

A vast amount of money is going to be spent in irrigating the arid lands in the West.

The typewriting industry received a black eye in the United States Circuit Court of Appeals the other day.

Americans take an interest in a number of the islands of the Pacific Ocean.

Governor Russell, of Massachusetts, has recommended to the Legislature of that State that the devotional services of Fast Day and Good Friday shall be combined.

A "conundrum sociable" is a new Western idea. Besides being amusing, it is claimed that the compound conundrums proposed stimulate the memory.

A large majority of the men who enter the governmental departments at Washington remain in the service unless dismissed, says the Washington Post.

Many young men enter with the view of studying for a profession, and the short hours and regular salary offer ample opportunity for this.

Others lose all ambition for better things or become entangled in some love affair, marry, and then are dependent on a salary for maintenance and compelled to keep up the routine life.

Eugene Field says in the Chicago News-Record: Bob Ford was the vicious young paranoiac who murdered Jesse James.

Blanche followed the Doctor to the door. "Your generosity was a little over the mark," he said, answering the question on her face.

'Twixt Life and Death

UNDER MEDICAL ADVICE.

A Story of the Franco-Prussian War.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

CHAPTER VII.

As she approached the bedside she started and almost uttered a cry. The wounded man had turned upon his pillow, and with his eyes wide open was staring at her.

"The Doctor thought I was insensible," he murmured; "but I was listening. Now that we are alone, accept my blessing and thank me for my sweet charity."

"Heaven bless you!" she said. "Yonder, beyond the Rhine, a maiden like yourself is waiting and watching for her brother—"

"Do not weep," said Blanche; "soon you will be well, and then you will return to her, monsieur."

"He started and changed color; for his young mistress stood on the threshold, pale and indignant."

"Silence, Huet!" she cried. "If my father were here he would do as I have done. Huet, go to the kitchen, go, all of you."

"Muttering among themselves, the servants retired. Houzel kept his position, leaning against the porch, and looking black as thunder."

"As for you, Houzel, you should know better. You are better educated, and should have more compassion."

"I have no compassion for him!" returned the keeper. "He has no right to be in this house."

"And shouldering his fowling-piece, he made a movement to leave the place; then, turning suddenly and encountering the eyes of his young mistress, he added, regretfully:

"Forgive me, mademoiselle. I know I have made you angry. But I shall be close at hand in case you need protection."

"And lifting his hat, the keeper moved from the door, followed by his dogs. The night was an exciting one to Blanche. She scarcely closed her eyes."

The next morning Dr. Huet looked in, full of excitement.

"The wounded man sat propped up with pillows, wide-awake, and submitted quietly and without a murmur while the Doctor made his examination."

"Come, it is not so bad as I thought," muttered Huet.

"I suppose I must consider myself a prisoner," proceeded the German.

"Certainly; and that reminds me—the commanding officer of the district insists on removing you under guard unless you give your parole not to attempt to escape or to communicate with the enemy."

"May God bring him back to you safely! He should be a proud and happy man to have so good and beautiful a daughter."

"He glanced round as he spoke and met the eyes of Houzel, who had resettled himself and was straining his ears to catch the words of the conversation."

"I am under guard, I perceive," said the German, with a quiet smile. "May I ask, is that gentleman a soldier? By his dress—"

"That is only Houzel," interrupted Blanche. "He is my father's forester; and if he is guarding any one it is myself."

"Indeed! But that I fear to give you offense, I should say that Herr Houzel is not very amiable."

"He is faithful," replied Blanche, gently.

"A good dog's virtue," said the German, shrugging his shoulders. "But I do not wonder that he is faithful to you."

"Houzel, who heard every word, shook like a leaf, but made no other sign."

CHAPTER VIII. THE FORESTER.

In the edge of the woods of Grandpre, not far from the spot where Blanche de Gavrolles had first encountered the German officer, stood a one-story cottage, looking seaward toward the cliffs.

When he did catch a trespasser after game he was sensible enough to take the law into his own hands instead of dragging the offender before the Chevalier, who would have dismissed him with a slight rebuke; so what the bad characters of the neighborhood had to dread was not the law and a prison, but a severe thrashing from the forester and keeper of whom, indeed, they were thoroughly afraid."

The night after the meeting between Blanche and the German, Houzel watched the chateau till he found that every one had retired to rest, and then, with a black as thunder, strode down to his cottage. Entering, he threw aside his gun and sat down by the fire, where the old man, his assistant, was already sitting, cleaning a rusty fowling-piece.

"Well, master, what news?" asked the old man, after a long silence. "You look as if you had seen a ghost."

"I have seen the German," returned Houzel, with an imprecation. "He is still there at the chateau; and look you, Mademoiselle Blanche treats him as if he were one of ourselves—a Frenchman!"

"But it is infamous! I have a mind, some of these days, to serve him as he served mademoiselle's hand to put a bullet through his heart! What think you he said in my hearing, Andreas! That mine was a dog's creation. Well, he shall find that the dog can bite."

"These Germans are the devil, master," said Andreas, surlily. "They are eating us up alive—locusts. And as soon as one is slain there comes a thousand; and every day it is growing worse."

"Instead of replying Houzel rose and began pacing to and fro the glowing chamber."

"No word from the Chevalier?" asked Andreas presently.

Houzel shook his head gloomily, while the other asked:

"If he has fallen, master, Mlle. Blanche will be an orphan. That will be bad, very bad."

"Yes, you are right. She was only her father."

"Let me see," muttered Andreas, glancing slyly at the other as he spoke. "How old is that girl, very young?"

"She is eighteen in January. The fifth is her fete day. Yes, nearly eighteen years old."

"I do not think he would care to leave it even if his countrymen came to take him away."

"Something in the tone, more than in the words, made Blanche flush angrily. She was about to reply when she saw the subject of her conversation approaching from the house. He saluted her respectfully, and then glanced curiously at Houzel."

"Our friend is still on guard," he said. "Must I ask his permission to wander a few steps further from my cage?"

"The eyes of the two men met for a moment; then, while Houzel turned his head away and looked sulkily at vacancy, the German again addressed Blanche."

"You are my jailer, fraulein," he said, smiling. "May I ask you how far my liberty extends?"

"You have given your word of honor, monsieur," she answered, "and surely that is enough. I have told Houzel that you will not try to escape."

"On my honor, no," said the German, lightly. "I am well contented to remain in so fair a prison."

He walked slowly toward the avenue. Houzel seized his gun and made a movement as if to follow him and turn him back, but at a look from his mistress he refrained. Then, after a moment's hesitation, Blanche followed the German,

who turned quickly on hearing her footsteps behind him.

"Do not go far, monsieur," she said. "The woods are dangerous, and, perhaps—"

"Perhaps I have reason to dread a stray shot from some over-zealous Frenchman? Well, I will take care. But it is very good of you to take such interest in one who is, by the fate of war, your enemy; and I thank you with all my heart."

He paused, looking into her face with ill-concealed admiration. Never had the lady of Grandpre looked brighter and prettier. A soft rosy flush lay upon her cheek, and her eyes were full of gentle light."

"May I ask, monsieur," he broke in, gallantly, as she hesitated, "and be sure that I will answer you."

"It is your name that I would ask, monsieur."

"Heinrich von Hartmann. I am a captain in the Uhlan cavalry. I see you have heard of us Uhlans—we have a bad name here in France; and some of us, I grant you, are really fellows. For example, he who shot your poor husband."

"He walked slowly on, side by side. Glancing back over his shoulder, Hartmann saw the keeper slowly following, gun in hand."

"The watch dog follows," he said, laughing.

How bright and manly he seemed with his clear, frank eyes and finely cut features. How different, Blanche thought from the ferocious Teutons she had pictured in her dreams."

"I have been writing a letter this morning," he said after some moments. "It is possible that I am returned among our list of dead, and if so there will be no eye in the little German town where I was born. Do you think, fraulein, that my letter could be sent across the line?"

"I cannot tell," answered Blanche; "I will speak to Dr. Huet."

And as she spoke she glanced up into his face again and saw, to her surprise, that his eyes were quite moist and dim. She remembered then his former words concerning the "little sister," waiting for him in Germany. And this was one of the ferocious Teutons whom she and her countrymen had been taught to hate."

"It is not for myself I care, fraulein," he continued, smiling gently upon her; "and, indeed, I have been very fortunate. But my mother and sister, poor souls, should not suffer unnecessarily. I should like to set their hearts at rest."

"Perhaps," said Blanche timidly, "the war will soon be over, and then—"

Blanche interposed, and she treated her with great respect, that he contented to let the German remain Grandpre for another twenty-four hours after which, if he was still too feeble to march to Focamp, he should be admitted in some kind of a conveyance. Perhaps the officer would be so condescended quite so readily had not Dr. Huet been present; but a few words from the Doctor convinced him that he was not to be trifled with. Hartmann summarily would be an act of great brutality."

"The soldiers departed, accompanied by Dr. Huet, and once more Hartmann and Blanche were left together."

"I have once more to thank you for the German. 'Really, you seem to be good angel.'"

"Please do not speak of it," said Blanche, drooping her eyes before the decent look of gratitude which he bent upon her face. "You are welcome here, you are strong enough to go away."

"Before she knew what he was doing she stooped and kissed his hand—so rapidly, and yet so ardently, that she blushed as crimson. Then, as she turned her face away, she became conscious of the presence of Houzel, the keeper of the chateau. His eyes were averted, but his face flushed and burning, and the great veins stood out upon his temples. His hands spasmodically gripped his knees."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHICAGO WORKMEN AFFECTED BY THE TROUBLE AT HOMESTEAD THROUGH OUT OF EMPLOYMENT.

CHICAGO, July 11.—The trouble at Homestead has thrown 200 men out of employment at the North Chicago Rolling Mills.

The men are heaters, rollers and layers. Their contract or scale expired July 10, and the Illinois Steel Company, who owns the mills, decided to make arrangements for a future scale until the result of the Eastern strike became known.

May Extend to the Other Mills.

PITTSBURG, Pa., July 11.—The prospect now is that the fight between the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers and the Carnegie Steel Company at Homestead will extend to the other mills of the company, unless the company agrees to re-open negotiations with the Homestead steel workers.

Offer Moral and Financial Support.

HOMESTEAD, July 10.—The committee of the Amalgamated Association have received several hundred telegrams and letters from labor organizations and individuals in all parts of the country offering moral and financial support.

Advisory Committee Reorganized.

HOMESTEAD, Pa., July 11.—The Advisory Committee of the Amalgamated Association, which went out of existence last Wednesday, when the battle with the Finlaysons began, met here last night and reorganized.

EDWARD JAMES'S ROMANCE.

The Sad Story of a Well-Known Sports Editor.

NEW YORK, July 11.—The remarkable life of Ed James, the old sporting editor of Bellevue Hospital, suffering from insanity, was a sad shock to his many friends.

Ed James is connected with the early life of Adam Isaacs Menken, the actor who made the fortune of pugilistic fame and matter a specialty. He contributed the "Clipper" long before he became the sporting editor of that paper, and it was through Frank Queen, the proprietor of the sheet, that he became acquainted with Adam Isaacs Menken.

The actress was at that time the talk of New York. Handsome in form and dignified in bearing, she was a brilliant dancer and a fine singer. She had almost every man who had ever lived in her power.

Originally her name had been Adeline Isaacs. Then she married a Captain Isaacs, of New Orleans; James Barclay, prominent gambler; John Hennessy, prize fighter, and "Orpheus" Williams (Robert C. Newell) the writer. Her first husband died she lived happily any length of time, and the formalities of a divorce were dispensed with when she had tired of them.

It was while she was in the height of her New York success, when her performances of "Mazeppa," well calculated to show off her splendid proportions to the best advantage, was being given nightly to crowded houses, that James made her acquaintance, and became infatuated with her.

COOPS ORDERED TO THE SCENE

Pattison Sends the Pennsylvania National Guard to Quell the Riots at Homestead.

CONFIDENTIAL THAT THE SHERIFF IS POWERLESS, HE CALLS OUT THE STATE'S MILITARY FORCE.

THOUGHT THAT THE MEN WOULD MAKE ANY RESISTANCE.

Army of 8,500 Men Ready for Action—It is Expected that This Group Will Overawe the Strikers—General Snowden in Command—Announcement Being Loaded on Freight Cars—Troops Will Reach Homestead about Sunset—The News of the Arrival of the Governor Received at the Scene of the Recent Trouble—It Was Discovered at First—The Mills Will Be Shut Down—The Strikers Very Bitter by They Have Done Nothing to Warrant the Interference of Troops.

HARRISBURG, Pa., July 11.—Governor Pattison last night received a message from Sheriff McCleary of Allegheny county, stating that he could not maintain peace at Homestead, and making a demand upon the Governor for troops.

Adjutant General Greenland, Major Snowden and Quartermaster General E. McCallan were hastily summoned after a short council of war Pattison (Commander-in-Chief of the National Guard) ordered Gen. Snowden to prepare division, consisting of about 4,000 men, under arms to go to Homestead to restore order.

Sheriff McCleary was also notified that the National Guard had been ordered to support.

Adjutant General Greenland returned to Harrisburg, and in an interview stated that the sheriff was no longer able to maintain the peace, but he did not believe troops would be ordered until the sheriff had made an attempt to get into Homestead at the possibility of more lives.

At 10 o'clock last night Maj. General Snowden executed the Governor's order and called out the entire military division of Pennsylvania, consisting of three regiments of infantry, three troops of cavalry and three batteries of artillery—about 8,500 men. By sunset to-day this army will be under canvas at Homestead.

It is believed that the troops will be resisted, and that order will be quickly restored, as there is no feeling among the strikers against the State soldiery.

Gen. Snowden says the active force of the National Guard is about 8,500, and he will proceed to Homestead to take command.

At the State arsenal the preparations are going forward for the shipment of millions of war, and cannon are being loaded on flat cars.

THE NEWS AT HOMESTEAD.

Believed at First—The Mills Will Be Shut Down.

HOMESTEAD, July 10.—The news that Governor Pattison had called out the Pennsylvania National Guard was received here last midnight, and was disbelieved.

The Amalgamated Association leaders counted all along on the possibility of the Sheriff and believed that Governor Pattison would not permit the National Guard to be used against the strikers. General Greenland said he believed that the State troops would be turned out.

The Sheriff's final message seems to have struck the mind of the Governor. The strikers are bitter. They say that the Governor gave them assurance that he would not send the militia to Homestead, and they are disappointed.

Some apprehension seems to be felt by the powers and duties of the militia would be.

If they merely take possession of the works there will be comparatively no opposition, and even that opposition would be further than oral expressions of dissent.

If, however, in the furtherance of their ends the soldiers are ordered to protect the strikers, things may assume a question just how much of that protection the locked out men would be extended without resorting to force again to check it.

At a midnight meeting of the Advisory Committee it was decided to co-operate with the National Guard in maintaining order and to impress upon the workers the necessity of preserving peace.

HOW THE DAY PASSED.

Peace and Quiet Reigned Supreme at Homestead.

HARRISBURG, July 10.—Peace and quiet reigned supreme at Homestead.