr. Vollmer had drunk the whole six ounces of the mixture I prescribed," he said to the Coroner, "it could not have killed him. The formula of the mixture which I gave to Mrs. Vollmer is as follows:

"Comp. chalk mixture, six ounces; tincture of catechu (an astringent), three drachms; tincture ratanhiæ (an astringent and diuretic), three drachms, and tincture of nux vomica (strychnine), ten drops (thirty drops are sometimes prescribed in a single dose).

"I told her to give her husband one tablespoonful out of the six ounces every half hour. Mrs. Vollmer was poorly dressed, and that was the reason I offered to prepare the mixture for her, so that she need not pay a doctor's fee. I can solemnly swear that there was no opium or laudanum in the medicine. Dr. Meyer is friendly to me, but Dr. Cooke is not."

The six-ounce phial which contained the medicine was shown to Mr. Leman by Coroner Merkle. There were about three tablespoonfuls of fluid in the bottle. Mr. Leman remarked that it was of the same color as his medicine, and then he uncorked the phial and held it to his nose.

"The bottle has been tampered with!" he exclaimed. "It is not as I prepared it. There is ether in it now, and probably something else has been put in it. I would not be surprised if opium were found in it now."

The odor of ether was perceptible in the room while the bottle was uncorked.

Coroner Merkle said that one of Vollmer's sons had told him that one of the physicians who were called in to attend Vollmer had taken the bottle away with him, and had handed it to Deputy Coroner Conway on Monday.

Coroner Kennedy, accompanied by his deputy, Dr. Conway, visited Vollmer's house and heard the sworn statement of Mrs. Vollmer. She said that when she described the symptoms of her husband's illness to Mr. Leman, he said:

"Have you got so much money to throw away that you must go to a doctor? I will give you something just as good."

After taking the first tablespoonful of the medicine, her husband was much relieved. Thirteen tablespoonfuls in eight hours and a half were given to him. After he had taken the first, she said, he became drowsy, and at 4 P. M. on Saturday he was in a stupor, and shortly afterward Dr. Meyer was summoned, and then Dr. Cooke, and on Sunday Dr. Hoffman, just before Vollmer died. The doctors all agreed that he suffered opium poisoning.

Deputy Coroner Conway made an autopsy, and found that death was caused by "œdema of the lungs, heart failure from hypertrophy of that organ, and insufficiency and calcification of the aortic valves, complicated with opium poisoning."

Mr. Leman says that the physicians prescribed an infusion of digitalis or foxglove, and a prepation of one grain of strepine or deadly nightshade to an ounce of water, for hypodermic injection.

AMUSEMENTS.

Coney Island Theatricals.

The Coney Island dramatic season has begun, with a fine show of stars, garters, and other things, at the Brighton Pier Theatre and Mr. Bunnell's Museum and Opera House. In the airy pavilion at the extreme end of the long pier large audiences gathered yesterday to be cooled by the sea breezes and lager beer and to listen to Miss Mollie Wilson's song about "Sweet Violets" and to Mr. Kerrigan's famous Irish bagpipes and to see Mr. Fenton dance a jig and flourish a shillelah. More ambitious efforts were not wanting to amuse them, for there was a "sketch" called "Excitement in Arizona," in which Mr. Lester and Mr. Allen showed their wonderful powers of expression, and another called "My Country Cousin," in which Messrs. Shepherd and Hallam played upon a greater variety of instruments than are to be found in a Fourth ward brass band. Finally Mr. Dyllyn—that's how he spells his name—impersonated individuals of all the populations of the globe, or, in other words, of a New York city block.

At Mr. Bunnell's Museum the "curiosities and illusions" have suffered a sea change, though nothing could make them stronger or more rich. They walk about, however, with a greater air of being the only sort of people on earth. Dwarfs, giants, fat men, and skinny women, and two little Indian boys looked aggressively natural and healthy, and seemed to be as much amused by the common folks who crowded to see them as these were by the curiosities. Many of the latter sing very well, particularly the three-headed lady, who would be a great acquisition for either of the comic opera companies now in town.

There can be no less reprehensible way of spending the Fourth than to go down to Coney Island across a country blossoming with the white flowers of the potato, a plant as charming as it is useful; to take a dip in the surf; to inform your mind about the wonders of human nature at the Brighton Beach Museum, and to amuse yourself at the theatre on the pier; then to come home by one of the iron steamboats under a sky like a sweet pea blossom, coruscating all round the horizon with skyrockets and Roman candles, with the water waving gently like Miss Wilson's petticoats, and the lights on Brooklyn Bridge and the Battery twinkling in the distance like the spangles on the hem of her skirt.

Notes of the Stage.

The Bijou Theatre is to be torn down and rebuilt immediately, after this week. There will be a special matinée to-day. Friday night will be "seven-cent night," and Saturday evening's performance will be for the benefit of the doorkeeper, Capt. C. F. Porter.

Mr. Riley and his monkey, Miss Catherine Lewis, and Miss Belle Rose are charming the coolest audiences in town at the Cosmopolitan in Strauss's best and only opera, "Prince Methusalem."

A Railroad Scheme in New Hampshire.

CONCORD, July 3.—Week after next the great railroad fight will come up. The roads centring in Concord want to consolidate. They include in the north the Northern and the Montreal roads to Montreal, in the west the Claremont and Peterborough roads, and on the south the Concord and the Lawrence roads, forming the only outlet to Boston. All except a few of the State roads would then be in one combination, with capital stock amounting to $15,000,000. This would represent water of one-third. The northern and western roads would thus be benefited by the enormous earnings of the southern, and all become dividend paying. They have scores of attorneys and lobbyists here, and have never failed to get what they wanted. The anti-consolidationists are numerous, but so far without leaders, except that Wm. B. Chandler, in a desultory sort of way, is filling his organ with bitter attacks on the roads. He wants the Legislature to make them more effective and no consolidation. Nothing will be done to hurt the roads, which control the Senate, and they are likely, with free passes and promises, to get what they want.

Extending a New England Railroad.

NORWICH, July 2.—The Norwich and Worcester Railroad Company have voted to extend their track from Allyn's Point, a depot on the east side of the Thames River, to Groton, opposite New London. By so doing they will be enabled to ship freight directly to and from the Sound steamers, instead of conveying it over the track of the New London Northern road between Norwich and New London, for which accommodation they have paid the Northern Railroad Company $40,000 a year. The extension will cover about seven miles of track and cost about $450,000. The route has been surveyed, and work will be begun at once. When the extension is completed the Sound steamers of the Norwich and New York line will have their depot at Groton instead of New London.

Another Milk War Threatened.

MIDDLETOWN, July 3.—Intelligence has been received here of the action of the New York Milk Exchange (Limited), declaring the price of milk from July 1 to be 2½ cents. The price agreed on during the late milk war for July was 3 cents, and if the dealers attempt to evade it it will certainly result in another milk war. The price is low enough, and the farmers cannot do business on any lower figure. Most of the milk is contracted for on the association price, and all dealers who have not contracts will doubtless be notified at once that they must pay the association price or get no milk.

The New York Brokers' Case.

WASHINGTON, July 3.—At the last session of Congress a resolution passed both Houses authorizing the bringing of suits in the Court of Claims for the recovery of taxes illegally collected from bankers and brokers in the old Thirty-second Internal Revenue district of New York prior to June 6, 1872. To-day forty-one suits were begun in the Court of Claims under this resolution by J. W. & G. L. Douglas, acting as attorneys for members of the New York Stock Exchange, and it is understood that 200 additional suits will be brought.

Mr. West's Answer to a Charge of Fraud.

WASHINGTON, July 3.—District Commissioner West, who was recently sued by Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Stinde to recover $100,000 of bonds which they said they had given him to sell for them, has answered that the plaintiffs owed him $11,182, and agreed with him to sell the bonds and apply the proceeds to the payment of the debt. He denies that they have any right to the bonds until his claim is settled.

Held for Wrecking his Schooner.

PHILADELPHIA, July 3.—Capt. Lewis Barker of the schooner Mary D. Leech, who is charged with casting the vessel upon a reef purposely, was this afternoon before United States Commissioner Edmunds for a hearing. A member of the crew testified that the vessel was wilfully placed upon the reef, and Barker was held for a further hearing on Thursday next.

The "Living Skeleton."

The man who was known as the "Living Skeleton" died and was embalmed, after having been exhibited at cheap museums. He is said to have weighed 46 pounds, having been reduced to this dreadful state of emaciation by long-continued dyspepsia. In his case dyspepsia meant money in his pocket, for it kept him thin. People who want to keep themselves so thin by dyspepsia as to exhibit for "Living Skeletons" might not to take Perry Davis's Pain Killer, for it drives dyspepsia out.—Adv.

MISS DIXON ACQUITTED.

Father McCarthy's Moral Reservation in his Reply to Mrs. McEvoy.

Miss Kate Dixon was discharged from custody yesterday morning, Justice Naeher dismissing the complaint of grand larceny preferred against her by the Rev. Florence McCarthy, pastor of St. Cecilia's Church in North Henry and Herbert streets, Williamsburgh, in whose employ she was as a domestic. Assistant District Attorney Backus conducted the prosecution. When he had examined a number of witnesses, among whom were Mrs. Ellen O'Brien, a sister of the priest, the priest himself, and two policemen, he said:

"I do not believe that the evidence is sufficient to hold Miss Dixon for grand larceny, as charged in the complaint. If there is any evidence, it is only that which points to the accordion and the clock; but that would be evidence of petit larceny only, and cannot be considered under this complaint. It would be futile to have the girl held to answer before the Grand Jury, for they would throw the complaint out, and on these grounds, therefore, I will not object to the dismissal of the complaint and the discharge of the prisoner."

The Justice said that Mr. Backus's views coincided with his own. As he announced the discharge of Miss Dixon the crowd in the room cheered, stamped, and clapped their hands.

When the attendants had restored order Miss Dixon's sympathizers came forward to witness the decision in the complaint of Miss Dixon against Father McCarthy for criminal assault be postponed to allow the introduction of new and important testimony. The Justice postponed the case until Friday.

Last Monday, Mrs. Lizzie McEvoy, the actress who testified in behalf of Father McCarthy, denying that she was at the priest's house on the day Miss Dixon swore that she was, brought suit through Miss Dixon's lawyers, Messrs. Cooney and Rossch, against Father McCarthy for $150, which, she alleges, he owes her for an entertainment she gave for his benefit and that of the church a few weeks ago. Mr. Cooney, in his cross-examination of the priest yesterday when he was testifying against Miss Dixon, asked him about the $150 which he declared had been stolen by Miss Dixon.

"Did you have that money when Mrs. McEvoy asked for what you owed her and you told her you had none?"

The priest refused to answer, and when directed by the Court to answer he replied: "I had no money to give her. If I had $1,000 in my pocket I would not feel that it was my duty to tell you or to tell a blackpocket that I had, if he were to ask me. I would have no money for him. Mrs. McEvoy got all that the agreement called for."

"Then you had a reservation?"

"Yes."

"Was it mental or moral?"

"Moral, not mental, for the intellect did not have to work to give the answer."

When Miss Dixon, accompanied by her lawyers and her sisters, went from the court room, the crowd which had been awaiting her coming to the street cheered and shouted.

GAMBLING IN PHILADELPHIA.

Mayor King Getting Evidence Against Professional Players and their Victims.

PHILADELPHIA, July 2.—Mayor King has created consternation among the gamblers of this city, and those who keep the poker parlors, as well as the players who visit them, are painfully uncertain as to what the result will be. It is not known definitely how long the Mayor, through his police force, has been at work securing evidence against them; but about ten days ago the fraternity awoke to the fact that every man or boy in the city who visits a gambling house was being watched by detectives.

The police are said to be in possession of the names, residences, and residences of almost every person, old or young, who frequents the gambling establishments of Philadelphia; and in many cases they have succeeded in obtaining the amounts lost at these gambling dens. As a large percentage of the regular visitors at the poker parlors are young men employed as clerks or salesmen in business houses, the detectives have been giving particular attention to the work of the operations of this class of players, and they have found that, as a general thing, they lose as much in a week as their salaries amount to in a month.

The question in fashionable gambling circles is: What do the authorities intend doing in this matter? If the Mayor will cause an exposé to be made it will result in an almost entire breaking up of the business, that is now in a more flourishing condition than ever before known in Philadelphia. The secret dossiers obtained is not to be thus used, what, then, is to done with it? Can it be that the information is to be used for political purposes? Such a system prevailed here for many years under a former public officer.

Williams College Alumni.

WILLIAMSTOWN, July 3.—The Williams alumni met this morning. Charles Marsh of Springfield presiding. It was announced that Derrick L. Boardman of Troy had been reelected alumni trustee. The report of the alumni visitors on the condition of the college shows that the instruction is better than ever before. It pays a high compliment to President Carter. Dr. Carter made a brief address in presenting his second annual report, calling on the importance of the institute here, especially urging the foundation of a Mark Hopkins Professorship and the providing of a better chemical laboratory. Judge Dewey reported on the financial condition of the college. The total value of invested funds is estimated at $434,033. When the Clark and Morgan legacies are paid up the funds will reach $600,000.

The Rev. Dr. Prime and Mr. Hubbell of New York paid tributes to Barclay Jermain, whose father has given $50,000 in his son's memory. The following officers of the Alumni Association were elected: President, Judge Charles Dwight; Vice-President, Horace E. Scudder; Secretary, Prof. A. L. Perry; Executive Committee—Dr. L. L. Salisbury, Prof. Arthur Perry, Prof. E. D. Griffin, Justin Kellogg, W. G. Harding. The Rev. Dr. Holmes of Albany and Francis L. Stilson of New York were chosen alumni visitors.

A Sunday Fishing Party Struck by Lightning.

LAFAYETTE, Ind., July 3.—Mr. Thomasen of this city and a party of friends were caught in a storm while out fishing last Sunday. They took refuge in the club house of the Lafayette Fishing Club, and went into the kitchen to start a fire. The stove had been filled, and Thomasen leaned over it on his hands and knees to light the kindling. The room suddenly lighted up, and every one of the party fell to the floor. A stroke of lightning had entered through the open door. The stove was in a direct line with the door. All of the party excepting Thomasen were only stunned. They found his clothing and unconscious before the stove. The lightning had burned his pantaloons from the waistband below the thighs. Restoratives were applied, and in five minutes the young man recovered consciousness. The accident would certainly have been fatal for a pistol which Thomasen carried in his hip pocket, and which deflected the current. It will probably be a month yet before he can leave his bed.

Three Street Railways in the Market.

CHICAGO, July 3.—The charters of three of the Chicago street railways expire by limitation during the present year, and, under the original grant, the city has a right to purchase the roads at their appraised value. The proposed renewal of the charters has provoked wide discussion, and a proposition has been made by ten capitalists to advance the money for the purchase of the roads, and to pay into the city Treasury annually ten per cent. of the gross revenue. The street railway officials deny that such proposition can be or has been made. Their supposed willingness to cede the right of the city to revenue from them is shown in an ordinance submitted to the Council last night, that they should pay as yearly licenses $50 on each car operated, on condition that the charters are renewed for twenty years. The ordinance was referred.

Riddling his Enemy with Bird Shot.

PETERSBURG, July 3.—At about midnight last night a difficulty occurred in Blandford between Barney Jones and Woodson Dunn. Jones accused Woodson and his brother Lewis Dunn of having induced his (Jones's) wife and daughter to follow them, intimating that improper motives were underlying their action. Words ensued, and Jones, seizing an old army musket loaded with bird shot, fired at Woodson Dunn, the charge entering the right groin, passing through the body, and making a wound two inches in diameter. Dunn cannot live.

The Marquis De Mores Arrested.

BISMARCK, July 3.—A special despatch from Mandan says that the Marquis De Mores was arrested there last night, charged with the murder of Reilly Lutcy, on Tuesday of last week. The warrant was issued by a rural Justice, on information furnished by Frank O'Donald, the hunter now in jail at Mandan awaiting examination for participation in the Little Missouri affair, in which Lutcy was killed by the Marquis's party. De Mores's friends went surety for his appearance when wanted, and he was released.

Vermont Miners who Want Their Pay.

HANOVER, N. H., July 3.—The miners of Ely, Vermont, some 300 in number, have struck for their pay, which is two months behind. Early yesterday morning they broke into the mining company's store and stripped it entirely of its goods. During the day they paraded the streets, making riotous demonstrations, threatening to demolish the company's property, and creating excitement. A peaceful adjustment of affairs is anticipated.

Custer's Monument.

MONTELLO, Wis., July 3.—The granite shaft which is to mark the spot where Custer and the seven companies of the Seventh United States Cavalry laid down to die, was shipped to this place yesterday. The monument consists of a cube of Montello granite, 4½ by 5½ feet, resting on a base of the same material. It is inscribed with the names of the slain.

A Mother Sees her Child Beheaded.

TROY, July 3.—A year-old child of John Darby was beheaded by the cars at Hoosick Falls yesterday. The frantic mother saw fifty cars pass over the infant's body, and she carried away the head in one hand and the body in another to her house.

Visit Beatty's Organ Factory.

Washington, N. J. Leave New York, foot Barclay st., 7:30, 9 A. M., or 1 P. M. Fare, excursion, $2.80. Return, arrive New York 3:30 or 6:30 same day. Free dollars allowance for traveling expenses to all buyers of an organ or pianoforte.—Adv.

Fits, Fits, Fits.

Successfully treated by World's Dispensary Medical Association. Address, with stamp for pamphlet, Buffalo, N. Y.—Adv.

SOFT-SHELL CRABS.

The March of Improvement Destroying their Lurking Places.

From the Gastronomer.

If you come up by the Long Branch boats at this season of the year you will see their forward parts stacked up with curious-looking crates. You might take them to contain early strawberries; but look within and you will see a tightly wedged mass of struggling, bubbling, hissing things, of a green-black hue, soft, flabby, and forbidding. Take one of these slimy creatures and wash it in salt water, roll it in batter and throw it into boiling fat, and in five minutes you have one of the crispest, most delicious morsels that ever graced the table of a gastronomer.

It is the famous soft-shell crab. And, alas! like everything that is too good to last, it is passing away. The Shrewsbury river and bay have long been the crawling ground of these voracious little monsters. The rushes on each side have protected them for countless years during the period of their weakness, and that is for the twenty-four hours in each year that they employ in casting off their old shell and making a new one. But the march of improvement is clearing the Shrewsbury of rushes. Handsome villas are going up in every direction. The season from Sea Bright, Red Bank, Monmouth Beach and the Highlands befouls the water of the swift running river and placid bay, and the soft-shell threatens sooner or later to become extinguished. But not yet at any rate. At 5 o'clock in the morning you might see numbers of punts moving cautiously along the shores of the river. They are looking for crabs. One after another they are whipped up with scoop nets. By 8 the hunter has his bag; by 10 they are for sale in Washington and Fulton Markets. The Shrewsbury supplies three-quarters of the soft-shells consumed—say 25,000 a day. The fishermen get from $1.50 to $1.75 a dozen for them, and when they run well it is a good paying but short-lived business.

Down at Pleasure Bay they have tried to cultivate crabs in large reservoirs, through which the water flows freely, but they drop. A crab is like an Irishman—he wants to be free, and works away until he is or dies in the attempt. The fishermen along that coast say that they cannot tame the crab till he becomes a soft shell, and the catch every year decreases, and they begin to look forward to the time when they must find some other occupation.

I was speaking with one of them the other day. He has been a fisherman these many years at the Highlands. Said he: "What do they expect is going to become of us—these city people? They come and take our land to build on; they drive the crabs away. Then we go to fishing, and we find the moss bunkers scooped up by millions, and the bluefish gone somewhere else to find food. These menhaden boats will soon destroy our occupation altogether."

There is one big dealer in soft-shell crabs in Washington Market. Yes," he said, "they are coming in pretty lively, but nothing to what they did years ago. They ain't got the flavor, neither. The Shrewsbury River is a cesspool these days. The crabs ain't got the living they used to. Their flesh ain't so white and firm, and they don't get so fat. We get a few crabs from South Bay. They're the best. I kin sell all I get of any kind, but it won't be long afore they're out of the reach of most people."

Soft shell crabs form one of the delicacies that people seldom eat at home. It is not one of the pleasant processes to go through in one's own house. This, perhaps, keeps the consumption down, for it is seldom they are seen outside of a restaurant. There are various degrees of excellence in cooking them, and the best way in the world can probably be found at Pleasure Bay, where Long Branch fashionables and metropolitans go to eat them under spreading tents and close by the cool waters that run off toward the ocean.

Slavery in Madagascar.

From the London Standard.

ANTANANARIVO, Madagascar, June 2.—There are three great obstacles to the material progress of Madagascar, which are as strong and as potent for evil now as they were in the days when there were no schools and no Christianity in the island. The first is the system of forced Government service, known as Fanompoana, under which, from the highest down to the lowest grades, Government officials subsist by "squeezing" those unfortunate them. There are no paid offices. All State work and State payments are effected by Fanompoana. The second is slavery, which is rampant everywhere in Madagascar; and the third is the intense prejudice of foreigners and the suspicion with which their efforts to settling up the country are viewed. The Government is an absolute monarchy.

Forced labor, corruption in the public services, the banishment of political opponents, and an utter want of energy or attempt at improvement beyond the occasional issuing of abortive decrees still characterize the Government system. Of course, under such a system corruption is the general rule, and it is impossible that commerce can flourish. In short, the Government is about as bad as it can be.

While the missionaries are free to preach and to teach, there is one subject which they know must be excluded from their sermons. They must not allude to the system of slavery which prevails throughout Madagascar. Should any missionary lift up his voice against that institution he is warned that in a short time his church would be deserted. The secret influence of Government would be brought to bear, and he would practically find himself boycotted. Until recently Madagascar was the chief market for slaves on the east coast of Africa. Although the importation by sea was against the law, yet that law was continually evaded, until at last the Government, urged and even threatened by England, determined to order the liberation of all slaves not born in the island. This measure was carried into effect in 1877, and since then the foreign traffic at least has ceased. But every Hova is a master of slaves, and many of them in large numbers, and as a consequence no Hova will do any labor, thinking work to be beneath him. Every Friday in the Hova capital, when the great market of the week is held, there is a stand for slaves, and yesterday I saw there over 150 individuals exposed for sale. They were chiefly boys and girls, and it was pitiable to watch the expression of hopeless misery on their young faces as the intending purchasers felt them over, examined their teeth, or made them walk or run. I saw many painful scenes—mothers weeping at being parted from their children, and children crying bitterly at being separated from the companions of their youth.

A Malagasy who does not own a slave is very badly off, and suffers extreme inconvenience. In all the churches and congregations there are slaves, and some of them are composed chiefly of slaves. Nearly all the pastors, deacons, and preachers, as well as members of the churches, are slave owners.

Wealth in Madagascar is represented by slaves, and to interfere with a system so closely interwoven with the domestic life of the population would be a dangerous task. It is one with which neither Government nor missionaries have as yet attempted to grapple.

The treaties of 1868 with England, France, and America expressly provided that the subjects of those countries might acquire land in Madagascar. In point of fact, merchants have found it impossible to obtain enough land whereon to erect warehouses, and even the missionary societies have experienced difficulty in obtaining sites for their churches and colleges. The owners were ready enough to sell, but to part with their property to a foreigner was to incur official wrath, and hence the promulgation of a law by the Hova Government rendering the sale of land to foreigners directly illegal. There can be no doubt that this law is contrary to the spirit and even the letter of the treaties, and is objecting to it the French are within their right.

A FEW SNAKE STORIES.

Archie Read of Villanow, Ga., killed two rattlesnakes, one of which was lying dead when he reached home.

Hundreds of rattlesnakes have been killed in blasting away the rocks for the railroad extension beyond Redding, Cal.

Mrs. S. A. Robinson of Newnan, Ga., killed a coachwhip snake in her premises day before yesterday. The half feet in length. It was chasing a rat.

Pennsylvania appears to be full of black snakes this season. Samuel Fry, a farmer, near Reamstown, killed seven in one day, the largest being nine feet long.

A snake six feet in length attacked a Bonnton, N. J., boy and chased him a hundred rods. Then the boy mustered up courage, and turning about killed the snake.

A black snake entered the house of F. M. Van Dyke of West Adams, Mich., to get a canary that hung in a cage in the open window. The snake was killed when its head was within six inches of the cage.

A black snake, as thick as a man's arm, and six feet in length reared itself in the road in front of George Teisere's horse in the vicinity of Little Falls, Pa. The horse stopped and stood upon its hind legs in fear. Mr. Teiser killed the snake.

As Henry Strung was climbing the mountain just below Gaspeneme, Conn., on Sunday, he reached up to grasp the edge of a ledge and he put his hand upon a rattlesnake. He succeeded in killing the reptile. It was three feet eight inches long.

The attention of a farm hand on Belle Roache's ranch, near Redwood City, was attracted by the strange noise of a bird circling in the air. He saw it suddenly fall, and, running to the place, found it in the jaws of a rattlesnake, which he killed. The snake had sixteen rattles, and was six feet in length.

As Michael McCarthy and Henry Wood were cutting brush in the mountains, near Broadway, N. J., they were attacked by large black snakes. They killed it. It was eight feet seven inches long. They then started in to hoe in the rocks, and snakes of various kinds and sizes darted out, and soon six were killed.

The little daughter of Rev. Lewis Lewis of Shelby, Ky., discovered a rattlesnake on the lawn, and ran for something to throw at it. Finding a piece of a broken stove lid, one of them laughingly threw it at the reptile, and singularly enough cut it in the back of the head, killing it. It was a trifle over six feet in length.

The ten-year old son of G. B. Hannay of North Anneville, N. Y., went into the hay loft to gather eggs, and found a large, speckled milk snake upon a hen's nest, coiled as if to competently cover it. The snake chased him out of the loft and then went back to the nest. It was finally killed. Two other snakes of the same kind were found in the field close by.

W. D. Livingston of Sylvania, Ga., says that as he was crossing the Little Ogeechee Creek about two weeks since he saw about two dozen snakes all twisted and plaited together, there being rattlesnakes, black snakes, moccasins, garter snakes, rat snakes, coach whips, adders, gopher snakes, king snakes, and pilot snakes in the twist, and all seemingly in good humor.

Hugh Levy, a painter of Memphis, while fishing stopped over to seize a crawfish he saw under a log, when a snake fastened its fangs in the third and fourth fingers of his left hand. He sucked the poison from the wound and then drank a quart of whiskey, which, he says, had not the least effect upon him, bound a string tightly about the wrist, and walked home. During the evening he drank two gallons of whiskey, he finally recovered.

LOST BY A FOUL BLOW.

Three Rounds Between Red Edmunds and Colored Charley Williams.

On a grass plot about a quarter of a mile in the rear of a well-known hotel in the midst of a forest at Laurel Hill, Long Island, a prize fight took place at dawn yesterday morning between the heavy-weight English fighter "Red" Edmunds, who was brought to this country some time ago by Owney Geoghegan, and Charley Williams, a colored boxer. Edmunds fought in the old country with Sam Breeze and Denny Harrington. Williams is from Virginia. The men had been in strict training for several weeks. There were about 300 persons present, the most of them well-known sporting men of this city and Brooklyn. The contest was with hard gloves, Marquis of Queensberry rules, the battle to be fought to a finish. The stakes were $200. Edmunds, who is 33 years old and 5 feet 11 inches high, weighed 174 pounds, while Williams, who is 29 years of age, weighs 170 pounds, and is about the same height. The contestants were very evenly matched, but Williams had the call among betting men, mainly on account of his asking that the gloves be discarded and the battle be fought out with bare knuckles. Edmunds was in decidedly the better condition of the two. He was seconded by Jack Gardiner and Tim Cary. Joe Fowler, an Englishman, and a friend took care of Williams. Dan Bigelow was the referee. Time was called at 5:10 A. M., and the fight lasted only about 10½ minutes.

FIRST ROUND.—The men went at each other hammer and tongs from the start, the colored man leading off at the stomach, but landing harmlessly. He then tried with the left hand, but missed. Next with his left again he rounded on Edmunds's chest, following with his right on the mouth. The pair closed in, and there was a moment of swift short arm fighting, abandoned quickly for a fierce struggle, in which the negro threw the Englishman solidly on his back. Time, 3½ minutes.

SECOND ROUND.—Edmunds had begun to show signs of punishment under the left eye, and Williams forced the fighting, but he found a tough antagonist, who rained blows on his jaw, stomach, and ears, driving Williams with a grand rush to the right until he forced him backward over the ropes. Time, 1½ minutes.

THIRD ROUND.—Williams showed facial disfigurement. Edmunds was prompt in his work, as he was now on the higher ground. Fenting with his left at the stomach, he got home an ugly right-hander on the jaw. Williams then seized Edmunds by the neck, and, in an attempt to finish him, as he had been directed, with an upper cut, he struck Edmunds below the belt. Edmunds's backers shouted "Foul!" The claim was allowed by the referee.

A scene of confusion followed. The referee's decision caused intense dissatisfaction, and the seconds and spectators got into a general rough-and-tumble fight. In the mean while the colored man fell upon Edmunds, hoping that he would be tempted to hit him and renew the fight, but Edmunds kept his temper. While all was confusion, Joe Fowler, the feather-weight champion, jumped into the ring, with other peacemakers, and took Williams out of the ring before much blood was spilled. The referee declared Edmunds the winner.

Base Ball Yesterday.

The Philadelphia team played their fourth game with the New Yorkers yesterday at the Polo grounds, and for the fourth time were defeated, the home team having little difficulty in punishing young Hazan's wild and swift delivery. Ferguson's fine play was the feature of the Philadelphias' game. The score was:

| PHILADELPHI