Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 3, 1892.

TYROTOXICON, the mysterious poison which in some way generates itself in some ice cream, has begun its summer ravages. There is ice cream enough consumed in this country to make this matter one of profound interest to microscopists and the medical 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 who will marry his daughter. The old Indian says, however, that he will not accept any kind of a "hoodlum" for a son-in-law; the man must be of good character and address, and able to give his Indian bride a good home.

The recognition of Budapest as a capital and place of royal residence by the Austrian Emperor deprives Vienna 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 capital of the sister kingdom. The Hungarians have been very anxious to secure for it all the possible advantages of a capital, and in certain respects have outstripped Vienna. The streets of Budapest are more lively and the hotels and shops are 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 agreeable to drive over. Socially there is little to choose between the two cities. Vienna has long been groaning 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 remarks, 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 along."

Yellow Dust Storm.

Prof. Milne, of Tokio, records a dense storm of yellow dust which suddenly covered the decks of a vessel ninety-five miles from Nagasaki, Japan, which is upwards of 400 miles from the coast of China. 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 covered 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 "loess" plains of China.

The tortoise once beat the hare; but the hare is not so sleepy nowadays. It hasn't happened since.—Puck.

JUDGE NOT.

BY NINETTE M. LOWATER.

To through whose veins the life-tides sweep
With rhythmic ebb and measured flow,
Whose pulse ne'er like lightning leap
At passk n's touch or anger's blow;
Who, hedged by custom's narrow round,
Scarce know your warmest friend from foe,
And think you love, because you've found
That you no dearer friendship know.
How dare you judge the soul that knows
Neutral round 'twixt hell and heaven?
Never with life's white-heat glows,
Joy transfixed, or sorrow riven.
Love is no idle name,
Joy dream, insanely sweet,
Ends of deep, divinest pain,
Bud with every heart-string's beat!
Ha, Wis.

'Twixt Life and Death

—OR—

UNDER MEDICAL ADVICE.

A Story of the Franco-Prussian War.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

CHAPTER XIV.

BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH.

DAYLIGHT came and found the wounded man still living, and lying in a heavy sleep. The old dame sat by his side, worn out with watching. From time to time during the 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 dismissed, and the two men were left face to face.

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

"Ah, monsieur," returned the German officer, "it is not of myself that I wish to speak but of her whom God sent to save me in my extremity."

"Mlle. de Gavrolles? Yes, you are right; you owe your life to her."

"Nay, than my life, monsieur! cried the other in a voice choked with tears. "Ah! you do not know. But when I have told you you will adore her and pity me. Better if I had died! Better if I do not live to look again into her noble face! Charity so infinite is more than I can bear."

Huet looked puzzled, and began to think 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 me—me whom she should have left to perish!—me whom she has cause to hate so much!"

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

"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 shame-stricken and penitent before my 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 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?"

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-stricken, the Doctor shook off the other's touch and sprang to his feet.

"You killed the Chevalier? Do you mean it? Grand Dieu, it is too horrible! How! 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 his surprise, of the cutting down of Gavrolles, of the scene enacted afterward in the moonlight, when the dying man committed the medallion to his enemy's care. Dr. Huet, who had known the Chevalier well and esteemed him above most men, listened in simple horror.

"It is well for you," he exclaimed, when the other had finished, "that I did not know this before. I reproach myself now 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 a groan. "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 Dr. Huet stayed to hear no more. With a cry, almost an imprecation, he rushed from the room. In 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 her 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."

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 quilted snow, he found Blanche lying. Her eyes were wide open, but she seemed to see nothing; only at intervals, with strange monotony and regularity, she gave vent to that terrible moan with which she had heard the German's tale overnight.

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

Under Huet's instructions, Blanche was undressed and put into bed 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 uttering the same weary 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 gazed upon her.

"Heavenly powers!" he murmured to himself. "What fatality! The man who killed her father and the father's heart-broken child both lying under the same roof—his roof—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 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."

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

CHAPTER XV.

THE GERMANS.

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 Germans. A little experience, however, showed the country people that the ferocity of the enemy was, to say the least, exaggerated. Etretat 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 handful at the most, had retired along the coast in the direction of Dieppe.

Two days after the wounded officer of Uhlans had been carried into the Chateau of Grandpre a small company of cavalry, headed by an officer, rode up the avenue toward the chateau and halted on the lawn beneath the terrace. The officer, dismounting, walked up the steps to the door 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."

"Certainly, monsieur," answered Hubert. "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?" muttered the officer, halting on the threshold.

"Yes, monsieur."

On receiving this reply the officer beckoned and another German, also in uniform, leaped from the saddle and ran up to his side.

"Yes, he is here. Come with me, Borgfeldt; you may be wanted."

With obsequious timidity Hubert led the way up stairs into the sick man's room. He was lying in bed, propped up with pillows, and reading a book. One glance at the book showed its religious character. It was the Douay edition of the New Testament.

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

Hartmann smiled sadly, 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-shaven man in spectacles. "A bullet wound?"

Hartmann pointed to his heart, and the 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?"

"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!"

The other two Germans listened 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 you, 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."

Without asking 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 an open vehicle with a canvas awning, rudely extemporized for the purpose and strewn thickly with straw, on which the invalid was able to lie almost at full length. Lying thus, with his head propped up by pillows, he could see the wintry scene as past the trees laden with snow the drift upon the ground, the gray, still heaven above the woods.

Huet stood on the steps of the chateau watching his departure. Hartmann beckoned to him.

"Monsieur," he said, "I am going away with a heavy heart. All my thought and care now is for Mlle. de Gavrolles. Should she ever speak of me, should she ever bear 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 forever!"

Huet made no reply. The cart moved slowly away, driven by a soldier in undress, and with a mounted soldier in uniform on either side. Down the long black avenue, through the wintry woods, went the little procession. Here and there the snow was so deep that progress was difficult, and it was necessary for the soldiers to alight and free the wheels.

Hartmann lay looking on the desolate scene, his heart full of a kindred desolation. 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-side at hand, when the driver came to a 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 carriage, now gesticulating wildly to the soldiers as they approached.

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

With angry 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 Captain," 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 pale face and close-cropped hair.

Hartmann started and raised himself upon his pillow. Something in the face seemed familiar. He looked and looked again. Saints of heaven, could it be possible? Trembling violently, he called to the driver of the ambulance.

"Quick! go to that gentleman! 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 back to Hartmann, and said, saluting:

"His name, Herr Captain, is the Chevalier de Gavrolles, and he is returning invalided to his home yonder at the chateau."

Had an angel from heaven alighted upon his path, bringing some happy message from another world, Hartmann could not have felt a wilder rapture or a more wondering awe. A cry broke from his lips; his eyes swam with sudden tears. Oh, the goodness of God! the great mercy and marvel of His ways! The world brightened as if with morning sunshine. 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 extend the wheel. Then, after a minute, 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 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 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," answered the Chevalier, smiling and taking Hartmann's hand. "A party of Germans carrying the Red Cross found me lying where you left me, and, discovering some faint signs of life, bore me to their ambulance. Your surgeons are both skillful and humane; under their care I at last recovered."

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

That evening Dr. Huet stood by Blanche's bedside, 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 recognized 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, "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 friend 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 see, for her eyes were blind with tears.

"Father! father!" she cried.

"Mademoiselle, do not weep. I have bad news which will give you comfort. Your father lives still, and shall be with you presently. Hush! hush! I hear his footsteps on the threshold. Hush! lie down and be quiet, or I will not let him come to you."

Obedient as a child, she lay down, her lovely bosom heaving with sobs, her eyes fixed on the door.

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

"Lives! lives!" she cried. "No; he is dead! He killed him! Monsieur, for pity's sake, tell me! What have I heard?"

Who was this stealing into the chamber—a tall, gray man, with a face full of eager love and rapture, and eyes full of blinding tears?

Was she dreaming still, or was it the spirit of her father? No, not dreaming and no spirit. He came close to her, he bent over her.

"Blanche, my darling, do you not know me? It is I—your father."

"Father!" she cried; and, opening her arms to embrace him, fell swooning upon his breast.

"My child, my child!" he sobbed. "I have killed her."

"No, old friend," said the good Doctor, brushing away a tear from his own cheek. "Joy does not kill so easily; she will recover."

CHAPTER XVI.

CONCLUSION.

Meantime, while the events were proceeding at the chateau, Houzel, the forester, had conducted himself more like a madman than a rational being. A naturless maze, tempered with dread, pursued him. During the long nights he watched the windows of the chateau, where he knew the wounded officer was lying; then, when day came, he wandered through the woods and by the sea, a prey to his own stormy thoughts.

As the enemy came nearer, overrunning the district, Houzel was among the foremost to abandon until, on the very day 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 his hiding-place, struggling like a wild beast, and loudly proclaiming his treacherous deed, he was given a short shrift. He died fearlessly and defiantly, 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 Chateau of Grandpre. At the head of the table sat the Chevalier de Gavrolles, still partly crippled by his wounds, but otherwise well and strong. Facing him was his daughter Blanche, a little paler and sadder than of old, but as beautiful as ever. On his left sat worthy Dr. Huet and the little cure, and on his right, with eyes ever fixed on Blanche in tender respect and affection, was the German officer of Uhlans, in plain civilian dinner costume, like any ordinary gentleman.

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 forgiveness and reconciliation. Peace for France! Peace for the world!"

"Amen to that!" said Hartmann.

"The old landmarks change," proceeded the Chevalier, smiling. "Who would ever have prophesied that a savage Teuton would ever be welcome in the Chateau of Grandpre? Yet Blanche will have it so, it seems.

"No, father," cried Blanche, blushing; "it was you yourself that wrote to Germany and brought an enemy back."

"Under medical advice," interrupted Huet. "Corbleu! I did not want to have another funeral; and as mademoiselle was so delicate, I prescribed the only remedy."

A merry peal of laughter went round the table.

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

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 France! Peace to the world!" cried the Chevalier.

And all drank the toast again together.

[THE END.]

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 circulating Dominion newspaper the correspondent thus disposes of that venerable slander, the "wickedness of Chicago:"

"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 250,000. In addition to this three of the theaters and one large hall and several smaller ones are utilized on Sunday morning 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 the theaters and halls will bring up to considerably over 300,000 church attendants each Sunday in Chicago out of a population of 800,000. Then 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.

Corozon pugilists are showing a disposition to result for all the champ[illegible] in sight. Where are dark [illegible] Corbett, Mr. [illegible] loving bloodies.

GREAT FEDERATION

All the Railroad Labor Associations to Combine

THE CONVENTION AT WILKESBARRE.

Engineers, Firemen, Switchmen and Telegraph Operators to Unite in the Near Future—Western Men a Unit for Consolidation—Opposition in the East.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Aug. 1.—As the result of the convention yesterday of representatives of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, Brotherhood of Firemen, the Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association, and the Order of Railway Telegraphers and Ladies' Auxiliary, it is almost certain that these orders will in a short time be merged into one federation, thus making the strongest association of workmen ever organized.

The largest delegations were present from New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware. The west was poorly represented.

The morning session was secret and held in the armory. The object of the convention was stated, namely, to discuss the advisability of consolidating the orders under one head. It is said that the scheme was favorably received by all and will be put into effect in a very short time. The engineers in the Western states are almost a unit for consolidation.

There is some opposition among the engineers in the East, who do not like the idea of being called out on strike when the brakemen or telegrafhers have difficulty with their employers, but the opposition of the Eastern men, it is said, will be overcome without difficulty.

The session was harmonious. Addresses were made by C. W. Wilson of Phillipsburg, N. J., Grand Chairman of the Grievance Committee of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen on the Reading system, C. H. Wilkins of Chicago, Assistant Grand Chairman of the Railroad Conductors Association; A. B. McMahon of Buffalo, Chairman of the Order of Railway Telegraphers.

In the afternoon a public meeting was held, at which 6,000 people were present. Master Workman Powderly delivered a 20 minute speech. He said it was the duty of railroaders to unite under one head. In unity there was strength. The railroads unite and pool their interests. They do it for their own protection. Their employes ought to have the same privilege. If workingmen don't protect themselves nobody else will.

Powderly denounced the Pinkerton men, Carnegie & Company. He was loudly applauded.

Mayor Nichols also delivered a speech. Father McAndrew, a Catholic priest, spoke in favor of moderation.

NICOLAI ASKS FORGIVENESS.

Elizabeth's Erring Pastor Anxious to Make Restitution.

ELIZABETH, N. J., Aug. 1.—The Rev. Nathaniel Nicolai, the former pastor of the First German Presbyterian Church of this city, who disappeared suddenly two months ago after forging three checks here and who returned Saturday night, says that he came back to seek forgiveness and make restitution, if possible. He called at the residence of Mr. Henry Pfarrer, the treasurer of the church, whose name he had forged, and begged to be forgiven. Mr. Pfarrer, it is understood, is loath to forgive Nicolai, who, in addition to forging his name, borrowed several hundred dollars from him.

When Nicolai left Elizabeth he went to Oakland, Cal., he says, where he chanced to meet the Rev. B. Fay Mills, who was conducting a series of revival meetings. Mr. Mills knew of his wrongdoing and urged him to return and seek forgiveness. Mr. Mills at the same time wrote to several of the clergymen of the Elizabeth Presbytery, who recently, after a trial, deposed the absconding pastor from the church, suggesting that if Nicolai returned he be assisted.

The Verdict in the Mitchell Case.

MEMPHIS, Aug. 1.—The verdict of insanity rendered by the jury in the trial of Alice Mitchell for the murder of Freda Ward meets with general approval here, and the recommendation that the girl be confined in an asylum, as she is believed to be too dangerous to be at large, satisfies those who were skeptical as to her being of unsound mind. It is likely that Miss Mitchell will not be taken to Bolivar before the latter part of the week. Lillie Johnson, her alleged accomplice, will probably never be tried. She is said to be dying of consumption.

U. S. S. Alliance to Return to This Country.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 1.—It is stated at the Navy Department that Rear Admiral Harmony, in command of the China station, will within a few days order the U. S. S. Alliance to return to the United States. The crew of the Alliance have almost served out their time of enlistment, and the vessel, on her return to San Francisco, will be put out of commission. Nothing is known at the Navy Department about the Alliance being unseaworthy, as the result of her being ashore on the breakwater at Yokahoma.

Prince George and Princess Mary.

LONDON, Aug. 1.—"Land and Water" says the report of the engagement of the Duke of York, son of the Prince of Wales, and heir presumptive to the British throne, and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, is untrue. The betrothal of the Duke to the Princess May, daughter of the Duke of Teck, who was betrothed to the Duke of Clarence and Avondale at the time of the latter's death, will be officially announced soon.

WASHINGTON, July 31.—The President issued to the Secretary of Agriculture, Governor Wilson R. Sperry, of Connecticut, Minister Resident and Consul General to Liberia, and United States to Switzerland.

COOL WEATHER AGAIN.

The Average Temperature During the Hot Wave Exceeded All Records.

NEW YORK, Aug. 1.—With the mercury ranging from 67 to 70 this morning, life is again bearable. Last night it was cold enough to make a light overcoat comfortable. The average temperature for the eight days during which the hot wave prevailed was 91 degrees, exceeding all previous records.

One hundred and sixty bodies were received at the Morgues since the beginning of the hot spell.

This is the daily record: Sunday, 6; Monday, 27; Tuesday, 19; Wednesday, 16; Thursday, 31; Friday, 21; Saturday, 30.

It is a curious fact that, as compared with excessively hot periods in past years, the number of deaths among the unknown which are the result of heat prostrations is unusually small.

The number of deaths reported at the Bureau of Vital Statistics for the twenty-four hours ending at 6 p. m. Saturday was 295. This is the largest mortality for one day in twenty years. Not since 1872 has there been such a high mortality for one day.

In that year there were 300 deaths in one day. The next highest number of deaths was on July 12 of this year, when 260 were reported. The deaths for the week numbered 1,434. This is also the largest number of deaths in one week since the week ending July 6, 1872, when 1,591 persons died in this city.

The next greatest number of deaths for one week was during the prevalence of the grip in the week ending Jan. 11, 1890, when the number of persons who died was 1,424.

Of the 1,591 persons who died during the week ending July 6, 1872, 212 were killed by sunstroke. There were 90 deaths from sunstroke during the past week in this city.

Over in Brooklyn the loss of life and prostration from the heat was unprecedently large. Of the thirty-two prostrations reported by the police Saturday twenty-one resulted fatally. The hospital in the City of Churches are overcrowded and the ambulance attendants and horses are worn out from constant work night and day throughout the entire week.

The prostrations among the workmen of the Williamsburg sugar refineries during the present week have exceeded 500. But two of the large sugar houses are in full operation.

The Havemeyer establishment employs nearly 1,400 men. Of these more than 400, or nearly 33 per cent., have been carried out since the coming of the hot weather. Brooklyn sugar refinery employs 1,200 men. Of these between seventy and seventy-five were compelled to quit work.

The number of deaths during the week from heat in Jersey City, Hoboken and Newark, especially the latter city, exceeded any other week's record in many years.

At Baltimore, Md., there were 475 deaths during the past week. The number of deaths for the corresponding week of 1891 was 207. Never before in the history of the city have there been so many deaths during the same period of time.

CANADA AFTER NEWFOUNDLAND.

The Dominion Quietly Working to Annex the Island.

OTTAWA, Aug. 1.—The absorption of Newfoundland by Canada is beginning to be looked upon as an event not far distant, and already an agitation with that end in view has been started here and in Montreal. There is every reason to believe that the Dominion government is quietly lending official countenance to the scheme, though for palpable reasons, publicity is avoided at the present juncture. The time, however, is considered auspicious for such a consummation, inasmuch as Newfoundland and Canada, at present, are on very friendly terms, whereas a month ago, each regarded the other with distrust and unfriendly feelings.

The prompt manner in which Canada responded to the call for aid when the city of St. Johns was laid in ashes was the stepping stone to the present annexation movement. Over $1,000,000 have already been subscribed toward the relief of the townspeople of St. Johns, and the Canadian Government has exerted itself unusually in connection with raising and forwarding this fund. Many honeyed messages have passed between the Canadian and Newfoundland Premiers.

For the present the hand of the Federal authorities at Ottawa is not apparent, but a still hunt is in progress, and properly instructed agents, having a thorough knowledge of Newfoundland, will go with the relief ships, remain on the island, and establish there a propaganda having for its object immediate closer relations and ultimately annexation between Newfoundland and the Dominion, as well as to seek to turn the thoughts of the Newfoundland people from their present endeavors to establish closer trade relations with the United States.

AN ELECTRIC CAR HELD UP.

Help Arrives Before the Highwaymen Get Any Money.

PATERSON, Aug. 1.—A car on the Central Electric Railroad was held up by six members of the gang last evening.

They stopped the car on the road leading from Passaic to this city. They overpowered the conductor and cut off the electric current. There were only two passengers on the car, and they rushed for help. When help arrived the roughs beat a retreat.

One of the gang, William Walsh, was captured and put in jail. The police are on the track of the rest of the gang. The gang failed to get any money.

Eastward Movement of Grain.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Aug. 1.—The eastward movement of flour and grain from the west through Buffalo for the month of July shows an increase of 505,734 bbls. of flour and 6,067,351 bushels of grain, as compared with the same month last year. The important grain items opening of navigation [illegible] bushels on the corresponding week last year, [illegible] bushels in 1891, and [illegible] bushels in 1890.

DOES IT MEAN THE END?

Reported Break of Union Men at Homestead.

DIVINE SERVICE INSIDE THE MILL.

Nearly 400 of the New Workmen Assembled in Worship Chairman Frick So Near Recovery that He Expects to Go to His Office This Week.

PITTSBURG, Aug. 1.—The first important break in the ranks of the skilled laborers at Homestead is likely to take place to day. Saturday night there was a meeting of 25 of the skilled men, several of them members of the Amalgamated Association. The situation was discussed and it was decided that there was no hope of winning the strike. A committee was appointed to wait on Mr. Potter, the superintendent, to ask him on what terms they might come back.

The committee called yesterday afternoon and was cordially received by Mr. Potter, who told them of the rules the company had adopted as to the treatment of the strikers, and that he meant to adhere to them. If they would abide by these rules he could find places for them.

They expressed themselves favorably and said there would be another meeting to-day when they would make their report. The committee thought the terms would be accepted and that the 25 would go to work.

Mr. Potter, in an interview this morning, said:

"I think the break is coming very soon. By the end of the week we will probably have as many men as we can provide places for. When the men propose to return as openly as the 25 skilled men whose committee called here, a general stampede is not far distant."

The constables say that they have located several of the Homestead men for whom warrants have been issued and that they will make a number of arrests to-morrow or next day. Three of the original seven men charged with willful murder have not yet been apprehended. It is now believed they have left this part of the country.

Secretary Lovejoy this morning refused to state whether the company had shipped any of its new product of steel from Homestead, or to what places it had been consigned, fearing he said, that the information might arouse the railroad employes to enforce the threatened boycott.

DIVINE SERVICE AT THE MILLS.

Nearly 400 Non Union Men in Attendance Further Trouble Expected.

HOMESTEAD, Aug. 1. The strike of the Homestead steel workers has been characterized by many interesting features, not the least novel of which were the religious services held in the mills yesterday. With the great cogging and beam mill for a chapel, with 100 armed and uniformed watchmen on guard, and with over 1,000 soldiers within hailing distance, 380 non-union men attended divine worship at 11 o'clock.

The services were conducted by Rev. Clarence Adams of the First Baptist Church of Franklin, Pa., who is chaplain of the Sixteenth Regiment. His wife, the only woman present, occupied a chair in the congregation and helped lead the singing. Near her sat Superintendent Potter. The men were provided with typewritten copies of three hymns.

It is reported that eight or ten families occupying company houses on Shanty Hill have decided to disregard the notices to get out. They declare that if their household goods are to be taken out the Sheriff's deputies will have to do the work. It is thought that when the work of eviction begins some lively scenes will ensue.

Officers in command of the brigade say they expect trouble within the next two or three days. On what grounds they base their fears they will not state. One of the officers said that word had reached headquarters that the locked-out men were quietly planning to get at the non-unionists in the mill, and that an attack would surely be made soon.

A Philadelphia dispatch says: General Snowden's statement that the authorities of the State will eventually have to join in actual battle with anarchy and the communes as a result of the Homestead disturbance has made a profound impression here.

Gen. Snowden says that he was astonished during his stay at Homestead at the large number of letters and postal cards which reached him from all quarters breathing anarchy and revolution. He said:

"The people may as well make up their minds that the eruption at Homestead indicates the presence of disease in the body politic which extends far beyond anything of which they have conceived, and, instead of criticising the efforts of spirited and patriotic officers to preserve discipline in the ranks of the soldiery, they should do everything in their power to uphold them. I believe that the hour is not far distant when peace and order will have to be enforced at the point of the bayonet."

Frick Nearly Well.

PITTSBURG, Aug. 1.—Information from the residence of Mr. H. C. Frick this morning is that the victim of the attempted assassination, is now practically well of his injuries. Yesterday Mr. Frick was out of his bed, dressed and moving about in his room, and was the recipient of the congratulations of many callers. Mr. Frick said this morning that he expected to visit his office during the week.

A Colombian Gunboat Captured.

PANAMA, Aug. 1.—News from Barranquilla, United States of Colombia, is to the effect that the Colombian gunboat Lagunera has been captured by Venezuelan pirates by the warship La Justicia. The Lagunera was carrying arms from Colombia to the Venezuelan [illegible]

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Hooked—The Philosopher's Stone—Was a Little Previous—No Question About the Breed, &c., &c.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

Wiggins—Old Good fellow—you'd take the world very philosophically.

Hardup—Well, you see, he can afford to wear diamonds. [Truth.

HOOKED.

She—What would you do if you were rich?

He—Ask you to be my wife.

She—And I should say "yes." It is better to be born lucky than rich.—[Puck.

SHE WAS A LITTLE PREVIOUS.

She was a woman whose clothes were better than her manners. She walked into the railway car, tilted her head superciliously and sniffed once or twice as she asked:

"Is this the smoking car?"

"No," replied a demure young woman in the first seat, "it isn't. I think you'll find the smoking car three cars forward."—[Washington Star.

NO QUESTION ABOUT THE BREED.

"If I understand you," said the lawyer to the man who called to consult him, "your cow was thrown from the track at a street crossing by a locomotive on the X. Y. and Z. road, and you want to bring suit against the company for damages?"

"Yes, that's right."

The lawyer made a memorandum.

"Valuable animal, I presume?"

"Party good cow. Hadn't no bad tricks. Good milker."

"What breed?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know? Was she badly injured?"

"Badly injured! Why, he was killed deader'n a mackerel!"

"And buried?"

"Course."

"Why didn't you say so?" exclaimed the attorney, impatiently. "There's only one breed of cattle in cases of this kind."

And he made another memorandum: "Breed, Jersey. Value $150.—[Philadelphia Tribune.

AS IT LOOKED TO HIM.

"She wears her decoration rather easily, don't you think?" queried Caraway as the newly-made Duchess came down the aisle with the Duke, a gentle man of ancient stature and fortune but propitious pedigree.

"Decoration" repeated Hooks—what decoration?"

"I refer," Caraway explained, "to the chaplet on her arm."—[Harlem Life.

STRIKING SIMILARITY.

Bykes—Why do the hands of a clock remind you of a pouting husband and wife?

Sykes—Give it up.

Bykes—Why, because they pass each other a dozen times a day without speaking.—[Jeweller's Weekly.

MATTER OF PRESSING IMPORTANCE.

Poet—I have here a little poem which I would like to have go in as soon as possible.

Editor—Goodness gracious! Here—right under the table—quick!—[Truth.

FIDDLES AND VIOLINS.

Boy—Is this instrument called a fiddle or a violin?

Professor—Ven I blay it it's a violin. Ven you blay it it's a fiddle.—[Good News.

IT CHILLED HIM.

He saw her at Manhattan.
As with eager bird-like grace
She gave a dainty order.
Then glanced around the place.
He greeted her politely,
But it gave him quite a chill,
For it took just thirteen dollars
For to pay that bird like bill.
—[New York Herald.

THE COTTAGE BY THE SEA.

It's been written up in story, it's been sung in numbers swe