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ABOUT MOSQUITOES.

How and Why She, Not He, Bites.

Some Valuable Information About Them.

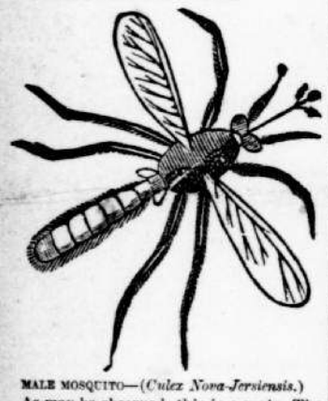
Henry Guy Carleton, who has been fighting the festive mosquito, writes to the New York World, the result of the conflict, and offers some valuable information concerning the winged devastator. He says:

The noble mariner to whose keeping we have entrusted our lives, remarked in his off-shore, breezy way, that in forty nautical years of experience he had never seen the slambanged mosquitoes and bluefish so dadblazed thick. A strong man can now, with one accurate swipe, bag eleven brace of ripe mosquitoes on either of his ears, while usually he would not get more than five. When we left Long Branch the haughty cottages were all sitting on the proud porches of their villas, with their feet encased in bread poultices to take out the inflammation; all about Rockaway the sad inhabitants had their heads tied up, and at Babylon, Bayshore, Islip, Fire Island and Patchogue, the german broke up at 10 o'clock so as to allow the boys to go off in quiet corners and sandpaper their shins.

Supt. Murray, who has been immersed in the chowdery joys of Sheep-head Bay, reports officially that a great many of the mosquitoes there have soft, flute-like voices and would weigh a pound, and Sheriff Grant wired from his cottage at Seabright, jointly conducted with Leicester Holme, a request for wire netting, with a two-inch mesh, to be used as a bar, remarking at the time that while he does not mind the playful demeanor of young and giddy mosquitoes, the bull gallinippers, capable of chewing off the back of a man's neck, defying a writ of habeas corpus and whistling in a minor key all at the same time, were rapidly getting to be monotonous.

That strong patriotism which inheres in all of us freeborn eagles of the young world, impels the Long Islanders to speak disrespectfully of the New Jersey gallinipper, while persons living in New Jersey are apt to underrate the mosquito as he lurks in his humble Long Island lair. As a fair-minded foreigner to both places, thoughtfully studying their respective advantages, I am inclined to the opinion that each is entitled to first prize.

I secured a fine specimen at Seabright on Saturday evening, and when I return to the city I shall have him stuffed and send him to the British Museum as a Florida flamingo. He became red shortly after he made my acquaintance. I subjoin his portrait, somewhat reduced.



MALE MOSQUITO—(*Culex Nova-Jersiensis.*)

As may be observed, this is a male. The male members of the mosquito family have a sort of Prince of Wales plume on the end of their smeller, which is ornamental if not useful. The male mosquito is not supposed to bite, but this opinion has been rendered by British naturalists who have never been in New Jersey. I know that by a skillful hack at the back of my neck I crippled seventeen asserted gallinippers and simultaneously got a quart of red ink, and this marauder was among the gang. He may have been there trifling in a lighthearted way with the affections of the girly gallinippers, who were getting in their fine work on me with glee, but circumstances were against him, and a strong man in his agony cannot stop to listen to evidence.

The female mosquito is less joyous in her attire than the male, but she has a fine falsetto voice and gray-legs, and is devoted to business.

FEMALE MOSQUITO—(*Culex Insula Longæ.*)

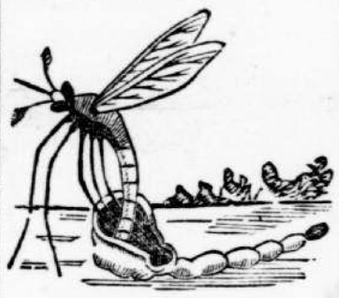
I obtained this large and birdlike sample while fondling my ankle with a club last evening, and selected her out of thirty-two others felled by the same cruel blow. You will notice the absence of the three feathers on the bowspirit, and her trimming in the neighborhood of the rudder, which is characteristic of the lady mosquito. There is more symmetry to her waist, as is proper, and she lacks the coat-tail flaps, which are distinctly to be seen on the male; but you will observe a firm, square and determined contour of countenance which indicates at once her superiority to the frivolous male.

We are informed by naturalists that blood is not the natural diet of mosquitoes and that one gorging of the vital fluid is fatal to them. I know it is fatal to any mosquito who comes gorging around me, if I catch him; but in the abstract what a confession of cussedness that statement of the naturalists is. Most of the mosquitoes I know take to the blood as naturally as a Boston girl takes to spectacles, Emerson and pie.

A girl mosquito gets married when she is five hours old, is through the honeymoon in 45 minutes, and spends the rest of the day in matronly care, looking after several thousands young and ravenous blessings. The eggs are deposited in boat-shaped masses on water, and soon become larvæ.

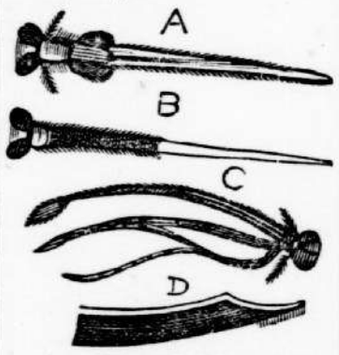
The larval mosquito is quite as pretty as most babies, and is his mamma's itty pitty tootsie, except that he never requires paregoric nor a spanking. The larvæ are very active, always wobbling up and down. I fancy the life of young mosquitoes must be very happy, larving all day long as they do.

After spending a merry day or two in this innocent pollution of drinking water, the larva curls up and gets melancholy and becomes a pupa. In this condition she does not eat, but if I am permitted to say it, she makes up for this afterwards. A hard crust forms on her while a pupa, and within this she sails around as in a boat, and grows her wings, develops her legs, stomach-pump and bill, and loses whatever morality she may have been born with. Then, some nice, warm evening about sundown, in the neighborhood of a hotel througed with brave men in blazers and peach-blow girls in dimity gowns, she breaks her pupal fetters, toots a toot of war on her bazoo, dries her wings and sails to slaughter.



FLEDGED AT LAST—HA! HA!

Some natural curiosity attaches itself to contemplative persons as to how mosquitoes bite. Next to the question why they bite, I think this conundrum of importance. A well-furnished mosquito has all the latest improved apparatus for blood-letting, including a rotary pump, a Sicilian poniard, a quart of poison and a diamond drill. I have prepared a series of cuts to illustrate the tools in this burglar's kit, one by one.



THE APPARATUS.

A represents the dirk in its sheath and unemployed. In this state you may observe the mosquito use it as an alpenstock, climbing over warts and down steep wrinkles in search of the tenderloin. Finding a cool, soft, promising place, she takes a good grip with her fore legs and shoves the point of the stiletto, shown at D, through the skin, and then skillfully jabs it into the quick and into as large a blood-vessel as can be reached. Simultaneously she lifts both hind legs and waves them to and fro in the breeze as a token of ecstasy. Then she withdraws the weapon and rams in the nozzle of the pump, shown by the central filament in C, and when this reaches taw she begins to swell pleasantly, and so continues until she cannot hold any more, when she reluctantly spills some vitriol into the wound, so that her friend will not be lonely when she is gone, flaps heavily to some dark corner, goes to sleep upside down and has gluttonous dreams.

That is how mosquitoes bite. Why they bite, heaven only knows. As I sorrowfully write these few lines on paper striped with my own gore and freckled with a few thousands of the slain, I feel incapable of answering the question myself in a manner which would be acceptable to a family paper.

Girls in Salt Water.

"Clara Belle," in her weekly letter to the Cincinnati Enquirer, says that the following portrait of a Coney Island bather is an actual figure drawn from life, and illustrates the comeliness that is astoundingly fearless at that unconventional resort.

Nowhere is the bathing more boldly or picturesquely indulged in by parties on excursions from town. Further along Long Island's shore, at the more exclusive Babylon, one sees a daughter of wealth crabbing in a curious costume. She waded in the shoal water of an inlet, raking for

the ugly little things, and followed at a respectful distance by a lackey in livery. One sees queer things at the shore, and some of them are men in bathing costumes. Talk about women in the surf. They are never, never, as outlandish as the men.

The son of Joshua R. Giddings, the Ohio abolitionist, lives at Jefferson, the county seat of Ashtabula county. He practices law and runs a farm, but he takes very little interest in politics. The son of Ben Wade lives in the same town.

Cannot Remember Faces.

From the Chicago Herald.

Miss Laura Houghtaling has for some days been suffering with a peculiar affection of the brain, which has so far baffled the best medical skill. The prominence of the young lady in North Side society, her great beauty, rare social qualities, and instinctive refinement make the case a peculiarly sad one. A few mornings ago Miss Houghtaling, who had been suffering from a severe headache for several days, was aroused by her sister's coming into the room.

"Why," said she as she looked up, "your face seems familiar to me. Where have I met you?"

The sister replied in a jocular manner, thinking that the words were only uttered in fun. Further questioning, however, soon dispelled this illusion, and it was ascertained that Miss Houghtaling had completely lost her memory for faces. When she retired the night before she was in perfect health, with the exception of a headache, and was apparently in the best of spirits. It was at first thought that the loss of memory was but momentary, and that after she became thoroughly aroused it would disappear. Such was not the case, however, and the only person in the family whom she has been able to recognize is her mother. At present Miss Houghtaling is in excellent health, aud with the exception of her inability to recognize any of her former friends is the same as ever. The other day one of her school friends called upon her at the house. When she went into the parlor to receive her she said:

"They tell me that I know you; that we were schoolmates, but I have not the slightest recollections of ever having met you before."

Miss Houghtaling is engaged to be married to a young Chicagoan, but has no recollection of her affianced or the fact that the engagement exists.

One of the most pathetic incidents in the sad affair occurred a few days ago, when she went to the closet which contained her dresses. A married sister of hers had recently died, and she was in deep mourning.

"Whose dresses are these?" said she. They are very pretty, but why are they all black?" "Then, taking one of her hats from a hook, she continued: "Why is all this crape on the hat?"

The dresses and hats were her own, but she not only had forgotten their existence, but her memory of her dead sister had entirely gone. Her mind at present is a perfect blank as far as the past is concerned. She feels neither grief nor joy in the past: she lives entirely in the present and in anticipation of the future. All efforts to restore her memory have so far been entirely futile.

The strangest part of the affair is that the memory as concerns faces only seems to be affected. The ability to read and write still exists, and also recollection of places and dates. No other portion of the mind is in the slightest degree affected, and Miss Houghtaling remembers everything that has happened since the attack. She appreciates the condition into which she has fallen, but believes that her old memory will soon return. Physicians say that the fact that she recognizes her mother is a favorable sign, and leads them to believe that the functions of memory are suspended only temporarily. Miss Houghtaling is little over 20 years of age, and was very popular in society circles last winter.

Telling the Wrong Story.

They were celebrating their silver wedding and of course, the couple were very happy and very affectionate.

"Yes," said the husband, "this is the only woman I have ever loved. I shall never forget the first time I ever proposed to her."

"How did you do it?" burst out a young man who had been squeezing a pretty girl's hand in the corner. They all laughed and he blushed; but the girl carried it off bravely.

"Well, I remember as well as it were but yesterday. It was at Richmond. We had been out for a picnic and she and I got wandering alone. Don't you remember, my dear!"

The wife nodded and smiled.

We sat on the trunk of an old tree. You haven't forgotten, love, have you?"

The wife nodded again.

"She began writing on the dust with the point of her parasol. You recall it, sweet, don't you?"

The wife nodded again.

"She wrote her name, 'Minnie,' and I said 'Let me put the other name to it.' And I took the parasol and wrote my name—Smith—after it."

"How lovely!" broke out a little maid, who was beaming in a suspicious way on a tall fellow with a blonde mustache.

"And she took back the parasol and wrote below it, 'No, I won't.' And we went home. You remember it, darling. I see you do."

Then he kissed her and the company murmured sentimentally, Wasn't it pretty."

The guests had all departed and the happy couple were left alone.

"Wasn't it nice, Minnie, to see all our friends around us so happy?"

"Yes, it was. But, John, that reminiscence!"

"Ah, it seems as if it had been only yesterday."

"Yes, dear; there are only three things you're wrong about in that story."

"Wrong? Oh, no!"

"John; I am sorry you told that story, because I never went to a picnic with you before we were married; I was never in Richmond in my life, and I never refused you."

"My darling, you must be wrong."

"I am not wrong, Mr. Smith. I have an excellent memory, and, although we have been married twenty-five years, I'd like to know who that minx Minnie was. You never told me about her before."

The Real Estate Boom.

Reports from various cities of the Country Bradstreets Journal, a New York business publication gives special reports from 23 cities showing a large advance in prices of real estate, not only in the West but also in the East. The statement is very comprehensive and indicates that a boom in real estate throughout the country will be very generally felt before the close of ehe year. The causes of the real estate boom Bradstreet's believes are briefly the revival in general trade and the investment of funds which have been locked up for several years past awaiting investment. These investments have naturally led to speculation and to a general rise in prices. From the careful special reports in Bradstreet's from the various cities we glean the following interesting facts.

The rise in New York has been uniformly upward since 1879. In Brooklyn activity is principally confined to the outlying wards, where real estate has advanced from 30 to 60 per cent. In Philadelphia the boom owes its inspiration very largely to the business depression prevailing four years ago. In Boston there has been a steady demand at fair value for several years and the northern suburbs have had a special growth with an inadequate supply of detached houses. In Chicago during the last three years of depression in general business realty has been active and strong. In St Louis business property centrally located shows an advance of 20 to 30 per cent, and property in the suburbs is in general request. In Duluth, Minn., suburban property has shown the greatest increase, advancing from 100 to 200 per cent for lands situated from one to three miles from the city. The boom at Fort Smith Ark., was caused by railroad extensions recently made, and the demand has been mainly for suburban property. At St. Joseph, Mo., speculation in real estate reached its maximum height during February last and was caused by investment by prominent business men in real estate adjoining the city limits. In Rome, Ga., the rise in real estate resulted from the building of new lines of railroad and the influx of capital which has engaged in developing the mineral resources. In Louisville an organization of citizens has forwarded the improvement in realty value with excellent results. In Cleveland prices have increased about 20 per cent for desirable business locations, and in the suburbs have advanced considerably. A rise of 30 to 40 per cent in farm lands in the vicinity of Columbus, Ohio, is noticed, and in Minneapolis the greatest relative speculative activity of late has been shown in suburban property. The population of Minneapolis in 1880 was 46,000. It is now estimated at 150,000 and is still rapidly increasing. In Richmond, Va., active speculation in real estate began about six months ago and extends throughout the entire city and suburbs. In Cincinnati the advance in real estate commenced about a year ago and a successful effort toward substantially improving the city streets was a factor in the improvement. Increased numbers of fine suburban residences are in course of erection. In Davenport, Iowa, real estate had been very low since 1879. The growth of the city has led to a growth in real estate values. The boom in Kansas City, Mo., has been continuous for the past three years with more than three-fourths of the capital invested coming from the East. Suburban property from one to three miles from the city cannot be bought except in one or two cases for less than double the valuation of 12 month since. The boom in Birmingham, Ala., began a year ago and has steadily grown, with an outflow of population and construction of railroads as factors. Business lots worth in January, 1886, $5,000 are worth $15,000, and building lots have advanced from $1,500 to $3,500. At Chattanooga, Tenn., decided rise in real estate was noticed about the middle of December, 1886, caused by the unexampled growth of the city, its population doubling between 1873 and 1883 and again between 1883 and 1886. Activity in reality has been very marked in suburban tracts. At Wichita, Kansas, its adaption as the centre of a rich agricultural section and a railroad centre has given it great activity. Business lots on the principal streets which sold for $3,000 three years ago are now worth $20,000, Some families are living in tents awaiting the completion of houses. Three thousand houses will be erected during this year. In Nashville, Tenn., real estate speculation began last fall, first in vacant lots and then extended to improved property. It was caused by the organization of new manufacturing industries. At St. Paul, Minn., a rise began the latter part of September, 1886. From $400 to $600 per front foot was then charged for choice business property. Now from $700 to $1,200 is asked.

A Georgian who has been spending the early summer at Chesterfield, N. H., and is greatly pleased with the people and the way they live, has written to the Savannah News the following statement of his conclusions: "The farming interest of New Hampshire is fast dying out. Forty years ago it was a farming state, the soil was rich and productive, and large crops could be raised; but now the soil is impoverished and most of the owners too poor to go into revitalizing it to any great extent. Grass fed to cattle has been the farmers' principal means of support, but the West now sends beef already dressed into the various cities cheaper than the New England farmer can raise it. Tumbled down barns, neglected fences, and deserted houses are seen at every turn. The result is that the farms are being fast deserted by the young men and women, who either go west or crowd into the manufacturing towns."

An Athlete Tells what to Eat.

From the New York Mail and Express.

It is very peculiar to consider the various systems that are published to preserve health and become athletic," remarked a well-known athlete to a Mail and Express reporter. After a pause the fine specimen of physical manhood continued: "One writer will say dont drink green tea, another thinks going to bed on a full stomach is the road to vigor, and I say that what is food for one person is poison for another. It is the adaptability of each constitution to certain hygienic rules. 'Oh, you should eat rare meat to grow stout and strong,' dogmatically asserts one authority. If rare meat is craved by the appetite it will be easily assimilated and digested, but to force it does more harm than good. Well-cooked, plain food is always considered healthier than raw stuff. I once suffered from dyspepsia and made a study of food. After several years I found that the following were generally more easy of digestion than anything I ate: Partridge, chicken, turkey, mutton, venison, hare, sweetbread, pheasant, grouse, beef-tea, mutton broth, milk, turbot, haddock, flounders, sole, fresh fish generally, roasted oysters, stale bread, rice, tapioca, sago, arrowroot, asparagus, sea kale, French beans, cauliflower, baked apples, oranges, grapes, strawberries, peaches, toast water, black tea, sherry wine, claret, and ale. In a moderate scale of easy digestion I placed beef, rabit, duck, young pigeon, wild waterfowl, woodcock, snipe, soups, eggs not hard boiled, butter, turtle, cod, pike, trout, cabbage, spinach, artichoke, lettuce, celery, apples, apricots, currants, raspberries, bread, farinaceous puddings, jelly, marmalade, rhubarb plant, cooked fruits, cocoa, coffee, porter. Those very hard to digest I discovered to be: Clams, pork, roast veal, goose, liver, heart, brain, salt meat, sausages, hashes, mackerel, eels, salmon, herrings, halibut, salt fish, lobster, crabs, shrimps, mussels, oil, melted butter, hard-boild eggs, cheese, fresh bread, muffins, buttered toast, pastry, cakes, custards, nuts, pears, plums, cherries, pineapples, cucumbers, carrots, parsnips, peas, beans, mushrooms, pickles, chocolate, and champagne.

"Persons in good, sound health, who have splendid digestion, of course can partake of any of the food mentioned without danger, provided they do not gorge. It requires frequently a great deal of strength to dispose of the gourmand's meal, and the food he has eaten acts as a slow poison, draining his vitality. Everybody who has good health constitutes herself or himself a lecturer and authority upon the subject. I notice many recommend frequent rub-downs and baths. To bathe and rub the skin dry is healthful after exercise, but too much of it does more harm than good. There is a limit to all things. Too much exercise is injurious, and having fine muscles does not indicate a vigorous, healthy circulation. Long walks taken at a slow pace do no good whatever. Walking exercise should be brisk enough to start a general prespiration, and then great benefit is derived. There is no specific rule to become healthy and strong save one—plenty of open-air exercise, temperance, wholesome food, sufficient sleep, cleanliness, and a good conscience."

Red Shirt in Parliament.

From the Whitehall Review (London).

It was a curious sight to see the great Sioux chief Red shirt slowly pacing in all the bravery of his paint and feathers through the lobbies of the house of commons, with little groups amazed and admiring members dogging his heels. With a grave face of unalterate composure Red Shirt surveyed the libraries in which the learning of the ages is stored up, but for a moment something like surprise crossed his face when he was shown the endless series of volumes of Hansard, and was assured that the speeches of all "the braves" and "young men" were preserved therein for centuries. "What we say we say," observed the chief, "but our words are gone like the wind." Never before has a redskin brave been within the walls of our present parliament. But red men have been in London once and again. In the tea-cup times of Anne there were four Indian chiefs who came over in 1710 to offer their devotion to her majesty, and who were made much of and shown all that there was to see, and wondered at by wits and fine ladies, and entertained by puppet shows, and served at themes for the wit of the Tatter and the Spectator.

Compensations.

From the Indianapolis Journal.

Yes, it is rather warm, but we must take the weather as it comes. We should be thankful to have any, and even hot weather is better than none at all. It has its compensating features. There is no bothering with overcoats, fur gloves, ear muffs, &c. Fires do not have to de raked every few minutes. Your horse does not have to be rough-shod to keep him from falling on the ice. Your own head is not exposed to an avalanche of snow from the roof as you walk the streets. The gas and water pipes are not frozen up. The young man who hangs on your front gate at night is in no danger of being frost-bitten. There is no danger of pumps freezing; no necessity of covering cucumber vines; fruit of all kinds is perfectly safe if the boys can't get at it; watermelons are beyond the danger point if they are under lock and key; last winter's ice crop is safe beyond a doubt; no immediate danger of a blizzard; good time to prune the thermometer by cutting off the lower half. In fact, hot weather has many, compensations, not the least of which is that it teaches patience. Wait, and it will be cooler. Christmas is coming.

THE WORST ON RECORD.

Over One Hundred Lives Lost by a Bridge Disaster.

CHICAGO, ILL., August 11.—The Chicago Times' special from Forest, Ill., says: All the railway horrors in the history of this country were surpassed three miles east of Chatsworth last night, when an excursion train on the Toledo, Peoria and Western road dropped through a burning bridge, and over 100 people were killed, and four times that number more or less badly injured. The train was composed of six sleeping-cars, day coaches and chair-cars, and three baggage-cars. It was carrying 960 passengers, all excursionists, and was bound for Niagara Falls. The train had been made up all along the line for the Toledo, Peoria and Western road, and the excursionists hailed from various points in Central Illinois, the bulk of them, however, coming from Peoria. Some of the passengers came from Canton, from El Poso, Washington, and in fact all stations along the line, some from as far west as Burlington and Keokuk, Ia. A special and cheap rate had been made for the excursion, and all sorts of people took advantage of it. When the train drew out of Peoria, at 8 o'clock last evening, it was loaded to its utmost capacity. Every berth in the six sleepers was taken, and the day cars carried sixty people each. The train was so heavy that two engines were hitched to it, and when it passed this place it was an hour and a half behind time.

THE TRESTLE ON FIRE.

Chatsworth, the next station from here, is six miles off and the run there was made in 7 minutes, so the terrible momentum of those fifteen coaches and two heavy engines, shooting through space at the rate of a mile a minute, can be understood. No stop was made at Chatsworth, and on and on the heavy train, with its living freight, sped through the darkness of the night. Three miles east of Chatsworth is a little slough and where the railroad track crosses a dry run about ten feet deep and about fifteen feet wide. Over this was stretched an ordinary wooden trestle bridge, and as the excursion train came thundering down on it, what was the horror of the engineer on the front engine when he saw this bridge was afire. Right up before his eyes leaped the bright flames and the next instance he was among them. There was no chance to stop, had there been warning, it would have taken half a mile to stop that one mass of wood, iron human lives, and the train was within 100 yards of the red-tongued messengers of death before they flashed their fatal signals into the engineer's face. But he passed over in safety, the first engine keeping the rails. As it went over, the bridge fell beneath it, and it could have only been the terrific speed of the train that saved the lives of the engineer and his fireman.

But the next engine went down and instantly the deed of death was done. Car crashed into car, coaches piled one top of another, and in a twinkling of an eye nearly 100 people found instant death aud fifty more were so hurt they could not live. As for the wounded they were everywhere. Only the sleeping coaches escaped, and as the startled and half-dressed passengers came tumbling out of them, they found such a scene of death as is rarely witnessed, and such work to do that it seemed as if human hands were utterly incapable.

Instantly the air was filled with the cries of the wounded and the shrieks of those about to die. The groans of men and the screams of women united to make an appalling sound, and above all could be heard the agonizing cries of little children as in some instances they lay pinned alongside their dead parents.

No sooner had the wreck occurred then a scene of robbery commenced. Some band of unspeakable miscreants, heartless and with only criminal instincts, was on hand, and like the guerrillas who throng a battle-field the night after the conflict and rob from the dead the money which they received for their meager pay, stealing even the bronze medals and robbing from the children of heroes the other emblems of their fathers' bravery, so last night did these human hyenas plunder the dead from this terrible accident, and take even the shoes which covered their feet. Who these wretches are is not now known.

There was one incident of the accident which stood out more horrible than all of those horrible scenes. In the second coach was a man, his wife and little child. His name could not be learned, but is said he got on at Peoria. When the accident occurred the entire family of three was caught and held down by broken wood-work. Finally, when relief came, the man turned to the friendly aid and feebly said: "Take out my wife first. I am afraid the child is dead." So they carried out the mother, and as a broken seat was taken off her crushed breast the blood which welled from her lips showed that she was hurt. They carried the child—a fair-haired, blue-eyed girl of 3—and laid her in the cornfield, dead, alongside of her dying mother. Then they went back for the father and brought him out. Both his legs were broken, but he crawled through the corn to the side of his wife, and feeling her loved features in the darkness, pressed some brandy to her lips and asked her how she felt. A groan was the only answer and the next instant she died. The man felt the forms of his dead wife and child and cried out, "My God, there is nothing more for me to live for now," and taking a pistol out of his pocket pulled the trigger. The bullet went surely through his brain, and the dead bodies of that little family are now lying side by side in Chatsworth waiting to be identified.

LABOR NOTES.

A movement which may eventually exercise a considerable effect on labor interests in Pennsylvania had its inauguration Tuesday. A party of forty picked miners, under the charge of Traveling Passenger Agent John R. Pott, of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad, left this city via the Pennsylvania Railroad for Alberta British Columbia, where they will be employed in the anthracite coal mines, recently opened in that region. Other parties will follow as soon as they can be organized.

Fifty stone-cutters at work on the new court house at Findlay, Ohio, struck Monday for an advance of 25 cents per day.

The Union Labor convention at Rochester, N. Y., Thursday declared itself on the tariff and pauper immigration, nominated a state ticket and adjourned.

Ira B. Aylesworth, of the General Executive Board of the Knights of Labor, left for Philadelphia Monday after indorsing the stand taken by the carpenters of Chicago in resenting the attempts of contractors to abolish the eight-hour day. He has been in Chicago since Saturday investigating the situation and as a result he promised that the General Executive Board of the Knights would now, when necessary, help the local unions in supporting carpenters left idle by a refusal to work more than eight hours. Over 4500 of the total 6500 carpenters in the city are without any having acceded to the demands made by the bosses, except in cases of about 450, none of whom are Knights.

A New Commercial Agents.

DAVENPORT, IA., Aug. 18.—The Davenport, Rock Island and Moline Shippers' association has elected Fred Wilker, for years division freight agent of the U. P. road and a railroad man of considerable experience and reputation, commissioner, with headquarters in Davenport. His duties will be similar to those of the Chicago freight bureau, being of vast importance to the commercial interests of the three cities.

Damages to the Rice Crop.

COLUMBUS, S. C., August 10.—News from the rice fields south of Charleston confirms the reports telegraphed yesterday of damage to crops. Over 15,000 acres of rice on the Savannah River, Almost ready to be harvested, are almost totally destroyed. The freshet often days ago has just reached the coast. Since then two others freshets have occurred in the upper part of the river, and now Augusta and twenty miles in the interior is for the third time under water.

Very little of the rice on the Savannah River will be saved. On the Ogeechee River, 150 acres are under water. On the Altamaha River 100 are threatened, but are not yet lost. The rice territory around and near Charleston is still uninjured. The annual product of rice in this State is about 100,000 barrels. It is thought now that fully one-half will be entirely lost.

Wife Murder and Suicide.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., Aug. 15.—Charles Apfel shot his wife Saturday afternoon and then committed suicide by blowing out his brains. Apfel was 25 years o age, his wife five years younger, and they leave two babies, both under 2 years. They were married three ago, and, with the mother-in-law, boarded on Royal, near Conti street. It has not been a happy marriage and quarrels have been frequent between all the members of the family. Mrs. Apfel, after a quarrel with her husband Thursday, gave notice that she would live with him no longer. He left the house returning Saturday afternoon, told the landlady that he wanted to have a last look at his wife and babies, and went upstairs. Mrs. Apfel was found on the floor mortally wounded, and Apfel dead at the foot of the stairs, still clutching his pistol in his hand.

A Self-Confessed Murderer.

ST. JOSEPH, MO., August 16.—Last April Benjamin Dawson and Frank Goodwin, Allendale, Harrison county, and a man by the name of Hensley, living in the Northwestern part of Harrison county, went to Sterling, Colo., to work on a new railroad. About two weeks ago Hensley returned unexpectedly, and since his return he has feigned insanity. He would neither eat, drink nor sleep more than compelled to. He kept hid as much as possible, and acted as though expecting some one. His brother, after much coaxing, has obtained from him the following reason for his strange behavior:

He says that he and young Goodwin had quarreled and that he had struck Goodwin in the head with a hatchet and killed him. He will say nothing further and give no particulars. Goodwin is a son of F. Goodwin, a well-known citizen, and his parents, till about six weeks ago, have heard from him regularly by letter, but since then they have heard nothing. Goodwin's father telegraphed to Dawson, at Sterling for particulars, but as yet has heard nothing.

The Princess of Wales and daughters are visiting in Denmark.