WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 3, 1892.

Tyroroxicon the mysterious pol-son which in some way generat self in some ice cream, has begun to summer ravages. There is ice cream enough consumed in this country to make this matter one of profound interest to microscopists and the med ical profession: yet no one seems to have handled it with any noticeable success. What the poison is, whence it comes, and how the patient should be treated are all unsolved questions.

White husbands are fashionable just at present among the Indian maidens in Washington State, alleges the New York Tribune, and the noble red man is the worst kind of a wall-flower, much to his disgust. In one camp on the Grand Ronde River there are seventeen marriageable Indian girls, and they all want white men for husbands and shun their would-be lovers in the camp. The father of one of the girls makes an open offer of 200 head of good horses to the young white man wao will marry his daughter. The old Indian says, howa "hoodlum" for a son-in-law; the man must be of good character and address, and able to give his Indian bride a good

The recognition of Budapest as a capital and place of royal residence by the Austrian Emperor deprives Vienus of the honor of being the sole capital of the dual monarchy, but really is little more than a formal acknowledgment of a condition that has existed for a good many years. The Emperor has always passed several months annually in Budapest, which, being the seat of government, was to all intents and purposes the capi tal of the sister kingdom. The Hungar ians have been very anxious to secure for it all the possible advantages of a capital, and in certain respects here outstripped The streets of Budapest are more lively and the hotels and shope ere quite as good as those of Vienna. In another respect Budapest is superior to Vienna. The Austrian capital is paved with the primitive nine-inch granite blocks, which are not particularly agree able to drive over. Socially there is little to choose between the two cities. Vienna has long been groauing beneath a costly, corrupt, and incapable municipal government, and has now few attractions to offer which may not be enjoyed to equal advantage in her Hungarian rival.

A very brotherly and commendable custom, the New York Post semarks, is that of the San Francisco carpenters, who build homes for one another without charging the owner for their labor. All he need supply is the land and lumber, and if he takes a day or two off the house will be completed when he returns. A local paper tells a story of how such a dwelling was put up in one day. At sunrise thirteen members of a carpenters' union appeared on the ground, bringing their tools, and before dark they had raised a structure whose exterior at least was finished. It was not a Queen Anne villa of course, nor was there much taste of any kind displayed in the design, but it afforded a comfortable home to the mechanic and his family, and the burden of rent paying was no longer to haunt him. "That is the seventh house built this way for members of carpenters' unions here," said one of the workers when they were packing up their tools. "My house you see over there on that hill was the first one. The boys put it up for me about a year ago. When I bought my material I had only \$40 left, and if I had had to pay for getting it built where would I have been? We believe in turning in to help each other

### Yellow Bust Storm.

Prof. Milne, of Tokio, records a dense covered the decks of a vessel ninety five miles from Nagasaki, Japan, which is upwards of 400 miles from the coast of Chins. This dust was so fine that, though Composed of felspar, quartz, and a few shreds of plants, it did not affect the eyes, and had not the decks been correct with it, it might have been mistaken for a peculiarly yellow fog. Yet it seems to have extended for nearly 2000 miles, and to have come from the literat light and the literature of 'locas" plains of China.

The tortoise once best the hare; the hare is not so sleepy nowadays.

### JUDGE NOT.

BY NINETTE M. LOWATER,

To NINETTE M. LOWATER.

To through whose veins the life-tides sweep
With roythmic obh and measured now,
Whose pulse me is lighting leap
Who, bedged by oustom's narrow round.
Hearce know your warmest friend from for
And think you love, because you've found
That you no desper friendship know.
In which we have been a supplied to the land heaven?
They warmed the short that knows
I have the supplied to the supplied to the land heaven?
To your with life's white heat glaws.
I have the supplied to the supplied to the land heaven?
They transfixed, or sorrow frien.
I have the supplied to the s

# 'Twixt Life and Death

## UNDER MEDICAL ADVICE.

A Story of the Franco Prussian War.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN

CHAPTER XIV.



night she had administered the anodyne according to instructions of her young mistress, and it seemed to have had an almost miraculous effect.

Early in the morning Dr. Huet appeared at the chateau and went up to the bedside. He saw at a glance that the crisis was past, and after a careful examination and redressing of the wound pronounced the patient out of immediate danger. During the examination the German awoke and made a sign that he wished to speak to the doctor alone; so the old dame was diemissed, and the two mon were left face to face.

"You have something to communicate to me, said the Frenchman, seating himself by the hed.

"Ah, mension," returned the German officer, it is not of myself that I with to speak but of her whom God scut to ave me in my extremity."

"Mile, de Garvolles" Yes, yes an icht yen owe your life to her."

"More than my life, monsieur' cried the state of the ried as voice choke I with tears.

"Ah' you do not know. But when I lave toll you you will ad-re her and pity me, Better if I do not live to lock again into her noble face! Charity so infinite is more than I can bear."

ear. Huet looked puzzled, and began to hink that the mind of his patient was coing that the mind of his patient was wandering.
"Pray compose yourself," he said.
"Where is she, monsieur?" asked the wounded man, eagerly. "Have you seen her?"

Not this morning. Dame Fevereau tells me that the young lady watched during a portion of the night, and then retired to her own bedchamber."

Not before she had saved my miserable life! Not before she had snatched me from death, though she knew that I, of all men, was the most undeserving! Monsieur, I remember. I was sinking fast when she interfered and succored memory whom she should have left to periash!—me whom she has cause to hate so much!"

ish:—me whom she has cause to hate so much!"

"Come, come, " said the Doctor, good-bunoredly; "of course we know you are a German, one of the enemies of France. But a bullet, look you absolves all such eumities, and we people of France do not cany our ferocities into the hospital or the sick-noum."

"Thanks, monsieur, "returned the other, sadly. "To you, also, I know I owe a debt of gratitude; but that is different. To her I owe far more—a debt which leaves me

I owe far more—a debt which leaves me shame-stricken and penitent before my God!"

God!"
His look was so full of anguish, his tone and manner so solemn, that the Doctor gazed at him in wonder. Tremulously, with the tears still streaming down his cheeks, the German reached out his hand, and placed it upon Huet's

out his hand, and placed it upon Huet's arm.
"Monsieur, listen. Do you know— have you heard—that she has lost her father?"
"No!" cried the Doctor, starting in amazement. "The Chevalier?— He is not dead?"

dead?"
Woful beyond measure, in its utter misery and self-reproach, was the look upon the German's face as he replied:
"Yes, monsieur. I killed him."
Thunderstruck and horror-strucken, the Doctor shook off the other's touch and

Pring to his feet.

"You killed the Chevalier? Do you meatit? Grand Dieu, it is too horrible! How!

In broken accents the German told his story—as he had told it overnight to Blanche, but more clearly and in fuller detail. He described the incident of the surprise, of the cutting down of Gavrolles, of the scene enacted afterward in the moonleght, when the dying man committed the medallion to his enemy's care. Pr. Huet, who had known the Chevalier wall and esteemed him above most men, is-

and esteemed him above most men, iistened in simply borror.

"It is well for you," he exclaimed, when the other had finished, "that I did not know this before. I reproach myself tow that you were not suffered to die like a dog. It is horrible—it is infamous! Even yet, when the truth becomes known to the people, I will not answer for your life."
"My life is nothing, monsieur, "returned the sick man, with u groon. "I set no store by it, God knows, save for the sake of those whom I have left at home. It would have been better, perhaps, if I had died last night."

But IT. Hust cayed to hear a more and the same an

died last night.

But Dr. Huet stayed to hear no more.

The lobby he came face to face with the old dame.

"Oh, monsieur, will you come to my.

young mistress? I have just been to ber room, and I have found her lying there like one distracted. I am sure she has not slept all night, and she talks so strangely."

not slept all night, and she talks so strangely.

Greatly excited, Huet accompanied the woman to the chamber, and there, stretched upon the bed, her face worn with weeping, her hair dishevelled and still moist and cold with the neited snow, he found Blanche lying. Her cyes were wide open, but she seemed to see nothing; only at intervals, with strange monotony and regularity, she gave vent to that tertible moan with which she bed heard the comman's tale overnight.

"It is carebral fever," he cried. "Loos, she is quite unconscious. Poor child, poor child! It is forturate that I came here."

I'nder Huet's instructions. Blanche was undressed and put into hed by the old

here."
I'nder Huet's instructious. Blanche was undressed and put into hed by the old dame, who wept freely at her task, for Blanche seemed to her almost like her own child.
Returning to the chamber, the Doctor found the poor girl lying with the same fixed look and uttening the same werry moan. Clad in her white night-dress, with her silken hair falling around her face and setting it in a golden frame, she looked strangely beautiful.
The Doctor's eyes grew moist as they saved upon her.
"Heavenly powers!" he murmured to hinself. "What fatality! The man who killed her father and the father's heart-broken child both lying under the same roof—his 100f—and under my care. It makes my head swim to think of it. Well, with God's help I will save her if I can."
Fortunately the good Doctor had both skill and experience; and, moreover, the information he had received enabled him to determine the character of the girl's silment.
He walked back to the chamber where

ailment.

He walked back to the chamber where he had left the wounded man, who, as he entered, looked up wildly and exclaimed: "Monsieur, have you seen her? For pity's sake, tell me of her! The thought of what she must suffer is wringing my heart."

"She is unconscious," replied Huet between his set teeth, frowning and drawing back from the other's outstretched hands "You killed the father, and I fear you have destroyed the child. I doubt if she will ever recover."

ever recover."

Giving a great sob, the German tuned his face away and covered it with his trembling hands.

While these things were taking place at the chateau, the surrounding district continued in a panic of excitement, owing to the near presence of the victorious Giermans. A little experience, however, showed the country people that the ferocity of the enemy was, to say the least, exaggerted. Ettetat was quietly occupied. Grave foreign officers in spectacles were found strolling on the seashore. There was no more fighting, as all the French troops, only a hendful at the most, had retired along the coast in the direction of Dieppe. THE GERMANS.

Dieppe.

Two days after the wounded officer of Two days after the wounded officer of Ubhans had been carried into the Chateau of Grandpre a small company of cavalry, headed by an officer, rode my the avenue toward the chateau and halted on the lawn beneath the terrace. The offier, dismounting, walked up the steps to the door and knocked. After a delay of some chateau of the door was connected to the door was connected to delay of some chateau of the door was connected to did Hu-

and knocked. After a delay of some minutes the door was opened by old Hubert.

"What may monsieur please to want?" asked the old man, quaking in every limb.

"You have one of our officers lying here wounded," said the German in French. "I wish to see him."

wish to see him."

"Certainly, monsieur." answered Hubet. "Will you be good enough to enter? And will you please to step softly, as my poor young mistress is very ill?"

"He is alive, of course?" muttred the officer, halting on the threshold.

"Yes, monsieur."
On receiving this vanisch.

receiving this reply the officer beck-

oned and another German, also in uniform, leaped from the saddle and ran up to his side.

leaped from the side.

"Yas, he is here. Come with me, Borgfeldt; You may be wanted."

With obsequious timidity Hubert led the way up-st irs into the sick man's room. He was lying in bed, propped up with pillowe, and readings a book. One glance at the book showed its religious character. It was the Donay edition of the New Testament.

"Hartmann, old fellow!" cried the officer, with outstretched hands, "this is, judeed, fortunate We had given you up

for dead."

Hartmann smiled sadly, returning the kindly pressure.

Hartmann smile 1 sauly, returning the kindly pressure.

"God has been good to me, as you see," he replied. "I survive, while better men are in their graves. Ah, Dr. Borgfeldt, is that you?" "What was it?" asked Borgfeldt, who was a tall, clean-shaver man in spectacls. "A bullet wound?"

I artmann pointed to his heart, and the German doctor, stooping down, made a hasty examination.

German doctor, stooping down, made a hasty examination.

"It was an ugly wound," he muttured; "the ball lodged close to the pleura, only just missing the left lung. Who extracted it?"

"A clever French doctor. Ah! he is here. Let me introduce him—Dr. Huet."

Huet, who had entered the room, bowed stiffly.

"How is mademoiselle, your patient?" asked Hartmann, eagerly. "Better, I pray God?"

asked Hartmaun, eagerly. Better, 1919, God?" Better—and worse, "replied Huet, coldly. "The fever is leaving her, but from time to time are signs that she is beginning to remember. I dread the complete return of her faculties, for then—"
"Yes, yes; I understand, "cried Hartmann. Would to Heaven that I could comfort her! but, alas! it is too late for that. May God forgive me!"

comfort her! but, alas! it is too late for that. May God forgive me!"

The other two Germans I stened in no little surprise to this conversation, which, of course, they were at a loss to understand. Then the officer broke in:

"Well, Hartmann, what can we do for you? You seem in snug quarters here, so that it is unnecessary to think of removing yon. I suppose?"

"Pardon me," interrupted "Huet, "the sooner he is removed from this house the better."

"Quite right," said Hartmann, sadly. "I have no right here, where my very presence is an outrage. Take me away as soon as possible."

ence is an ourse.

as possible.

Without saking any further questions the officer promised to send an ambulance cart that very afternoon, and in the meantime to tell off a couple of soldiers to keep

guard over the patient and attend to his

wants.

In the afternoon the ambulance arrived and Hartmann was assisted down. It was In the afternoon the ambulance arrived and Hartmann was assisted down. It was an open vehicle with a canvas awning, rudely extemporized for the purpose and stream thickly with straw, on which the invalid was able to be almost at full length. Lying thus, with his head propped up by pillows, he could see the wintry seems account the transfer will ging the drift proper head of the large will ging the drift proper the ground the cross still a seem of the country and the cross still a seem of the cross still a s

up by pillows, he could see the warry recro sepied the trees lealer will show the woods.

Huet stood on the steps of the chateru watching his departure. Hartmann becknowed to him.

"Monsieur," he said, "I am going away with a heavy heart. All my thought and care now is for Mile, de Gavrolley. Should she ever sreak of me should she ever hear to think of one so unworthy-tell her that I shall never forget her, never cease to pray for her and to bless her. May God comfort her, monsieur, and watch over her, now and foewer!"

Huet made no reply. The cart moved slowly away, driven by a soldier in undress, and with a mounted soldier in unforms, and with a mounted soldier in unform on either side. Down the long

dress, and with a monthest souler had form on either side. Down the long blenk avenue, through the wintry woods, went the little procession. Here and therethe snow was so deep that progress was received that the soldiers to alight an I free the wheels.

we: "mindit, and it wis necessity or the soldiers to alight an if fee the wheels.

Hartmann lay looking on the desolute scene, his heart full of a kindled desolution. His thoughts were wandering backward to the sick-room where the martyred girl was lying.

They had traveled some distance through the woods, and could see the open country close at hand, when the driver came tou full stop. Blocking the narrow road was a traveling carriage, one of the wheels of which had loosened and was lying deeply imbedded in the snow. The driver was on foot now examining the curriage, now gesticulating wildly to the soldiers as they approached.

Seated in the carriage, with his face turned away from Hartmann, was a tall gentlemen in military undress, carrying his arm in a sling.

With angre exclamations in their native

Seated in the carriage, with an accutance dawn from Hartmann, was a tall gentlemen in military undress, carrying his arm in a sling.

With sngry exclamations in their native tongue, the German soldiers rode up to the drive, and seemed commanding him to clear the way. He answered them with a volley in French, not a word of which they understood and pointed to the wheel. "What is the matter?" asked Hartmann, addressing the driver of his own vehicle.

"An accident, Herr 'aptain." replied the man, saluting. "The carriage has broken down."

At this moment the strange gentleman, leaning on a stick or crutch, alighted from the carriage. The light fell upon his pa'e face and close-cropped hair.

Hartmann started and raised bimself upon bis pillow. Something in the face seemed familiar. He looked and looked again. Saints of heaven, could it be possible? Trembling violently, he called the driver of the imbulance:

"Quick' go to that gertleman! Demand his name and whither he is going!"

The man leaped down, and, joining the group at the side of the carriage, addressed the stranger. Then he came beek to Hartman, and sail; saluting:

His name, Herr (aptain, is the they alied the daverdlex, and he is returning in valided to his home youder at the chatean."

Had an angel from heaven upon his rath, bringing some happy mes-suge from another world. Hartmann could not have felt a wilder rapture or a more wondering awe. A cry broke from his live, his recognition.

sage from another world. Hartmann could not have felt a wilder rapture or a more wondering awe. A cry bloke from his lips; his eyes swam with sudden lears. Oh, the goodness of God! the great neacy and marvel of His ways! The world brightened as if with morning sunshane. Earth and heaven seemed radiant with some holy light.

"Ask him to come this way. Entreat him. I must speak to him. Quick, for Heaven's sake."

The man obeyed and again walked over to the carriage, where the coachman, assisted by the soldiers, was busy attempting to mend the wheel. Then, after a munute, the gentleman, leaning on his crutch and partly supported by the soldier in undress, made his way laboriously to the side of the ambulance.

Hartmann leaned over with trembling, outstretched hands, while the other looked up at him in surprise.

"Monsieur do you not know we?" side!"

outselvenet mans, while the other looked up at him in surprise.

"Monsieur, do you not know me?" cried the German. "Ah, heaven! do you not remember? I left you for dead. You gave me that last message—that medallion?"

"Is it possible?" returned the Chevalier.
"The German officer who—"
"Who thought that he was guilty of your death, but who now thanks God for restor-"Who thought that he was guilty of your death, but who now thanks God for restoring you so unexpectedly to life. Ah, monsieur, it is a miracle! It is God's doing Tell me-how did it happen? How were you saved?"
"By your countrymen." accessed the

Toll me—bow did it happen? How were you saved?"

By your countrymen, "answered the Chevalier, smilling and taking Hartmann's hand. "A party of Germans carrying the Red Cross iound me lying where you left me, and, discovering some faint signs of life, bore me to their ambulance. Your surgeons are both skillful and humans; under their care I at last recovered."

"Thank God! thunk God!" cried Hartmann, raising his eyes to heaven, while the lears streamed down his cheeks and he sobbed like a little child.

That evening Dr. Huet stood by Blanche's bedaule, watching her as she slept under the influence of a narcotic administered in the afternoon. Suddenly she stirred, moaned faintly and opened her eyes. The wild look of delirium had faded from her face and Dr. Huet saw that she iecognized him.

Then, in a moment; came memory, flashed before her like a mirror. "All her brain was clear and he saw that she remembered. With a wild cry she covered her face with her hands and uttered her father's name. "Mademoiselle," said the Doctor gently.

ber face with her names and father's name, "Mademoiselle," said the Doctor gently, "are you listening? I have something to

"Mademoiselle," said the Doctor gently,
"are you listening? I have something to
tell you."

She drew her hands from her face and
raised her eyes to his. He placed his hand
softly upon her shoulder and continued in
the same kindly tone.

"Will you tell me about your dreams!
Sometimes, I think, they were about your
father, my old triend the Chevalier, were
they not? Ah! then you must not distress
yourself. Sometimes, when love is so
great as yours, it works miracles and brings
back the dead."

Who was that stirring the shadow of
the door and listening? Blanche could
not be a set and the shadow of the door and listening? Blanche could
hat the stirring the sinch could hat the stirring the sinch could
hat the stirring the sinch could have the sinch could have the stirring the sinch could have sinch could have the sinch co

She rose up in bed with a wild cry and seized Huet's erm.

"Lives lives!" she cried. "No; he idead! He killed him! Monsieur, fo head?" What have

heard?"

Who was this stealing into the charles eager love and rupture, and eyes full blinding tears?

Whe who describes the charles are the charles are the described with the charles are th

hent over her.

"Hinnethe, my darling, do you not hen.

"Hinnethe, my darling, do you not hen.

"Father!" she cried; and, opening her arms to embrace him, fell a wooning upon his broast.

"My child, my child!" he sobbed. Thank he lided her."

my clind, my have killed her."
"No, old friend," said the good bode, brushing awny a tear from his own cheek.
"Joy does not kill so eavily; she will the

Meantime, while the events were two ceeding at the chateau. Housel, the forester, had conducted himself. The forester, had conducted himself. The forester, had conducted himself. A hamseless nave, tempered with dread, Parsadhim. During the long nights he watched him windows of the chateau, where he knew the wounded officer was lying; then when day came, he wandered through the woods and by the sas, a prey to his one stormy thoughts.

As the enemy came nearer, overrunning the district, Housel was among the commentary of the chevalier's return, he was caught lurking in the woods near the village, after having just fired from the bushes at some officers of the enemy. Dragged from he hidding-place, struggling like a wild boast and loudly proclaiming his treacheous deed, he was given a whoft shrift. He died fearlessly and defantly, and as he fell the last word on his lips was the name of his mistress.

Two years had passed away, when, on the first day of the new year, a little party was gathered together in the Chatear of Grandpre. At the head of the table sat the Chevalier de Gavrolles, still party crippled by his wounds, but others well and strong. Fasing him was his daughter Blanche, a little paler and sadder than of old, but as heautiful as see. On his left sat worthy Dr. Huet and the little cure, and on his right, with eyes are fixed on Blanche in tender respect and affection, the German officer of Unions. The Chevalier had his glass charged, and was in the act of giving a toast.

The old year has gone out in peace may the new year bring further forgitmess and reconcillation. Peace for Fancel Yance for the world!

"Annen to that!" said Hartmann.

The old landmarks chenge, proceeded the Chevalier, smilling. "Who woulders have prophesied that a savage Teuton would ever he welcome in the Chatear of Grandpre Vet Blanche will have its of its peems.

No, fathor, "cried Blanche, blushing: the would wand brought an enemy back," and was another funeral; and as mademoiselle was nother funeral; and as mademoiselle was not

A merry read of table.

"I am a Teuton no longer," exclaimed the German. "I find mynationality where I found my life—in the Chateau of Grand-

e... Here the little cure broke in

Here the little cure broke in:
"That's all very well; but if there should
be another war, what then?"
"In any case, said Hartmann, "I am
invalided forever. No more fighting for
me. I shall remain at the fireside with
my darling nurse; and if ever the nations
begin quarreling again, I shall say—"
"Peace to France! Peace to the world!"
cried the Chevalier.

And all drank the toast again together.
[THE END.]

### Not as Wicked as Painted.

Not as Wicked as Painted.

It has become so much the custom for those cities jealous of the greatness and fame of Chicago to publish envious and malicious libels upon her Christian character that it is a pleasant surprise to find in a voice from Canada a fair minded description of Sunday life in Chicago. In the course of an interesting letter published in a widely cituating Dominion newspaper the correspondent thus disposes of that venerations. pondent thus disposes of that venerable slander, the "wickedness of Chi-

"There are over 350 churches in this city, from the pulpits of which ring out 700 warnings each Sabbath to those who have ears to hear. These churches have a seating capacity of 260,000. In addition to this three of the theaters and one large hall and several smaller ones are utilized on Sunday meening for religious purposes. Supposing that each of these churches are but half filled at each service, that would possibly be a fair average for this or any other city, would give an attendance of 125,000 for each service, two services each Sunday (the Roman Catholic and Episcopal churches have more,) will show an attendance of 300,000. Add to the 8,000 or 10,000 who attend the several services in t "There are over 350 churches in this take into consideration the many Sunday-schools, some of them having an average attendance of 4,000 and 6,000. So, notwithstanding all that might be said about the wickedness of Chicago, she will compare favorably with like cities even in Puritan Canada."

Judging from the way in which some British mobs greet some British candidates, the act of running for office in that country must be performed literally.

Concern positions are showing 2 for all the claim.

Some are dark

There are dark

my 36 seemberth as as In the

GREAT FEDERATI

Il the Railroad Labor Ass ations to Combine.

HE CONVENTION AT WILKESBA

Telegraph Operators to Unite i Rear Future Western Men a Un Consolidation Opposition in the WILKESBARRE, Pa., Aug. 1.-As t

alt of the convention yesterday of the Brotherhood of Lo sotatives of the Brotherhood of Lo-ice Engineers. Brotherhood of Fir-he Switchmen's Mutual Aid Associa-and Ledies Auxiliary, it is a retain that these orders will in a making the strongest association of hear ever organized.

making the strongest association of more ever organized. The largest delegations were p from New York, Pennsylvania, New sy and Delaware. The west was

seg and Delavare.

The morning session was secret an in the armory. The object of the cotion was stated, namely, to discussivability of consolidating the nader one head. It is said the scheme was favorably received by all sphere was favorably received by all sphere was favorably received in a very ill be put into effect in a very inc. The engineers in the W time. The engineers in the was

ion. There is some opposition among t incres in the East, who do not li

tion. There is some opposition among t giners in the East, who do not li-idea of being called out on strike the brakemen or telegraphers have early with their employers, but the sition of the Eastern men, it is said to accrome without difficulty. The session was harmonious. Ad-were made by C. W. Wilson of Pl-bury, N. J., Grand Chairman of the acc-Committee of the Brotherhood constite Firemen on the Readings C. H. Wilkins of Chicago, As Grand Chairman of the Railroad C uss Association: A. B. McMahon c falc, Chairman of the Order of R Telegraphers. elegraphers.

in the afternoon a public meetiched, at which 6,000 people were p Master Workman Powderly deliv 20 minute speech. He said it we duty of railroaders to unite under land of the minute and pool their in They do it for their own protection employes ought to have the same lage. If workingmen don't protect slows nobedy else will. Powderly denounced the Pinkerto Carnegie's Company He was louplanded

auded
Mayor Nichols also delivered a :
wher McAndres, a Catholic priest
favor of moderation.

NICOLAI ASKS FORGIVENE lizabeth's Erring Pastor Anx Make Reatitution.

Make Realitation.

ELIZABETH, N. J., Aug. 1.—T.
Nathaniel Nicolai, the former pr
the First German Preshyrerian Ch
this city, who disappeared
by two months ago after forgin,
cheks here and who returned S hight, says that he came back to s

might, says that he came back to signeness and make restitution, if p He called at the residence of Mr. Plarrer, the treasurer of the whose name his had forged, and to be forgiven. Mr. Pfarrer, it is stood, is loath to forgive Nicolai, addition to forging his name, be several hundred dollars from him When Nicolai left Elizabeth he bakland, Cal., he says, where he to meet the Rev. E. Fay Mills, v. conducting a series of revival n Mr. Mills knew of his wrongdo urged him to return and seek forg Mr. Mills at the same time wrote earl of the clergymen of the E. Prebytery, who recently, after deposed the absconding pastor of thurch, suggesting that if Nicolai ed he be affished.

The Verdict in the Mitchell The Verdict in the Mittenell Marghia, Aug. 1,—The verdic sailty rendered by the jury in the Alice Mitchell for the murder of Ward meets with general approvant the recommendation that the confined in an asylum, as she is to be too dangerous to be at larges those who were skeptical a being of unsound mind. It is ill siss Mitchell will not be taken to before the latter part of the week Johnson, her alleged accompliprobably never be tried. She is a dying of consumption.

C. S. S. Alliance to Return to This Washisoron. Aug. 1.—Lis Washisoron. Aug. 1.—Lis the Navy Department that Rear Harmony, in command of the Cl ton, will within a few days ord 8. Alliance to return to the Sates. The crew of the Allia about seryed out their time-of-energither was the vessel, on her return to 5 caco, will be put out of com Nothing is known at the Navy Rent about the Alliance bein worth, as the result of her bein on the breakwater at Yokahoma

Prince George and Princes Frace George and Princess Loxos, Aug. 1.—"Land and any the report of the engageme bule of York, son of the Prince and heir presumptive to the trong, and Princess Victoria o wig-Holstein, and Princess Victoria o wig-Holstein, and Princess War, and Princess War, and Princess Mar, and Princess Mar, and Princess Mar, and the transfer of the Princess May, to the Duke of Teck, who was to the Duke of Clarence and Av.

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