

## LATEST NEWS SUMMARY.

### Arraignment of Louis Riel for Trial.

Regina, N. W. T., Special.—The trial of Louis Riel for high treason opened on the 20th. The prisoner was brought from the mounted police barracks at 10:30 in a wagon under a strong escort of police. Walking to the court, the prisoner strode along with a swagger, carrying a fifteen-pound ball under his left arm. He looked proud and defiant, and demanded of the guard if he could not see his counsel before the trial began. At the court house a cell has been fitted up in the cellar for his accommodation. Gen. Middleton and staff occupied seats to the left of the bench. Col. Richardson, stipendiary magistrate, who is the judge, announced that Henry Lejeune would be his associate. Riel, in charge of mounted police, entered the court room with a firm step, but his face denoted the agitation he attempted to conceal. He was about to take a seat in the box when the judge addressed him, asking if he had read the indictment against him and the jury panel. He replied in a firm bass voice: "I have, your honor." By direction of the court the clerk then read the indictment charging him with making war against the constitution of the realm. "Do you plead guilty or not guilty to the indictment?" asked the clerk. Before Riel could reply Lemieux, on behalf of the prisoner, filed an appeal to the jurisdiction of the court, which set forth that a stipendiary magistrate, under the provision of the Northwest Territories act, ought not to take cognizance of the offense charged in the indictment because the prisoner protests innocence, and as the offenses charged are punishable with death, he should be sent to some other court in the dominion where such offenses are taken cognizance of, as a stipendiary magistrate to the territories had no power to act.

After brief argument by counsel for Riel, the demurrer was overruled. Riel being again asked to plead, said, after some hesitation: "I have the honor to answer to the court that I am not guilty." Being asked if he was ready for his trial, counsel requested adjournment, to prepare affidavits setting forth the importance of having certain witnesses for the defense.

During the proceedings Riel maintained a quiet air, watched the proceedings closely, and frequently prompted his lawyers on points. He says God is on his side, and he has no fear as to the issue.

### Washington News.

C. A. Lousbery is appointed postmaster at Bismarck, and P. H. Cutlibert at Helena.

The work of constructing the great Roman Catholic university at Washington will not be started until next spring. Plans will be decided on at the meeting of the prelates, on Nov. 11.

Sheridan has organized an Indian police force, composed of 100 young Cheyennes. It is said the general in his report will attribute the dissatisfaction among the Indians chiefly to the cattle leases.

Postmaster General Vilas says that he had no intention of reconsidering his decision against distributing the \$400,000 appropriated by congress for the transportation of mail in American steamships.

After a cabinet consultation, and in accordance with the advice of Gen. Sheridan, the secretary of the interior has decided to turn over to the war department the complete control of the Cheyenne and Arapahoe reservation in the Indian territory.

The president appointed the following: William H. Moffatt, of New Jersey, consul at Athens; John Evelyn of Michigan, consul at Windsor, Ont.; John C. Rich, lieutenant commander, United States navy; O. E. Lasher and H. S. Waring, lieutenants, and C. C. Rogers, lieutenant junior grade.

The following appointments have been made: Thomas J. Beckman of Louisiana and Emmet S. Sells of Alabama, special agents of the land office; H. O. Billings of Alton, Ill., chief of the pre-emption division of the land office; to succeed Henry H. Jones, removed; John M. Murray of Brockville, Pa., chief of the lands and railroad division of the secretary's office; to succeed Zebulon B. Stangis of Indiana, removed.

The president appointed the following presidential postmasters—the incumbents will be suspended:—Joseph N. Bogert at Wheelersburg, Pa.; vice A. S. Orr; Miles J. Finlin at Streeton, Ill.; vice E. M. Ryan; Charles E. Gallagher at Salamanca, N. Y.; vice B. B. Weber; John L. Hardley at Fairfield, Ill.; vice F. W. Scott; Barclay Radabaugh at Urbana, Ill.; vice P. M. Wright; Clinton Rosette at Dekalb, Ill.; vice A. S. Jackson; George P. Sanford at Lansing, Mich.; vice T. D. Bingham.

The president has appointed the following presidential postmasters:—Charles H. Kavanagh, at Watford, N. Y.; vice Joseph Harriman, commission expired; Charles J. Walden, at Fayette, Mo.; vice M. S. Lake, resigned; William B. Gillespie, at Traer, Iowa; vice John W. Hart, resigned; S. N. McCloud, at Maysville, Ohio; vice D. Webb, resigned; Albert N. Flinn, at Nashua, N. H.; vice M. S. Buxton, suspended; S. N. Hornecke, at Detroit City, Minn.; vice C. W. Dix, suspended; David W. Gwynn, at Tallapoosa, Ala.; vice William G. Stewart, suspended; John P. Newell, at Danville, Ill.; vice William R. Jewell, suspended; James W. Tamer, at Evansville, Ind.; vice H. S. Bennett, suspended; Samuel Berry, at Winchester, Ill.; vice M. B. Brown, suspended; John T. Smith, at Escanaba, Ill.; vice S. D. Atkins, suspended; William M. Van Antwerp, at Jackson, Mich.; vice W. L. Seaton, suspended; Homer Luce, at Higginsville, Mo.; vice J. W. Endley, suspended; Henry T. Fellers, at Bloomington, Ind.; vice J. G. McPheters, suspended.

### Record of Casualties.

Six persons were drowned in the Walnut river, seven miles below Douglas, Kansas. Anson Carman and wife and Mrs. Jay Carman, their son's wife, drove into the stream, which had risen during the night from recent rains, and were swept down and out of sight of the second wagon, which came down to the ford a few minutes later. In the second wagon were Mr. and Mrs. Kontes and Mr. and Mrs. Jay Carman. They drove into the stream and were swept down also.

### Crimes and Criminals.

Assistant postmaster at Portsmouth, Ohio absconds with \$2,000.

The Emma Mine scandal is revived in the United States circuit court at Chicago, Ill.

Charles Damarin, son and chief deputy of postmaster Damarin, of Portsmouth, O., has absconded with \$2,700 of government funds.

Capt. Daniel P. Ward, who was arrested for swindling several business firms in New

York during the past year, pleaded guilty, and was sent to state's prison for three years.

At Bedford, Iowa, Ida Kimball, a beautiful child, aged fifteen, daughter of a leading business man, shot and killed W. T. Giles, a prominent music dealer. She claims Giles seduced her.

Edward Motz was shot and killed by William Battersly in Philadelphia. Battersly had about \$400 in his stable to pay off his employees. Motz attacked him and tried to steal the money and in the struggle the robber was shot.

At Cedar Rapids, Neb., Mr. Campbell, a well-known citizen, committed suicide by shooting himself with a rifle. He leaves no family. He was a Pres. Mason, and for some time had been laboring under the hallucination that the Masons were after him to kill him.

### Foreign News.

Lieut. Col. Williams is buried at Port Hope, Ont.

The Riel trial is adjourned for a week on account of the absence of witnesses for the defense.

The Lauderdale peerage case has been decided by the house of lords in favor of Maj. Maitland.

The estimate for the sugar crop in the Hawaiian islands this year is 80,000 tons, as against 70,000 tons last year.

The Berlin newspapers are calling Minister Pendleton "Gelehrter George," through the habit of unconscious imitation.

Khedive Tewfik of Egypt complains that he has to live moderately on a civil list of \$450,000 when the khedives before him flourished on \$1,500,000 a year.

Four Arctic expeditions will start from Germany next winter. They are intended to commence exhaustive researches in the Russian islands in the North Arctic ocean.

The balloon in which the aeronaut Eloy ascended from L'orient, France, on the 14th inst. and which was last seen drifting toward the sea, has been picked up by a Dieppe smack. Nothing was seen of M. Eloy, and it is presumed that he perished.

Lady Aylmer was a Syracuse (N. Y.) girl, and her husband, when she married him, was the penniless cousin of an old English house. Death stepped in and removed enough persons to give her husband title and estates and an income of \$75,000 a year.

The name of the Fenian arrested in London, on the charge of having murdered Stephen Galey at Sullihill in 1889, is believed to be Henry Duff. He was examined by a magistrate at Sullihill and remanded. The crown authorities are preparing to prosecute the prisoner.

The Russian harvest prospects continue discouraging. The reaping of the winter wheat in the southern provinces brings barely a middling return. The present outlook is that the summer wheat crops will everywhere within the empire yield poor harvests.

The London Standard's correspondent at Vienna says: Mr. Lee will take charge of the American legation until the autumn, when a new minister will be appointed. Mr. Francis will present his letter of recall as soon as the emperor returns to Vienna, and then will go to America. In the meantime Mr. Kelley draws his salary.

Intelligence has been received from West Africa that the king of Dahomey, with many followers, on May 10, made a raid on the villages under French protection, near Porto Novo. His troops indulged in the wholesale massacre of the inhabitants and burned all their dwellings, and one thousand youths and women were captured and carried back into Dahomey to be sacrificed at the cannibalistic feasts.

The sensation which was stirred up in Paris by the publicity given to the alleged black list compiled by Worth of his unreliable customers, is emanating, as was expected in law suits, of which two are already under way. Madame Jonan, who claims damages to the extent of 20,000 francs, and M. Stuberach, a journalist, who places his claims at 100,000 francs, have entered suit against Worth for those amounts.

Taxil, the notorious French atheistical wretch has become disgusted with his anti-religious principles and comes out with a violent attack on Republicans of all shades of opinion. He states who form the republican brotherhood and stigmatizes its profession of principles as a hollow lie. He has formally recanted all the arguments and statements which he has made in his writings and has offered a penitent apology to the Roman Catholics and entered the convent of the Carthusians.

The report of the federal procurator, Muller, on the anarchists in Switzerland, states the leaders are either Germans or Austrians. An inquiry proved that the crimes committed at Strasburg, Stuttgart, Vienna, Frankfurt and Nidwald were arranged in Switzerland, also that Herr Most and other German American anarchists were in communication. Herr Most, the report states, menaces the bunds-rath with reprisals for the expulsion of anarchists from the country. Letters were sent from New York to President Schenk, threatening to blow up the federal palace.

### Personal Mention.

Ex-Vice President William A. Wheeler of Malone, N. Y., is spending the summer at Richfield Springs, N. Y.

Cyrus W. Field is trying to sell Manhattan railway stock in London. Mr. Field is worth \$3,000,000 at the outside.

Senator George F. Hoar of Worcester, Mass., will be orator Sept. 2 at the 25th anniversary of the incorporation of Concord.

Prof. Adams, the newly elected president of Cornell university, has written Andrew D. White, accepting the presidency of the university.

### Miscellaneous News Notes.

It is now estimated that the pedestal for the Bartholdi statue will cost \$500,000.

A Chicago justice of the peace holds that the Pall Mall Gazette revelations do not come under the head of obscene literature.

The statement of the land sales of the Union Pacific Railway company, for June, shows an aggregate of 160,234 acres, which realized \$482,994. Compared with June, 1884, this is a decrease of 233,065 acres and \$448,047.

A Fort Reno special says that Gen. Sheridan has given the Indians all the opportunity they wanted for talking, but in turn has given no sign himself of his intentions or instructions. The Indians still oppose the disarming proposition, maintaining that there would be long delays in getting their pay for their arms from the government. The general will not make his talk to them until the enrollment is completed.

## THE SWITCH-TENDER.

From the French of C. De Baux.

A little white house seems asleep among the blossoming apple trees. It is early morning, and all is light and freshness. The door opens, a man appears at the threshold, a smile on his face and an expectant look in his eyes. There is a movement behind the trunk of an apple tree. The man's smile grows broader, and from the tree, like a dryad, rushes a charming little flax-haired girl, who throws herself with a burst of laughter into his arms.

"May I take the little one, Celine?" said the father.

At these words a lovely blonde made her appearance.

"Again!" she said, with a shade of annoyance.

"Oh! we share her very fairly," said the man, with the kindest and most paternal smile. "If you knew," he resumed, "how quickly the hours pass when she is down there with me."

"Don't you think I know when I find them so long in her absence?"

It was embarrassing. Aimee herself began to be troubled by this conversation, and feeling that she could not please both these beings that she loved so much, she was ready to cry. Celine saw it at once and yielded.

"Take her, Laurence; I would rather have her go than feel badly about it."

The father at these words showed some feeling.

"No," said he, in his turn, "keep her, you deserve it; you love her best."

And the discussion began again, but it was this time a struggle of generosity. At last the husband took his darling in his arms, and a smile reappeared on the child's lips.

Celine looked longingly after them, and re-entered the house.

One morning, without saying anything to Celine, Laurence took the little girl's hand to lead her away, when her mother suddenly appeared.

"What!" said she. "You would take her without telling me?"

"Don't think that," said Laurence, in some confusion. "We were in fun—we were going to hide behind the trees and see you look for us."

"Oh!" said Celine, doubtfully.

"Listen, Laurence," she continued. "Aimee grows more restless and troublesome every day. It is dangerous to let her go with you."

"What do you mean?" said the man, turning pale.

"I mean that I am afraid of your railroad, with its trains and locomotives."

"You are very foolish."

"Leave her here. I can hardly breathe while my little girl is down there. It is frightful to think of, but she might get away and be killed."

"Don't talk so, Celine."

"She might run away while you are at the switch, and if you left it to look after her, you would fail in your duty, and might be the cause of a dreadful disaster."

"Oh Celine, I beg of you, don't!" cried Laurence, who shuddered at the idea.

The young woman did not insist. The switchtender gradually recovered himself.

"My poor Aimee!" he cried, embracing the child frantically. "It is too bad, Celine; it is a shame to frighten me so."

Celine smiled, and the conversation ended as usual with these words from Laurence:

"You will come for her at noon."

Little by little their terrors faded away. Laurence reasoned with himself.

"The child," he said, "is familiar with the passage of the trains, it is true, but she is old enough to comprehend the danger." And his apprehensions gradually vanished.

One evening, however, when he went home he found he had been preceded by the rumor of an accident which had occurred at a neighboring station. A brakeman had been crushed by an express train. Celine questioned her husband while they were at supper. "Is it true that Simon is killed?" she asked.

"No," replied Laurence; "he was in great danger, but he escaped, thanks to his wonderful coolness."

"Then he is not dead?" said Celine.

"No; and yet the whole train went over him. When Simon saw it was too late to save himself, he laid flat down in the middle of the track, and when the train passed by he got up again safe and sound. I saw him, and I asked him how it made him feel. At first, he said, when the engine went over him, he was very warm, after that the time seemed long. That was all. You know Simon is not easily frightened. He is ready to go to work again," added Laurence, tranquilly.

But Celine's anxieties were aroused afresh.

Sometimes after that the hours of service were changed and Laurence took the night section. He could no longer think of taking Aimee with him.

One evening, however, a poor woman in the village was taken very ill. The doctor who came wrote a prescription and said to the neighbors he found there: "These medicines can only be had in the town, and you must not wait for them. Let one of you go to the railway station, where there is a portable pharmacy, and ask the stationmaster on my account for a little laudanum.

That will quiet the pain till you can have the prescriptions. Which of you will go?"

"Celine! Celine!" said several voices. It was certain that the stationmaster would not hesitate to give her the medicine.

The young woman thought at first of leaving Aimee, but, as she had been particularly restless all day, Celine concluded to take her. They had to pass Laurence's post to go to the station. He saw them coming, and as soon as they were within hearing, began to question them.

"Old Gertrude is very ill, and I am going to the station for medicine."

"That's right. But let me have Aimee; I will keep her till you come back."

Celine lifted the little girl over the fence to her father, who took the precious burden in his arms and returned with her to his box, before which a lamp was burning. All around darkness covered the tracks, which crossed each other in every direction.

It would not take Celine more than twenty minutes to get to the station and back. The child was in one of her most frolicsome moods, she ran suddenly into the garden; Laurence ran laughing after her.

"You can't catch me," said she.

"Yes I can."

But the little witch evaded Laurence's pursuit, leaving Laurence behind her.

"Here, here!" she said, and rushed to the track and began to cross it.

"Don't go there, darling," said her father. It was very dark—the switchtender could hardly see his daughter.

"You can't catch me," repeated the child.

"Come, come here," said her father. Look for me," answered the child.

"Aimee, Aimee, don't play any more. I shall be angry. Come here."

"Oh! you say that because you can't catch me."

"Come back, I will give you a cake."

"That isn't true; you haven't one. You want to make me come back."

"Oh! I shan't let you catch me. The train has gone by."

"There is another."

Instead of replying, the child said: "Run after me, papa run."

Laurence saw there was nothing to be done but to run after her and take her out of danger. He rushed toward the place where he heard her voice. It was dark, and Aimee escaped him still. His alarm increased. At any instant the whistle of the oncoming train might be heard, and Laurence redoubled his appeals. His voice was hoarse with fright. The fatal moment approached, and still the child laughed and repeated, "You can't catch me." Now the whistle sounded. The lugubrious call paralyzed the poor man, and he lost his head completely. The train would have two victims if he did not regain his composure. Two victims! It would be a catastrophe with incalculable consequences; for a train was stopping at the station a little way ahead, and if the express was not switched off there must inevitably be a collision. Laurence shook off his torpor.

"Aimee!" he cried, in thundering tones.

"Here, papa." And the child continued to give sharp little calls, which mingled with the roar of the approaching engine. The instinct of duty rather than will, urged Laurence toward the switch. He seized the instrument which ought to turn the train. "No," he cried, "I must save her. Aimee! Aimee! where are you?" and his eyes sought to pierce the darkness. The switch tender, with hair on end, thought of throwing himself before the iron monster. But no chance remained, that Aimee was not on the track over which the train must pass.

He looked again, and this time he saw her—he saw her. She was there, standing on the very track the train must take if he altered the switch. If the iron tempest did not take its true course the child was saved. The train would go on to crash against the one at the station. What matter! Aimee would be alive! All this went through his mind like lightning. There would be the killed and wounded—twenty families in despair, but Aimee would be safe and sound. There would be an inquest; he would be condemned to prison, dishonored, ruined! But his daughter, his Aimee, would live and be happy. Ah! how quickly one can think in such terrible moments!

The train came thundering on, but it could not be seen on account of a sharp curve in the road. There was still time to save Aimee, but the child would not stir. It seemed to her father that she waited for the train with an air of defiance.

"Aimee," he repeated in a voice strangled with fear—"Aimee come here; you will kill me!"

Suddenly the advancing lights of the engine appeared. The train was upon him; it was here. The man felt his whole being shaken. He was bewildered—could see nothing; thought did not stop, however, but traveled faster than the train. He recalled in a second his honored soldier's life, when he had sacrificed everything to duty. He saw in the station the frightful accident he would have caused, and heard the cries of the wounded, the last gasps of the dying. The problem was before him—his daughter or others? There was no alternative without a miracle. With astonishing promptitude the sentiment of duty became most powerful, and he seized mechanically the handle of the iron bar. The stoical soldier at this moment was uppermost, and effaced the father. He pushed, hardly know

ing what he did, and the express train crossed the switch.

On, on it went, and he could see it passing before the station, going by as if it were happy to escape a danger and disappearing in the darkness. Duty had been strongest. Stupefied, staggered, speechless, Laurence was rooted to the spot, holding still the cursed handle which had helped him to kill his child.

"Now," he said, "it is my turn to die." The other train was about to pass. He stepped forward, crossed his arms and awaited it. The whistle sounded, the heavy engine puffed.

Bewildered, thinking of nothing, there he stood.

But that instant a burst of laughter sounded behind him. He turned, wild with hope.

"Oh, naughty papa!—he won't play with Aimee," said the most beloved of voices.

The child was clinging to him. Laurence did not seek to know how the child came there alive. He seized her, and flew with his treasure into his little cabin. Then he put her on the ground before the lamp and looked at her. He could not bear so much joy, and fell fainting beside his daughter, who, in her turn, screamed with terror.

At this moment Celine arrived. She heard Aimee's voice and hastened her steps. Then becoming impatient, she called, "Aimee!" The child ran to meet her, crying, "Mamma, mamma, I am frightened!"

"What is the matter?"

"Papa has fallen down."

Celine rushed toward the sentry-box and found her husband completely insensible, stretched on the ground. She sent for help, and the doctor, who had not left the village, came and restored the poor man to consciousness. The next day when Laurence rose his wife looked at him with terror. Instead of his former bright color he exhibited a corpse-like pallor, which never left him to the end of his days. Laurence was forced to tell his wife all. When he had finished the poor father turned to Aimee and said:

"But, darling, why weren't you killed?"

"Why," said the child. "I did what Simon did."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

## CHINESE EXECUTIONS.

How the Insurgents Met Their Fate at the Edge of the Sword.

A correspondent of the Brooklyn Eagle writes: During the campaign against the Taepings from Shanghai, a large number of the insurgents were captured and a batch were turned over to the government officials. This, of course, meant execution, and I went with a score of other young fellows, inexperienced like myself, to witness the performance. It was the strangest and most revolting sight I ever beheld.

The day was bright and beautiful, and a gentle breeze shook out the folds of the flags and banners, borne by the almond-eyed troops drawn up on all sides of a small, level square or parade ground. Two hundred rebels were to be dispatched, but from their manner and freedom I should not have known the intended victims had they not been distinguished by their clothing. When the hour arrived the prisoners got into line, and one after the other awaited their turn. I say they got into line—I mean each man stepped in anywhere, apparently not caring which was the beginning or which the ending. They chatted to one another, and laughed as if nothing in the world concerned them, and reminded me of a line of pleasure-seekers in the lobby of a theater awaiting their turn to get their tickets at the box-office. Some of them had nuts and sweet-meats, which they ate with seeming relish, though quietly. There was nothing false about their actions, no vaunting bravery nor look of pride. Their manners were wholly uncontrived and natural, and looking at them I wondered if our fear of death was not altogether artificial, and whether, naturally, lying down to die was any more repulsive to human instincts than lying down to sleep. The more I think of it the more the dread of death seems like the bugaboo of nursery lore, made to play upon the imagination of unreasoning beings, but not to be tolerated by full grown-men.

The warning note sounded. The first man stepped out and dropped on his knees. His hands were caught by an attendant and held behind his back. Another drew the victim's cue out opposite to his hands, thus bringing his neck in a horizontal position. Like a flash the executioner brought down a long glittering blade, and one stroke severed the head completely from the body. The next prisoner stepped out promptly and underwent the same operation. As fast as one fell another was ready. There was no hesitation nor urging. The men presented themselves as if they expected some benefit, with no sign of emotion, save perhaps of some who were engaged in quiet humor. Two of the fellows were evidently enjoying a joke. The story-teller would frequently glance askance at the executioner and talk faster, probably fearing that demand would be made upon him before the tale had been finished. He sang away in a higher key every time he looked around and saw his time getting shorter. At length, when he discovered his turn had come, he motioned to the executioner to delay for a moment and gabbled away harder than ever. When he finished his story he and his listener burst into a roar of laughter. Then he hurried up to the bloody spot and had his head whisked off, and his friend, still chuckling over the joke, a moment later did likewise.