

GENERAL PARAGRAPHS.

Haps and Mishaps.

—The flooring of a Presbyterian church in Hudson City, N. J., gave way one night recently, and some forty children were injured, some seriously.

—A powder mill, near Tamaqua, Pa., was blown up the other day. Samuel Miller was killed. The shock was felt for several miles.

—A gentle parent at Greencastle, Ind., lately broke the arm of his seven-year old boy with a club, because he took a piece of candy without leave and divided it with his baby brother.

—Three virtuous Chicago roughs attacked an old man whom they found fishing on Sunday, and after knocking him down and jumping on him, asked him if his Bible didn't tell him better than to fish on Sundays.

—Walter Howe, of Portland, Me., a quarrel with whom recently led Ella Batchelder to commit suicide by drowning, at Cumberland Mills, shot himself at the same place a few days ago.

—At Mattison, Coon County, Ill., the other day, the elder of two boys by the name of Wedel, while playing with an old pistol, shot the younger through the brain, injuring him fatally.

—At Kirkwood, Mo., an old gentleman named Harper arose in his sleep and walked out of a second-story window of his residence. He fell a distance of fifteen feet, breaking his backbone. He was not expected to live.

—A young daughter of William Fall, residing near Fulton Junction, Iowa, tried to kindle a fire with kerosene. The flames communicated with the can, which burst, scattering the burning oil all over her body. Before it could be extinguished her flesh was burned to a crisp.

—Some department watchmen were being exercised at Washington in the use of fire extinguishers, which they had strapped to their backs. One man failed to open the vent of his machine, which soon made one, ripping it from top to bottom, shaking the man considerably and breaking his shoulder-blade.

—Two men who had robbed a store at New London, Wis., the other night, were subsequently captured at Shawano, and a vigilance committee of sixty citizens took them from the Sheriff to the nearest tree, put a noose round their necks, and choked them till they confessed where the goods and money were.

—Isaac Logan was stabbed and killed with a pitchfork by Michael Kearns, at Linden, Union County, N. J., the other day. Logan was in a field leading a wagon with hay when Kearns, who had been on a spree, came up and took the fork from him and stabbed him three times in the lower part of the body, inflicting wounds from which he died the same evening.

—Dr. Thomas Dudley, First Assistant of the Eastern Lunatic Asylum, at Lexington, Ky., recently committed suicide by taking three grains of morphine. He was about forty years old, and had been with the institution nearly twenty years. During the past year or two he had shown some evidences of insanity, owing, it is supposed, to his intimate relations with the insane and the intense application to his duties.

—James Gannon shot and killed his wife at Louisville the other day. His wife separated from him some years since on account of ill-treatment, but Gannon came up from New Orleans a month or two ago, and she then came back to him. She lived with him three weeks, and again left him. Gannon went to the house where his wife was staying, and, after some conversation with her, pulled a pistol from his pocket, placed it against his wife's breast and fired. She died almost instantly. Gannon was arrested after a brief chase, and lodged in jail.

—Stephen Hood, a negro, has been arrested at Cleveland, for the murder of his adopted son, a boy about twelve years of age, named Greenberrie. Hood took his nephew and adopted son and told them he was going hunting. After getting into the woods he sent his nephew away to get some liquor. The boy, unable to find a saloon, returned to find his uncle alone. He asked where his cousin was and was told that he was lost. The boy reported this to Mrs. Hood, who informed the police. They, after searching about the place where Greenberrie was last seen, found his body buried about a foot underground. The only mark of violence on the body was a dent on the right temple, as if made by a club.

—We have just heard of the attempt, made by a negro boy, to murder a child by burying it alive, in the bottom opposite this place one day last week. It appears that the boy had for spite against its parents taken the child and put it in a hole and then covered it up, all but its feet, when the family discovered him and started to see what he was doing. The young demon then took an ax and threatened to kill any one who should interfere with him, but the courageous mother of the child succeeded in getting to the spot and dragging the body from the ground in time to bring back the life that had been nearly crushed out of existence. The negro made his escape in a skiff which he stole at the landing, and has not been heard from since.—*Washington (Mo.) Observer.*

School and Church.

—Over 1,300 persons in Geneva have joined the Liberal Catholic order under the lead of Pere Hyacinthe.

—Miss Jennie McKinstry, of Mattoon, is a candidate for Superintendent of Public Schools in Coles County, Ill.

—Mrs. Susan Willis, of Charlestown, Mass., has contributed \$100,000 to the relief of the indebtedness of Carleton College, Minnesota.

—The experiment recently made in Ohio of placing women at the head of all the schools below the high schools is pronounced a decided success.

—There are eighty-three women in the University of Ann Arbor—forty-two in the literary department, thirty-seven in the medical, and four in the law.

—Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, of Elmira,

N. Y., announces that he will preach Sunday afternoons at Eldridge Park, a beautiful resort two miles from the city, and that the choir is to consist of a popular brass band, engaged for the special purpose of playing psalm tunes on the occasion.

—Miss Clara M. Babcock, daughter of the pastor of the Warren Street Unitarian Chapel, Boston, has passed through a regular course of study in the Divinity School of Harvard College, and occupied her father's pulpit on a recent Sunday, both morning and afternoon. She intends to study a year in Germany before entering upon the active work of the ministry.

—Rev. Clarence Fowler, pastor of the Unitarian church in Laconia, N. H., having been taken suddenly sick one Sabbath morning lately, his wife occupied the platform and conducted the services in his place. The local paper says: "No one was aware of the change until she took her place and announced it. She conducted herself with the modesty of a blushing school girl combined with the ease and dignity of a pulpit veteran."

Personal and Literary.

—Mr. and Mrs. Olive Logan sail for France in August, and mean to stay there two or three years.

—Paul Morphy, it is said, will go to the Vienna Exposition to enter the chess contest for the \$2,000 prize.

—Dr. Mary Walker was arrested in Baltimore the other day for appearing in man's clothes, but was soon released.

—The statue of William H. Seward to be erected in Central Park, New York, will be in a sitting posture, and sixteen and one-half feet high.

—The London lady whom Joaquin Miller is to marry is Miss Hardy, the novelist, and daughter of Sir Thomas D. Hardy, long employed in the office of the Master of the Rolls, and himself a learned historiographer.

—Mr. George Francis Train is laid up at Hamburg in Germany with chills and fever contracted while imprisoned in the Tombs. He has been confined to his bedroom there for weeks and his condition is represented as precarious.

—The old Walworth mansion in Saratoga has a deserted look, being occupied only by Mrs. Chancellor Walworth, the aged grandmother of Frank. She is eighty years old. Her hair is silvered, but she is still a fine-looking woman.

—Mr. A. T. Stewart is accompanied on his trip to Europe by his physician, Dr. Meroy, of Fifth avenue; but his journey is for recreation, rather than health. He will visit Paris, London, Switzerland, and Italy, and perhaps inspect the Vienna Exposition.

—At the funeral of Mrs. Utica V. Claflin Booker, a sister of Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull, in New York, there was no display, no crape, no indication of death about the house. The corpse was attired in a pink wrapper, with lace encircling the neck and wrists, and was quietly buried without any of the usual "hollow mockery attending display funerals."

Odds and Ends.

—The way to forget all common miseries—Wear tight boots.

—A ton of hay sells in Buffalo for twice as much as a ton of corn.

—Lots of New York school girls haunt the Tombs to get a sight of Stokes.

—Buttermilk is sold at restaurants in Chicago, Cincinnati, Detroit and other places.

—Judy judiciously distinguishes between the falsetto voice and a false-set-o'-teeth.

—A Chicago attorney, well "versed" in the law, has filed a bill for divorce in rhyme.

—The success of the balloon experiment, now on the carpet, will prove whether or not it is wise to cross the Atlantic.

—A Saratoga belle fainted away three times on learning that her little poodle dog had been run over and killed.

—A New York man has witnessed the death of three swans, and he says that none of them sang before they died.

—Hartford claims to have \$12,000,000 invested in manufacturing enterprises, besides upward of \$1,000,000 in banking and insurance.

—The Hartford insurance companies have contributed \$28,000 toward the \$100,000 for the detection and punishment of incendiaries.

—At last a milk-and-water man has been found and fined. His name was Holt, he lived in Boston, and \$200 was the penalty for swindling his customers.

—New Jersey people don't say "liar" right out, but remark: "Sir, you remind me of my lamented brother, who could pervert truth with the greatest of ease."

—It is believed that the compass of the City of Washington was affected by the steel on board. The power of steel compasses the destruction of too many things now-a-days.—*Graphic.*

—The market is very well supplied with berries. The new worm that comes with them this year is rather acid in flavor, and not altogether unpleasant.—*Danbury News.*

—A frontier correspondent who saw Captain Jack after his capture, writes that, in his opinion, the Modoc Chief's appearance would have been vastly improved if he had been washed before he was ironed.

—The *Enterprise*, a Minnesota paper, was sued for five thousand dollars damages, and the jury returned a verdict of seven cents. The plaintiff then tried to whip the defendant and was half killed.

Foreign Items.

—The wine served at the dinner of the Shah with the Prince of Wales dated back to 1000.

—England is beginning to be alarmed at the rate of emigration among her farmers. They prefer to crop out.

—It is stated that the Queen has given her consent to the marriage of Prince Alfred and the Grand Duchess Marie Alexandrovna.

—While the Shah was in England, by express command several noted prize-fighters appeared before him in Buckingham Palace and exhibited their skill. He was delighted and the Queen disgusted.

—A St. Petersburg letter says four

hundred and fifty German residents of Russia have left in a body for the United States, because the government declared them liable to enforcement in the military service.

—The Prince Imperial will go to Chislehurst the 15th of August to receive the Bonapartists. To make more evident his assumption of the position of head of the family, the Empress will go to Scotland to leave him alone. The Chislehurst circle is extremely active in distributing memorial photographs of the Emperor throughout France.

Lord Gordon Gordon.

Gordon Gordon is probably not a lord in fact. His resonant and reverberating name does not appear at all in the British book of heraldry. He encourages the designation of Milford; but when asked in the New York court who his father was, he replied, "Well, really, gentlemen, I never thought it worth while to inquire."

"Lord" Gordon came to Minnesota in 1870, direct from Scotland, where he was very much wanted; and his first move was to deposit \$30,000 with Mr. Westfall, banker, of this city. "Don't want any interest," he said, in answer to a question, "this is just a little pin money I happen to have with me, you know, and a few thousand in interest money is nothing to me, you know. I want a trusty friend; I like you, Mr. Westfall, and I want you to keep this trifle, really, you see, instead of carrying it around in my pockets. I shall send to London for some money soon—a million or so. Would show you credentials, you know, but men of honor," with a lofty wave of his hand, "do not descend to such things." So he came among us and deposited his pin money with Banker Westfall. Of course his lordly generosity was whispered about; how he didn't really make anything at all of being a lord, and how he refused to consider the bagatelle of interest money in a city where a loan of greenbacks brought one per cent. a month. Then he slyly laid his plans for a "haul."

Gordon bears a close resemblance to Sothra as *Dunderberg*—a small face; dark curly hair; no moustache; heavy "mutton chop" side whiskers; a small nose, *retrograde*; a man of medium size, who gives the impression of always commanding himself. In acquirements and power of execution he seems to be a sort of Count of Monte Christo—a good judge of men, and a supreme master of "contingencies." He has a wonderful range of languages, and also of language, from the lowest billingsgate to the most elegant and flowery flights, from indecency, obscenity, and profanity to the highest reaches of sentiment and philosophy. He has a sharply contradictory character in all respects. At times in business he is cool and far-sighted, striking right to the center of the mark, and again he is puerile as a school-boy; sometimes resolute and strong, and again weak and vacillating; sometimes serious, and again voluble. The only element of character in which he is consistent is his entire lack of positive conviction. He was generally polite and even courteous during his short life in Minnesota, but he seemed to have no more moral purpose than a faun or a Yucatan ape.

He had been in Minnesota only a few weeks when it was whispered around that he was planning a purchase on a grand scale of lands along the Northern Pacific road for a colony of poor Scotch immigrants. The land officers of the road interviewed him. "Yes," he said, "I do covet a few thousand acres of your beautiful lands; not for myself—I have more than enough for the remnant of my poor life; but for me beloved sister, for the gratification of her benevolence. She would like to present to some of my old tenants lands in your free republic where they may rear their families in peace and plenty; and to gratify my beautiful sister, I would like to buy a few thousand acres—not many thousand, you know—say—say—say, about fifty thousand acres or so—just a little for my poor people."

Then there was a buzz! The office of the Northern Pacific was agitated. Here was a Lord—a Lord—who spurned interest money—and he wanted a little bit of land—fifty thousand acres, for benevolent purposes! He would like to inspect it, of course, before purchasing. So they equipped a caravan and led him promptly forth. It was the last of August when the princely retinue started—from St. Paul to the Northern Pacific, under command of Col. Loomis, the devisor and commander of the excursion. Can the glories of that caravan be told? It was equipped for a Lord. There were half a dozen teams with a carriage for Milford, besides the omnibuses, ambulances, etc. There were twelve men to do the manual labor, with a French cook and darkey waiters in linen aprons and white silk gloves, and the royal table was unloaded from the baggage wagons at every meal, and set out with fresh napkins, silver plate and china—unhappily chinaware without the Gordon arms.

Ah, it was gorgeous! Every luxury that the markets of Chicago, St. Paul, and Minneapolis could produce was there; and all the game of the boundless prairie, from woodcock to buffalo. Champagne three times a day. For this creature was a Lord, you see—a Lord as lofty and unmindful of expense as Harold Skimpole. When the caravan had skirted Oak Lake, Milford wanted to see Ferris Falls, and when it had done Ferris Falls, he longed for Morehead, and when it had digested Morehead, he yearned to visit the glimpses of the moon beyond the Red River. So on, and on, the deluded Loomis pressed, ever rowelling the sable waiters, ever cajoling and reproaching the French cook, ever perspiring between anticipation and apprehension, and sending relays of messengers for more potted grouse, more cranberry jelly and more champagne. Meantime he studied the sphinx Milford, and concluded that he was a queer cross between the lofty and the lowly; he was half lord and half lackey; perhaps his father was an English Earl and his mother an Irish chambermaid. In November they came back, half frozen. Milford had selected his fifty thousand acres in Otter Tail and Beaver counties. The Northern Pacific Railroad Company footed the bills—\$15,000 for two months!

The absurd farce was at an end. Milford Gordon did not buy the land for his poor tenants, and he never again mentioned his benevolent sister to anybody!—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

Capture and Robbery of a Railway Train—A Villainous Affair.

We copy the following from the Davenport (Iowa) *Gazette* of July 23:

The wrecking of the C., R. I. & P. Railroad train near Adair, the murder of the engineer and the robbery of the safe, news of which was given the public in yesterday morning's *Gazette*, formed the principal topic of conversation everywhere in the city yesterday, and we doubt not, throughout the country. The arrival of the train which encountered the robbers was anxiously awaited. It was due at 7 a. m., but did not reach the Perry street depot until half-past three o'clock in the afternoon. It had box cars for baggage-cars, while the coaches were the ones which came so near being smashed in the wreck. One coach was devoted to forty Chinese youth, sons of Celestial lords; who were on their way to Springfield, Mass., of whom more in another place. A crowd at the depot awaited the train, every person on the great platform being anxious to see Express Messenger Burgess or to interview some passenger who saw the robbers. The fact was, there were but two gentlemen on the train who came in personal contact with the robbers, and they were Mr. O. F. Killingsworth and Mr. Matthew Claire, both of Omaha—the former being mail register clerk, and the latter agent of the C., R. I. & P., at Omaha, who were accompanying the Chinese to Chicago.

Mr. Killingsworth's account of the affair to our reporter was very interesting. To begin with, he said that the "express run" that night from Omaha was very light, owing to the fact that there had been a Saturday night and Sunday night run from Omaha on the C., R. I. & P.; else the amount in the safe would have been large. To be sure there were three tons of bullion—gold and silver bricks—on the floor of the car, stuff that was hardly portable except by dory. Well, the train left the Bluffs on time, and was making splendid time when the stoppage occurred. At that time the parties in the express car were Assistant Superintendent Royce, Albert Fleck, baggage master, and Messrs. Killingsworth, Burgess and Claire. The train had passed Anita, and was within three miles of Adair, when there was a sudden and slight slack of speed, and the report of fire-arms outside arrested their attention. Mr. K. says it sounded amid the rumbling of the train much like a package of fire-crackers. Bullets pattered about Mr. Royce, and one grazed the side of Fleck's head. In a moment more there was a violent concussion, the express car was lifted at one end, turned around, shoved forward, and then careened at an angle of forty-five degrees, and stopped its maneuvers. It did not fall completely upon its lower side. Of course packages went pounding to the lower side of the car, and the inmates were considerably knocked about and shaken up. They had hardly recovered their upright position when into the door on the lower side—the one on the upper being shut—sprang a man with a revolver in each hand, and a mask on his face; he was the leader of the robbers, as was ascertained afterwards. No sooner had he entered than he tore the mask from his face. He was above medium height, was well built, red-faced, sandy-haired, and had a vicious countenance. He was dressed like a laborer, wearing blue linen pants and coat of thin material. No sooner had he entered the car than two other fellows in masks appeared at the door with a revolver in each hand, which they leveled at the heads of the inmates. The scoundrel in the car did all the talking, and he commenced as soon as he was in—shouting at the top of his voice, "Give us those keys," (an oath) "give us those keys or I'll blow your brains out! Give us the money" (another oath). "Where's them safe keys—quick" (another oath), or some of you'll get killed!" At the same time he pointed his pistol close to the heads of the astonished listeners. "Where's the bullion—give us the bullion." Then he shouted to his men: "Rush in and help! Come on!—rush in and help!"

Some one told Burgess to give the scoundrel the safe key, and he did so. The fellow unlocked the safe, the men at the door telling the inmates that if they stirred they would shoot their heads off. The chief robber seized a satchel belonging to Burgess and crammed the safe packages into it, and as he did so he said, "Here isn't half as much as we want—where's that bullion, give us that bullion!" By this time he was on his feet. Mr. Killingsworth pointed to the bullion on the floor, saying "There it is under your feet!" The robber replied, "We don't want them things—give us the bullion" (an oath) "or we'll blow your brains out!" Then he appeared to forget all about the bullion, and asked if there was any money in the mail-bags. "No, not a cent," replied the agent. Then the fellow put the revolver close to Mr. K.'s head, as he had before to Mr. Burgess', and said, "Hand out your knife" (an oath) "quick." Mr. K. surrendered his knife. Then the robber picked up a mail sack; "That's for Chicago, is it?" "Yes." "Is there any money in it?" "No." He dropped that sack, picked up another one, threw it down and asked, "Where's the other safe—haven't got half enough money yet—where's the other safe?" Burgess replied there was no other safe. The man was an ignoramus—at least about bullion. He supposed it was coin and that there were bags full of gold in the safe. He didn't believe that the gold bars and silver bricks on the floor of the car were anything better than lead.

At last the bold villain thought it time for him to leave. So he picked up Mr. K.'s satchel, containing register books, a package of letters, and a few private articles, and bade the whole five to get out before him, at the same time pointing his revolver at two of them and telling the men at the door to keep sharp watch. Out the five gentlemen walked, and then for the first time got a view of the wreck. The chief directed them around the place where the engine lay, at the same time expressing the hope that nobody was killed—they didn't want to kill anybody, all they wanted was money! He asked if anybody was killed—and just then Burgess saw the engineer sitting between the engine and tender, both on their sides. He went up to him, found that he was dead, and told Mr. Royce so. The head robber expressed sorrow, and really spoke as if he meant it, and repeated his remark that they didn't intend to hurt anybody.

Then all the robbers went off toward their horses, which were hitched about a hundred yards south of the track, and, mounting them, rode away toward the southwest. They did not run to their horses, but walked in a deliberate manner, and went across the country just as deliberately.

The above includes all the main features of Mr. K.'s statement. He said the "whole thing did not last more than five minutes," and in fact, no person had time to recover from his astonishment before the robbers were gone. It seemed incredible to him that so much should have been said and done in so short a time.

After Superintendent Royce and the rest had been released from surveillance, they had opportunity to view the situation. The robbers had chosen a good place for their deed—and this and the way in which they ditched the engine, were the only evidence of smartness they gave. The locality was one of the most lonely on the whole line, and the place of operation was in a cut with the banks fifteen feet high on either side, and was at the rounding of a curve, too. The way they managed to throw the engine was to unsnip a rail, and remove a flange at one end, and when the engine was within a few yards of the place the rail was pulled towards the other side of the track—and thus the engine would fall from, instead of toward the scoundrels, who held the rope and were concealed among the weeds in a ditch. The engineer had slackened speed a little on the curve, but was still going at the rate of nearly twenty miles an hour. The engine and tender turned over into the ditch, the front baggage car turned nearly across the track with one end up the embankment, while the express car went crashing against the baggage car, and then veered for the embankment, left the track and turned on one side, as described above. The passenger coaches did not leave the track; the forward trucks of the advance coach went off, and that was all.

Now we come to the other doings of the robbers—we mean the pranks of the chaps in regard to the train generally. The passengers—there were three coaches of them—heard the firing and shouts of the robbers and then, with the noise of the crash in front, were all brought standing, and thrown about generally by the smash-up ahead. The Chinese all lay down flat on the floor, and were in that position when Mr. Claire went to them. Some of the passengers, after the train stopped, put their heads out of the windows, and the scoundrels on the sides of the cut fired down and told them to stay in or they'd shoot. Several stepped out upon the platforms and were told to get back. Not liking the looks of the robbers leveled at them, they obeyed. A few got off at the rear, and started to run away, but the robbers called to them to come back, saying, "We don't want to hurt you," and the passengers returned and were told to get into the car quick, which they did.

There was one plucky old gent, who got off the rear platform of his car and started toward the engine; a robber told him to go back; he told the robber to go to regions below, called him a damnable scoundrel, and cried to the passengers to "come out and go for the villains, and not let them rob the whole train." But nobody was infected by the old man's heroic conduct, and he stood and vented his indignation at the villain on the bank.

The firing was almost constant from its opening until the leader gave the call to put for the horses. The fellows on the banks kept firing down the embankment, without taking aim at anything. The passengers told Mr. Killingsworth that one chap was drunk, and fired "with wabbling arms," as they expressed it. No bullet holes were found in the coaches, nor their windows.

After the smash-up, and the robbers had gone, there was a general out-pouring of passengers. Some of the ladies, who had been frantic with terror, came out pale as ghosts and still trembling—and several of them wept like children when they heard of the death of the engineer and the manner in which he stood at his post.

Gold watches seemed to be no object to the robber chief. There were four of them in the express car, with costly chains attached, on the persons of the inmates, but he took no notice of them. "Bullion" was what he wanted.

The pursuit of the robbers was carried out yesterday according to the plans telegraphed by Superintendent Kimball on Monday night. It is probable that not less than five hundred men, a large number being mounted, were on the hunt for the scoundrels, yesterday. Up to a late hour last night no intelligence of the capture of any of them had been received.

The Women of the South.

Upon a recent occasion in Washington, Judge Embury, in introducing a lady from Mississippi to an audience of ladies and gentlemen, paid the following handsome tribute to the women of the South. He said:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: Twenty years ago all the Southern States were represented at this Capital by many of the loveliest and most accomplished ladies of America. They were indeed the queens of American society in the highest intellectual culture, and in more than princely bearing or oriental beauty. But war, with the devastations that follows in its train, has, for more than a decade, swept with relentless fury over all the fair and fruitful fields of the South. It has desolated countless homes, curbed many noble ambitions, crushed many bright hopes and anticipations, reduced to poverty and want thousands reared in affluence and wealth, and has hung the symbols of mourning throughout all that sunny land. This will not last always. Such a land, with such a soil and climate, and, above all, such a race of people were not destined by God and nature to utter ruin. The South will rise again. Her stricken and wasted fields will ripen again with their golden harvests, and her gardens will send the fragrance of their flowers over all the land. She will rise from her sorrow and humiliation, from her poverty and her ashes, because her very ashes will enrich her."

—A Buenos Ayres correspondent narrates the particulars of the discovery, in a province of the Argentine Republic, of a wonderful gold mine, said to be the richest in the world. One-half of the site of the mine has been sold, according to the narrator, for \$100,000,000.