received on barges from Hoboken. All this business hereafter will find an outlet via New Orleans. Thousands of men are important adjuncts to the maritime trade on this port, and their withdrawal will be sorely felt by commercial as well as labor circles.

The Revolt in the New Party.

TOPEKA, August 21.—S. O. Stanford, ex-adjutant-general of Kansas, presided at the meeting of Republican Farmers' Alliance men this afternoon. Stanford is popular with the city Republicans, and with the Republican and with the "old crowd." He called these elements of the Farmers' Alliance together by organize a revolt in the new party. It was planned that in each sub-Alliance there should be formed a self-constituted committee of the members who have not gone into the political movement of the organization, whose duty it shall be to reclaim those Republicans who deserted their party for the Alliance, and to keep in the party those who show symptoms of dissention.

The Canadian Corruption.

OTTAWA, August 21.—Contractor Ahearing told the Senate committee today the details of his receiving a subsidy from the Quebec government and the return of $10,000 for it to Pacaud, who acted as go-between for him and the government. Armstrong said he had saw Pacaud at Point Levis Saturday, 8th inst. Pacaud then intended to be in Ottawa on Monday. When he saw Pacaud at Point Levis, Pacaud told him he intended to acknowledge receiving the $10,000 from Armstrong, and tell the committee it was none of their business how he (Pacaud) spent it.

NEWS OF THE WEST.

A Man Drowned in the Helena Reservoir.

BURNING OF THE CARBON DEPOT.

A Drunken Brute Murderously Assaults His Wife and Little Son With a Pick Handle.

Denver News—Aspen, Colo., August 18.—Joe Pelleran, a miner on Philips and Pellerin's lease, was shot off from the main working and almost unnerved by a cave-in this afternoon. At 12 o'clock tonight men were working desperately to rescue him. The man is still alive, as his cries for help can be heard by the rescuers.

Denver News—Cerrillos, N. M., August 18.—Isabel Amanda was shot in the head at San Pedro this morning. He and another boy of his average—fourteen years—were examining a saddle pistol, belonging to Compton, when it went off, blowing the top of young Amanda's head nearly off. The victim's father, Manuel Amanda, is an employee of the Copper company at San Pedro. He was an intelligent, prepossessing lad, well liked by his associates.

Laramie Boomerang—The startling information reached Laramie this morning that the depot at Carbon was burned down and that John Compton, the agent, was in the building and burned in it. The building burned at 2:30 o'clock this morning and it is supposed that Compton set the building on fire and then committed suicide. It remains with a certainty that he died, was burned in the ruins. The motive for Compton shooting himself is supposed to be that he was short in his accounts. As an indication of this fact it is known that Compton had been drinking heavily. It is said further that he was intoxicated last night. Another theory which is advanced is that Compton spent the night in the depot, and while intoxicated accidentally set the building on fire, and in his drunken stupor did not realize his danger or was unable to escape.

Helena Journal—Numerous reports have been received in this city during the past two weeks to the effect that a man was drowned in the reservoir on Ten mile. These reports could not be traced at first, but now it appears that they were based on facts. A man who arrived in Helena a day or two ago is said to have had a conversation with the former watchman at the reservoir, who told him that a man was drowned just about fifteen years ago. The water company tried to keep the affair from the public, so the story goes, whereupon the watchman became disgusted and resigned his position. As the reservoir referred to is one from which the supply of drinking water from a large portion of the city is drawn, it would seem that an investigation was in order.

San Francisco Chronicle—Avon Taylor, who, with his wife and their little son George, aged 8, live on a small farm across the county line, a few miles to the southeast of the Eightmile House, mercilessly assaulted his wife and child with a pick handle yesterday. The little boy is very badly hurt, and it is by no means improbable that the unfortunate woman may die from her injuries.

On Sunday Taylor left his farm to spend the day with friends at Mount Bruno. Contrary to his promise he did not return on Sunday evening, but stayed away until yesterday morning, when he came home drunk. On entering his house he told his little son to go to the stable and unfasten the horses, which were attached to the wagon in which his father had driven home. After finishing the task assigned to him George returned to the house, where he found his father and mother quarreling. The little fellow left them together and went into a front room off the kitchen and commenced to read a book of poems.

He had been in the room only a short time when he heard his mother scream for help. Dropping the paper he ran to his mother's assistance, and as he entered the kitchen door his father struck him a terrific blow over the head with a pick handle.

What happened after he was hit the boy does not know, except that when he recovered his senses he saw his mother lying unconscious and bleeding near the children's stove.

The discovery of the scene it was made by Hans Jensen, a vegetable vendor, who called at the Taylor farm to procure some vegetables and found the mother and child lying senseless on the floor.

When he recovered his senses his father was gone. Lying on the floor a few feet away was the unconscious body of his mother. The boy dragged himself to the prostrate form of his mother, where he remained until the physicians arrived.

During the afternoon a searching party went out in quest of Taylor, but the searchers received little let night without any clew to his whereabouts.

WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS

THE NOTED SEASIDE RESORTS OF ENGLAND.

Southport, Lancashire, the Great North of England Watering Place—Traces of Nathaniel Hawthorne—A Hundred Thousand Miners Vallow in Southport's Golden Sands.

(Copyright, 1891, by Edgar L. Wakeman.)

SOUTHPORT, England, Aug. 8.—The second month of the month of the way with from the city of Liverpool to the Solway Firth, which is the west north the boundary between England and Scotland, here an inland sheet of water the tide sets in the power of the tide in the North channel and St. George's channel is broken to the right and left by the Isle of Man, with the exception of the tide of Liverpool in the extreme west, and in the Solway Firth at the extreme north of this region, the waves of the tide are broken and considerably moderated by the numerous islands and shoals.

Curiously, too, and as if acutely illustrative of the seeming irony that nature ever fashions its forms to a theory of fitting and humor, the entire shore line for all the thousand miles from the Solway to the southernmost of nearly 200 miles—is so worn into but above the sea level. The sea is kept out by dikes.

This is the Lancashire coast. It is a coast of endless and monotonous sand. Behind it your coaches of restaurant lack with a great number of restaurant parlors on side, stretch far away to many towns stalking sight and day with machinery, and the smoke of the factories with the sea and smoke. To the east a horizon line of chimney stacks. Then, nearer the ocean, a series of thick forest. Then the cities from a score of low, dense sand dunes, with a hundred sandy villages and towns—yard-men's war of houses for those who work in the factories of the north of Scotland, plus for those millions who change the aspect of the mine drill and the spindle for the song of the sea, but see bright joy in all the sweetness and peace.

Southport is chief of all the English seaside resorts. It is in fact the great north of England watering place. Scarborough, on the east coast, directly opposite, does the from the Yorkshire moors for visitors, but greater antiquity, more interesting history, and is a much more quaint and picturesque but being only a summer watering place it cannot vie with Southport. New Brighton, Liverpool's favorite resort, is the north of the Dee, is larger and more gaudy. Llandudno, the famous north of Wales resort, is greatly beautiful. All the bright places, the Channel Bournemouth and some Cheerly, along the Devonshire coast, have superior charms in scenery and in the winking stillness of the long south.

Southport owes to the tenderness of its sea, the soft breezes of its coast and the transcendent loveliness of its sands, its fame. Besides, there are four or five million people so near to it—Liverpool, Chester, Manchester, Bolton, Wigan, Preston, Burnley, Leeds, Bradford, Wakefield, Sheffield, and so manufacturing cities—that they can go to Southport and come again the same day for a quinea or less, or for two or three shillings each. And about all of them do that very thing whenever the money can be spared.

Southport can boast of no remote antiquity, though it forms part of the ancient duchy of North Wales, in the Hundreds of West Derby. It is hardly a century old. Its founder was a Chancellorson Lancaster, one William Sutton, "very good Bill," as he was called in Lancashire, who spent his money and his life in building houses to rent and sell, and in building roads to make the place accessible. He was also called the "Old Duke" because of his lordly ways. A descendant of the present Duke Lord Derby is still a Sutton living among the sand hills. This was nicknamed "The Duke" by those who were not fawning on Bill.

It was because that customers were attracted to his inn by his famous grilled fish and good cheer, just as oysters are so attracted to the length of our land for their glorious "planked shad," that one early in and as the wind was designed to be called as a certain inn at Gloucester on the Delaware, and by said old Philadelphia. A little pocket of passages once spoke of Gloucester as "The Duke's Folly." Its owner was also the best hidder in all the country side, and one night when some gentlemen thirsty guests from Liverpool had been waiting for the coach, Bill, in a moment, ran out and a bottle of rare old port for them was served "South Port." And Southport the place, now of 30,000 souls, will ever remain.

The cottages first built here were of the whitewashed and thatched order among the sand hills, and which dotted the shrubs and Lombardy poplars are admirable color to the scene. There was an assemblage of whole neighborhoods, with a long straggling street, and beyond a vast expanse of sand and water. The salubrity of the air, the delights of the sands and the houses from the sea were drawn visitors to the spot, wild oats, and handsome dwellings were erected. In 1861 Southport had become a place of fashion and luxurious resort, the sands being in the summer time a place of great gaiety. Visitors then arrived by coach and by sound packets, and holiday makers came by carts or on foot with their bundles and hampers on their backs and shoulders.

Along the Hillsides we hear of Hawthorne, time not visited at Liverpool, and he friend Henry Bright making the place its home, and the fascinating Hawthorne their frequent visitors back to Liverpool and Bright for library work. Indeed, after much inquiry of the old, old folk of Southport I am positive that the famous author of "Transformation" writes in England and twenty for the sketching by Hawthorne of the English copyright on that work, was composed in the quiet retreats of the then little and less fame.

Southport is largely a fanciful assemblage of parks and lawns, and the place with Hawthorne in one's mind the lonely, lady site, as it is today, taken on the garb of old ones delicious Suites. The trim, prettier than Bold Hall, the Hall, also called Sutton, with a gallery of Sutton, and shrubbery of the sea through their surrounding vistas, letting a lovely view of the ocean. The wide streets, sandstone capped parks, larded by pine, noble houses, Old of it. Hundreds of "lodged" rude, quaint gables and ivy hanging from the roofs, and the Lombardy poplars, and the sand hills, and the sea, and the sunset, and the sunset, and the sea, and the sand hills, and the sea, and the sand hills, and the sea, and the sand hills