

Scio Weekly Press.

SCIO.....OREGON

THE NEWS OF THE WEEK

Comprehensive Review of the Important Happenings of the Past Week Cullied From the Telegraph Columns.

One workman, John Nonan, was killed and three perhaps fatally injured by a falling pile of bricks in Chicago. The accident was caused by the caving-in of the old brick foundations.

The bark Gainsborough, from Newcastle for San Francisco, coal laden, went ashore near Diamond Head, four miles from Honolulu, and is a total loss. The crew with the captain, his wife and children, left in boats and were picked up by a tug.

Frank Hepburn, a son of Congressman Hepburn, of Iowa, fought a duel in Chester, Ark., and was killed by the second shot from his antagonist's weapon. The duel was the outcome of a joke which Hepburn perpetrated upon W. E. Sims, a saloon proprietor.

An examination of the papers left by Henry Dixon, an Englishman who died in the almshouse in Wichita, Kan., reveals the fact that Dixon was of noble birth, and that his wife was the granddaughter of the Earl of Alberman and daughter of Lady Georgiana Hill, who eloped with Thomas McGann, the Fenian agitator. The story was told in an old diary found among Dixon's papers.

An infuriated mob of laborers battled with the police of South Chicago for the possession of a wagon-driver whom they threatened with lynching, because his runaway horse knocked down several of the crowd. After a fierce struggle in which stones and clubs were freely used, the driver, Peter Zisliski, was rescued from his assailants. In addition to the half dozen men trampled beneath the hoofs of the frantic horse, a number of the crowd were severely beaten by the police.

Reports made by three vessels that have arrived recently in New York arouse the gravest fears that the three-masted ship State of Maine, which left New York September 4 with a cargo of coal for Shanghai, has been burned at sea, and that all on board, some twenty-six men, have perished. The State of Maine is well known along the Pacific coast. She has been to San Francisco a number of times. She held the record between San Francisco and New York. The captain was a part owner in the vessel.

Two men and twenty-five horses lost their lives in a fire in Milwaukee, Wis., which partially destroyed Albert Manger's livery stable. The flames spread so rapidly that only three men and a few horses managed to escape.

Hon. W. S. Allen, chairman of the Populist national committee, has mailed to W. J. Bryan a letter officially notifying him of his nomination by that body. No sacrifices are demanded, and Mr. Bryan is neither asked nor expected to abandon his adhesion to the Chicago platform.

William Porter, former cashier of the Bank of Kansas City, Kan., which failed last February, was arrested in that city on warrants charging him with receiving deposits when the bank was in a failing condition and he knew it was insolvent. The complaining witnesses are two former depositors. Porter was placed in \$1,500 bonds and in default went to jail.

The American schooner Frederick Gearing was seized off the coast of Nova Scotia, having been caught inside the three-mile limit. She was condemned by the court, and the department of justice has now been notified that the owners will appeal to the supreme court of Canada, as they claim that she was not within the three mile limit at the time.

John McCarthy, the alleged bank-robber, was arraigned in Los Angeles. He made a statement to the court to the effect that his alleged confession, said to have been made to Captain Lees in Sacramento, was a bogus one in toto, and that he has nothing to confess, as he was not connected with the attempt to rob the First National bank of that city in any way. He was held, and his bail fixed at \$5,000.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cavanaugh, an aged woman in San Francisco, has brought suit in the superior court of that city against her husband and her son, charging them with having conspired to rob her of her possessions, and with having held her and caused her to be held a prisoner for four months in a local private insane asylum. The property was acquired through her own hard work taking in washing.

Ida Buchanan, of Hannibal, Mo., aged 16, committed suicide by shooting herself. She dressed herself for burial, then went out in the front yard, lay down on the grass and blew out her brains. She was engaged to be married, and her lover was in the house at the time. She left a note saying her health was poor and that she did not wish to become a burden on any one. Her mother is a widow.

Senator Butler, of South Carolina, chairman of the Populist executive committee, has officially notified T. E. Watson, of Georgia, of his nomination as candidate for vice-president by the People's party. In a long letter conveying the notification, Senator Butler reviewed the history of the People's party and the causes which led to the adoption of a co-operative ticket, which he referred to as "the best silver ticket in the field and one which is more representative of American interest than any other."

The graders employed on the route of the Astoria & Columbia River railroad have unearthed the skeletons of two men on the West farm, at Westport, and speculation is now rife as to whether or not a murder was committed years ago. After the discovery of the skeletons, two old muskets were found and a \$20 gold piece of the coinage of 1855. The muskets are of an ancient pattern and long since went out of use. The clothing had entirely rotted from the remains, and nothing could be found to throw light on the mystery. Present residents of Westport can throw no light on the affair.

A Mysterious Shooting.

Arnold Flosch, of the cloak manufacturing firm of Bernard Pasternek & Co., of New York, is in a hospital with three pistol-shot wounds. His son, William B. Flosch, is in custody on suspicion of having attempted to take his father's life. The shooting occurred in the apartment of the elder Flosch, at the Hotel Peleter. He lived there alone, his wife having died three years ago.

Work of a Mexican Mob.

A mob attacked the American Presbyterian church in Amusa Caliente, Mexico, and broke windows and doors with stones. The minister's house was attacked. The mob also broke every window in the college in the same city. Minister Ransome has been appealed to use his best offices with the government to secure the punishment of the offenders.

A Storm in Pennsylvania.

A storm of wind, hail and rain, which swept the eastern part of Pennsylvania Saturday night was the most severe that has visited that section for a long time. Scores of buildings were unroofed, some utterly ruined, thousands of panes of window glass and many skylights shattered, and apple and other late crops almost destroyed.

Four Killed and Six Injured.

Four men were killed and six badly injured in a collision on the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton railway, near Cincinnati, by a paycar and freight train. The paycar was following the regular freight, eastbound. Both were running as extras.

Another Bank Falls.

The private banking house of Gardner, Morrow & Co., the oldest bank in Central Pennsylvania, has closed its doors, owing to the general depression in business. The firm says it expects to pay every dollar of its indebtedness.

Impure Water in Schools.

The public schools of Chicago are liable to be closed at any moment on the order of the health commissioner, because the water supply afforded them by the board of education without filters is impure.

Fire in Chronicle Building.

A fire broke out in the stereotyping room of the Chronicle building, San Francisco, which destroyed \$2,500 worth of property before it was extinguished, the firemen being handicapped by the height of the building.

This Dog Deserves a Medal.

James Feenan, a well-bored, who resides alone in a small cottage at Berkeley, Cal., narrowly escaped being burned to a crisp, while asleep in his home. He was saved by a little dog, who kept up a frantic howling and tugged at his master's clothes until he awakened him. In escaping from the house Feenan was seriously burned and is now in a serious condition. The firemen who were battling with the flames had a narrow escape. Some giant powder that had been stored in the house exploded and blew to pieces all that was left of the building.

Tale of Brutal Savagery.

The state penitentiary board of Arkansas has ordered the discharge of a number of state employees for cruel and inhuman treatment to convicts in their charge. Two colored convicts had escaped, and when captured they were severely whipped. Iron rings were welded about their necks and one end of a chain fastened to the rings and the other to their waists. They were unable to straighten up when a member of the board saw them. The chains were drawn so tight the men were unable to raise their heads and were compelled to work in that condition.

Not a Hostile Act.

The Brazilian minister in Rome has cabled to Buenos Ayres that he has had a conference with the Italian minister of foreign affairs. The foreign minister declared that in sending the cruiser Piedmont to Brazil, the Italian government had not intended any hostile act against Brazil, being assured that full satisfaction would be given for the insult to the Italian flag.

Cached Powder in a Stove.

Three men of Brighton Park, Chicago, were injured, one of them seriously, by putting powder in a stove to dry. They were preparing to go hunting, and placed the powder in the stove to dry. The building was completely wrecked and their escape from instant death is considered miraculous.

A Woman Firebug.

Ethel Woods, an unmarried lady of about 22 years, of Danville, Ill., has been arrested for arson. Her lover, George Allen, deserted her, and it is charged that she attempted to burn down the house in which he slept. When the fire was discovered the whole side of the house was in flames.

A Mysterious Fire.

The stock of woodenware, household goods, etc., of the Carlos Unna Company, of Portland, Ore., was damaged to the extent of about \$2,000 by fire. The firm is unable to account for the origin of the fire. The stock was insured to the full amount of the loss.

Three times as many herrings are consumed as any other kind of fish.

Panic in a Schoolhouse.

A child tipped over a cupboard in an anteroom in the Ogden school in Chicago, and the sound of breaking so frightened the younger children that they were terrorized and rushed from the building. The report that a fire was in progress in some way gained circulation, and for a time there was no controlling the little ones. No lives were lost, but many of the children were badly bruised and trampled upon.

For Injuries Received.

Mathilde M. Scott, wife of J. Harry Scott, received injuries in the sleeping berth of a Pullman palace car, on her way from Portland to San Francisco, and has brought suit against the Pullman Palace Car Company, and the Southern Pacific Company for \$25,000. She states that she and her husband occupied the whole section, and that during the night the sliding headboard, which did not fit properly in the groove, fell upon her, severely bruising her face and knocking out some of her teeth.

NO ASTORIA ROAD SOON.

Nearly All the Workmen to Be Laid Off for Lack of Funds.

Portland, Or., Sept. 21.—Rumors have been afloat for the past day or two to the effect that work on the Astoria-Goble railroad was to be stopped for the winter. There have been so many reports in regard to this road that any new one attracts but little attention; but it appears on investigation that this latest one, while not wholly correct, is well founded.

From the best information attainable, it seems quite certain that about three-fourths of the men at work on the line are to be laid off today. The three dredges, which have been working night and day building the embankment, or grade, across the tidesands above Tongue point, will be kept at work; but will work in the day time only. It was reported yesterday that eighteen of the camps on the road have been abandoned, and that there are only eleven left. This means the cessation of work on the greater part of the line on high ground. The reason given for keeping the dredges at work on the tideland is that it is desirable to get the grade built there before next spring, as a high flood might interrupt it. The work on the high ground can be done at any time, and next summer to better advantage than during the winter, and there need be no trouble about the road being completed by next harvest. It is said that the reason for stopping work is the impossibility of securing money to carry it on, on account of the financial situation.

DYNAMITER BELL ARRAIGNED.

Accused of Conspiracy and Remanded for a Week.

London, Sept. 21.—Edward Bell, the alleged Irish dynamiter, arrested at Glasgow, was arraigned in the Bow-street police court today. He is described as Edward Bell, alias Edward J. Ivory, an American, and a hotel keeper at 211 Lexington avenue, New York. Bell is accused of conspiring with others to cause an explosion in the United Kingdom. He was remanded for a week and removed to Holloway jail this afternoon.

New York, Sept. 21.—The only Edward J. Ivory in the New York city directory is given as doing business in liquors, at 2201 Lexington avenue and 2018 Eighth avenue. About two weeks ago Ivory went on a vacation, leaving the saloon in charge of the head bartender. He is supposed to be in Boston. The bartender wrote him a few days ago, and received a letter from Ivory telling him about certain matters concerning the saloon. Another Ivory kept a saloon on East One Hundred and Eighteenth street. Some time ago he mysteriously disappeared. In spite of the statement of the bartender, there is good reason for the statement that Bell and Ivory are one and the same person.

Welcomed by the Chronicle.

London, Sept. 21.—The Chronicle this morning has an editorial in which it welcomes the suggestion of the St. James' Gazette that a new dredger, including Great Britain, the United States and Italy, would solve the Armenian problem. The Chronicle looks upon this as a proposal having nothing in common with cynical indifference, and greatly hopes that it will find an echo in the United States. The Chronicle then proceeds to assert that an American admiral was last year ordered to bombard Yildiz palace if there was any further massacre of Armenians.

"These orders," says the Chronicle, "were subsequently withdrawn when the Venezuelan dispute came to a head—a single example of the danger of leaving such disputes to simmer until they boil over at the most disastrous moment. The sooner Lord Salisbury and Mr. Olney can agree to the arbitration of the question, the better will be the chance of union which the St. James' Gazette so wisely commends."

He Got No Patronage.

San Francisco, Sept. 21.—The California Hotel Men's Association has decided to institute legal proceedings to compel Major W. B. Hooper, manager of the Occidental hotel, to pay \$300 into the association. This action recalls the story of the difficulties which grew out of the visit to this city in April last of several hundred members of the Hotel Men's Mutual Benevolent Association. To entertain the visitors the local association raised several thousand dollars. Major Hooper subscribed \$300. The visitors arrived and the Occidental hotel manager was called upon to pay. He refused to do so on the ground that he had not been accorded a fair share of the patronage of the visiting hotel men. None of the visitors went to the Occidental. At the last quarterly meeting Major Hooper was expelled from the association.

Those Who Fell at Antietam.

Hagerstown, Md., Sept. 21.—On the site of the Hagerstown battle, 200 yards from the historic old Dunkard church, a handsome shaft of Vermont marble was dedicated this afternoon to the memory of the 545 members of the old Philadelphia brigade who fell in the Antietam battle, near the spot where the monument stands at present.

A Book Dealer's Death.

San Francisco, Sept. 21.—Achille Waldefenel, a well-known Catholic book dealer, was found dead today at his home on Van Ness avenue. Waldefenel was found lying on the sofa in his parlor by a neighbor. Gas was escaping and Mrs. Waldefenel was sleeping in an adjoining bedroom. She says her husband's death must have been accidental. He was a sufferer from asthma and his business has not been prosperous lately.

Winthrop Found Guilty.

San Francisco, Sept. 21.—The jury, after being out five minutes, returned a verdict of guilty against Oliver Winthrop, charged with robbery and assault to commit murder in connection with the abduction of James Campbell, the Hawaiian millionaire.

Stage Plunged Over the Grade.

Wallace, Idaho, Sept. 21.—The four-horse stage from Murray to Wallace plunged over the grade, killing one horse and injuring the others. No passengers were killed.

THE OVERTON CLAIM.

By MARTHA McCULLOCH WILLIAMS.

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"When you went away," he said, "I went an axed old marster ter lemme go see granny. Word had come that she was sick, sick er heap, an I thought I'd lik' ter see her once ergrin 'fore she died, er dat got ter happen right soon. Yo' know she lives 'tween here an Ridgeley. So when marster say he ain't got no bejections ter do without me fer the rest of the week I put on my clean shirt an my Sunday clothes an come lippin erlong ter her house, jest beyant the Bollin Spring church meetin house. When I got dar, I say er fine horse wid er man's saddle on hitched sorter behin the house, lik' whoever done rode it was sorter 'feared somebody'd fin out he been dar. I say ter myself: 'Ef dat's de doctor man's critter, mms' be he's 'feared ter let folks know he's 'tendin on de ole conjure woman. So I better stay outside tell he's done got erway.' Den I croke ter de chimney corner an peep through de little window, granmy an' dat 'tween de logs dar at de head er her bed. Miss Dare, who yo' reckon I see inside, look in black as de dark night too. Shore as we stan's here it was dat ar Mr. Hawkins what come ter Ridgeley arter Mr. Allen Fauntleroy. De sight er 'im scared me good, an I say, 'I jump back under hit, an dar I heard him say, I did, Miss Dare, it's God's truftef'er tellin you: 'Well, aunty, I have tought what you asked for, a look of my enemy's hair an one of his handkerchiefs. I spent \$50 to get them, too, so yo' may guess what money there is in it for yo' if only the spell works right."

"I popped up an peeped through the window ergrin. Granmy was layin in de bed, wid er eyes half shot, but soon as he laid dem t'ings in her hand she laugh out loud an say, sorter mawkin him: 'Ef yo' had told me the truth, yo' might have saved yo' money. Ef my spells would work on Frank Overton, he would have died six years ago."

"How you know it's 'im? de man say, settin down hard in de cheer, he was 'stonished. Granmy shet'er mouth wid er snap an say, 'Never mind, I know.' Den he try ter 'smaude her hit warn't ole marster. She mms' work de spell anyway, but she tole him 'tain't no use. Ef she was, hit would come back on her. At las' he got up an come out de do', an as he got on his critter I hear 'im say ter himself: 'That ole fool is more afraid er her marster than she is of de devil. I'm t'inkin there is nothin for it now but to get some of these hill fellows to put a pellet in 'im.'"

"When he had done rid erway, I snatched up lik' I jess' done come, an warn't granmy mad! Ax me what I come dar dat time er week fer. She ain't sick. Neen'ter think she gwine die yit erwhile, but she do look sick. An arter I give her de money I fotch she say 'I ain't such er bad boy, eat my dinner out de cupboard an run erlong home. I did eat, an all de time she was axin me 'bout yo' ole marster, an everything at Ridgeley, an Mr. Allen Fauntleroy. Seem like she knowed everything, but she warn't special ter fin out what he is."

"Do you know?" Dare asked, all tremulous. "I kin fin him easy," Jubilee returned, speaking the last word in a whisper to himself. "You must find him at once," Dare said. "Find him and tell him my grand father is in danger, and I look to him to save him from it." "He will, Miss Dare. Don't yo' be uneasy. I'd a' gone to him first, but thought best to ask your commission," Jubilee said, pulling himself back into a polysyllabic frame of speech. "He just about owns that man Hawkins. Don't yo' fret. We'll take care of old marster."

CHAPTER XVII.

"Law is full of surprises, but this is about the most surprising," Mr. Hildreth said, refolding the yellow letter that Major Overton had put into his hands. "Why, major," he went on, "it really seems that this young fellow is determined to beat you. You refuse his surrender, and he at once goes to work developing a new line of evidence that 30 years ago might have won your case for you."

"Why not now as well as then?" Major Overton asked.

"Because," let me see—yes, it is 30 years since Bruce Stirling died, and I had known while he lived that he had a hand in the matter, we could easily have got the truth, of course paying well for it. While we may be morally certain of his turpitude, I see no way in the world of proving it. No, major," shaking his head commiseratingly, "though this letter explains much that has always been dark it can in no way affect either side with the courts, and loath as I am to say it we are very nearly at the end of our rope. If within the next three months we do not find at least a trace of the missing person, your case, the case of both—the other side must be confirmed in possession, as they would have been 10 years back when their case began to wobble."

While Allen Fauntleroy was a minor and out of the country it was easy enough to have the business set over from term to term. You know it waited 10 years the first time for a hearing in the higher court after hanging so long in the lower ones. Then, when it came back, I know my father fought for delay. He said he knew he had the side right, and justice and kept hoping time would show it. I think you know that I took up the case as whole heartedly as he had done and fought it the best I could, hoping, I confess, to wear the other side out, if I could do nothing more. You have shown me that that was useless; that you will not accept victory by default. Since the property has found a prospective purchaser, there is such activity among our enemies that the end must come soon. I can't persuade you to compromise, major. This letter ought to show you that your opponents are innocent parties to the fraud against you, and surely young Fauntleroy's action—"

"Don't speak of it," Major Overton said hoarsely. "Hildreth, you—you don't know—everything. You can never understand just why I must do as I do or how I hate myself for—finding it impossible longer to hate him."

Mr. Hildreth got up and walked twice or thrice about the office, stopping at last in front of his client to say: "Major, keeping secrets from one's lawyer is nearly as suicidal as keeping them from one's doctor. But if you choose to do it I have no word to say. Listen to this, though, I beg: Your grand-

daughter has some claim on you. Are you willing she should be left without a roof, a protector? I know some things, more perhaps than you imagine. I guess others, and in face of all I say it is your duty as a gentleman, a man of honor, either to agree to a settlement that shall divide the property equally betwixt the Overtons and Fauntleroy or else to the marriage of Allen Fauntleroy to your grandchild."

Major Overton got up, white to the lips. "You forget yourself, Mr. Hildreth," he said freely. "With an Overton material considerations do not weigh against honor. I thought I had sufficiently impressed that on your mind. Permit me to wish you a very good day."

"It's a contest in Quixotism betwixt him and young Fauntleroy. Why, talk of the devil. There he is now. Give you good day, young gentleman. What brings you with such a face of concern?"

"No. He happens to live just 500 years too late. He is one of the souls made for crusades and jousts to the death for a liege's name or a lady's glove. His superb impracticability is quite out of place in this late nineteenth century. But, do you know, whenever he passes I take off my hat and stand bareheaded even to his shadow?"

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"make hay while the sun shone" and hinting more than darkly the dangers of delay. He must speak out, speak at once, and under such conditions as to make refusal out of the question.

Hawkins easily supplied them. Upon his motion, Mrs. Townley agreed that all her household should go for a day's excursion into the heart of the disputed iron tract, where work had so long ceased that for the most part everything was picturesquely ruinous. It was a region of steep, thickly wooded hills, scattered through and through with hollows dark and narrow that in them midday was as twilight. A labyrinth of paths and cartways run hither and yon, many overgrown to the merest trace, others showing still scant signs of use by the hill folk, squatters whose cabins clung here and there to a hillside or sent blue thready smoke up from some darkling hollow.

Once all the region had been alive with noise of axes cutting timber for the charcoal pit, ring and rattle of chain, foot, wheel, shouts from the men who, singing and laughing or crouching working at the breasts in full daylight. The old folk remembered it well. They had told the younger ones over and over of the good old times when work and money were plenty, when iron, king of metals, went out and came back silver and gold. What wonder if the remnant who clung still to the tract, getting a bare subsistence as best they might, sighed for the good times gone, the friends who went with them, or that their sons, trained in penury's hard school, were easily stirred to anger against the man who, they were told, stood needlessly betwixt them and the return of that golden age?

No such thought, such knowledge, came to Dare as she rode through the sylvan maze with the tall handsome stranger close at her bridle rein. All the party were on horseback, and as soon as they were well within the hills Hawkins and Cleve had fallen to disputing as to which was the better, more picturesque route to the old forge, the day's appointed rendezvous. Both had recently spent days there in exploration, and each contended stoutly for the way of his choice. Dare herself had settled the matter by saying, with a delicious smile: "There is nothing for it but to divide and conquer both routes. Aunt Mel, we will go with Mr. Cleve. Mr. Hawkins can take Mr. Holtman and Patsey and the dinner, and we will see who gets there first and easiest."

"Just what I was about to propose," Cleve said, with a quick flash of the eye. Mrs. Townley demurred. "I'm afraid to risk it," she said, shaking her head. "This is a fearful place to get lost in. You might wander for days on one hill of these coalings and never find your way out, an sure Mr. Cleve thinks he knows the way perfectly, but I had rather trust Mr. Hawkins."

"Well, I had not," Dare said willfully. "Come, Patsey. We will follow him. Aunt Mel, if we hear you crying in the wilderness, we will come and find you." "That we will," Cleve said triumphantly, touching his hat to the others and turning the horses' heads into a track running almost at right angles to that they had been following. A little way farther it climbed a sharp hill, which Patsey's mule utterly refused to breast, though he showed by turning completely around that he was willing enough to rejoin the other party.

[CONTINUED.]

ROBIN IN THE RAIN.

Listen to that soaring strain! It is robin in the rain. Sitting there aloft, aloft, Underneath his leafy roof, Pouring from his throbbing throat Note upon ecstatic note, Rapture in the swift refrain—Robin in the rain!

Hearken to the song he sings, Tiny chorister with wings! "After all the grief and gloom Brighter blue the skies will bloom: After all the cloudy we Earth with gladder gold will glow: Joy will triumph over pain!"—Robin in the rain!

ONE SPORTSMAN'S AMBITION.

It Is to Hunt in the Undiscovered Patches Along America's Coast.

"I'll tell you what I would like to do," said a man whose life is spent roving about from city to lumber camp and from park to forest. "I would like to own a schooner fit to weather any gale on the seas and travel in it up and down the American coast from Labrador to Cape Horn and north again to Bering strait. There's a whole lot of old places one could visit seldom or never heard of."

"Take it about Cape Hatteras. Now, what do you know about the mainland anywhere there? What can you tell of the people in the swamps there and of the game these people find in the woods? It's so little, you have to guess at it. Then there is a whole lot of the gulf of Mexico's shore line, not to mention the islands and lands south of there. Why, only the other day I heard of a tribe of Indians on some islands somewhere down that way that buy buckshot to kill deer with and poor shotguns, using only a drum of powder for a charge. Just think what sport a fellow with a good rifle would have among them! If they'd let him buy with pure gold, and if ever a white man visited them he did not come back to tell about it, nor will the Indians say where they got their stuff."

"When you come to think about it, the sportsman nosing about in these out of the way places could get more game and curiosities than he could get out of Blue Mountain park or from any other of the big preserves."

"I hope to make just such a trip some time. I'll take a 45-90, a 10 gauge, a 20 gauge and a target pistol, with stacks of fishing tackle of all kinds and no end of ammunition. The specimens I will gather will pay for the trip, as I shall go along prepared to skin and dry anything from a tapir to a crocodile, from a condor to a beetle, not to mention snakes and other things."—New York Sun.

The Marie Antoinette blue glove is a novelty. It is made of fine suede, and in that peculiar shade of blue which has been so popular throughout the winter. A bright terra cotta glove is another novelty shown for early spring wear. All the shades of tan, from a pale fawn to a delicate brown, are the vogue for this season of the year. A new shade of tan is known as Smyrna, and promises to be much worn with the spring tailor made gown. Fashionable women are wearing both glass kid and suede gloves. One is quite as popular as the other.

A WAR OF EXTERMINATION

Weyler to Commence a Vigorous Campaign.

DEATH-DEALING YELLOW FEVER

Over Fifteen Hundred Patients in the Military Hospitals—Guerrilla Forces Join Insurgents and Loot the Town.

Havana, Sept. 21.—There was much animation in the captain-general's palace yesterday. General Weyler held a conference with various commanders of columns, also with the commanding officer of marine and the chief of the medical department. These conferences are the precursors of an approaching campaign, which is intended to be vigorous and resolute.

Captain-General Weyler will assume personal command at Pinar del Rio, Ahumada and Palmar, taking charge respectively of military and political affairs at Havana. Among other measures General Weyler thinks of adopting as a prelude to the campaign is the revocation of the edict of pardon, obliging families having connections in the ranks of the insurgents to move into other provinces, and making concentration in villages obligatory, considering all persons found in the country as enemies or supporters of the enemy.

Captain-General Weyler's order recently issued putting line officers in command of regular guerrilla and volunteer forces, is bitterly resented and in consequence thereof many desertions are occurring. At Sagua la Grande, where Captains Irigoyen and Quintero, of the regular army, were lately appointed, one third of the men have disappeared. At Camarons, a Santa Clara town, the local Spanish guerrilla went over to the enemy in a body a few days ago, and returning with the insurgents, assisted the latter to capture a government fort in the suburbs. They then raided the town, looted stores and ransacked various private residences, seized the local archives and carried off the municipal seal.

At Bayamo, Santiago de Cuba, a mounted Spanish guerrilla force armed with Mauser rifles at the expense of Bayamo merchants, recently went over to the rebels, joining Calixto Garcia. The captain is a nephew of Garcia, and obtained his