

# A DOCTOR'S MISSION

BY EMILY THORNTON

Author of "ROY RUSSELL'S RULE,"  
"GLENROV," "THE FASHIONABLE MOTHER," ETC.

## CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued.)

"Doctor," now quivered Mr. Lee, "what course is next to be pursued?"

"We must go to the porter's lodge, on the premises, I think, the key of which will be found in the room, and there investigate the room, with its occupant. If we find all as we have said, we must at once publish the facts, far and wide. I should also recall the servants, who probably see still more of the house, and from his own lips bury the real baronet. All these years a false baron has reigned in his stead."

The gentlemen acquiesced in the plan, and silently wended their way to the deserted hall. They did not take the front entrance to the grounds, but gained it by a shorter route, emerging at the rear of the house, and so passing unseen to the clump of bushes behind which was the entrance previously used by Dr. Elfenstein.

Once in the corridor, they hastened to the end near the tower stairs, and there with open, exposed to view through well-parted panels and displaced shelves, lay the concealed room, which for twenty-five years had held poor Arthur as a prisoner, just as the journal had described it.

"Never link was more perfect! The horrible tale was true! If further confirmation was needed, it was at hand, in the shape of the one note written by Reginald to his brother, which he had given him, and which, at his earnest request, this note fell from a book that Mr. Lee picked from the table. Lawyer Hunter knew the writing at once, as he had often received notes from the false baronet, in regard to legal matters. Having discovered all that could be done that day, the three gentlemen wended their way from the place, and after returning to their homes for their evening meals, they all decided to meet at the village inn, and there make known the contents of the mysterious wallet.

## CHAPTER XXII.

It was the morning after the events related in the last chapter had taken place, that Ethel sat alone in Lady Claire Lindwood's private boudoir, apparently engaged with some pretty fancy work, but in reality more occupied with her own thoughts than the needlework.

During the weeks she had been in this place everything had been done to promote her happiness. She was ever treated with the greatest kindness, and by Lady Claire with true affection. Surprises were given her, and her pleasures were increased by seeing sympathy when her soul was even most lashed down. Her beautiful everything looked to her weary eyes as she cast them from the window! How full the air was of fragrance, from flowers and bushes, and the merry laughing was singing from the branches of an old elm tree near by! But this innocent bliss awoke an answering echo in her own heart; there all was desolation and sorrow.

She felt so lonely in this her youth—no mother, aunt, relative near in whom to find sympathy and love. Yes, she was utterly alone, and would be until claimed by an unknown father; and when she might be cheered by the love of one true heart, her misfortune had alienated its respect, and all she could do was to constantly battle with her own self, and strive to overcome the unfortunate attachment that was waiting upon her health and spirits.

To-day, the more she resolved to forget this man, the more she studied over his coldness, the more fondly she remembered him, and told herself it was her own want of frankness and the suspicious circumstances in which he had found her place, that had alienated its confidence in her integrity, and married only his scorn. But, bound as she had been to conceal secrecy, she could not conceive how she could have acted differently, and she felt convinced that, in order to be true to the trust imposed upon her, she had done no wrong.

So deep had been her reverie that she heard no bell, no opening door, no sound, and not until the words, "Miss Neverglad, I hope I do not interrupt you," fell upon her ear did she dream that she was not alone.

Starting to her feet, she turned to face Dr. Elfenstein. She would have extended her hand and welcomed him joyfully but his grave, almost stern looks deterred her, and as he offered no further greeting, she merely bowed and then sat down perfectly at leisure, and then wheeled up a large easy chair for his use.

Not noticing the latter, however, the doctor took a lighter one, and placing it opposite the one she had resumed, said, as he sat down:

"I am glad to find you alone, as my business is important, and concerns no one but ourselves. The footman told me at the door that the family were absent, and I would find you here."

"They are absent for the day, and, therefore, I am at your service."

"The nature of my business, I fear, may startle you, but I feel that I ought not to forego it on that account. I shall be obliged to ask you several questions that you may dislike to answer, but, Miss Neverglad, allow me to say, as I have faces that perfect frankness on your part will be the best in the end. Certain things, lately transpiring, have led me to regret exceedingly that I did not use my own judgment that evening when we were together in the corridor at Glendinning Hall, and search for the cause of our fight. I came to talk with you a little upon your career while in that house. Had you, as I suppose, any special reason for not wishing that candle lighted, and a search made?"

"I am sure I have no objection to your taking now to regain his esteem. Certainly she could only fancy, while a burning blush mantled cheek and brow: "I had, but I cannot explain it."

"Are you ashamed to tell the reason?"

"Not ashamed, doctor. Save for what I did under compulsion in the tower, I have no cause for shame."

"Then you certainly are a very different person from the one I took you to be," was the cold reply. "Miss Neverglad, allow me to tell you that a more infamous crime was never committed than the one you, an innocent appearing young girl, aided and abetted by your help while in that sinister house."

"Doctor Elfenstein!" exclaimed Ethel, rising to her feet, surprised and horror blending together on each of her beautiful features, and wonder and dismay settling in her large hazel eyes; "what is this you are saying to me? If I understand aright, you are accusing me of being an accessory to some dark crime? Speak! Did I understand you to mean this?"

"You surely did."

that blessed feeling, and I thus joyfully avow it, and ask if it meets a return. Speak to me, dearest," he added, as he passed his arms around her slight form and drew her tenderly towards him; "is this dear girl to be my darling—my own sweet wife?"

"For one moment the bowed head rested on his shoulder, then as he met no resistance it was raised, and kiss after kiss was pressed upon the ripe, red lips that murmured softly:

"Yes, your darling; yours forever and ever."

(To be continued.)

## PIANOS IN GERMANY.

Enormous Product of Fine Instruments at Half the American Price.

E. L. Harris, United States commercial agent at Elberstadt, Germany, has lately transmitted to the State Department in Washington, some interesting information on the subject of the piano industry in Germany. Among other things he says:

"The manufacture of pianos in Germany has reached a state of perfection attained by no other nation. Admitting that in other countries particular firms produce instruments which in every respect are equal to the best German make, it is claimed that as an industry, considering the number of factories and the high exports to nearly every country in the world, the manufacturers of this empire are a long distance in advance of all their rivals. In spite of the enormous sale of pianos every year within the limits of the empire, the manufacturers are dependent upon the markets of foreign countries for the sale of fully one-half of the number produced. The success of the German piano is due to the fact that they are cheap, comparatively speaking. Two hundred and fifty dollars will buy a very fine piano in this country. The construction is always space with the latest art designs, special attention being paid to the woodwork; they not only present an elegant appearance, but are solid and durable.

With this introduction Mr. Harris goes on to state that there are 425 piano factories in Germany, which manufacture 80,000 instruments annually. Of this number 140 are located in Berlin, 27 in Stuttgart, 21 in Dresden, 16 in Leipzig, 15 in Hamburg, 10 in Leipsitz, 9 in Zeltz, and the remaining 197 in Munich, Halle, and Brunswick. In the past 20 years the export of pianos from Germany has increased from \$1,000,000 to \$6,100,000 annually. Great Britain is at present Germany's best customer, buying 40 per cent of the total exports, although prior to 1890 the Argentine Republic, which now ranks second, was the best market for German pianos. Belgium ranks next after Great Britain and Argentina, and then comes Australia, which takes \$1,000,000 worth of German pianos annually. Russia, \$1,000,000 worth and Holland \$1,000,000; Brazil, Norway, Sweden, South Africa and Chile coming next in order. Mr. Harris also tells us that Germany is a large manufacturer of stringed instruments, the chief factories being located in the towns of Markneukirchen, Klingenthal, Mittweida, and Johannisgerstadt. The first named town sold \$884,000 worth of violins, mandolins, etc., to the United States last year.

"The manufacturer of the different parts of stringed instruments," he states, "is carried on chiefly in the worker's own home."

## ORIGIN OF TERM "TWO BITS."

Often Heard in New York Where Southerners and Westerners Flock.

"Did you ever hear the expression 'two bits' used as an equivalent for a quarter of a dollar?" asked a New Yorker.

"The term is commonly used in the south and west, and one frequently hears it in New York. Not one person in a thousand ever of those who habitually use the term knows its origin."

"Even as late as the close of the eighteenth century the silver coinage of the United States had not superseded the Spanish 'milled' dollar in the west and south. Fractional currency was particularly scarce, and to obtain this the Spanish 'milled' dollar was cut up to make change. Halves and quarters, of course, suggested their own names, but when the quarter was cut in two, the word 'eight' was discarded for 'bit,' a small slug having the value of twelve and one-half cents. Many curio collectors have these slugs in their possession, although, of course, they have long since gone out of use as currency.

"So with 'thrip,' used in New Orleans and the vicinity as an equivalent for the nickel or five-cent piece. 'Thrip' is merely an abbreviation of 'threepence,' the coin of that value once in general use, representing about the same amount of money as a five-cent piece."

## Hero Without Honor.

An anecdote about Gen. Miles concerns an innocent professional. It was in an up-town hotel. A number of men were gathered around listening to the speaker, a slender and rather magnetic man.

"Yes," he was saying, "I was in the midst of it at Santiago?"

"Were the Spaniards good fighters?"

"Father. But I took five or them unaided—officers, too—in Cuba, and two more in Porto Rico."

"May I ask who you are?" inquired the general.

"Yes, indeed, I'm Mr. Clinedinst, the photographer. From Washington, and I took you, too, in Porto Rico,"—Philadelphia Ledger.

## Uncle Remus Says.

When you will find me a man who will willingly admit his ignorance of what he knows, and can carry to him the most distressing news the poor man could hear in this world. Ethel—let me call you Ethel this once—I, too, know what it is to take a solemn vow. For I took one at the bedside of Mr. Rappelye, the name assumed by my employer, to this effect: I would dedicate myself to this cause, and in order to do this, I would allow nothing to interfere with this my work. Even at the outset I had a temptation to avert from this promise set before me. It was on the ocean when I was a sweet, young girl, alone, with a great sorrow and anxiety. Oh! how I longed to take this young traveler into my arms and bid her rest in my care, my love. Now I am free to yield to

## Cotton in Rhodesia.

It has been found, through extended experiments, that Rhodesia can produce first-class cotton, which will command the highest price in Liverpool.

## Church of Notre Dame.

The Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris is now lighted by electricity.

# GOOD Short Stories

Mr. Takahira, the Japanese minister at Washington, is on friendly terms with the Russian ambassador, Count Cassini, and is careful never to say anything that will offend him. But he likes harmless pleasantry once in a while. Some one informed him that President Roosevelt had decided to discontinue the training in Jiu-jitsu, and asked him if he could guess why.

"Can't imagine the reason," replied the envoy; "perhaps Cassini objects to the lessons as a breach of neutrality."

Here is a story that illustrates the estimate the German citizen places on sauerkraut as a food staple. A German was speaking last fall about the high price of cabbage. "I tell you," he said; "me and me wife puts up six, seven, eight barrels of sauerkraut every year—but we can't die year. Lem cabbage dey cost too much." "You put up some sauerkraut, didn't you, Chris?" he was asked. "Oh, yes—two or three barrels—just to haf in de house in case of sickness."

Professor George Herbert Palmer, of Harvard College, says that the masculine habit of rigid, logical reasoning is contracted very early, and in illustration he tells the following story: "A little boy and girl of my acquaintance were tucked up snug in bed when their mother heard them talking. 'I wonder what we're here for?' asked the little boy. The little girl remembered the lessons that had been taught her, and replied, sweetly, 'We are here to help others.' The little boy said, 'Then, what are the others here for?' he asked."

Major McClellan tells of an Irishman who once came over from Ireland to work for him. The uncle, taking advantage of his ignorance of America, paid him very small wages. The nephew was wiser than he looked, though, and, at the end of the year, informed his uncle that he had obtained more lucrative employment, and intended to leave. "You are making a great mistake," protested the uncle, "in leaving a steady job for a little money. You should remember that a rolling stone gathers no moss."

"Moss?" queried the lad; "and where is there a market for moss?"

"J. Pierpont Morgan is gifted with a great deal more of humor than is generally known. Not long ago, while in London, he was introduced to a lady who made some pretensions to peerage. "Pardon me," said this lady, laughingly, "to which Morgans do you belong?" "Oh, we are an independent branch," replied Mr. Morgan, stily; "but we date back to the Norman kings." "Ah, then you have a coat of arms?" Mr. Morgan dug down into his pocket and brought forth a shining American twenty-dollar gold piece. "This," he said, "is our coat of arms. A few other families have adopted the same emblem. But," he continued, confidentially, "we are gathering them in as fast as possible."

## SALARIES OF TEACHERS.

President Harper Argues for Higher Pay for Them.

President Harper of the University of Chicago argues trenchantly in the World to-day for higher pay for teachers in elementary and secondary schools. He says:

"The demands of the work can be met only by those whom nature has endowed with a high order of talent. The teacher to whom is entrusted the fostering care of our children should surely be one whose ability we respect. How is it possible to satisfy the conscience if a policy other than this prevails? Is there anything more precious than the child, whether viewed from the point of view of the family or the State? Is not his training a thing of pre-eminent importance? And yet we are willing to pay to his teacher a salary far less than is paid in many cases to the keeper of our horses or to the keeper of our cattle."

"Who cannot see the utter absurdity of this? The teacher, everything being considered, should be, and in many cases is, the equal of the man or woman who enters into any other profession. Shall we stultify ourselves by continuing to pay the teacher at the rate which places on him or her the brand of intellectual weakness for having accepted a position which promises its occupant so little profit or advantage? The time has come when preparation for teaching in the grades requires a preparation and a proficiency equal to that demanded by any other profession. These requirements have gradually been increased until to-day in many quarters only those possessed of a vigorous physical constitution, strong and untiring purpose, and in addition a considerable sum of money, are able to secure the preparation called for. Is it justice to those who have pursued this laborious course of preparation that in the end they should find themselves limited to a salary so small as to seem pitiful in view of the hardship undergone and the expense which has been incurred?"

## MONEY IN FACT AND FICTION.

Our Modern American Fortunes Pale the Rosinarc.

These are strange times in the accumulation of fortunes—stranger than any fiction could ever have made them. Think of it for a moment! Andrew Carnegie, a canny little Scotch boy, came to this unknown land a few decades ago barefooted, and last year offered to settle the Venezuelan embargo between Germany, England, France, Italy and the South American Republic by loaning Venezuela the entire sum of these international debts. And yet a fortune so huge as to permit of such offers is as nothing to the power of another man. Mr. Rockefeller, personally a quiet American citizen from Cleveland, a simple liver with few habits of luxury, could easily buy half a dozen of the independent kingdoms of Europe; could without feeling it to any great extent in his pocketbook take up the debts of all the

republics of Central and South America.

Again, in 1844, Alexander Dumas published a book called "The Count of Monte Cristo," the basis of which is the fabulous wealth of an individual. The count finds a cave full of almost priceless jewels. He buys men's lives; he spends money everywhere; he comes to Paris with a notice from his Italian bankers giving him unlimited credit on a Paris bank. There is no limit on what he can draw from M. Danglers. It is entirely unprecedented. Nothing like it was ever known before. He draws 5,000,000 of francs and ruins the banker, and still no complaint from his Roman house. He rights wrongs; he saves more lives; he punishes the guilty by the use of unlimited wealth. And then by and by he leaves Maximilian on the island of Monte Cristo with his bride and sails away. As Maximilian sees his big ship disappear on the horizon, he finds Monte Cristo's will leaving him his whole fortune. This fortune, Dumas suggests in two or three places, was 100,000,000 francs—\$20,000,000. It is the greatest private fortune the Frenchman could conceive of in 1844—It is considerably less than the income of John D. Rockefeller in 1903.

So you might run on, if it did not tire the brain to conceive more. But, most remarkable of all, this one individual made his unprecedented wealth with his own brains.—Harper's Weekly.

## MEAL OF STEWED SNAILS.

What the Feast of an Italian Family Consisted Of.

The three artists were invited by Fagiolo to a feast, says a writer in Lippincott's. They found the family all gathered in the living room of a rather superior peasant's house. The floor was of mother earth, otherwise the room resembled our own glorious kitchen at Roccaraso; there were salted hams and strings of garlic hanging from the ceiling; in front of the open hearth were hand-wrought andirons with little cages at the top, in which the pipkins of food were kept hot.

Fagiolo made them welcome, and his wife having announced that the polenta was ready, the husband literally laid the board. The guests and the family seated themselves, the children on wooden stools, the grown-up people on rush-bottomed chairs and Fagiolo took a large board from the corner. With a knife he scraped off the dried meal which he struck off to the door, the fowls gathering to feed upon the scrapings. Then he passed his hand across the board, and, finding it comparatively smooth, laid it upon the knees of the company, who were sitting in a circle. Next he took from the crane, where it hung over the fire, a large three-legged iron pot of polenta (thasty pudding), and emptied it upon the board. His wife with a long pudding stick spread out the mush to the proper thickness, then each person staked out his claim by drawing a circle in the polenta with a leaden spoon.

The smallest child, they noticed, drew the largest circle. Next Fagiolo took from the cage in the andiron, where it had been keeping warm, a saucepan filled with snails stewed in brown gravy, and helped each person to a share of the snails, putting it down carefully within the limits of the circle.

Results of Irrigation.

Arthur Richardson, a pioneer irrigator of Dimmit County, tells some wonderful stories, says the New York Herald correspondent at Austin, Tex. He says that he has two artesian wells, 215 yards apart and 650 feet deep, which yield 1,000 acres and grow the finest crops to be seen anywhere of onions, cotton, cabbage, corn, Irish potatoes, peaches, strawberries, dewberries and blackberries.

He says he is now getting the second crop of strawberries. The cotton makes two bales to the acre, but is planted only the first year to get the land ready for truck and fruit. He says the return from the latter is \$300 to \$400 an acre and that tobacco pepper can be grown there to yield \$1,800 to the acre.

Figuring on onions, he says 32,000 pounds to the acre are easily grown, which at 2 cents a pound bring net over cost of cultivation about \$500, or \$384.00 for one section of 640 acres. Richardson states that about 4,000 acres were in irrigation in Dimmit County last year, though it is forty miles from a railroad, and that gangs of Mexicans are now going over new land for next year, receiving \$0.25 an acre for the work.

He declares that irrigated peaches are large and finer flavored than those of Maryland and Georgia and other products are the same.

A Token of Gratitude.

A teacher in one of the public schools in Washington is of opinion that, while much is written of the trials of teaching, too little is said of its compensations. She gives the following amusing case in instance:

An Italian boy in one of the lower grades made such progress with his studies, especially with English, that his grateful father felt in incumbent on him to call in person at the school building and express his gratitude. His speech was not all intelligible, but there was no doubt of his sincerity, for he concluded with this generous offer:

"Miss Teacher, I havva de barly shop one de corner. You brings me your hair an day an' I giva you de shampoo. Costa you nota de cent."

Money Thrown Away.

"So that city doctor helped ye right smart, did he, Silas?" asked Mrs. Giles, on her husband's return from a week's visit to a specialist in a neighboring town.

"Well, I guess he did! I'm feeling fine as a fiddle now, an' he says I won't likely have any return of it if I just keep to what he tells me."

"What did he say was the matter with ye?" inquired the wife, eagerly.

"I forgot now what he called it, but—"

"Silas," she cried, "ye don't mean ter say now ye paid out all that money an' didn't git no good of it, after all?"

Fault is the one thing that is frequently found where it is not.

# THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



## LESSON FOR TEACHER AND PUPIL

Julia L. Dumont was a Western writer of eminence back in the forties, and she was also a school mistress who, says one who studied under her, "deserves immortality." George Cary Eggleston, who was one of her pupils, says in his life of his brother Edward that her peculiar gift in dealing with any boy or girl lay in seeing what appeal would, in that particular case, prove strongest. When Eggleston came under her care, one teacher after another had attempted to teach him to write, and had abandoned the effort in disgust.

Finally, one writing master who had been teaching young and old to make hair lines for up strokes and heavy ones for down strokes, and to decorate the paper with elaborate flourishes, called the boy "dunce" and "booby," and dismissed him from his school.

Mrs. Dumont must have heard all this, and when the boy, in his mortification, asked to be excused from writing, she merely said:

"Why, has Mr. Wilson taught you to write so well that you can learn no more?"

"No, Mrs. Dumont," said the humiliated lad, "I can never learn to write."

"Who says that?" she asked, quietly.

"Mr. Wilson—and every teacher I ever had."

"Let me look at your hand, George." He held it out. She studied it closely, and he bent the fingers one after another. Then she said, "I hear you are the best marble player in town. Is that so?"

His pockets were bulging with marbles and he owned to an exceptional degree of skill in the game.

"Yet Mr. Wilson called you 'booby.' Now, George, I'll tell you what you and I are going to do. I am going to teach you to write a clear, legible and sensible hand, and two weeks from today you are going to write a letter to Mr. Wilson. I will dictate it, and you shall sign it, and he will learn whether a boy who can play marbles cannot be taught to write."

The battle was won. The boy resolved to make any effort for the teacher who had believed in him. She advised him to have nothing to do with up strokes and down strokes and flourishes. Absolute legibility, she said, was the first requisite in all handwriting. If one could write rapidly and easily, so much the better.

To the boy's astonishment, he could actually read the lines he had written for his first lesson. At the end of the two weeks he was master of a plain and legible hand, very much like that of Mrs. Dumont. Then, at her dictation, he joyously wrote this letter to his former teacher:

"Dear Sir: I am writing this letter at the dictation of my teacher, Mrs. Dumont. Mrs. Dumont thinks you should be pleased to see that, after two weeks of instruction, I have learned to write a sensible and legible hand, and that I am not quite so hopeless a booby as you thought me."

He Was Kind, She Clever.

She was a very clever woman, and a past master in the art of strategy. So all agreed who rode downtown with her on the 6th avenue surface cars.

She entered the car at 72d street. Every seat was taken, and almost every strap had a man or woman suspended from it.

She looked about hesitatingly for an instant, but every man was interested in his paper. Then she took hold of a strap almost in front of a young man, a very young man, who was blushing guiltily as he pretended to read.

While the young man blushed and the woman thus hung her halberchief fluttered, accidentally to all appearance, to the floor. The young man looked up just then and saw the white bit of cambric. The feeling of chivalry which he was evidently trying to stifle would not be suppressed longer.

He arose and stooped for the handkerchief. While his back was turned she gently slipped into his seat.

When he turned about and saw what had occurred he almost collapsed. But the woman did not. She took her handkerchief out of his hand, smiling innocently.

"Thank you," she said, sweetly, "you are very kind."—New York Sun.

Cure for Varicose Veins.

Dr. Marchais, of the Paris hospitals, has just submitted to the French Academy of Medicine a somewhat novel treatment for the cure of varicose veins in the legs.

He had observed that among rural postmen, obliged to go long distances on foot, there were few men who suffer from varicose veins, and those who had varicose veins quickly recovered from them. Now, as a rule, patients with varicose veins are advised to walk as little as possible, but Dr. Marchais has changed all this, and as the result of experiments he has successfully carried out on twenty-one patients he asserts that the most effective cure for varicose veins in the legs consists of walking.

He shows that, in order to obtain lasting results, it is necessary to go back to the cause of the affliction, which is the hypertension of the blood in the veins. It is, he says, possible even for those badly afflicted to cure themselves by rational daily walking exercises, preceded by massage of the legs.

Eloppements Made Easy.

A London tradesman advertises thus: "Eloppement by motor is now fashionable. Loving couples who would dodge stern parents by running away to be married, can be supplied here at any hour of any day with smart motor and reliable driver, on the weekly payment system."

Perjury in English Courts.

An English county judge recently remarked: "Not a case comes into court but what there is perjury on one side or the other."

If you insist on pointing a revolver that is not loaded, point it at your own head.

Forty Years Ago.

News that Gen. Forrest had been defeated and wounded by Gen. Smith at Tupelo, Miss., confirmed, Confederate loss was 2,500.

Detailed reports of Gen. Sherman's operations before Atlanta showed tremendous Confederate losses and almost continuous fighting.

Much apprehension was caused in the North by a Confederate raid in the Shenandoah valley.

News was received at Louisville that Major General McPherson had been killed in operations before Atlanta. Ga. Guerrillas operating along the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railway in Missouri destroyed much property and robbed citizens.

Correspondence between Horace Greeley and representatives of the Confederacy looking toward peace negotiations made public at Niagara Falls.

Thirty Years Ago.

Leading citizens of Chicago, roused to action by big fire in downtown district, formed citizens' associations to secure more perfect administration of municipal affairs.

Ground was broken at Grand Haven, Mich., with elaborate ceremonies, for the new Michigan and Ohio Road, which was to be 400 miles long and cost \$30,000,000.

Report reached Madrid of the murder at Cuenca of twenty-four republicans by Carlist revolutionists.

A land slip in the province of Navarre, Spain, destroyed the village of Alarra and several hundred inhabitants.

Charges of Theodore Tilton against the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher involving Mrs. Tilton were made public in New York.

Allegheny County, Pa., was swept by a rainstorm, 400 square miles inundated, and hundreds of persons killed.

One Hundred Years Ago.

The American squadron, consisting of the frigate Constitution and fourteen other vessels, arrived in Tripoli.

The Emperor of Germany sent a special envoy to congratulate Napoleon on his accession to the throne of France.

Many thousand bushels of wheat and flour arrived at Cadix from the United States.

A reinforcement of 1,500 British troops arrived at Barbados and began operations against Martinique.

The American squadron blockaded the port and began the siege of Tripoli which lasted until the following spring.

The English Baltic fleet attacked the French squadron at Havre, doing considerable damage.

All the powers of Europe, except Russia, Great Britain and Sweden, had acknowledged Napoleon as Emperor of France.

Seventy-five Years Ago.

The Greek National Assembly reconvened at Argos.

The census of South Carolina showed a great decrease in population.

Differences between the contending parties at Buenos Ayres had been adjusted and tranquility restored.

A Spanish expedition from Havana appeared at Tampico, Mexico, and effected a landing without molestation on the part of the Mexican troops.

All departments of the government at Washington were particularly busy, clerks and chiefs working over hours.

The United States by purchase from the Indians obtained the title to 6,000,000 acres of land in the Northwest.

The terms of the Brazilian government loan were agreed on in England.

Fifty Years Ago.

The Connecticut Legislature incorporated an emigrant aid association.

The treaty of Kansas, between the United States and Japan, was ratified.

Quiet was restored at Madrid, Espartero being placed at the head of the government by Queen Isabella, who promised the people reforms.

Queen Christina's palace in Madrid was sacked by the people and her majesty fled.

Money and food were sent to the relief of the people of San Juan by the people of Kingston, Jamaica.

An attempted insurrection occurred in Parma, Italy. Many people shot by the Austrian troops.

The Federal diet met at Frankfurt, Germany, and decided to join the alliance of Austria and Prussia.

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Twenty Years Ago.

A statue of Robert Burns, the poet, was unveiled before an immense crowd on the Thames embankment, London.

Sixty-five deaths from cholera occurred in Marseilles and Toulon, France.

Raid of house of "Mother" Mandelbaum in New York disclosed thousands of dollars worth of stolen silks and jewels.

Several thousand workmen in New York City went on a strike to enforce demands for nine-hour day.

Ten Years Ago.

Phillips, Wis., and several smaller towns were wiped out by forest fires, causing a property loss of \$3,000,000 and many deaths.