

THE WHITECHAPEL MURDER.

Particulars of Jack the Ripper's Latest Crime.

A Last (Wednesday) night's London cable says: The body of the latest Whitechapel victim was taken to the mortuary. The examination developed an unusual feature—Jack has done his work with a dull knife. Heretofore the slashes were clean. Alice Mackenzie's body bore marks of Jack's terrible methods, but there was no execution. The clothes were drawn over the head after the knife had been driven into the neck. A cut of four inches long, running towards the groin, had not served the abdominal wall. On both sides of this cut and along the lateral line below the breast bone there were twenty scratches, which would have been slashes had a keen knife been used. Every scratch was an attempt to rip the woman up. She was evidently taken unawares, as she was strongly built, and weighed 140 pounds. She could not have uttered a cry without being heard by the police. Jack adopted his old plan, except that in this case his right hand was placed over his victim's mouth, and the left hand drove the knife into the neck, instead of vice versa.

The murder threw Whitechapel into a condition of fearful excitement. Castle alley was crowded all day. People from all quarters flocked to the scene, and stories of the crime were on every tongue. At 10 o'clock the woman was identified. John McCormack, a porter, said he lived with the woman for six years. She was 40 years of age. She was born at Peterborough, and her family lived there until a month ago, when they moved into furnished rooms in Whitechapel. The victim did charring work. She never got a living on the streets. Sometimes she drank too much. She left the house at 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon. They had had a tiff. He gave her a shilling and advised her not to spend it in drink. He was told that she returned to the house at 10 o'clock last night and took a blind boy, George Dixon, for a walk. McCormack knew no more. The woman and the boy went to the Cambridge Music Hall. There they met a man and she asked him to treat. She then went home to the lodging house, and left after saying she was going to meet a man at the Cambridge Hall. Whether or not she met him is not known, for the blind boy had no means to identify him except by his voice.

Nothing could more clearly indicate the cunning of the murderer than the selection of the locality. The alley is 100 yards long, dark, and encumbered by a mass of wagons and barrows, which formerly were stored in a yard in which excavations were going on a few feet above. At the bottom of the alley, is a network of streets, courts and alleys. Castle alley has no residents likely to go through it at night, the baths being the only tenanted house in the upper part of it. The others on the left side are small factories and workshops. On the right side is a high board fence, shutting off the back yards. A row of small houses, facing on New Castle street, runs parallel with Castle alley and just below the scene of the murder they are connected by a narrow court. If he approached, therefore, from the Whitechapel road the murderer could escape down Castle alley into Old Castle street, through this to Wentworth street, and thence to Commercial street or the lane. If he approached from Old Castle street, he could escape through Castle alley court into Whitechapel road. This way he did escape. If he came in on both sides he could still escape through the connecting court to New street and thence to Whitechapel road or Wentworth street as he chose. There was further cunning and evidence of intimate knowledge of the locality in the fact that he was just on the boundary line of two police districts. Whitechapel road is patrolled by constables from Laman street station, and no street constable comes from the road down the alley, because that is in the district belonging to another division. He must have known that an officer could come toward him only from the bottom of the alley, and his intimate knowledge of the locality and police rules made his escape as easy as ever, when it is remembered that in all the eight murders committed he has never once been seen by anybody. The fear of him in Whitechapel can be understood, and the superstition in some of the stunts that he is invisible does not seem surprising.

divided. At Dr. Phillips' request, he was permitted to defer testifying further pending the investigations of the police.

THE NEXT POPE.

Bishop Keen's Views on the Papal Succession—No Chance for an American. A Nashville despatch says: The American publishes an interview with Bishop Keen, rector of the Catholic University at Washington, who is here in attendance on the National Education Association. Speaking of the health of the Pope, Bishop Keen said: So far as the health of Leo XIII. is concerned there is little likelihood of his dying very soon. I saw him the day before I left Rome, March 19th, and he was then the picture of health, stout, robust and active. It is true he is a very old man, 92 years old, but he does not stand alone as the only man of advanced age performing the active duties of a high and responsible position. Bismarck, Gladstone, Manning as well as Leo XIII. are far advanced in life, and yet these men are moving the world. Cardinal Newman is 92 years old, and he has only just retired from the active performance of his duties. When Leo XIII. became the chief bishop of the Church, some 12 years ago, he himself regarded his health so poor that he said it was useless to make him Pope, for he had scarcely six months to live. His health now, however, is very good, and I assure you he has no notion of dying to please anyone. In the event of the death of the Pope where will his successor probably come from? I should say Italy beyond a doubt. Then all this talk about an American Cardinal succeeding is without any foundation at all? Entirely so. There are many reasons why an American will not be elevated to the Papacy. To begin with, an American, no matter how learned he may be, how well posted on European affairs, is thoroughly unfitted to fill the Papal See. The Pope must be thorough cosmopolitan. He must be au fait with European affairs, conversant with the political and spiritual conditions of France, Germany and Spain, in fact the whole world. No American can grasp the situation in all its details. His educational surroundings and life are totally different from that of the man who is fitted to fill the Papacy. Europe is becoming Americanized, the people are gradually taking up our theories and systems of life and government, but it will be a hundred years before the conditions are such that it would be possible for an American Cardinal to become the head of the Catholic Church.

A GREAT CLOUD BURST.

Sweeps Away Many Lives and Destroys Much Property. A last (Friday) night's Parkersburg, W. Va., despatch says: The greatest disaster which ever befell Little Kanawha valley came last night in the shape of a cloud burst, which has completely flooded the county, destroying many lives, carrying off thousands of dollars' worth of property and ruining crops for many miles. Mrs. Isaac H. Tucker, Martin Lewis and an unknown man were drowned in the lower part. Above the destruction is still greater. At Chesterville, a small town about ten miles above, half the residences were carried off bodily and left in the cornfields. Big Tygart valley is completely ruined. In Clay district a fine church and three dwellings were wrecked. The steamer Onaida is reported wrecked and sunk at Enterprise, and the steamer C. C. Martin is sunk at Burning Springs. Little Tygart valley is also reported ruined, but no lives are reported lost there as yet. The worst story of all comes from Morristown, a small village near the head of Tucker Creek, where the cloud burst concentrated all its fury. It struck the village about midnight and completely destroyed it, with many people. The first report gave the loss of life eleven, but later news seems to increase it. The houses are said to have been picked up and hurled against each other in such a short space of time that no chance to escape was given. It is impossible now to estimate the loss even in this city, as the river is still rising and tearing everything loose. A family boat containing three or four persons went out during the night and it is believed the occupants were drowned. A freight train went through a trestle which was washed out at Harris' ferry, wrecking the train and killing a man. It is reported that Look No. 1, above the city, on the Little Kanawha, has given way before the flood.

A Fatal Runaway Accident.

An Adrian, Mich., despatch of Thursday says: A heartrending accident occurred yesterday. While Mrs. Robert Moreland and Miss Louise Stephenson were being driven through the city in a landau, the horse became frightened and ran, and fearing it would not be controlled by the driver, Miss Stephenson jumped from the carriage and fell, striking her head upon a stone. Her head was bruised and death ensued in a few moments. She is the eldest daughter of Dr. Robert Stephenson, and a young lady universally esteemed for her high character. Her father was at the lake at the time, but Dr. A. B. Stephenson, her brother, was present at her death. The city is in mourning over the sad event. Mrs. Moreland was not injured and the driver soon had the horse under control.

Married His First Wife Again.

A New York despatch says: Charles J. Turner, superintendent of the Cleveland Iron Works, Cleveland, O., ten years ago was divorced from his wife, whom he had married 20 years before in Danbury, Ct. His wife secured the divorce, and Mr. Turner married the woman who had won his affections from his wife. Two weeks ago last Saturday he was remarried to his first wife. For ten years Mrs. Turner heard nothing from her divorced husband. A month or so ago she received a newspaper containing a marked death notice. This was followed by a letter from Mr. Turner. The letter was answered and the marriage the other night was the sequel.

"Several first-class death notices were crowded out this week to make room for the circus ad," says a Missouri paper of late date, "but they can be confidently relied on after the rank has passed."

HAD A SENSITIVE NATURE.

Morgan Graves Killed Himself Because He Was Charged With Stealing a Small Sum—The Pathetic Notes He Left Behind.

A Chicago despatch says: Out in the hears-house of the undertaker's establishment at 628 North Wells street, on the cooling-board, lay the body of Morgan Graham Graves. He was only 28 years old when he shot himself. It is one of those tragedies which bubble to the surface of the river of life in Chicago. The bubble burst and the coroner's inquest this morning was the vanishing circle which told that it had been. Graves was his mother's support, his father having left the family. He was slightly deformed with that protruding chest known as a pigeon-breast. He worked for James Wilde & Co. Last Saturday, he told his mother when he came home so early yesterday afternoon, he had sent out a boy to collect \$6.50 on a suit of clothes. Graves forgot to ask the boy for the money when the lad returned, and when Graves thought of it yesterday morning the messenger declared that the money had been paid to Graves. Mr. Reed, the manager, concluded, after hearing both sides, that the boy's story was true. Graves left the store, went home, told his mother about it, and said he was going out into the park for a walk. Then he wrote a letter to his mother and sent it to her by a neighbor. It is written in clerical script and is pathetic in its simplicity. Here it is:

July 15, 1888.—Dearest mother, I have telegraphed Mark and Edith, so you will not have the trouble. I am now going to take my life, I am in such trouble. You know I said to you longer. I could not let you know of it, for it would break your heart. I did not send you any word, for he doesn't care for me or else he would never have left me this great burden. So forgive me for this awful sin I have committed. Good-bye forever. Your son MORGAN GRAHAM GRAVES.

Then the suicide wrote another note to his friend Eddie Schupp. This he left in his coat pocket:

Dearest friend, I read you, you will no doubt be much surprised to hear that your best friend has left you. I am sorry, but can't help it. I am in such trouble. You know I said to you the other night that Mr. Reed had blamed Mr. Springer and I with taking the small amount of cash. I can't stand this charge, so will not try any longer. My last promise is that I am innocent of the last charge. I want you to always encourage my mother. God knows that I love her dearly, and she did me, too. I am so nervous now. You must remind me to tell my many friends, so good-bye to all. I cannot be with you again, so good-bye.

Then he started off to the park. Meantime his mother had sent word to the captain of the park police, and he in turn warned all the men to take a sharp lookout. Officer Wickert saw Graves near the main entrance and started toward him. Graves fired one shot in the air and then bending his head shot again, the ball gashing the flesh and entering the skull right in the middle of the forehead just above the root of the nose. He toppled forward and when the officer reached him he was dying. In four minutes he was no longer Morgan Graves, but a thing which must be put away out of the sight of man. Graves had pinned his card, on which he had written his address, on the lapel of his coat. In his pockets were 45 cents in money, a pocket-book and a bunch of keys.

The coroner's list of deaths that Graves had shot himself while despondent. To-day a steamer of copper floated from the bell-handle of 751 North Wells street and a mother sat in darkness and mourned.

THAT MISERABLE WAR.

Hippolyte and Legitime Driving the People Desirous.—A Lively Time Expected.

A letter to the New York Times dated Port Au Prince, July 17, says the city is in a state bordering on frenzy. Hippolyte has assaulted the outer works. Legitime is impressing into the ranks every man capable of carrying a rifle. The people have been delirious with excitement, the Minister of War has executed some of the prisoners with his own hands. Hippolyte is burning farm houses and villages in sight of the city. All foreigners have been treated with extermination, but the United States naval force on hand are prepared to take the city if necessary. The Kearsarge and Ossepie are here. The British cruiser Forward has come in under a full head of steam. She left Jamaica on six hours' notice. The Spanish cruisers Comba and Sanchez have arrived. They report a French man-of-war on the way. The combined forces of the foreign warships are prepared to effect a landing at a moment's notice. A system of signals has been established with the American Consul, and the moment the danger flag is exhibited picked infantry companies from the Kearsarge and Ossepie will jump for the boats. The captain of one of the British cruisers declares if one Englishman is touched he will open every gun in his batteries. Hippolyte is reported to number 10,000 men. It is a question of but a few days before the end is at hand. Port Au Prince knows it, and men, women and children are prepared to die with Legitime. The feeling against foreigners is one of bitter hatred, and it needs but a spark to turn the whole native population into a frenzied mob.

Suffocated by Sewer Gas.

A Lincoln, Neb., despatch of Wednesday says: This afternoon a watch was dropped into a cesspool here and several men endeavored to recover it. They dug a large hole at the side of the pool. This hole was filled with water by the rain. One man stood on a ladder above the water and made an opening into the cesspool. The foul air and gas rushed out and overcame him, and he fell into the water. A friend went to give aid and was likewise overcome. Others came to help, and one by one seven men fell into the water, which by this time was full of muck and slime from the vault. Three were rescued by the men who afterwards perished in attempting to save the others.

Dr. R. A. Gunn, M. D., Dean and Professor of Surgery of the United States Medical College, editor of Medical Tribune, author of "Gunn's New Improved Handbook of Hygiene and Domestic Medicine," in speaking of advanced kidney disease, and the effect of the use of Warner's Safe Cure, says: "I find that in Bright's Disease it seems to act as a solvent of albumen; to soothe and heal inflamed membranes, and wash out epithelial debris, which blocks up the tubuli uriniferi (urine-bearing tubes), and to prevent the destructive metamorphosis of tissue."

A NEW MESSIAH DOWN SOUTH.

A Man who has Turned the Negroes Wild with a Promise to Turn Them White.

A Savannah, Ga., despatch says: Liberty county is greatly excited over the proceedings of a man calling himself Dupont Bell, who claims to be the New Messiah. He hails from Circleville, O. He is tall and sallow, with long black hair. He has succeeded in working the negroes of that section up to such a point that the white people are afraid of serious trouble. "This man Bell," Senator Bradwell said to-day, "appeared suddenly in Liberty county six weeks ago. He proclaimed himself to be the Son of God, and the negroes at once went mad over him. They deserted their fields to follow him and listen to his rantings, and now things are so bad that it is impossible to get hands on the plantations near Riceborough, and some of the crops are being ruined. The negroes kneel before him and struggle with each other for the privilege of kissing his feet. He has told them that the judgment day will be here August 16th. He says that the white people have enjoyed their paradise on earth for the last eighteen centuries, and now it will be the black man's turn. On the 16th of August he will be here every white man will be turned black and every black man will become white."

"This prospect cannot be cheering to Bell, whose skin is white. He says his body was born thirty years ago in Ohio, but his soul has lived since the world began. On the 38th of June he was arrested on a charge of vagrancy, but it was impossible to hold him on such a charge, as he had a quantity of money in his possession. I think a good application of the whip would be the best thing for him, but the negroes far outnumber the whites, and there would be a fearful and bloody riot if anything were done to him. His schemes for raising money are varied and peculiar. The last effort of his genius was to declare that he had sent to his august Father for a consignment of wings which the negroes will need on and after the 16th of August. There was a corner on wings when his requisition reached heaven, and the Almighty was only able to send him 360 pairs. These, he claimed, would be delivered on the Judgment Day, and in the meantime he would sell them at \$5 a pair. Every pair has been bought and paid for, and now the lucky ones are practicing the flying motions. He thinks his Father may be able to send him a few more pairs before the great day."

"There is a scheme on foot to get Bell away from his followers, arrest him quietly and have him sent on the fast train to Savannah to be locked up. That is, as far as I can see, the only way to get rid of the man. He may cause serious trouble any day."

THE MISSING AIR SHIP.

Hogan May be Safe Yet, but His Chances are Poor.

A New York despatch says: Prof. Hogan, the missing aeronaut, may be alive after all. The pilot boat Robert Carl sighted the air ship yesterday at 2 p.m. out at sea, floating a short distance above the water. The Carl was about a mile distant from the air ship. The pilots intended to pick up the balloon and stood toward the air ship. Just as they were going to launch their yawl the man in the balloon threw ballast overboard, waved a white flag, as if to say he was all right, and ascended, again very quickly. The balloon remained in sight about an hour and was sailing well. Two schooners within signalling distance were sailing east in the same direction as the air ship. When at 5:30 o'clock Capt. Phelan, of the pilot boat Caprice, saw the air ship dragging in the water there was no man in it. There were two large schooners in sight and it is thought Hogan may have been picked up by one of them.

Prof. Edward D. Hogan, the aeronaut supposed to have been lost near New York, was born at Mooretown, Ont., a few miles below Sarnia. He was 37 years of age. Hogan was a man without fear and made more successful balloon ascensions than any living man. He made his first trip to the clouds in 1866, and since that time has devoted his whole life to the profession and has taken over 600 upward journeys. He was among the first to dispense with the basket and ascend to the heavens upon a frail trapeze bar. Two years ago he began jumping from his balloon with a closed parachute.

The Gladstone Golden Wedding.

Arrangements are now complete for the reception of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone in the National Liberal Club on the evening of the 26th inst., in celebration of the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone. The members of Mr. Gladstone's late administration and representatives of Liberalism from all parts of the country will be present. Mr. Marcus Stone, R. A., has designed the allegorical figure of "Freedom" prefacing the commemorative album which is to be presented to Mr. Gladstone. The presentation address is a short one, the work of Mr. Wemyss Reid, and is an eloquent tribute to Mr. Gladstone's great personal gifts. The body of the album consists of five pages, three of which are decorative in character and support the intermingled address. Of these, one, designed by Mr. Lewis F. Day, refers to the domestic life and political career generally of Mr. Gladstone; another, Mr. Henry Holiday's design, refers to Mr. Gladstone as a scholar and statesman, his debt to Greece and Italy, and their indebtedness to him in return. On the third page, Mr. Walter Crane refers more particularly to Mr. Gladstone's later career, and to Home Rule in particular. A page of water-color drawings by Alfred Parsons, R. I., represents country life at Hawarden, whilst J. MacWhirter, A. R. A., and Arthur Severn, R. I., portray Edinburgh and London respectively.

Babies in California.

"At one time a woman could hardly walk through the streets of San Francisco without having every one pause to gaze on her, and a child was so rare that once in a blue moon in the same city where a woman had taken her infant, when it began to cry, just as the orchestra began to play, a man in the pit cried out, 'Stop those fiddles and let the baby cry. I haven't heard such a sound for ten years.' The audience applauded this sentiment, the orchestra stopped and the baby continued its performance amid unbounded enthusiasm."

NORTHWEST NOTES.

The Northern Pacific & Manitoba Boats branch will be open for business on the 1st of August.

Two brothers named Western made a serious assault upon Geo. W. Robinson at Portage la Prairie. The Westerns rented rooms from Robinson and the quarrel resulted over the rent.

The contract for the new Leanedowne College at Portage la Prairie has been let and permanent officers chosen.

Angus McNaughton, Calgary, livery stable keeper, was seriously injured by a horse falling on him, pinning him to the ground for several minutes.

A young French-Canadian, nephew of a Mr. Licoste, was drowned to-day at Rat River. The name of the deceased is unknown.

Blood Indians recently interfered with Mounted Police officers in seeking the arrest of Cold Robe and Prairie Chicken, two of their number, for horse-stealing. Early next morning several Indians arrived at the barracks and reported that the police were intoxicated and drew their arms, and to prevent their firing they interfered. Supp. Steel then sent out Inspector Wood to investigate and bring in the Indians. He found that there was not a particle of truth in the charge of intoxication; that their men had not drawn their arms, notwithstanding provocation. After waiting a considerable time Red Crow handed over Prairie Chicken and Cold Robe to Inspector Wood, together with four others who had obstructed the police. Prairie Chicken received a lecture for running away and was released. Cold Robe was held on a charge of levelling a rifle at Constable Sincroant. He had his preliminary examination and was committed for trial. Superintendent Steel and Inspector Wood held a preliminary investigation on the four Indians who had obstructed the police, and they are to stand their trial. Indian Agent Pocklington and Red Crow went security for their appearance.

The Pope has sent his Apostolic benediction to the Catholic Council at St. Boniface.

In the notice published in regard to the sale of the anthracite coal mining property, only the names of the American stockholders who had received direct benefit from the sale are given. In addition to these a number of Canadians were heavy stockholders, and will receive equal benefit from the magnificent sale of the property for \$1,500,000. Among the Canadians interested are Mr. McLeod Stewart, Major Jack Stewart, Mr. Sanford Fleming, Mr. James O'Connor, of the Queen's, and Mr. W. B. Searth, M. P. Mr. O'Connor will receive between \$50,000 and \$60,000 for his share, as he was a pretty heavy holder of stocks, as will also the others named. The old company was stocked for half a million, so that the stock sells for three times its face value. It is understood that Sir Charles Tupper assisted Mr. Stewart in England in making the sale.

A young man named Piter was drowned in Red River, near St. Pio yesterday. He was swimming, and challenging his companions as to who could swim across the river the greatest number of times, at last became thoroughly exhausted and was drowned.

The Board of Trade have passed a resolution calling upon the Council not to proceed with the proposed by-law for the city undertaking the water-power scheme, the belief being that it should be done by a company.

An Englishman, calling himself Dr. Lucas put up at one of the city hotels for a few weeks, but has not been seen since the 9th of the present month. All his effects were left in his room, including a bottle of laudanum. It is believed he has committed suicide.

The sensation of the day at St. Boniface is a land sink which occurred in that village the night before last. The slide is the largest any old resident has ever seen. It occurred immediately opposite St. Boniface Convent and takes in a stretch of the river bank about two hundred long and twenty-five feet wide. It took away about half the roadway in front of the convent hall. The land does not appear to have slipped into the river; it seems just to have dropped straight down into the bowels of the earth. The ground from which the fallen portion was severed presents a perpendicular wall, fifteen feet high, which looks as if the land had been sliced off with a knife. The phenomenon drew hundreds of curious people to examine the locality and speculate upon the cause.

James and Wm. Western, for assaulting Geo. W. Robinson, at Portage la Prairie, were heavily fined.

A young Englishman named Fred. Blair, as Morden, has been adjudged insane and taken to Seikirk.

There is a movement on foot among the friends, political and personal, of the late Hon. John Norquay to erect a monument over his grave.

The contract for the grading of the Winnipeg Transfer Railway along the banks of the Red River has been awarded to J. W. Buchan.

Intelligence has been received here that Rev. A. B. Winchester, who left Winnipeg for mission work in China some months ago, is returning broken in health.

No application has yet been made for a writ of habeas corpus in the Burke case, and only a week remains in which it can be made. The difficulty of the way seems to be that Burke's lawyers have not yet been supplied with money.

Locating engineers are preparing to go out over the Regina & Long Lake Railway. The company have an agent here who will ship an outfit to Regina next week for the engineers. A grain dealer who has been over a large part of the Province says the harvest will be two weeks earlier than it has been for years. He estimates that by August 10th wheat cutting will be going on all over the Province. He also says there is very little to complain of in the crops in the Red River district. A young Presbyterian minister has been driven from the town of Le Claire, Ia., because he declared in a sermon that there was not a virtuous woman between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five in the place. Robert Remonding has presented the Shakspeare of Pavia with a gorgeously bound set of his works.