

The American bog is now a welcome visitor in all the principal countries of Europe.

The Methodist Protestant, a paper published at Baltimore, predicts that women will ultimately occupy every position in the church.

The population of Guatemala which, on January 1, 1881, was of 1,226,602 inhabitants, had increased to 1,471,025 on the same date in 1891, according to the last official census.

Professor Buchner, of Darmstadt, Germany, has just issued an interesting volume on longevity. His investigations point to the conclusion that women live longer than men.

"Fighting with the scabbard when the sword is broken," was the clever sentence by which its author won a prize offered by a London paper for the best definition of the word "Pluck."

Reports in Frank Leslie's Weekly from the financial centres of England, Germany and Austria indicate that the gold standard continues to be regarded as the commercial safeguard of the great powers.

The President of the Winnipeg (Manitoba) Board of Trade says that upwards of \$3,000,000 was borrowed from Canadian financial institutions in 1891 by grain dealers in Minnesota and the Dakotas to help move the crops in those States.

The great overflow of the southwest rivers covered much of the most fertile cotton land in the country. This overflow, disastrous as it has been to life and property, may, remarks the New York Herald, aid materially in the much needed reduction in the cotton crop.

The king egret, or white heron, known as the "plumed knight" of New River, California, plumes are worth \$34 per ounce, will soon be extinguished, announces the San Francisco Chronicle, as the hunters are slaughtering them in their nesting time, thus preventing any increase.

The London correspondent of the New York Sun is authority for the statement that the capital invested in joint stock cotton mills in Louisiana has depreciated thirty-five per cent. during the past fifteen years, and that the average net profits have dwindled to less than one per cent. per annum.

The Washington Star fears that Kentucky is in danger of losing the reputation for obliging courtesy which it has sustained. The Governor recently refused the request of a man who had been sentenced to one month in jail to postpone his incarceration so as to give him an opportunity to plant his crops.

About two years ago it was estimated that the wealth of the Vanderbilt family amounted to \$274,000,000, and at the present time it is probably \$300,000,000. If the Astor policy of bequeathing a great fortune to a single member of the family is followed it is plain enough that in a few years there will be an American billionaire. The Vanderbilt property with the interest on it at five per cent. will in about twenty-five years amount to nearly \$1,000,000,000 but its other profits will round it out to that sum perhaps in ten or a dozen years. It is altogether likely, thinks the Atlanta Constitution, that the American billionnaire will be among us early in the Twentieth Century.

Zenas Crane, of Dalton, Mass., who makes the paper on which the Government prints its bank notes and bonds, says that "there is too much dirty and worn currency in circulation in the United States. The Bank of England never reissues a note which is paid in by any of its customers, and the result is that English money is always crisp, clean and fresh. The United States receives greenbacks and National bank notes and pays them out again, no matter how filthy they may be, except, of course, currency that is too badly worn for re-issue. The damaged currency becomes a loss to the people, and the Government makes a large profit on it, which I hold to be a wrong policy."

EARLY FROST

Summer, bright season of gladness, Was wreathing the woods thro' the land, And the fair queen of summers resplendent Had courted the bees and the very wind.

And over our valleys and hill-tops The work of the sun is begun, And over our mountains and river He wends his destroying hand.

Now over the lofty old mountains The sun's pleasant visage appears, And the farmer awakes from his slumbers To greet the result of the year.

"For there was the corn's verdant tassels, Now they are crisp and dry, And the grass is crisp in our meadows A right poor show for our town."

"But the habit of ever complaining O'er such things is still a blot, And we may as well be thinking, Perhaps it is best for the frost."

"Twixt Life and Death UNDER MEDICAL ADVICE. A Story of the Franco-Prussian War. BY ROBERT BUCHANAN. CHAPTER III. AN ADVENTURE."

When it became known that the Chevalier de Gavrolles was about to throw in his lot with the defenders of France there was great local enthusiasm.

The day of parting arrived, and followed by those whom his example had inspired, the Chevalier left his home. A few days later word came that the Norman recruits, with others from neighboring districts, had been formed into a company of the Line, of which Gavrolles was constituted Captain.

"Courage, my darling," wrote the Chevalier to his daughter. "We are ordered to the front at once." He added in a postscript to his letter: "The medallion, with my mother's picture and yours, lies always on my heart. Every night before I lie down to rest I look at the pictures and bless both the living and the dead. May God have you in his keeping and speedily reunite us!"

Left alone in the chateau, Blanche felt the full solitude of her situation. Always deeply religious, she now spent much of her time in prayer. Her piano was locked up and never opened, her painting (of which she had been very fond) quite neglected; even books had no attraction for her any longer.

"The Germans are close by!" Blanche started in amazement. "It is quite true, mademoiselle," continued the old man. "I had it from the mouth of M'sieu Duverant, the schoolmaster, who has seen them with his own eyes. Oh, that the earth would open and swallow them up alive, the cannibals! They are coming here and we shall soon be eaten up alive!"

The news was not without foundation. A portion of the advanced columns of the army had entered Normandy and taken possession of the capital. The whole district was in a panic. The vilest and most hideous stories were in circulation, and it was asserted on every hand that the Germans were committing the most inhuman crimes.

Meantime, Blanche de Gavrolles was agonized with anxiety, for nearly a fortnight had elapsed and there was neither a letter nor a message from the Chevalier. His last letter, hurriedly written on the scrap of an old envelope, had been sent from a distant town in the North, where some sharp business had been going on with the enemy's skirmishers. It had contained one passage, which afterward formed a source of hope and comfort.

"I do not know if this will ever reach you," the Chevalier wrote, "but if it does so, do not be alarmed if you do not hear from me speedily again; for it is now exceedingly difficult to pass letters beyond the lines. Keep up a good heart, my Blanche, for I think the horrors will soon be over; it is the beginning of the end."

Another bomb of alarming intelligence was presently exploded by old Hubert. "They are in Bona, mademoiselle! They have cut the telegraph wires! Lord, deliver us!"

In these elements of alarm Blanche did not think of herself, nor of the personal peril which might soon threaten her; all her thoughts and care was for her father. She prayed for him incessantly. While she waited in an uproar, and the chateau itself was a startled rookery, with old Hubert wildly holding forth, she remained outwardly calm, seldom leaving the privacy of her own apartments.

"Do you mean that dog? Then it was yours?" "Yes, was the reply; and as she gave it, Blanche gazed at the dead body through blinding tears.

"Thank you stars, girl, that it was not you I killed, but the cur!" he cried. "Do you not see the young lady is terrified?"

"I am not terrified," said Blanche, "woods, which looked beautiful in the sun and yellow leaf. Glad in a simple dress of black velvet, with an ivory cross, her father's gift, suspended around her neck, she seemed almost like a religious. Her only companion was an old Norman deerhound, christened "Gaston," after her father.

The sun was sinking over the sea, and inland the prospect was already growing dark; yet she did not hasten her footsteps, though she now turned her face in the direction of home. Before she reached the wicket-gate leading into the home woods the full moon had arisen, mingling its bright beams with the last faint rays of daylight. Sad and pensive, yet struck by the quick beauty of the scene, she lingered just inside the gate, looking seaward.

Suddenly she was startled by the sound of horses' hoofs and almost at the same moment she perceived two men on horseback rapidly approaching across the fields. The moonlight struck full upon them and flashed upon something like glittering steel. She knew at once that they were soldiers, for their spurs jingled as they came, and each of them carried a long weapon like a spear. Quick as thought she drew back among the bushes, and seizing the dog Gaston by the collar made it lie down at her feet.

The men came along at a trot, while, sick with apprehension, she lay in her hiding-place to watch them pass. And now, as they loomed more clearly against the sky, looking gigantic on their powerful steeds, her worst dread was realized. They were Uhlans!

She knew them at once by their dress, and the spears they carried; for, though she had never seen any Uhlans living, the pictures of the wild cavalry were familiar to her from illustrated journals.

Fortunately she was safely hidden, and the strangers would have ridden by, unsuspectingly had it not been for the conduct of the dog. In spite of her attempts to quiet him, Gaston began to growl, show his teeth and struggle for escape; and suddenly, as they passed the wicket gate, he tore himself free, and, leaping from the bushes, rushed fiercely at the horses' heels.

Utterly terrified, Blanche remained in her hiding-place, watching what followed in trembling fascination. As the dog darted out, showing his teeth, one of the horsemen wheeled swiftly on lightning and covered him with a pistol. There was a flash, a report and the poor animal lay dead upon the ground.

Her, and she found herself safe and unharmed, the tension of her strung-up nerves gave way, and she began to sob hysterically. Bending over the dead body of the dog, she tried to discover any signs of life, but there were none; it had been killed instantaneously. Her heart swelled with hate and indignation against his destroyer.

"Ah! It is you, mademoiselle. Thank God, I have found you," it said. "I have been searching for you through the village, for, look you, there is terrible news. The accursed Uhlans are upon us in swarms!"

"The Uhlans!" said Blanche. "Yes, Houzel, I know, for they shot poor Gaston."

"She turned as she spoke and pointed to the dead hound which lay at the new-comer's feet.

"I saw them," he said, "I was crouching in the bushes yonder and saw them pass. It is well for them. Mlle. Blanche, that you were here, otherwise one of them would be lying where Gaston lies now. I had my gun ready, pointing at the monster's heart, and I did not fire because I thought of you. But I shall remember them, and you shall be avenged!"

"The girl shuddered. "What God! I was here," she said. "It would have been too terrible!"

"What is terrible, mademoiselle—to slay the enemies of my country? The Chevalier, my master, has gone to do it; why should not I?"

"Ah! but that is different, Houzel. My father is fighting in fair and open battle; he would not slay an enemy from behind a tree."

"The man blushed sheepishly and looked down. He could not say what was in his mind, or he would have said, "I care for my country, but I care more for you. These men have made you shed tears, they have killed your heart with sorrow; and for that I would shoot them like dogs."

Although he was still a young man, he was the girl's senior by several years, and all his life had been spent in the forests of Grandpre. His father and grandfather before him had been keepers of the forest, and in the service of the De Gavrolles.

For the rest, he was a handsome fellow, and endowed with all the manliness which comes to the occupation of forester. He could have had his pick of the village beauties, but his heart was entirely devoted to his mistress.

If he had been a wise man, and had taken thought for the future, he would assuredly have nipped in the bud this unwise passion, which could certainly bring him naught but pain; but he was not a wise man at heart so far as Blanche was concerned, and he preferred not to think of the future. It was quite enough for him to know that he could stand beneath the window of the chateau and listen while Blanche played to her father of an evening; or that he could stroll down to the chateau of a morning and watch for her appearance, certain of receiving a smile and a pleasant word.

For Blanche, quite ignorant of the flame she was fanning, was particularly amiable to the young forester, and accepted his devotion very graciously, but quite in the spirit of a young princess receiving the homage of a subject.

"Have you been into the village, Houzel?" said Blanche, creeping nearer to his side.

"I passed through the village in search of you, mademoiselle. When I heard you had left the chateau, I was in terror lest the Germans should molest you. And now, added, "Let us get into the shelter of the house. Do not fear; I will see that you are safe."

Blanche looked at the dog. "And poor Gaston?" she said; "he cannot be left here, Houzel. I should like him to be carried home and buried in the garden, close to the sun-dial."

"I will see you safe first, mademoiselle; then I will return for the hound and do as you wish. Come!"

He considered his gun and held forth the two walked away together. Their arrival was opportune, for the servants, alarmed at the protracted absence of their mistress, had headed themselves with torches, and headed by old Hubert, who was trembling with fear, were preparing to set out in search of Blanche. With a low bow to his mistress and a contemptuous look at the quaking figure of the old butler, Houzel turned from the chateau to retrace his steps through the forest, when the voice of his mistress arrested him.

"Houzel," she said, very gently, "you are very rash and headstrong. Promise defense. Both men were bricked up and had been drinking heavily."

"But I must go and bury your dog, mademoiselle."

"Be it so; but come to me when you return, that I may know you are safe."

Flushed and elated, Houzel retraced his steps along the road which he and Blanche had trodden. All was quiet.

"I am not terrified," said Blanche, "lay where he had fallen; and now, what he had not noticed, was a filthy substance lying near his hand."

Trembling with emotion, he pressed his breast; then, lifting the dog, he way again to the chateau. He was unobserved. But instead of entering and buried it near the sun-dial, he had directed. Then he went to the room, where Blanche was sitting. "Ah! I am glad you have seen said Blanche. "Did you hear me more?"

"Nothing, mademoiselle; all is added, beneath his breath, "I should like to put a bullet through the heart of the man who killed him!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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[TO BE CONTINUED.]

What the New York Papers Say of Democratic Nominations.

New York, June 24.—The Tribune speaking editorially of the Democratic Nominations, says: "The nomination of Grover Cleveland at Chicago is a tribute to the Republican party of the country. It removes from the arena a candidate, who, if elected, would have done as much to the merits of the Cleveland stand in the eyes of the people as to the chosen champion of free trade. It is England against America. Grover Cleveland is the enemy of every American workman. The countless factories from Maine to Florida."

The "Tribune" says: "The Democratic party has chosen its ticket, and could not possibly have pleased the people better than by the nomination of Cleveland. His candidates stand of defeat. Mr. Cleveland was beaten at the last Presidential election. Mr. Cleveland, after two terms in Congress, was defeated by the people in 1880. His political grave President Cleveland must investigate the lynching of Port Jervis, N. Y., June 23.—The grand jury of Orange county, which has been in session all the week, are investigating the lynching of Goshen. Judge Cullen that they were indicted any person connected with the lynching. Seven of the grand jury is reported, opposed the indictment, account of insufficient evidence. Seven favored bringing true bills against the lynchers. Judge Cullen was displeased with the report and ordered jury to further investigate the lynching next Tuesday. The report was a great surprise.

Protests Against the Reading of the Chamber of Commerce, President Fish, and other prominent citizens, have signed a petition to Congress, protesting against the reading of the matter. In reply Mr. Wisconsin, the combination will receive credit attention from the House Committee on Interstate Commerce, of which he is a member, and that the committee will contribute its best efforts to defeat the conspiracy.

Quay Asked to Put Up MEMPHIS, Tenn., June 27.—A. W. Ellings of Chicago, who owns all the street railway lines in Memphis, has offered to wager \$30,000 that Cleveland will be elected, and that he will carry New York, Illinois and Wisconsin by large pluralities. Mr. Billings has heard that Senator Quay made the remark, after hearing the result of the Chicago convention, that he would wager \$10,000 that Harrison would be re-elected. He has telegraphed the Pennsylvania Senator to put up.

An Amazonian Encounter. PHILADELPHIA, June 24.—Mrs. Maggie Tasse, 49 years old, and Mrs. Maggie Wetzel, aged 39, fought yesterday in Kensington for the possession of a small barrel, which the latter's child was carrying. It ended by Mrs. Wetzel smashing her opponent over the head with the barrel, and the victim is in the Episcopal Hospital with a compound fracture of the skull. The assailant is under arrest. Mrs. Tasse may die.

Is Henry A. Bills the Suicide? NEW HAVEN, June 25.—The man who shot himself and then jumped overboard from the steamer Comina, when she was off New Rochelle, is believed to be Henry A. Bills, formerly of Windsor. He was about 70 years of age, and was at one time editor of the "Litchfield Inquirer." During the administration of President Cleveland Bills was postmaster of Litchfield.

Italian Laborers on the Verge of Riot. BRIDGEPORT, June 27.—A riot is imminent in the vicinity of Mohawkville, in the south of this city. The Italian laborers on the line of the proposed Reading, Lansdowne & Baltimore Railroad have not been paid and the most of them stopped working. Those who continued at work have been threatened by the idle men and an outbreak is liable to occur at any moment.

Stabbed in a Drunken Row. NEWBURGH, N. Y., June 27.—Anton Gross yesterday stabbed and killed Philip Fesselmeier at New Windsor. The former gave himself up to the police. He claims to have stabbed in self-defense. Both men were bricked up and had been drinking heavily.

Two Farmers Drowned. ERON, Pa., June 24.—Dwight and Arthur King, two farmers, brothers, near Muller Station, were drowned.

MYSTERY OF THE SEA

That Hundreds Have Perished Near New York.

Wreck of Yarmouth, N. S., and the Wreck of Lisbon, Both Long Overdue.

Wreck of the Taylor Found at Sea.—Both Ships Carried Many Passengers.—The Lisbon Steamer's Agents Almost Given Her Up.

NEW YORK, June 27.—Mariners here are inclined to the opinion that a terrible disaster has recently occurred somewhere near this port, in which more than a thousand souls have perished. The facts that lead to this opinion are as follows: Saturday the steamer Ocean arrived here reported that on last Thursday morning the wreck of a full-rigged ship was passed in latitude 40 deg., 23 min., north, longitude 68 deg., 40 min., West. The captain of the Ocean made a careful examination to ascertain the name of the vessel, but owing to the wreck being partly submerged he returned and partly submerged he only made out the words: "Yarmouth, N. S.," on the stern.

The vessel was cut through forward in the mizen rigging, evidently done by the mizen mast. From a description of the wreck, as has been given by the captain of the Ocean, shipping men believe the vessel is the British sailing ship Fred B. Taylor, of Yarmouth, N. S. This vessel was sighted 900 miles from Sand Hook on June 12, and should have reached port over a week ago.

The steamship Vega, with a crew of 60, was commanded by Captain Rosalie and sailed from Lisbon on June 6 for the city and New York. She had 31 passengers when she sailed from Lisbon and it is expected that she shipped nearly twice that number from the ports in the Azores. The steamer was due here last Tuesday, but has not arrived. Her agents are very anxious regarding the vessel, while scores of the friends of the passengers have been besieging the office to learn something of the whereabouts of the steamship and its human freight. In view of these facts, before those versed in maritime affairs are of the opinion that a collision has occurred between the Vega and the Fred B. Taylor, and that the loss of life has been appalling.

P. E. Applebush was the commander of the ship. His young wife is in this city, but knows nothing of the terrible disaster that may have befallen her husband.

CAPTAIN BORUP'S GOOD RECORD. His Friends Do Not Think He Acted Dishonorably in the Grenier Matter. WASHINGTON, June 27.—Capt. Borup, who was mentioned in a Paris dispatch yesterday as being implicated with Grenier in obtaining plans of French fortifications, was sent to Paris as Military Secretary to the Legation in March about a year and a-half ago.

His friends in the department have ideas that he has been guilty of any dishonorable connection in this matter. He has been connected with the Ordnance Bureau for thirteen years. Captain Borup did not commit breach of diplomacy if he did send information which he might have received from Grenier to the State Department here. It is part of his duties to search, and procure what information possible and communicate it to the country.

London, June 27.—The Paris correspondent of the "Caroline" had an interview yesterday with Capt. Henry Borup of the American Legation, who has been accused of selling French military secrets to Germany and Italy. The correspondent says:

Capt. Borup is highly indignant over the statements published before he was called upon to explain. He believes that Grenier used his name to screen himself from some other power. He admits that he has worked hard as military attaché of the United States Legation, and he offers his papers for inspection. He intended at first to ask to be recalled, but since has been advised to remain and face the matter."

A BIG STRIKE PROBABLE. Four Thousand Men at the Carnegie Works May be Out Friday. PITTSBURGH, June 27.—No reason given for the act of Carnegie, Phipps & Co., who discharged 100 of their skilled workmen and shut down four furnaces at their Homestead Mills Saturday night. The men all belong to the Amalgamated Association.

The company are evidently preparing for a struggle with the Amalgamated Association. The scale of wages agreed last Thursday night, and all the important men are that the 4,000 workers at Homestead will all be on a strike Friday morning. The company has built a foot fence around their entire works. This barrier is perforated with holes. When the men once quit the work the company, it seems, are going to well prepared to keep them on the side during any trouble with them.

WHAT IS THOUGHT OF IT IN EUROPE. London Comment on the Nomination of Cleveland by the Democrats. LONDON, June 24.—The "Pall Mall Gazette," commenting upon the nomination of Grover Cleveland, says it is satisfactory sequel to the nomination of Mr. Harrison by the Republicans.

both cases the prosecution failed and were dismissed.

Two Farmers Drowned. ERON, Pa., June 24.—Dwight and Arthur King, two farmers, brothers, near Muller Station, were drowned.