There is what the New cial Advertiser calls "an exq. 24, rule" at Harvard University which hohibits any student from participating it athletic sports unless he maintains a cortain standing in his studies.

What is now North Berwick, Me., was known as Poughty's Falls thirty years ago. A postal cierk says that occasionally letters are even now addressed to Doughty's Falls, and that he has, " We one such in his hands within the nast month.

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According to German investigations. tramps are a remarkably healthful lot. Out of the many thousand wandsrers who were entertained last year at the tramp stations established by the Gov ernment, but two per cen', needed med ical attendance, twenty per cent of tained work, and siery per cont poferrad to wander

Housekeepers know "boneless col fish," and now a member of the Unite! States Fish Commission announces that the boneless shad is in process of evolution and well advanced toward completion. He does not lose his bones in the same way as the cod, to wit, after death, but by careful breeding and crossing.

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A man up from Venezuela, where they have been cutting one another's throats in a revolutionary matinee, says of that unhappy country's warriors: 'Falstaff's ragged regiment wasn't in it with the soldiers down there. They are the hungriest looking creatures you ever saw. I've given pennies to them on the street. They wear linea breeches and an undershirt, and when they come into they wrap them to cover their nakedness. They carry old flint-lock muskets. There are a few Remingtons and Winchesters, but mighty few. They have machetes A machete is a sort of big butcherknife without a point. It is about three inches wide and thirty inches long, and pretty heavy. They cut wood and kill makes and enemies with machetes. Some of them have shoes, but the most of them wear a leather sele, with a street across the heel and toe. The bare heels and toes stick out."

MY SONG.

BY NINETIE M. LOWATER

Three is my sarly youth I knew a song.

I know not how I learned it now, or when;
dut ob, it was so sweet! If I had sung.

The world perforce had paused and listened
then.

then.
But many a pathway lured my willing feet,
And off I tarried long at pleasure's gate;
and when I heard a whisper. "You should sing,
I said, "I will be sweeter if I wait.

But when the length ning shadow castward.

A turned,

A turned,

I the length ning shadow castward.

I taid, "I shall longer it if I wait.

Now I mist laid niy going, so sweet and rare."

But ah, I had forgotten! And the world.

Resthes and eaper, would not turn aside;

None heard the faint, uncertain notes which

Toke. Tremi-led and fattered, and in silence died. Rock El.M. Wis.

THE JEWELED HAIRPIN;

The Strange Tragedy of the Grand Hotel.

BY ARTEUR GRIFFITES.

CHAPTER III .- Continued.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

It was of a kind that had become fashionable in late years, since the hair hai
been dressed upward, so to speak, and
worn high on the top of the head. Large
pins were needed to maintain the edifice,
and I had seen it. by like the one I held
it my hands in the shop windows of the
Painis Royal. A neat design in brilliants
—whether they were real or false dia
monds, I, a mere uninitiated male, was
unable to declare—ornamented the circular end of the pin; but between each
fin-hing stone was a small turquois. The
whole appearance of the pin was that it
had cost money, and was a little out of
the common run.

Is it was far less valuable to its owner,
wheever, she might be, than to us, eager

But it was far less valuable to its owner, wherever she might be, than to us, eager to snatch at any clew.
I rushed into the room, triumphantly exhibiting my prize.

"See, Hasnip," I cried, "this was on the matt".

mat:

He looked upon the pin with a melancholy air, disgusted evidently that I
should have come upon such a clew.

I always said it was a woman, he be-

gan.
"All pure conjecture, Hasnip, you know
that," I retorted.

gan.

All pure conjecture, Hasnip, you know that, I retorted.

"At any rate, my conjecture is now supported by evidence, which is more than can be said of any of yours."

We must look for its fellow. They generally go in pairs, those things. We may find the other in the back of some woman's head here in the Grand Hotel."

He did not answer. All at once his face had assumed a fixed look; he was listening with all his ears intently.

"He shi? he whispered, placing his band on my arm." I was certain I heard a (cottelp the justle of a dress.

I he next instant the dror was tried. We heard distinctly the handle turned once, twice ineffectually, of course, as the door was lotted within.

A third attempt was made convulsively, as I thought sand then followed a sound as of some one falling to the floor. "She has fainted," said Hasnip, taking it for granted it was a woman. "Stop! I rushed to the door, disregarding his protests, opened it hastily and found it was as Hasnip had said.

A female figure lay prostrate in the passage, and I immediately recognized Miss Clara Bertram.

"What did I tell you? I was right to trust my luck." I heard Hasnip say behind ne, as he caught sight of the inanimate figure and also came to the door.

I was for running on down the passage to summon help.

"Hold hard, Mr. Leslie, hold hard. Don't call any one. We must manage this curselves. Come, let us get her inside."

"What, into that room, where the body is? Surely not—"

side."
"What, into that room, where the body

side."

"Yhat, into that room, where the body is? Surely not..."

"Yes, yes. You lift her by the shoulders, I will take her feet. There!" I had the beautiful girl now in my arms, and could look down on the fine face from which all color had faded, and which looked the whiter from its sharp contrast withher coils of raven hair.

We carried her tenderly—al least I can answer for myself—into the bedroom, and laid her upon the soft. Hasnip, after the most approved fashion, hastily sprinkled water from the ewer on the washstand in her face, then took one soft hand and rubbed it vigorously, directing me to de the same with the other.

This treatment soon had its effect, and Miss Bertram, with a deep sigh, a pitects, painful sigh, open of her eyes.

As they fell upon "ub, trangers, two men, leaving thus slub, airly over her, sie started with terriq dal't sprung from the sofa and cried."

"Where am 1? What has happened?

where am 1? What has happened? Who brought me here?"
"We found you, fa uting, at the, door," I

"We found you, fa ming, at the door," I began.

And carried you began. This is No.

89, "control a Hasse, rather brutally, taking the stout of my mouth.

No. 99! too. 99 she gasped. "Here! Merciful Heaven! Here! Let me out. I cannot, I will not stay here! I will not. Let me go!

Her void rose to a shriek almost, as she rushed toward the door.

Hassip interposed.
"You cannot leave the room yet." he

she rushes toward the door.
Hasnip interposed.

You caunot leave the room yet, he said, firmly, but in a very low voice.
There are other people outside. It is so, really. Listen for yourself.
Miss Bertram put her ear to the door, and by her next movement admitted the truth of Hasnip's statement.

Yes; you are right. It is my sister and Captiin Fawett. I hess them plainly; they must not find me here. Please, I implore you, as gentlemen. I appeal to you.

o you."
"They shall not come in. See, the doos
s tolted. But you will betray yoursel'
d you speak so loud," replied the detec

if you speak so loud, replied the determine.

Miss Bertram seemed to understand, and moved at once toward the window.

"I will go this way," she said, placing her hand upon the sash to lift it.

The switton, betraying, as I familed, so intimate a knowledge of this second exit. From and approach to No. 99, struck a cold chill into my heart. It was obvious she must have traveled this road before.

450

"No, no, madam; not yet," said the police officer, in a peremptory way, not to be mistaken. I want to ask you a question. Is this yours?"

Ho suddenly produced the hair-pin which he had kept in his hand.

I was watching the girl's face closely. Pelse as it had been before, the evidently unexpected production of the pin turned it the cray selen hae of death. Her eyebulls, round and staring with terror, at first seemed starting from hor head; then the line drouped over them, as with a sudden faintness, and but for my arm when would again have fellen to the floor. "Is it yours?" repeated Hasnip.
"No, no." she falteted oute low, almost in a wanges. "Dent ask me—I eannot tell you."
"You are quite sure? It has its fellow, I believe"—this was a mere shot, of course—and I know where I can lay my hunds on it."
The working of her face indicated a free—access of terror, but she could frame no words of reply.
"This is too cruel, liavnip," I said, feeling bound to interfere. The mere sight of her anguish would have stirred me to the soul, but I was yet more moved by the mute look of appeal—like that of the hunted stag—in her great, sorrow-stricken eyes.

eyes.
"I must and will know!" he replied,

eyes.
"I must and will know!" he replied, coarsely.
"You have no right to put such leading questions. It is quite illegal; you know that as well as I do, and I shall not permit it." I felt bound to protest.
"We shall find out nothing if we are too squeamish," said Hasnip, looking 'kery sulky.
"You must get at what you want by fair means. I will not be a party to anything else," I replied, hotly.
During this passage of arms Miss Bertram stared at us from one to the other as if dazed, searcely understanding what was said. But suddenly recovering herself, she made a fresh move to the window, threw it open, and passed quickly on to the balcony.

"It is hardly safe for her out there," I cried. "She is so weak. Look how whe lotters and staggers along; at this height.

"It is hardly safe for her out there," I cried. "She is so weak. Look how she totters and staggers along; at this height, too"—and I followed her quickly.

She caught at my arm, I thought gratefully, and we walked along the belcony together, passing several windows, some open, some shut, but none of the rooms were occupied so far as I could see, greatly to my delight, and more indeed to that of my companion.

"Quick, quick," she whispered, nersusly. "If they should see us it would be terrible, What could I say?"

"Whom do you fear." I ventured to ask, gently.

ask, gently. gently. bere, in there; it is the sitting-room. Sarsfield's, my sister's. See, it is

There, in there; it is the sitting-room. Mrs. Sarsfields, my sister's. See, this enopty."

I lecked in cautiously, but no one was there, and we burried next to the secend window beyond, where she stopped.

This my room. I can get in quite easily, thank you. You must come no further."

I had hardly centemplated any snch intrusion, yet the remark was justified by the anxiety I still felt for her, and which was no doubt visible or my fare.

Are you sure you are able to take care of yourself, Miss——

"Bertram. Clara Bertram, is my name To whom am I so greatly indebted?"

"I am called Frederick Leslie, at your service, "I said, with perhaps more meaning than I intended.

I will not trespass further on your kindness," she said, simply. "You are anxious, no doubt, to return and continue your researches."

"There is nothing——" I really hesitated, for the question implied suspicion, and black as were all the circumstances that connected her with No. 98, I could not bring myself to believe her guilty of compilicity in this horrible crime. "Nothing," I stammered, "you would like to ear to me, and in the case of the compilerity in this horrible crime. "Nothing," I stammered, "you would like to ear to me, and the face darkined, and her fine eyes filled with terms.

"You, then, believe," she began; "but

Her face darkined, and her line eyes filled with tears.
"You, then, believe," she began; "but what right have I to expect you to think —" Just then she stopped, and her manner instantly changed. "No, no; nothing shall tempt me to speak. I cannot justify myself; you must think what you choose."

nct justify myself; you must think what you choose."

"I feel so sure you could explain," I repeated.

No; please go away. Leave me—please do," and she put her hand on my arm with a gentle gesture, as though to rush me away, and then passed though the window into her own noom.

I could do nothing but raise my hat, and then retrace my steps toward No. 98. But at the second step I was arrested by the sound of voices in the Sarsfields' sitting-room.

the sound calting-room.

CHAPTER IV.

"I will not answer that question," said a woman's voice. Mrs. Sarsfield's.
"Have I not a right to ask it?" said her companion, whom I recognized as Captain Fawcett.
"No: I dear "."

companion, when tain Fawcett.

"No; I deuy it. I owe explanation to no one except my husband."

"Poor man! It is something new to hear you acknowledge your allegiance to him."

"We con-

hear you acknowledge your allegiance to him."

"I have never forgotten it. My conscience is perfectly clear, and you know it."

"I do not; if so, why did I find, you at the door of No. 99? I tell you I must and will know."

will know."
There was no answer.
"Anna, why won't you 'tell me? Don't you see what your silence implies?"
Still no answer.
"Anna, I implore you, by the memory of all that hat passed between us, by our old—friendship, our old—love!"
"Faugh!"—this had aroused her—"don't talk to me of love; keep that for your latest fancy, my young sister. I know too well the hollowness of your professions."

sions."
"You should not say that, Anna. Was it my fault that we did not come together years ago, when I first knew you? Did I not offer myself, such as I was? A poor subaltern. perhaps, but I lored you rully. You preferred a richer partit"
"And you are retaliating now. It is my sister's fortune that attracts you to her; I know that."

"You are wrong. I have the most pro-found admiration for Miss Bertram her-self. I do not love her, perhaps, as I did

self. 1 do not aven net, persente, aven met you you —"
"Would to beaven I had never met you sgain!" oried Mrs. Sarefield, bitterly, —"Until this morateg I should have bean sorry to re-echo that wish. Now, after what has occurred, I am disposed to agree with you."

He was evidently taunting what? The murder? Or merely, intrigue with the murdered man?
"Listen, Captain Fawcettl"—she had

turned on him

curned on him sharply—"you ask me what took me to No. 99. Will you tell me what took you there?"

"I followed you."

"That is not true. I went from this room, which is quite close. No one was about at the time."

the time."

"I was watching you."

"I don't believe it. It was something far worse that drew you thither."

"How dare you! That speech covers an accusation I will not tolerate."

"You hated him; you were jiralous; you fancied.—"

"Silence! tell me what I want to know. Why did I find you just now at the door of No. 99?"

"Curiosite ton."

of No. 99?"
"Curiosity took me—a morbid but irresistible desire to know what was going

on."
"It is a clever excuse, but it will not do. Was it mere curiosity, too, that took you there this morning between 6 and 7? Hardly that. No one then knew that the mnn was dead."

man was dead."
"I do not understand you," was the cool, self-possessed reply. "What new suspicion is this?"
"Will you deny that you passed my

ame this morning early—at the time

.sey?"
"Most certainly."
"I saw you plainly."
"It is not so; it's a lie!"
The denial was so flat that it seemed to stagger her interlocutor.

The denial was so has a substance of the stager her interlocutor.

"But I tell you I recognized you. You were in a loose blue wrapper. I could not be mistaken."

"You were mistaken, completely," said a new voice, the sound of which startled me and set my heart beating violently.

"It was my dress you saw."

"Claru!"

Clara:
"M ss Bertram. Impossible!"
These two exclanations were the last woods I heard. I knew from the voice that Miss Bertram had entered the sitting-room. She had, therefore, left her own room, which, with the intermediate room, her sister's bedroom, was probably en same with that in which the conversation I had just overheard had taken relace.

place.
The coast was now clear. I had played The const was nor than I liked, and I had no longer why besitation as to retracing my s eps.

Harring back, I once more arrived at the window of Miss Bertram's sitting.

man no nonger sty heartaction as to retracting my seps.

Hairying back, I once more arrived at the window of Miss Bertrams suttingtoom. It was still open. Three steps would take me across the room and out into the corridor. Why not accept the easy method of escape thus offered?

I decided, on the spur of the moment, and jumped lightly into the room. Hurried though I was, for the life of me I could not help looking round.

An ordinary botel bed-room; the commonplace furniture, the pink-and white hansings, the cheap paper on the walls. But it seemed adorned and brightened by the occupation of the beautiful creature that called it—temporarily—hers. A subtle, indefinable charm pervaded it. A few disnity touches lace on the looking glass, ibbloom to the bed-curtains, photographs in gay plush frames quite changed the character of the room. Nor was the fey the only sone gratified. I was conscious also of a vague but penetrating perfume, some delicate and farorite scent, plentifully used, and proceeding probably from the dresses hanging behind the door, or the richly cmbroicered handkerchief sachet lying by an ivory glove-box on the chest of drawers, or from the dressing-table, with its toilet appliances, bottles and pots, and the thousand odds and ends that nost pretty women delight to use.

My eye traveling round the room and noting its contents, with the half trembling pleasure of an intruder tasting forbidden fruit, rested last and longest on this dressing-table.

There, just as I was about to leave the room, where I had ultrady lingered too

noting its contents, with the half trembling pleasure of an intruder tasting forbidden fruit, rested last and longest on this dressing-table.

There, just as I was about to leave the room, where I had already lingered too long, I encountered a sudden and unexpected shock.

Just in front of the satin pin-cushion, before the looking-glass, was a little silver tray, what the French call a videpoche. Half a dozen trifles—trinkets, keys, and what not, by heaped logether, and among them was a tortoise-shell pin. The impulse to take it up and examine it was perfectly irresistible.

Yes, it was the exact fellow of that I had found in No. 19.

What an extraordinary chance! The linck that Hasnip exultingly claimed was really mine. Here were new facts; proofs almost overwhelming, indeed, of Miss Bertram's complicity in the crime.

Could there be any doubt of it now? I had heard her own contession that it was she who had visited No. 19. This was corroborated by what I saw here with my own eyes. In the privacy of her bedchamber, and with every ground for presuming it to be her property, was a hairpin exactly similar to that dropped in the room of the murdered man.

Surely this was enough to justify the strongest auspicions—something more. Yet I could not 1 r ng myself to condemn her, but the courd justify berself I was sure. She had told me that herself, although not in so many words.

I paused, doubting, hesitating to absolve entirely, yet hardly daring to condemn.

Then, as I waited, I was aroused to the fact that I had no right to be were I was

solve entirely, yet hardly daring to condemn.

Then, as I waited, I was aroused to the fact that I had no right to be where I was; that if discovered it would be difficultancy, impossible—to excuse my presence; in no case could I be found there without more or less compromising Miss Bertram.

Sol turned to go; having the hair-pin still in my hand. But had I any right to that, either? It was hers; if I took it I should be no better than a thief. And if I left it there—this important, dangerously compromising clew—and it fell into other hands? Into Hasnip's, for instance, who would move heaven and earth to secure it?

Miss Bettram would be lost, shedutely

earth to secure it?
Miss Bertram would be lost, sheolutely lost, and sithough I knew not whether to blame or exonerate, I still wished to help her.

"I will keep the pin at any rate, for the present." I said to myeslf. "I will be present." I said to myeslf.

present," I said to myself. "It will be set for her." And then I slipped cautiously and quickly out of the room into the corridor, which led me back to No. 99.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Franching

Exploding an Error.

An extraordinary fallacy is the dread of night air, says the Sanitary World. What air can we breathe at night but night air? The choice is between pure

11- -

night air from with and four from within. Most people prefer latter—an unaccountable choice. We will they say if it is proved to be that fully one-half of all the dises we suffer from are occasioned by ple sleeping with their windows sha An open window most nights in exercise night air is often the best purest to be had in twenty-four loss purest to be had in twenty-four loss of the could better understand shuttle the windows in town during the dethan during the night for the sake the sick. The absence of smoke, of the highest medical authorities consumption and climate has told a that the air of London is never so go as after 10 o'clock at night. Alway air your room, then, from the outsil air if possible.

THE first bridges were of wood, The first bridges were of wood, the earliest of which we have any to count was built in Rome 500 years by C. The next was erected by Julia Caesar for the passage of his arm across the Rhine. Trajan's greatbridge over the Danube, 4,770 feet long se made of timber, with stone piers. The Romans also built the first stone bridge, which crossed the Tiber. Supension bridges are of remote originates one mentioned by kirden A. Chinese one mentioned by kirden and of chains supporting a road way 830 feet in length, was built A.D. 65, and is still to be seen. The first large iron bridge was erected over the Severn in 1777.

The reformer becomes a fansife when he begins to use his emotion as a substitute for his: _asoning fac-

The Chicago Herald is astonished that although the United States is a country possessing immense timber tracts, it appears that it imported wood and wood products to the value of \$21,772,185 in the year ending June 30, 1891, and in the same time exported similar articles to the value of \$14,811,004.

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at It Seems Certain Tha

Their Cause Is Lost.

THER ORGANIZATIONS ARE FIRM

pt on the Part of the Trainmen, Upo which the Strikers Were Depending chients Which Have Hurt the Men politic Regard.-The Troops to Rema pull the Trouble Is Over-All th ds Moving Freight in Lar

Quantities.

Servato, N. Y., Aug. 22.—"The stril
sodet. The ment are beaten. The
sed prematurely, were ill advised, an
stey cannot make terms with the con
miss within 48 hours their places with
solution and expressed this mor
set instance and expressed this mor
set instance. This is the summar
the 'tate Board of Arbitration. I
the' tate Board of Arbitration. I
been a sympathizer with the me sheen a sympathizer with the mend therefore his opinion is of value.
Therefore strikes at Niagara and I ira are inactive; the firemen have in an inactive; the firemen have research the railroad telegraphers have so move; the trailmen are in agravatingly he sitating mood, and all there the unfortunate switchmen, in the of the defeat which stares at the irre he added grief of realizing they went into action without having the most elementary steps and forming sympathetic alliances through almost surely have been able to the most of the stare and the most elementary steps and forming sympathetic alliances through almost surely have been able to the most elementary steps.

oul almost surely have been able oil than through Fright traffic was resumed with a ve-sace by all the roads to-day, and i didds of all the lines give out the in-contraining reports. Within three or f-iss the freight blockade will proba-

systim acceptance of the first sense of the first is no tonger crippled. So the first sense of the first sen

a full freight trains yesterday, besi-geniss, up to Elack Rock and Susp-ion Bridge yards.

"There hen switch engines at we oday, and they are kept busy, too, are to cay begun loading our grain c-gul in aday or so our elevators will bleved of the blockade."

The Curtral no longer feels the stri-ofa as its roud is concerned. Too the have a full force of switchmen sub. The new Eastern hands are tu-legent will, but those from the West Einer, with few exceptions. Frei Editor, with few exceptions.

and a few troops from the West plare, with few exceptions. Frei raise in the big Fast Buffalo yards injusted out of Fast plare and a good and was a Fall's yards are open with the thire street yards, where gain roans are nords up, are before any plare. West Shore and Night Fall and Lehigh yards. The new the being broken in rapidly, and as those a quantited with the track pitches their work improves. All parts did a good day's work yester ad nost of the roads resumed the night service.

anguler view. I wo very unfortunate affairs have death to turn public sympathy aga the switchmen. One was the derailin the Ene train and the other was the turn late in the following of the switch willow Kaye, a non-union man, uning a switch at the Lehigh Junet Est beffalo, when the Lehigh Junet Est beffalo, when the Lehigh Junet Est beffalo, when Cahill set upon sed associated him. The timely arrive we could alone saved the man's Chill was arrested and turned over the wear at the confessed the assault, he wear at the confessed the assault, he wear at the terms to be a same than the communication of the confessed the assault, he was at the feel that a man box haplace deserved to suffer for it. The authorities are hard at worldworing to locate the miscreants can so near wreeking the passenger has Saturday night near Linden stalls starting and the railroad officials the same was seen in that vicinity durin themos, and the railroad officials they are he victims of a conspiracy sold inher information is obtained.

this vicinity.
That the train was not wrecked agreey. While running at good

That the train was not wrecked myster. While running at good the engine jumped the track and because implication of the air because in the property of the standstill value in the same that there is a standstill value in the same that there is the passengers observation and they swarmed the cars thoroughly abrimed. Exa lin of the track showed that fish had been wedged in a blind swite ludging from the remnants, wha been placed across the rails.

peared like a treight car door ha been placed across the rails.

John Brown. Thomas O'Brien, flughes and Michael Fallen, all straitchmen, were arrested last night Fast Buffalo yards of the Eric. were acting suspiciously, and the thought they meant trouble. Browners are the street of the results of the res

more extensively involved the

Probable.

Provide Gould, who were injured and to hand battle with the ins Saturday night, are still or about the tent of the saturday night, are still or about the instance of the saturday night, are said Gould's injuries consist or a body.

strikers were pretty badly with bayonets, one of them, pr inding all the kubbub se who have prop

and business mer