

SHOT HER TWICE.

A Colored Desperado at Derry Tries to Murder His Wife.

GREENSBURG, Pa., July 24.—This morning about nine o'clock Jim Lewis, a notorious colored barber at Derry, shot his wife twice.

The first ball lodged in her arm and the second shot took effect in the groin. Neither of the wounds, it is thought, will prove fatal.

Lewis is a tough customer who has figured in several cutting scrapes, and at one time shot Conductor Bell, for which he served a term in the penitentiary. The couple have not been living together as amicably as they should, and this morning they had the usual racket with the above result.

Lewis is well known here, where his parents reside. He has been several times convicted of robbery, and has always been regarded as a very dangerous man. He was arrested, and, if not lynched by the citizens, who are in a terrible state of excitement, will be brought here and lodged in jail.

WAYWARD BELLE ALLISON.

An Indiana County Girl Creates a Sensation.

At Kansas City a detective from Indiana, Pa., is attempting to find Belle Allison, from that place, who, her friends fear, has met with foul play. She left home on June 19th, having previously arranged to elope with D. S. Harrold, a barber, of Effingham, Kan., who is married and the father of eight children. The couple arranged to meet in that city on June 23d. On that date Harrold was there, but since then he has been living at his home as usual. Nothing has been heard of Miss Allison since her departure from Indiana. When she left home she had \$2,000 in her possession, and it is feared that she has been murdered and robbed.

From the Hospital.

Samuel Bear was burned on the body. Steve Slavtuskus had contusion of finger.

J. K. Lewis, of Peelorville, had foot burned badly. Works in machine shop. Chas. Paul, of Parkstown, had a finger crushed.

Wm. Edwards had a sore puncture wound on leg.

William J. King, of Cambria City, was burned on the arm, but not seriously.

An Eccentric Dog.

Perry County Democrat.

James Willis, of this place, is the owner of a most eccentric bull-dog. A few weeks ago we gave an account of how this dog had stopped a runaway horse by jumping at its head and grabbing the bridle-rein; now comes the story of how it disposed of a brave and warlike half-grown cat, which presumed to bristle and spit at her dogship. The cat had just about struck her fighting attitude and was preparing to rush this Sullivan-like canine, when the dog put a most unceremonious and unprofessional end to the fight by swallowing the cat whole. She then quietly lay down and went to sleep as if nothing unusual had happened, and has since suffered no inconvenience from her unanticipated repast. Just what this dog will do next, to show her erratic temperament, it is hard to tell.

The White Caps Resume Business.

BRAZIL, IND., July 24.—Word is just received that a band of White Caps called on Jasper Montgomery, who lived at Clay City, twenty miles south of Brazil, and after tearing down his log residence, ordered him and his family to leave the community at once. He was charged with keeping a disreputable house.

Grounds for a Horrible Suspicion.

Terre Haute Express.

He—And you are sure that I am the first and only man who ever kissed you?
She—Of course I am sure. You do not doubt my word, do you?

He—Of course I do not doubt you, my darling. I love you too madly, too devotedly for that. But why, oh, why, did you reach for the reins the very instant I ventured to put one arm around you if you had never been there before?

The Red Bandanna Still Waves.

COLUMBUS, O., July 24.—Judge Allen G. Thurman was one of the speakers at the formal dedication of the Columbus Board of Trade building to-night. He spoke for half an hour in a very vigorous manner. At one point in his speech he drew from his coat-tail pocket the well-known "bandanna" and wiped his brow. The audience broke into uproarious applause and it was five minutes before Mr. Thurman could proceed.

Wealthy, But Died in a Garret.

TOPEKA, KAN., July 24.—S. S. Cartwright, died in this city yesterday, aged sixty years. He was a widower and had lived here for years in a garret. He was supposed to be in limited circumstances, but events reveal that he was worth probably a quarter of a million. His property consisted of houses and lands in this city, ranches in the counties adjoining, and city and suburban property in Albany, N. Y., where his children reside.

ALBANY, July 24.—The dispatch this morning telling of the death of S. S. Cartwright, with \$250,000 in a garret at Topeka, Kansas, was read with interest here. Cartwright was a farmer of Rensselaerville, in Albany county, and twelve years ago went West and made money rapidly. As he was not of a penurious nature, and his dying in a garret is not understood here, his son left for Topeka this morning.

JACK THE RIPPER AGAIN.

HAS HE BEGUN A FRESH SERIES OF CRIMES?

All London Excited by the Fiend's Latest Work in the Whitechapel District—Tremendous Blunders Made by Sir Charles Warren and his Subordinates—Monro Doing Little Better.

All terror-stricken London again bows before "Jack the Ripper." That dread name, the only one unfortunately by which the mysterious fiend is brought within the scope of mere human comprehension, is on the tongue of every man, woman and child in every district of that vast metropolis.

When that cry so familiar to Londoners for several months last year, "Another Whitechapel murder!" again rang out a few days ago, men refused to believe that another terrible crime had been added to the mysteries of London. On the faces of the merchants and clerks hurrying to business by the morning trains one could see incredulity pictured; but this look gave way to blank amazement when they saw Ludgate Hill ablaze with the announcements, "Jack the Ripper Again at Work!" "Another Woman Horribly Mutilated!"



THE WAY THE MURDERS ARE SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN COMMITTED.

Ever so most abandoned women live in a state of terror, however they may try to hide their feelings under a mask of drunken gaiety.

The police are absolutely no safeguard. The murderer may prowls as he wishes about these alleys and lanes, even with his hands red with the blood of his victims.

There was no one more astonished than the constable who discovered the body of Alice Mackenzie.

"Why," said he to a reporter, "I could scarce believe my bloomin' h'eyes."

The entire force are completely dumfounded, they are as helpless as children.

After the murder they make a big show, which results in nothing except the arrest and subsequent discharge of some drunken loafers who drop mysterious hints in public houses.

It must undoubtedly be admitted the police here are terribly handicapped in dealing with the "Ripper." Whitechapel and its immediate neighborhood are simply net works of narrow streets on either side of Commercial road, which is a rather fine thoroughfare. Once a man who is acquainted with the locality turns any one corner the chances are that the best detective skill will not discover him. He becomes lost in the labyrinth.

Furthermore, the quarter is a large city in itself, a city of tumble-down, rickety houses and filthy courts and gateways, with a population for the most part criminal.

The lowest of the low, the most abandoned wretches, both male and female, reside here in filthy dens. They are steeped in poverty and vice, and within a stone's throw almost of the royal mint of England.

The women are poor wretches who, as a rule, have a sort of partnership with men viler than themselves. They do a little charring by day, and supplement their earnings on the streets at night. If they have not regular partners they sleep in the low lodging-houses that abound here, and pay fourpence for the "doss." Should they happen to have companions an "eightpenny doss" is engaged. Sometimes there is not enough of money left from the gin palace to pay for a bed, and in that case a cart in some gateway or alley serves the purpose.

These are the women who become the victims of "Jack the Ripper." They know the quietest nooks and corners in this abandoned portion of the great city and have no fear for the policeman, whose heavy, measured tread always gives warning of his approach, and even should he flash his lantern on a dark corner the chances are that to save himself trouble he would pass on.

The fiend appears to be wonderfully dexterous at his work. He never gives the victim a chance of raising an alarm. The throat he first cuts in a single instant and then he begins the work of mutilation. The theory is that he cuts from behind, thus avoiding the blood. The abdomen he curves up with evident skill and the entrails he cuts out cleanly, as a rule taking care to place them in some position by the body which renders his terrible work more hideous. Then, his work completed, he glides away.

Natural Electricity.

An extraordinary tale comes from Burma. Mr. Ronald H. King, an electrician well known to the Burmese, while on a prospecting and shooting expedition in the island of Labuan, said to have discovered a mineral from which electricity can be obtained without apparatus of any kind whatever.

The mineral, says the "Electrical Review," is described as being in the form of a black stone, of excessive hardness and very great specific gravity, being nearly as heavy as platinum. A small block in the shape of an irregular cube, measuring 4.3 inches one way, and, on bringing it into the testing room, a strong effect was noticed upon the galvanometer. At first it was thought that the mineral was an ordinary loadstone, but on tests being made it was found that the force was more akin to that of an electro-magnet, and that a strong current would flow when the mineral was connected in a circuit.

Further tests revealed that a difference of potential of forty-seven volts could be detected at the extremities, the internal resistance of the mass being twenty ohms. The block appears to waste away very slightly, leaving a slight gray powder upon the surface when connected up for some time. The electrician now uses the block to light a couple of incandescent lamps in his laboratory.

A Rare Confederate Envelope.

Judge J. D. Hammock, of Crawfordsville, who has held some one or two county offices of Tallapoosa county, Ga., shows a rare envelope. It is an old Confederate envelope of a bluish color and is lined with cloth. It was sent to the judge in the fall of 1863, containing \$473 in Confederate bills issued by the State of Georgia. The money was sent by Secretary Campbell to be issued out to the needy families of the soldiers of the county.—Atlanta Journal.

trouble about the affair. The papers had the usual paragraph, and the case attracted no public attention.

On August 7 there was a slight commotion over the murder of a woman named Margaret Turner. She was found on the doorstep of a house. Her body had been pierced in several places with a bayonet. On August 31, the metropolis was genuinely alarmed over the discovery of the body of Polly Nicholes and in rapid succession the other crimes followed after and London awoke in terror, at last realizing the capacity of the fiend for his bloody work.

Sir Charles Warren was repeatedly attacked in the newspapers, and to make a struggle against his downfall he supplemented the bluecoats with a force of English bloodhounds. Sir Charles, to the amusement of the comic papers, exercised in Hyde Park with the dogs and had them set on his own track. The warrior in less than an hour was up the tallest tree he could find, with the brutes on guard beneath him. After this the hounds sickened of the business and took the first opportunity that offered to escape.

The crowded streets of London were, however, not the ground for bloodhounds.

Failure dogged him at every step and while he was actually quarreling with his assistants in Scotland Yard murder flourished. Human remains were discovered October 2 in a cellar at the foundation of the new police building on the embankment and within the precincts of Scotland Yard. The mutilated body only was found here, but afterward legs and arms were found in other parts of the city.

Mr. Monro, chief of the detective department, could not agree with Sir Charles, who wished to "boss" the whole concern after his own fashion, and consequently, he handed in his resignation at the home office and left the yard.

His first day of doom was now rapidly approaching.

Mary Jane Kelly, or Lawrence, was cut up in pieces almost, on November 9. Her nose and ears and breasts were cut off and placed beside her. Her heart and liver were taken out and tied together round her gashed neck. The portion of her body carried off in all the preceding cases was to be found. The murderer had excelled all previous efforts at diabolical butchery, and people wondered if this terrible work was never to come to an end.

The police were as powerless as ever, and as the weeks went on Londoners only waited patiently for the finding of the next unfortunate victim of Jack, the Ripper.

Things in the meantime went from bad to worse with Sir Charles Warren.

He fell foul of his master and old defender, Home Secretary Mathew, and prepared a magazine article in his own defence.

This article was sprung upon the public by the "Star" long before its time, and the result was that Warren went back to his soldiering and Monro was picked up again and appointed chief commissioner.

Since Monro's appointment London was not treated to further murders by the Ripper. There was little space given to the November 9 murder, the Parnell commission occupying all the attention of the newspapers.

The body of a woman was found early in June last, but it was not ascertained to a certainty that the old fiend had and anything to do with her murder.

The murder of Alice Mackenzie, a few days ago, gives Mr. Monro a chance of displaying his powers, but unfortunately there are no indications that the metropolitan force has improved either in

NATIONAL FORT OF SPAIN.

Crowning of Jose Zorilla in the City of Granada.

It is years since any event in Spain not connected with politics has awakened at general and warm an interest as the crowning of Jose Zorilla as national poet—a ceremony which was performed in the city of Granada on June 22d.

The act was accompanied with all that pomp and festivity which the Spaniards delight to throw around their public spectacles; endless banquets and processions, orations and poems, musical and literary tournaments, and of course bull-fighting without stint leading to and following the central event.

The personal representative of the Queen Regent, the Brazilian ambassador bearing an autograph letter of congratulation from Dom Pedro, many representatives from Spanish America and the Spanish colonies, delegates from the leading literary societies of Spain, scholars, journalists, and politicians, school children and workmen's societies, all united with the greatest enthusiasm in the tribute to the aged poet.

The object of all this adoring honor, Zorilla himself, was born in 1817 in the city of Valladolid. Destined by his parents for the law, he spent two years in legal studies, and then, disgusted with the profession chosen for him, and filled with an impetuous longing to embark in the career of literature, he went to Madrid, at the cost of a rupture with his family, to test his fortune in the metropolis.

His first volume of poems appeared when he was but 20, and for eight years afterward he poured out poetical and dramatic productions with true Spanish fecundity. No less than ten volumes of verse and thirty dramas are to be assigned to this period. But his literary activity brought him more fame than money.

His father having died unreconciled to the disobedient son, the latter was left to his own resources. He went to Paris, and there began publishing his longest and most famous poem "Granada"—a sort of epic, into which he weaved some of the proudest traditions and most cherished legends of the southern kingdom. It was to this poem that was due the initiative taken by the Liceo of Granada to proposing his crowning, it being thought eminently fitting that the province and city whose glories he had sung should take lead in doing him honor.

But even from this work Zorilla derived no profit—what with a bankrupt agent, pirated editions, and the difficulty of making collections from American booksellers the poet became discouraged, and left his epic unfinished, though it had already extended through two volumes.

Next came twelve years passed in Mexico, lost to poetry, though filled with pleasant experience, and marked by the temporary advantage of the patronage of the mushroom emperor, Maximilian. Upon the fall of the latter, Zorilla returned to Spain to begin life anew. It was a hard struggle. Hack-work was for a long time his principal contribution to literature. Finally, Amadeus appointed him a sort of roving commissioner to examine Italian libraries and archives, but his salary on this score ran for less than two years. Then he had a period of successful lecturing, and at last, through the eloquent advocacy of Castelar, was granted a pension by the government. Since then he has been living a retired life in Valladolid, to be called forth at the end of his days to receive, in memory of his former literary labors, the nation's tribute of affection and honor.—Harper's Weekly.

A Desperate Case of Suicide.

The Palmer House, of Chicago, has been very unfortunate in the number of tragic deaths. It is thirteen years ago that one of the most sensational and carefully planned suicides in the history of self-destruction occurred at the hotel. Frederick Addison Jeffrey was the victim. He was said to have been a member of the firm of Wyckhoff & Jeffrey, of Peoria. He occupied a parlor room on the eastern extension of the corridor.

Early on the 5th of July his body was found suspended over the bathtub in his suite. The tub was filled with warm water and contained the charred fragments of combustibles ignited by Jeffrey just before killing himself. When discovered a settee was found plunged into his left breast, his throat was cut from ear and ear, a pistol hung by a cord within easy reach, beside it a pearl-handled razor. His body hung by a stout cord fastened to the ceiling.

He had saturated his clothing with kerosene so it would be easily ignited from the combustibles in the tub. He turned on the water as he wrote a letter and when the rope he was hanging by would be burned through he would fall into the tub and burn to a crisp. The coroner's jury was unable to tell which killed him.—Chicago Times.

A Revolution in Amateur Photography.

George Eastman, of Rochester, announces an invention that takes a first place among scientific achievements. It is a substitute for gas as a support for the sensitive film of a photographic plate. Rapid and partially satisfactory outdoor work has been done hitherto by the aid of a film which is stripped from the paper upon which it is exposed and then placed upon a glass plate to form the negative.

But this transfer is a delicate and difficult process. Mr. Eastman has devised a plate of a modified celluloid, four one-thousandths of an inch thick. This combined product is flexible, can be made of any size, and would upon a roller like the paper film. Photographs are printed from it direct without anything like stripping, or other transfer of film. If the invention proves to be what Mr. Eastman claims for it, it will work a revolution in amateur photography, as every operator of ordinary skill will be able to develop and print from his own negatives.

The Manchester Ship Canal.

Any one unconvinced by a sight of the canal itself that the task of making it is a serious one would assuredly be converted if he saw the plant and machinery at work. Though the canal is only thirty-five miles long, there are about 200 miles of railway line laid down on or near its banks, and 150 locomotives are at work upon them to remove the soil dug out by 15,000 human and eighty steam navvies. One of these latter has been known before now to feed 650 railway wagons, holding four cubic yards apiece, in the course of a day. But when there are 50,000,000 cubic yards to be excavated 2,000 is a mere flint flake. In all, the plant on the ground at present is valued at upward of £700,000.—Murray's Magazine.

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"While thus engaged on work so fine, Where skill and patience must combine, How oft the thought must pain the heart, That after all your care and art, The handsome work that charms the eye Ere long must soiled and ruined lie."

"Oh, no; you make a great mistake, As no such thought our rest can break; For should there come a soil or stain, No ruin follows in their train; However deep or dark they show, The IVORY SOAP can make them go, And all the brilliancy restore, And perfect beauty as before."

A WORD OF WARNING.

There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the 'Ivory'"; they ARE NOT, but like all counterfeits, lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for "Ivory" Soap and insist upon getting it.

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