

ONE THOUSAND DROWNED.

LOSS OF THE PILGRIMS.

TENEMENT HOUSE TRAGEDY.

EMPERORS SHAKING HANDS.

TANNER'S TREMENDOUS APPETITE.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Daily Budget of Telegraph News. LONDON, August 11.—Upwards of one thousand passengers and crew were drowned by the foundering of the steamer Jeddah, on the 8th inst., on Cape Guardafui. The vessel was bound from Singapore to Jeddah.

A HORRIBLE TRAGEDY.

Murder by An Amorous Frenchman. NEW YORK, Aug. 11.—At ten o'clock this morning, in a tenement house in Thompson street, Amanda Bigot, a Frenchman, cut the throat of Mrs. Mariette Renant, a respectable married woman who had rejected his addresses. The woman died almost instantly. Bigot then cut his own throat and lies in a dangerous condition.

WOODEN SUTEMAS.

Connecticut Republicans in Convention. HARTFORD, Conn., Aug. 11.—The Republican state convention organized to-day by the selection of E. S. Day, of Colchester, for temporary chairman, and E. M. Warner, of Plainfield, and H. M. Burham, of Lisbon, for secretaries, and the appointment of the usual committees. The committee on permanent organization reported the name of Hon. Aug. Branley of New London for president. Mr. Branley, on taking the chair made an address, in which he reviewed the record of the two political parties. He closed with an eloquent tribute to Gen. Garfield, which was received with great applause. At 12:30 the convention proceeded to an informal ballot for governor.

SARATOGA.

Four Battling Races. SARATOGA, Aug. 11.—Brambleta was the first race, Boot Jack second, and Hermit third; time, 1:34. Gabriel won the second race, with Combie F. second and Jim Beck third; time, 2:16. The third race was won by Utitah, with Turfan second, Jericho third; time, 1:48. The steeple chase was won by Distrurbance, with Fanstina second, Waybarber third and Derby fourth; time, 3:33.

POLITE POTENTATES.

Wearing Each Other's Old Clothes. ISCHT, August 11th.—At a meeting of the emperors which was very cordial, Emperor Francis Joseph wore the Prussian uniform and Emperor William wore an Austrian uniform. The meeting is interpreted by all the Vienna journals as evidence of a new consolidation of the Austria-German alliance, and a sign of the maintenance of peace.

BURGALAR SHOT.

While in Another Man's House. WILMINGTON, Del., August 11.—A burglar entered the house of W. L. G. Thomas last night during the absence of the family, and a brother of the owner of the house returning, while the intruder was there, shot the latter in the breast inflicting a wound from which he will probably die. The wounded burglar's name is Frederick Creese, of Philadelphia.

STRIKING COAL HEAVERS.

Sitting on the Dock. NEW YORK, August 11.—The coal heavers and passers employed by the Fall river line of steamers struck this morning at the company's dock pier 28, North river. The strikers are about 20 in number and are sitting about the pier, and as yet have not offered any violence to the new hands. Policemen are detailed to protect the company's property.

MAN DROWNED.

In the Presence of His Bride. MITCHELL POINT, N. J., Aug. 11.—Eusebius Jennings, a married man, 23 years of age, was drowned while bathing this morning. He went out upon the lay in a boat with his newly-married wife and went in swimming. He was seized with cramps and sank before the eyes of his agonized wife.

TANNER'S FAIR.

Oysters, Milk and Melon. NEW YORK, Aug. 11.—Dr. Tanner is in good health and spirits to-day. His breakfast consisted of eighteen stewed oysters, three crackers and eight ounces of milk. He ate a piece of watermelon at intervals and for dinner took fifteen stewed oysters.

WEATHER INDICATIONS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 11.—For the Middle Atlantic states, partly cloudy weather, occasional rain, southwest to northwest winds, stationary or lower temperature and generally higher barometer.

"Friends Be His None."

ATLANTIC CITY, Aug. 11.—The body of the suicide George W. Hacker, of Philadelphia, still lies here unclaimed.

WE CALL SPECIAL ATTENTION TO JOB LOTS IN PERCALES AND LAWNS.

Bleached and Unbleached Cotton Flannels. At Bottom Prices. Sheeting and Shirting Muslins at Lowest Prices. Carpets and Oil Cloths in New Styles opening daily. Please give us a call.

GIVLER, BOWERS & HURST, 25 East King Street, Lancaster, Pa.

CAMPMEETINGS.

In the Wooded Brownstown. The early prayer meeting yesterday at the Evangelical campmeeting near Brownstown was led by Rev. J. E. Knarr. At 7 a. m. there was family worship in the tents. Rev. D. W. Bixler conducted the prayer meeting and experience meeting at 9 o'clock. At 10 o'clock Rev. P. Krieger preached from 1 Timothy, vi, 11-12. It was an earnest and eloquent discourse, well received. Father Saylor followed with exhortation. The weather yesterday was delightful, the attendance large and the services interesting.

During the forenoon Rev. J. A. Feiger, of Lancaster, Rev. D. B. Albright and J. A. Knarr, of the Harrisburg district, arrived. The 2 p. m. prayer meeting in the tabernacle was conducted by Rev. Liebold, and at the close of the meeting numerous requests for prayer were made, especially from wives for their husbands. Rev. Jacob Adams preached from Hebrews, 20, 21, 22. Revs. D. B. Albright and J. E. Knarr followed in earnest exhortation. Rev. Heben Deicher, of York, of the Atlantic conference, arrived during the afternoon.

In the evening there was prayer meeting at the altar. Rev. P. P. Lehr preached from Luke xv. 7. There was a very large attendance. Rev. C. S. Brown, of Harrisburg, arrived last evening.

The colored campmeeting. The colored campmeeting at Millersville is being well attended. Yesterday afternoon and evening the services were conducted by Mrs. Johnson, of South Carolina.

Damages Awarded. Samuel Evans, A. N. Cassel, Wm. Ellmaker, Henry Eckert and M. S. Metzgar, viewers appointed by the court, yesterday viewed South Christian street for the purpose of ascertaining the amount of damage caused by the opening of South Christian street from Middle street to the terminus at Susquehanna street (said portion of South Christian street being opened from Middle to Woodward street). The award of damages was as follows:

To the estate of John Haines, \$500, to be paid by the city, and \$700 to be paid by the county.

To Matthias Steinwandol, \$730, to be paid by the city, and \$700 to be paid by the county.

To Daniel Forney, \$450, to be paid by the city, and \$500 to be paid by the county.

To Wm. Wohlson, \$800, to be paid by the city.

To Philip Betz, \$450, to be paid by the county.

To Christian Arlett, \$1,100, to be paid by the county.

The viewers found that no property owners on the west side of the street are entitled to any damages.

The report of the viewers has been filed in the quarter sessions office.

SUMMER LEISURE.

Sea Breeze—Mountain Air—Lurel shades and Invigorating Springs Water. Maj. B. F. Edelman, lately returned from the sea shore, left Lancaster last evening to attend the encampment of the national guard at Philadelphia.

D. G. Eschleman, esp., has returned from his summer trip to Colorado. He says the Hancock boom is swelling over the prairie and beyond the mountains.

James Burke, esp., left this afternoon for a trip to New York and Coney Island. A Rev. J. Isidore Mombert, D. D., formerly tutor of St. James P. E. church is in town.

Mrs. H. B. Swart left to-day for Bedford, where she will remain about three weeks.

The Veteran Association. Last evening the Hancock veteran association held a meeting in the Central club room, and elected the following battalion officers:

Colonel—Edward McGovern. Lieutenant Colonel—Geo. F. Sprenger. Major—George Pont. Adjutant—Sher Smith. Surgeon—Dr. F. A. Albright.

The meeting was very largely attended and 85 members are now enrolled.

Another Dog Bite. This forenoon a little daughter of Sam'l McCormick, who resides at the corner of Lime and Church streets, was sitting at the front door, when a dog came by and bit her in the hand. The front finger was almost bitten off, and it was dressed by Dr. George A. King. The dog escaped, after attempting to bite several other children, before he could be killed.

OBITUARY. Death of an Old Lady. Mrs. John Rintz, aged over 70 years, died at her residence in Coleraine township where she had lived for many years, on Monday evening. Her husband has been dead for several years and she leaves a family of 8 grown children. The funeral takes place to-morrow morning.

Banquet. On Saturday evening the Union fire company No. 1, will celebrate their 120th anniversary by holding a grand banquet at the Stevens house, which will be attended by the company and a number of invited guests.

Paralysis. Mrs. Wm. Simon, corner of West Orange and Mary streets, suffered three strokes of paralysis yesterday from which she is lying in a critical condition.

Mistakes Should Be Corrected. Particularly the practice of taking medicines into the system by way of the stomach for diseases of the kidneys. It is an old treatment, well tried, and proven inefficient. The true method is absorption, as proven by the great success of DAY'S KIDNEY PAD.

Street Work Finished. Kehoe & McManis, contractors for macadamizing West Orange street, from Charlotte street to Pine, finished their work yesterday. The street railway company is now picking the street between the tracks.

THE WIGWAM.

Its Consecration to DeGolyer—Speeches by Atlee, Weaver, Wilson and Amos—A Genuine Circus. Last night the wigwam of the Sixth ward Republicans was formally consecrated to the cause of DeGolyer Garfield and Custom House Arthur. The wigwam is a rotten, dirty, leaky old tent, to all appearance formerly used as a side-show tent to a traveling circus. The lot on which it stands, corner of Walnut street and Cherry alley, is surrounded by a tumble-down fence, fit emblem of the rottenness of the Republican barricades which the Democratic army will so easily demolish next November.

The meeting last night drew together quite a crowd of curiosity-seekers—perhaps three hundred, Democrats, Green-backers and Republicans, men women and children.

Candidate-for-Judge Wm. A. Atlee, esp., president of the Sixth ward club, called the meeting to order, and made a brief speech, in which he prophesied Garfield's election with as much positiveness as he prophesied, not many years ago, that the Ceylon pump and wheel at our water-works would supply the city with abundance of water for fifty years to come. As a prophet, William has always been very unfortunate.

The ex-mayor was followed by Candidate-for-District-Attorney William D. Weaver, esp., who delivered the same speech that he has heretofore delivered two or three times during the campaign, merely omitting Judge Black's endorsement of Garfield, and, instead, placing his under obligations for a flattering notice of the EX-REPUBLICAN, which he said he read "everywhere," and intimated that all other good Republicans should do the same, if they wished to keep themselves abreast the political news of the day, as the Hog Ring and Bull Ring organs have become so terrifically mixed that it is impossible to tell "tother from which." Mr. Weaver's mind is a little clouded as yet, as to whether Tom Davis or Adam Eberly is the Simoa pure Republican candidate for district attorney, this year, but he is certain that W. D. Weaver should be the candidate in 1882.

Mr. Weaver closed his oration, and the Ellen loud which had been hired for the occasion struck up the favorite air, In 1882 for bulls, for bulls.

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Ex-Candidate Wm. A. Wilson, esp., was the next speaker. He looked sad and remarked that doubtful things are very uncertain. (Applause.) He would not for the world say anything to discourage Mr. Weaver, but experience had proved that the battle is not always with the strong. (Applause.) He had himself been a candidate for district attorney and had been squelched. (Cries of good, good!) He thought he would never be a candidate again (Yells of approbation.) Garfield is a good candidate, Judge Poland's committee to the contrary notwithstanding. Arthur is a good candidate, though R. B. Hayes and John Sherman turned him out of office on the ground of dishonesty. Tom Davis is a good candidate and deserves the support of every true Republican who does not prefer Adam Eberly. In the language of Shakespeare:

He is an honorable man; so are they all honorable men. Who studied the primary ballot-box.

(Applause.) The great feature of the Wigwam was the speech of Candidate-for-Anything Jake Amos. He ascended the stand and after getting tobacco juice all over it, he commenced a harangue in Pennsylvania Dutch. Jake's dialect, like his politics, is a little difficult to comprehend. He was understood to say that he had proved all things and held fast to nothing. He had been a Democrat, and finding they could not give him an office, he did all he could to organize the party by remaining in it. When he was finally kicked out he joined the Know-Nothings and for a time shone in that dark-lantern organization "like a rotten mackerel by moonlight."

When that party went to the demotion how woe he for a time connected himself with the Prohibitionists, but their principles, like their beverages, were too thin to suit his masculine brain and bowels. It was determined not to make a Doctor Tanner of himself, and so he joined the local whiskey ring, a mere miniature of the ring of the great General Grant was the head and MacDonal the tail. He was so delighted with the change of diet that he has stuck to it ever since. Grant is the true type of Republicanism. He takes all he can get and asks for more. He don't bother himself about principle when interest is at stake. This thing of sticking about tariffs and finances and civil service reform is all humbug. I have tried them all—been on all sides of every question—walked all around them and viewed them from every stand point, and I declare on the honor of an original Greenback man there's nothing in 'em, "of all things to all men," as one of the blessed apostles said. "Be everything by turns and nothing long." Metaphors is the language of nature, and we must continue to mutate if we don't want to be left behind. Then let us give three cheers for the tariff and the Golden Club. Three cheers for the national banks, green-backs and the specie currency, three cheers for prohibition and the whiskey ring and three rousing ones for Hancock and Garfield. (Thunderous applause, during which Jake wiped the tobacco juice from his chin and sat down exhausted.)

The band played "Over the fence is out," and the meeting adjourned. It was a famous victory.

An Appreciative Cow. Harry D. Musselman, 131 Shippen street, missed his INTELLIGENCER for a few days past and the carrier was blamed for not leaving it. It has been learned, however, that the carrier duly served the paper, but that an appreciative cow, belonging to James Stewart, and thirsting for Democratic truth, had picked the paper from Mr. Musselman's door-step and literally devoured its contents. That cow can continue to chew the cud of satisfaction, with an abiding faith that what she ate will do her good. But let her eschew the poisonous contents of "our esteemed contemporaries."

A Boy's High Fall. This morning a little boy named John Huber, who was at the house of Mrs. Ann C. Barnitz on South Lime street, fell from the balcony in the rear of the house. He was badly bruised, but a physician who examined him found that no bones were broken.

Dogs Disposed Of. This morning, six dogs, which were caught and confined at the station house, were shot and killed.

THE HOUSEHOLD MARKET. Abundant Supplies—Low Prices—Slow Sales. Perhaps the time is not within the recollection of the oldest housekeeper wherein the supply of all kinds of farm produce was more abundantly displayed in our markets than on Saturday last and to-day. Every market stall was filled to overflowing and the curbstones were occupied for a long distance beyond the limits to which they were sold by the market committee. Green corn, peaches, apples, watermelons, cantelopes and berries were a drug on the market, and although the sales were reasonably large at the close of the market the sellers had great quantities on hand that they could not dispose of at any price. We heard of one countryman who traded four dozen ears of sweet corn for one dozen peaches, and wagon loads of peaches were disposed of at prices as low as five cents a half peck, though very fine ones brought from 20 to 30 cents. The corn crop is exceptionally fine, and promises to be the largest ever grown in the county. One farmer told us that from a single acre he expected to take 180 bushels of corn, of the prolific variety, each stock containing from three to eight ears. The ears cut from a single stock and placed end to end measured nearly a yard in length. Almost all other vegetables, except potatoes, are very abundant and correspondingly cheap, and the potatoes, though not abundant, are unusually fine.

The hucksters complain that they have a very poor market, and can make no money by selling their truck. Not only is the market overstocked with everything in their line, but hundreds of their best customers are out of town, summering at the various watering places. The same complaint is made by the butchers, bakers and grocers—their business has greatly fallen off, though their prices are not materially lower.

The people lamented by the fall markets and low prices and the stay-at-homes, whose purses are too tight to permit them to indulge in fashionable pilgrimages, but who nevertheless, on very small capital, can now supply their families with luxuries equal to those served up at the most fashionable hotels.

THE SORROWS OF A POOR OLD MAN. An American Who has no "Chance" in the Lancaster Poor House. The Harrisburg Telegraph man was passing over the bridge which spans the deep cut of the Reading railroad at the Catholic cemetery, in Harrisburg, where he met a wayfaring man and a mendicant seated at one end of the bridge nursing his sore feet and airing his stockings while he rested his weary body against the rough timber of the structure. The gray hair fell straggling over a face marked by deep lines, and browned by exposure to the pelting of storms and the heat of the sun. But he was a pleasant old man to talk to, and answered courteously to questions as to who he was and whither he was going. "I am from Lancaster," said he, "and work occasionally for two Harrisburg men, both of whom are good to me. Some time ago I was in the Lancaster county poorhouse, but I would rather starve on the road than stay in a poorhouse, because such places are full of foreigners, Germans, Irish and Italians, who show an American no chance." To a question: "Who are you?" the ancient tramp answered by putting another to the reporter: "Ain't you a—?" mentioning the name of the reporter. "Why do you ask?" "Because you look like that family." The reporter then answered the question affirmatively, when the tramp told his name, and "thereby hangs a story full of romance and thrilling change in life's conditions." Connected with a family of thrifty and industrious people—the first manufacturers of edge tools in Lancaster city, whose axes and other edge tools were sold in all parts of the state, the brothers and cousins became men of wealth and influence, while this black sheep of the family became the outcast and the wanderer. He now roams through Lancaster, Lebanon and Dauphin counties, homeless, penniless and almost in rags, at times an inmate of an almshouse, living on the highway in the summer, doing chores at stables, begging a penny from the benevolent, and expiring to die as he lives, an outcast. This man's friends and relatives are all people of wealth and well-to-do in Lancaster. He slept on the highway last night or in a stable, for he had no means to buy a bed or get a crust of bread. Fifty years ago he was the petted son of fortune, the son of opulent parents, and thirty years ago he was on the road to fortune himself. But the convivial cup, gay companions, the wicked and the bad had led him from usefulness, and yesterday, in the quiet of a lovely Sabbath morning, he was seen a beggar and an outcast by a native of his native city, who could recollect him in his better days. —Such is a tale of two cities.

P. O. S. A. Opening Exercises of the State Camp. The fifteenth state camp of this order opened in Lock Haven yesterday. 251 subordinate camps, representing all the counties in the state except five, had delegates present. An address of welcome was made by Dr. J. H. Fishburne on behalf of the citizens of Lock Haven, at which time the session was opened to the public and the court house was crowded with ladies being present. The business sessions are conducted with closed doors. The report of the secretary showed the order to be in excellent condition, 1,017 new members having been added during the year, which gives the order a strength of 8,757. Eighteen new camps were added since the last state reunion at Lebanon. The insurance feature lately adopted by the national camp is meeting with success. The benefits paid are \$5,000, \$1,000 and \$1,500 in case of death, and members only are admitted to either of these classes. The following officers were elected: President, D. M. Sharp, of Lebanon; vice president, W. S. Boyer, of Pottdown; master of forms and ceremonies, J. N. Farnsworth, of Lock Haven; marshal, F. P. Beitman, of Harrisburg; sergeant-at-arms, G. K. Helms, of Altoona; trustees, Richard Peterson, O. B. Wertheimer and J. H. Hoffer. Last evening the order had a banquet and to-day a parade.

Who they were. The "Democrats" referred to in the *Intelligencer* of last evening as having obtained a pole from Senator Mylin for the Sewall ward, were only a few small boys and not Democratic voters as the *Examiner* would have its readers believe. They were driven out of the woods by the Republicans who went out for the pole that was for Mr. Mylin's woods on Sunday last.

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THE SORROWS OF A POOR OLD MAN. An American Who has no "Chance" in the Lancaster Poor House. The Harrisburg Telegraph man was passing over the bridge which spans the deep cut of the Reading railroad at the Catholic cemetery, in Harrisburg, where he met a wayfaring man and a mendicant seated at one end of the bridge nursing his sore feet and airing his stockings while he rested his weary body against the rough timber of the structure. The gray hair fell straggling over a face marked by deep lines, and browned by exposure to the pelting of storms and the heat of the sun. But he was a pleasant old man to talk to, and answered courteously to questions as to who he was and whither he was going. "I am from Lancaster," said he, "and work occasionally for two Harrisburg men, both of whom are good to me. Some time ago I was in the Lancaster county poorhouse, but I would rather starve on the road than stay in a poorhouse, because such places are full of foreigners, Germans, Irish and Italians, who show an American no chance." To a question: "Who are you?" the ancient tramp answered by putting another to the reporter: "Ain't you a—?" mentioning the name of the reporter. "Why do you ask?" "Because you look like that family." The reporter then answered the question affirmatively, when the tramp told his name, and "thereby hangs a story full of romance and thrilling change in life's conditions." Connected with a family of thrifty and industrious people—the first manufacturers of edge tools in Lancaster city, whose axes and other edge tools were sold in all parts of the state, the brothers and cousins became men of wealth and influence, while this black sheep of the family became the outcast and the wanderer. He now roams through Lancaster, Lebanon and Dauphin counties, homeless, penniless and almost in rags, at times an inmate of an almshouse, living on the highway in the summer, doing chores at stables, begging a penny from the benevolent, and expiring to die as he lives, an outcast. This man's friends and relatives are all people of wealth and well-to-do in Lancaster. He slept on the highway last night or in a stable, for he had no means to buy a bed or get a crust of bread. Fifty years ago he was the petted son of fortune, the son of opulent parents, and thirty years ago he was on the road to fortune himself. But the convivial cup, gay companions, the wicked and the bad had led him from usefulness, and yesterday, in the quiet of a lovely Sabbath morning, he was seen a beggar and an outcast by a native of his native city, who could recollect him in his better days. —Such is a tale of two cities.

P. O. S. A. Opening Exercises of the State Camp. The fifteenth state camp of this order opened in Lock Haven yesterday. 251 subordinate camps, representing all the counties in the state except five, had delegates present. An address of welcome was made by Dr. J. H. Fishburne on behalf of the citizens of Lock Haven, at which time the session was opened to the public and the court house was crowded with ladies being present. The business sessions are conducted with closed doors. The report of the secretary showed the order to be in excellent condition, 1,017 new members having been added during the year, which gives the order a strength of 8,757. Eighteen new camps were added since the last state reunion at Lebanon. The insurance feature lately adopted by the national camp is meeting with success. The benefits paid are \$5,000, \$1,000 and \$1,500 in case of death, and members only are admitted to either of these classes. The following officers were elected: President, D. M. Sharp, of Lebanon; vice president, W. S. Boyer, of Pottdown; master of forms and ceremonies, J. N. Farnsworth, of Lock Haven; marshal, F. P. Beitman, of Harrisburg; sergeant-at-arms, G. K. Helms, of Altoona; trustees, Richard Peterson, O. B. Wertheimer and J. H. Hoffer. Last evening the order had a banquet and to-day a parade.

Who they were. The "Democrats" referred to in the *Intelligencer* of last evening as having obtained a pole from Senator Mylin for the Sewall ward, were only a few small boys and not Democratic voters as the *Examiner* would have its readers believe. They were driven out of the woods by the Republicans who went out for the pole that was for Mr. Mylin's woods on Sunday last.

THE HOUSEHOLD MARKET. Abundant Supplies—Low Prices—Slow Sales. Perhaps the time is not within the recollection of the oldest housekeeper wherein the supply of all kinds of farm produce was more abundantly displayed in our markets than on Saturday last and to-day. Every market stall was filled to overflowing and the curbstones were occupied for a long distance beyond the limits to which they were sold by the market committee. Green corn, peaches, apples, watermelons, cantelopes and berries were a drug on the market, and although the sales were reasonably large at the close of the market the sellers had great quantities on hand that they could not dispose of at any price. We heard of one countryman who traded four dozen ears of sweet corn for one dozen peaches, and wagon loads of peaches were disposed of at prices as low as five cents a half peck, though very fine ones brought from 20 to 30 cents. The corn crop is exceptionally fine, and promises to be the largest ever grown in the county. One farmer told us that from a single acre he expected to take 180 bushels of corn, of the prolific variety, each stock containing from three to eight ears. The ears cut from a single stock and placed end to end measured nearly a yard in length. Almost all other vegetables, except potatoes, are very abundant and correspondingly cheap, and the potatoes, though not abundant, are unusually fine.

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