

There is what the New Commercial Advertiser calls "an arg. 24 rule" at Harvard University which prohibits any student from participating in athletic sports unless he maintains a certain standing in his studies.

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

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 \$44,811,004.

A woman voted at the recent Parliamentary election at Birmingham, England. Some question arose as to the validity of the vote, but the mayor and town clerk agreed with the Liberal agent that as the lady's name had so newly got upon the register the returning officer had no option but to receive her ballot.

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According to German investigations, traps are a remarkably healthful lot. Out of the many thousand wanderers who were entertained last year at the tramp stations established by the Government, but two per cent. needed medical attendance, twenty per cent. of tained work, and every per cent. preferred to wander.

Housekeepers know "boneless cod fish," and now a member of the United States Fish Commission announces that the boneless fish 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.

It costs \$105 per ton to transport dry goods from New York to San Francisco by rail, the time being from twenty-two to twenty-six days. The same goods, if brought via Panama, part rail and part steamer, pay \$81 per ton, the time being about forty-five days. By clipper ship round the Horn the same goods can be laid down at a cost of \$29 per ton, the time being about eighty-five days.

The Secretary of the Treasury has requested the Secretary of State to instruct the United States consular officers everywhere to refuse to certify invoices of goods on and after September 1st unless the merchandise is invoiced after the metric system. This action is taken on information received from the consuls at Paris and Lyons, who say that the "aunc" system of measurement now in use in France on invoices of goods intended for the United States, facilitates frauds on the Custom House, and that the metric system would greatly simplify commercial transactions and facilitate a comparison of invoices and prices.

A man up from Venezuela, where they have been cutting one another's throats in a revolutionary mutiny, 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 linen breeches and an undershirt, and when they come into town they wrap their blankets around them to cover their nakedness. They carry a few Remingtons and Winchester, 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 snakes and enemies with machetes. Some of them have shoes, but the most of them wear a leather sole with a strap across the heel and toe. The bare heels and toes stick out."

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MY SONG. BY NINETEEN M. LOWATER.

In my early youth I knew a song, I know not how I learned it now, or when; it was so sweet! If I had sung, the world would have listened and listened then.

THE JEWELED HAIRPIN; OR, The Strange Tragedy of the Grand Hotel.

BY ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

It was of a kind that had become fashionable in late years, since the hair had 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 a lady like the one I held in my hands in the shop windows of the Palais Royal. A neat design in brilliant-cut diamonds, I, a mere uninitiated male, was unable to declare—ornamented the circular end of the pin; but between each flaring stone was a small turquois.

But it was far less valuable to its owner, whoever she might be, than to us, eager to snatch at any clew.

"I rushed into the room, triumphantly exhibiting my prize." "See, Harnip," I cried, "this was on the 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 began.

"All pure conjecture, Harnip, you know that," I rejoined. "At any rate, my conjecture is now supported by evidence, which is more than anyone could give you."

"I do not know," he whispered, nervously. "If they should see us, it would be terrible. What could I say?" "Whom do you fear?" I ventured to ask, gently.

"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?"

He suddenly produced the hair-pin which he had kept in his hand. I was watching the girl's face closely. Pale as it had been before, the evidently unexpected production of the pin turned it the gray ashen hue of death.

"This is too cruel, Harnip," 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.

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

"I do not know," he whispered, nervously. "If they should see us, it would be terrible. What could I say?" "Whom do you fear?" I ventured to ask, gently.

"There is nothing—" I really hesitated, for the question implied suspicion, and black as were all the circumstances that connected her with No. 99, I could not bring myself to believe her guilty of complicity in this horrible crime. "Nothing," I stammered, "you would like to say to me—no explanations you wish to—"

"You, then, believe," she began; "but what right have I to expect you to think me a liar? I do not, to return and continue your researches?"

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"I will not trespass further on your kindness," she said, simply. "You are anxious to do nothing, to return and continue your researches?"

He was evidently taunting me. "The murder? Or merely intrigue with the murdered man?"

"Listen, Captain Fawcett!" she had turned 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 leapt from this room, which is quite close. No one was about at the time."

"I do not understand you," was the cool, self-possessed reply. "What new suspicion is this?" "Will you deny that you passed my window this morning early—at the time I say?"

"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." "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.

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night air from within. Most people prefer a latter—an unaccountable preference. They will they say if it is proved to be so, that fully one-half of all the disease we suffer from are occasioned by people sleeping with their windows shut.

The first bridges were of wood, and the earliest of which we have any account was built in Rome 500 years B. C. The next was erected by Julius Caesar for the passage of his army across the Rhine. Trajan's great bridge over the Danube, 4,770 feet long, was made of timber, with stone piers.

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THE SWITCHMEN HOPE It Seems Certain That Their Cause Is Lost. OTHER ORGANIZATIONS ARE FIRM. Indications of a Sympathetic Movement on the Part of the Trainmen, Upon which the strikers were depending, which they had hoped would result in the public regard—the troops to remain and the trouble is over. All the roads moving freight in large quantities. BEVERLY, N. Y., Aug. 22.—"The strike of the switchmen was premature, were ill advised, and they cannot make terms with the company within 48 hours their places will be low to them." This is the summary of a statement expressed this morning by a statement of a member of the State Board of Arbitration. It has been a sympathizer with the men and therefore his opinion is of value. The strike at Niagara and Erie has been inactive; the firemen have moved the railroad telegraphers have been moving; the trainmen are in an amazingly hesitating mood, and after the unfortunate switchmen, in their view of the defeat which stares at them, they are added grief of realizing that they went into action without having the most elementary steps taken toward forming sympathetic alliances that would almost surely have been able to hold them through.

Freight traffic was resumed with a vengeance by all the roads to-day, and the officials of all the lines give out the most encouraging reports. Within three or four days the freight blockade will probably be removed.

The Erie is no longer crippled. Since Charles A. Brown told a United Press reporter this morning that his road sent a full freight train yesterday, besides the Erie, the Black Rock and Suspension Bridge yards.

"Here ten switch engines at Niagara today, and they are kept busy, too. It is to-day begin loading our grain cars in a day or so our elevators will be free of the blockade."

The Central no longer feels the strain of its road is concerned. To-day they have a full force of switchmen at work. The new Eastern hands are turning out well, but those from the West are being sent out regularly. The Black Rock and Niagara Falls yards are open to the Erie this afternoon, where grain trains are made up, are being sent rapidly.

There was a marked improvement in the Erie at West Shore and Niagara and Lehigh yards. The new road being broken in rapidly, and as it becomes acquainted with the track it reaches their work improves. All roads did a good day's work yesterday and most of the roads resumed the night freight service.

Two very unfortunate affairs have done much to turn public sympathy against the switchmen. One was the derailment of the Erie train and the other was the fall of Daniel Cahill, who fell from a switch at the Lehigh Junction East Buffalo, when Cahill set upon a man who had fallen from the train. The timely arrival of the Erie train saved the man's life. Cahill was arrested and turned over to the Erie authorities, but he committed suicide before he got to the Erie. It is thought his place deserved to suffer for it. The authorities are hard at work endeavoring to locate the miscreants who so near wrecking the passenger line Saturday night near Linden station. It is reported that five suspicious characters were seen in that vicinity during the night, and the railroad officials are searching until further information is obtained. It is impossible to tell whether the attendants from the strikers or from the other side of the fence.

The train was not wrecked by the engine jumping the track and derailed, as it followed.

Former application of the Erie brought things to a standstill with respect to the passengers and the cars thoroughly alarmed. Examination of the track showed that fish had been wedged in a blind switch, judging from the remnants, what appeared like a freight car door had been placed across the rails.

John Brown, Thomas O'Brien, Hughes and Michael Fallon, all strikers, were arrested last night in the East Buffalo yards of the Erie. They were acting suspiciously, and the thought they meant trouble. Brown was in the act of throwing a coupling pin, and the Erie switchmen, and they were rushing them to leave their places.

Reported that a meeting of strikers was held, but it is probably they will take any action unless the situation should become more extensively involved than probable.

Edward Becker, of Company B, of the Erie, who were injured and to hand battle with the Erie strikers Saturday night, are still in a hospital tent. Becker has received by a blow from a coal bucket, and his injuries consist of a body.

The strikers were pretty badly wounded with bayonets, one of them, probably, and business man