TO RACE ON TUESDAY.

Defender and Valkyrie Make Ready for the Next Trial.

BOTH REMEASURED YESTERDAY.

English Papers on the Defender's Victory—The Valkyrie's Mascot Again on Board.

New York, Sept. 8.—The yachts Defender and Valkyrie were both measured at the Erie basin today. They arrived at the basin at about the same time, 10:20 a. m., the Valkyrie in tow of the tug Howard, the Defender having a line from her tender, Hattie Palmer. John Hyslop, the official measurer of the New York Yacht Club, was waiting for them and got to work with his tape on the water line measurement as promptly as possible. The racers lay in much the same position as on last Friday, when they were first measured, the Valkyrie being just outside the westward of the dry dock, and the Defender just east of her, within touch.

Mr. Hyslop would not say why he had come to make a measurement, but it was noticed that he made the board of trade mark on the water line on both yachts. This consists of a crescent painted on each side, in the center of the line, with the end of each downward point resting on the water line. It was said by several hands who were employed at the basin that the Valkyrie looked lighter than when she was floated Friday. Mr. Hyslop occupied until 2:15 in taking his measures, after which the yachts were towed away again.

If the Valkyrie accomplished nothing else while in the basin, she got back her black goat mascot. This worthy animal, the property of Dick Burke, the wide-awake watchman on the dock, was loaned to Capt. Cransfield while the Valkyrie was first dry docked, but on Tuesday last, when the yacht returned to the Robins yard, she determined to leave the vessel and return to her duties on the dock. Burke was glad to see her again, for he places high value on her worth as a mascot.

Yesterday Burke saw Lord Dunraven on the City of Bridgeport, the Valkyrie's tender, and had quite a conversation with him. The goat question was referred to jestingly by the Valkyrie's commander and seriously by Burke. At any rate, before the City of Bridgeport left her dock one of her crew stood alongside of Burke at the gate and made known the lord's desire to have the goat on his yacht during the race. Burke consented, but the three young ladies who were clustered about their father wore long faces when the goat was taken away. "My wife will never forgive me if they do any harm to her," said Burke, as his mascot was led aboard.

At the New York Yacht Club few members were present. The only officers there were Commodore Kain, chairman of the regatta committee, and Commodore Chase, chairman of the house committee. Both of these gentlemen pretended ignorance of the fact that the yachts had been remeasured. When Commodore Kain was assured by a reporter that the latter did know about it, he said: "Well, I have no official notification."

"Did you not know the measurements were to be retaken and why?" "Oh, the America's cup committee will have charge of all that," was the reply. Mr. Kain also expressed the opinion that whatever had been done, no figures would be given out.

Mr. Chase and Supt. Olsen denied that they had any information on the subject and the mystery grew.

Supt. Olsen remarked in a conversation which followed, that if the yachts had been measured over again it might have been that some ballast had been shifted, but nobody dared to suggest which side had demanded a remeasurement. All agreed in one thing, however, that whatever the cause of Mr. Hyslop's action today, there can scarcely be discovered in any mistake that may have been made enough difference, if any, in the Valkyrie's favor to overcome the decision of 8 minutes and 49 seconds by which the Defender won yesterday.

The mystery was cleared away at 11 o'clock tonight, when the following notice was posted on the bulletin board of the New York Yacht Club, after Mr. Hyslop had had a conference with the America's cup committee:

"At the request of the Earl of Dunraven, and with the acquiescence of Mr. Iselin, the measurer of the New York Yacht Club marked the yachts Valkyrie and Defender at each end of the load water line. When this was done at the Erie basin today the measurer, at the request of the America's cup committee, verified the measurements taken on Friday, which were confirmed by the measurements taken today."

The placing of the board of trade, or plimsell, mark on the yachts is something new in the history of the races for the America's cup. Lord Dunraven's motive in asking to have this sign fixed on the vessels' water line is not known. The mark is used for the purpose of enabling an observer to discover any change in the ships set in the water.

Stamford, Conn., Sept. 8.—Ex-Commodore James D. Smith, president of the America's cup committee, was interviewed this evening regarding the remeasurement of the Defender and Valkyrie. Mr. Smith said the occurrence had no special significance or bearing on the races, but was simply a matter of form to complete the official measurements of Friday. When the yachts were measured by Mr. Hyslop last week there was not time to properly mark the loadwater line at the stem and stern of each vessel. Such marking, however, is called for by one of the racing rules of the New York Yacht Club, as a part of the official measurements. But under the circumstances the cup committee consented to waive this requirement until after the races Saturday. It was decided by mutual agreement of the syndicate and Lord Dunraven to mark the water line of the yachts Sunday. Hence the yachts were marked in Erie basin today. No change was made in the other measurements, said Mr. Smith, today's affair being a mere matter of form.

London, Sept. 9.—The Daily News this morning says of Saturday's yacht race: The Valkyrie was beaten in a contest said to have been a test on all points of sailing. New conditions of wind and weather may easily give her a victory still. It may be argued that the Valkyrie happened to have the worst of the shameful overcrowding by vessels which proved a hindrance to both yachts. Young America must reconsider its position in this matter if it wishes the foreigner not only beaten on its merits, but satisfied he is beaten no other way.

The Morning Post says: Too much must not be said or made of Saturday's race, since it was the Valkyrie's first after her voyage, while it must not be forgotten that the course was more familiar to the Defender's skipper. The only drawback might have been avoided in the pressure of the pleasure fleet. That the best boat wins is the wish of all true sportsmen.

The comment of the Standard is: Not only in the long bolt to windward, but on the run back also, the Defender showed herself to be superior to the Valkyrie. The result does not afford a ground for the hope that the tables will be turned. Possibly as every one was mistaken as to the relative performance of the yachts in a light wind, they may also wrongly estimate their powers in a strong one.

The Chronicle says: We do not give up hope yet. Perhaps the Valkyrie's skipper was not quite so sharp in taking advantage of the shift winds of New York bay. If these contests are to be continued congress must step in and compel excursion steamers to keep off the course.

The Daily Telegraph says: Such running and beating cannot have brought out the ultimate characteristics of the two craft, though the accounts of the race are enough to show that the Defender is a very able and wonderful yacht. The English champion, Lord Dunraven, could not have opponents that would be more equitable, more generous, and more high-spirited than the owners of the Defender, who fight the sea battle out with the same feelings of friendly jealousy as are felt on this side.

New York, Sept. 9.—The World this morning says: Lord Dunraven, who has made no comment on Saturday's race, cabled the German emperor, who is an enthusiastic yachtsman, as follows: "Apparently beaten badly Saturday. Weather very fluky."

Horse Racing at Tacoma.

Tacoma, Sept. 8.—Special.—A good day's sport was put up at the driving park today and drew a crowd much larger than the ordinary. There were several creditable performances by local horses on the track. Many of these horses will, in a few days, go to Victoria to attend the fall races at that city.

The first race today was for gentlemen's roadsters, two heats in three, with Bay Dan, Harvey Glen, Black Bart and Peter M. entered. Bay Dan won the first heat in 2:56, Harvey Glen second, and Peter M. third.

Harvey Glen won the second heat in 2:52, Bay Dan second. Harvey Glen then won the third heat and race in 3:01.

Black Prince, a wild, jet black roadster, and Ben Hur, were entered in the second race, a free for all trotting and pacing. Black Prince took the first heat in 2:25, Ben Hur the second in 3:02, and Black Prince the third and race, no time being given. The second heat was lost by the Prince through his having a driver who could not keep him on his feet. Ben Hur made a creditable showing in the race.

The third race was not completed owing to the lateness of the hour. It was a match between Mrs. Mabel Brega's trotting horse Happy West, and Dr. Fleischer's Don. Happy West appeared in excellent shape, presenting a better appearance on the track than he ever did before. Happy West won the first reat, the only one trotted, in 2:44. The race was by far the prettiest of the day and was a hard fought contest for the last half mile. The first half, while neck and neck, was slow.

A mile bicycle race between Henry Brown and Jack Sharick was sandwiched in between the heats. The heavy condition of the track prevented its being a great success. Sharick won the race readily in 4:07½.

Tacoma Athletes Given a Reception.

Tacoma, Sept 8.—Special.—The Tacoma Athletic Club team of five athletes, who won four first prizes and two second prizes in the fall games at Portland yesterday, returned home today. The members of the team are: Ed Flannigan, putting shot and throwing hammer; James Barrager, running and broad jump; Charles P. Curtiss, champion mile runner; L. E. Parsons, distance runner, and H. M. McGregor, sprinter. The successful athletes were received at the depot by a delegation from the T. A. C., and escorted to the club rooms, where a reception was accorded them.

American Bicyclist Wins in Paris.

Paris, Sept. 8.—The Grand Prix of the wheelmen of the Vendome du Seine was carried off today by the American cyclist, Banker.

POOR OUTLOOK FOR HOPS.

Prospect for an Overstocked Market—Sales of Beer Decrease.

Both hop dealers and growers feel much disconcerted over the fact that the great factor in the manufacture of beer is not likely to partake of the selling prosperity that is expected to attend nearly every line of field crops this season. The New York Tribune says the last generous crops of that state and of the Pacific Coast, with the low prices which have ruled for a long time, permitted brewers to stock up heavily, and the contract interest, which should ordinarily appear at this time, has no probability of resuming its place. The great acreage of the West, most prominent in Oregon and other Pacific regions, when added to what can be grown in New York, makes it apparent that the market can be now easily overstocked, and with the unsold surplus of 1894 and a sluggish market abroad, there seems to be but small chance of encouragement for the fairly large yields of the present year.

Up to this year, for many seasons, the English market has taken American hops in large volume, but operators over there are reported to be carrying heavy stocks, or enough of last year's picking to make them independent of this country until the market breaks under the weight of supplies to a low plane that will invite dealing.

There was a time when New York had her own way in the matter of price-making; and during those days there would come a few seasons that would run prices up to extravagant figures. In fact, it was at one time considered that one good paying crop was an offset to three or four low-selling ones. For a while the increased local consumption favored the Eastern hop-grower, but, in the meantime, the Coast developed an offering that bid for an important share in the trade.

If heavy plantings are continued, it is going to be a question of the longest purse, not only here but also at the West. Banks and others who have heretofore advanced money for securing and marketing the crop have become cautious about investing in an article which exhibits such growing weak surroundings.

There is some evidence that the use of beer is decreasing. In 1893 the sales of the United States were 33,822,872 barrels; in 1894 they were a million less. The Sunday-closing effort seems satisfactory to brewers, who largely own the equipment of saloons. They say that brewers here and in other cities will turn their attention to a family supply trade by bottling and delivery, and thus release and enliven a good deal of capital now invested in poor-paying shops.

SETTLED ALREADY.

Without the Aid of Horr and Harvey, the So-Called Debaters.

New York Sun.

Mr. Roswell G. Horr, averse to silver, and Mr. William H. Harvey, infatuated with silver, have talked in Chicago for eight mortal days. The proceedings have been called a debate, but have consisted mainly of set speeches, diversified by occasional personal abuse. Mr. Harvey seems to be the typical silver crank, stark raving crazy, and Mr. Horr has a little more sense of humor than a hen. If one man had delivered his series of addresses to a phonograph in Cicero and the other to a telephone in East Saginaw there would have been just as much and as little of debate. The whole stream of talk flowed simply for publication. Some hater of his race has had the stuff reported and copyrighted, and will carpet the country with it.

We warn him to beware. One hundred and sixty-three men dislocated their jaws while yawning over the so-called debate last week. The world is not like the Chicago newspapers and is not ambitious of new capabilities of ennui. The silver question has been talked to death. Great argument about it has been made, and on the whole there have been sixteen portions of rant to one portion of argument. The people in Mississippi and Georgia seem still capable of working themselves into a heat about it, but most of the rest of the country is very tired of it. It is settled already, settled in accordance with common sense.

As business revives and prosperity returns, people cease to try to delude themselves with the belief that there is anything sacred and indispensable in the ratio of 16 to 1, or that a large white dollar is more virtuous than a small and yellow one.

The Death Knell of China.

Tokyo Letter to the New York Herald.

The opinion is universal that China has sounded her death knell in accepting Muscovy for her pawnbroking "uncle." As an ally China can be nothing to Russia in the East, though she might be of some service to Japan. Russia's policy will be to invelgle and appropriate. Perhaps in due course of time we shall hear of a protest from very influential people against the occupation by Russia of any port of the mainland of China. Indeed, it will be remembered that the great entrepot of Port Arthur is still occupied by some of the best fighting people in the Orient. At all events any policy that gives delay will be acceptable to Tokyo.

Northern Pacific Railroad Company will make a rate of $60.20 round trip for the Grand Army, Louisville, Ky., and return. Tickets will be on sale September 5, 6 and 7. For further information apply of I. A. Nadeau, general agent N. P. R. R., corner Commercial and Yesler avenue.

ALL EYES ON THE SAILS

Local Yachtsmen Deeply Interested in Their Craft.

SPOKANE WINS AT BASEBALL.

Newcastle Miners Punish Seattle Colts—Brisk Horse Racing at the Tacoma Driving Park.

Scarcely anything was talked of in the sporting world during the past week but yachting. On Monday the regatta of the Elliott Bay Yacht Club was held, the result of which furnished food for several days, and following on its heels was the first race between the Defender and Valkyrie. Interest over the local regatta has not been entirely lost sight of by the advent of the international contest, and a race in the near future between boats of the first class is very probable. The Xora's people are satisfied that their sloop can defeat the Kelpie in favorable weather without the time allowance, and the Kelpie's admirers and skipper believe they can turn the trick again and win by a greater margin.

The owners of the Aggie are also said to be anxious for a race, and will wager that the big yacht can beat anything in the harbor and give time allowance. According to the measurements adopted by the Elliott Bay club, the Aggie would have to give the Xora and Kelpie more than three-quarters of an hour allowance over the course. That is thought to be entirely too much, and the owners of the smaller boats look on the offer as a "bluff." No doubt the Aggie could beat the other boats of the fleet at straight sailing, but she could not give them any such time allowance and beat them out. W. C. Heilbron, owner of the Rainier, is not satisfied with the race put up by his boat, and would not object to a three-cornered match.

Nearly the entire fleet was out yesterday, and some exciting little spurts were noted. Although the breeze was light, it was steady, and afforded excellent sport.

COAL MINERS TOO HEAVY.

They Bat the Seattle Colts All Over the Field—Score, 14 to 8.

A game of baseball was played yesterday afternoon at the Madison park grounds between the Colts, of Seattle, and the Newcastles, which resulted in a victory for the Newcastles by a score of 14 to 8. The heavy batting of the coal miners was the main feature of the game. The entire nine is composed of big, husky fellows, and whenever they would connect with the sphere it would usually count for a two or three-bagger. The Newcastles' infield work was fair, but the outfield was ragged. The Colts were composed mostly of young players, and while their fielding at times was brilliant, they were weak at the bat. Abe Williams, the miniature third baseman of the Colts, played the star game of the day. Sutter pitched the first two innings for the Colts, but was hit so hard and often that he was replaced by Reed, whose work was very effective at the start. He let down, however, towards the end, and was batted hard by the Newcastles.

There was a large crowd of "rooters" present at the game from Newcastle, and they made a great demonstration when one of their big sluggers would rap out a long hit.

The score is as follows:

Colts.

	AB.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
H. Williams, cf	5	1	0	0	0	1
Rutter, p and rf	5	1	1	1	0	1
Finigan, 2b	5	0	0	6	3	0
Linihan, lf	5	0	0	1	0	1
Rockenfield, c	4	3	1	5	4	0
Marion, 1b	4	2	1	7	3	2
Reed, p and lf	4	0	0	2	1	0
A. Williams, 3b	3	1	0	3	1	0
Cristinson, ss	5	0	0	2	0	3
Totals	40	8	4	27	12	8

Newcastle.

	AB.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Murphy, cf	6	3	1	0	0	1
McKnight, 2b	5	2	2	4	5	1
Madden, p	5	2	1	2	5	0
Littlefield, 1b	6	0	3	11	0	0
Curtiss, rf	6	1	0	2	0	0
Dobson, lf	5	1	1	0	0	0
Bagley, 3b	5	1	1	1	2	1
Haskell, ss	5	2	0	4	1	1
McIntyre, c	5	2	1	3	1	0
Totals	48	14	10	27	14	4

Score by Innings.

Colts	0	2	1	3	0	0	0	1	1	—8
Newcastle	2	2	0	0	1	4	3	2	0	—14

Summary.

Two-base hits, Rutter 2, Marion 1, Murphy 1, McKnight 1, Madden 1.

Bases stolen, Finigan 2, Haskell 1, Murphy 1.

Bases on called balls, Rutter 2, Reed 2, Madden 4.

Struck out, by Rutter 2, by Reed 7, by Madden 9.

Bases on hit by pitched ball, off Rutter 1, off Madden 1.

Time of game, 3 hours.

Umpire, Bob Norris.

Activity Among Football Players.

The action of the S. A. C. club in getting out its young football men so early is a move in the right direction, as it gives the team an opportunity of practicing punting and dropping on the ball before the time for hard work begins. The outlook is encouraging for a good team. The aspirants are all young and fresh, and under the coaching of such stars as Balliett, Goodwin, Folsom and others, they are bound to develop into a team of crackerjacks. In former years the team has experienced some trouble in securing a good team with which to practice, but this season this will be obviated, and such men as Goodwin, Emmet Russell, Savage, Balliett, Folsom and others will make a line for the kids to buck. Active work with the team will begin this week.

There is a lull in baseball, the devotees of the game turning their attention to other lines of sport. A game is on the tapis, however, that will awaken considerable enthusiasm and undoubtedly draw a large crowd. This game is to be between a nine made up of lawyers, headed by John Wiley, and a team from the courthouse, headed by H. H. Smith.

Spokane Wins From Portland.

Spokane, Sept. 8.—A crowd of 400 people saw the concluding ball game today between Spokane and Portland. The home team won by a score of 11 to 6. Portland did not get a man to first base until the eighth inning.

The Cyrene as a Racer.

The steam launch Cyrene returned from Olympia Saturday night with a pleasure party, and on the way over had a brush with the City of Aberdeen. When the launch arrived in port she did not have a hatful of coal left. It is claimed by the Cyrene people that their boat had the best of the race and would have led into port several minutes if the coal had not given out.

THE MYSTERIOUS WOMAN

In the Durrant Case Has Not Yet Been Found.

San Francisco, Sept. 8.—The mysterious woman of the Durrant case has not been unearthed as yet. Despite the efforts of detectives and reporters, she is as much of a mystery as ever. The search for her has been as unremitting as it has been unsatisfactory, but it still goes steadily on, as will the trial if the woman is never found. There are some people who place absolutely no reliance in the story. Durrant scouts it, and the police are not as confident as they were some weeks ago concerning her existence, yet no stone will be left unturned to produce her on the witness stand if she is really of this earth. Capt. Lees, who was very busy yesterday "putting together odds and ends of evidence," as he expressed it, absolutely denies that he has had any information from Los Angeles respecting the identity of the woman to whom, as general rumor has it, Durrant appeared in a nude condition. He states that he had never heard of Mrs. Callender until he read her name in the paper, and in no way had he been referred to Miss Ida Clayton to confirm it. Miss Clayton herself is out of town on a vacation, and her version of the story related in the telegram could not be had. She will return the latter part of the week, but from all that can be learned she knows absolutely nothing concerning the matter. Mrs. Vance, at whose residence, 1235 Pine street, Miss Clayton makes her home, is positive that the latter has no information on the subject. Until Miss Clayton returns on Wednesday, therefore, the suspicion must linger that she knows something that must be of interest, and everybody, the police and the defendant included, awaits the day with impatience. The prisoner, naturally, has been greatly interested in the various stories circulated regarding the mysterious woman. He has read the accounts of the search printed in the newspapers, and has talked with his friends concerning it. He professes now, as he has done in the past, that no such woman ever had such an experience with him, but with this profession has always lingered the suspicion that some woman might become so worked up by reading of the case that she might volunteer to testify as to such an exhibition.

"I hope Miss Clayton may be able to enlighten the police," said Durrant, "and enable them to locate the girl who said she had an experience of that kind with me. I just hope they will find her."

AGAIN THE SOCIALISTS

Raise the Ire of Emperor William of Germany.

Berlin, Sept. 8.—The Reichsanzeiger publishes the following rescript of the emperor's address to Chancellor Von Hohenlohe:

"During the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the victories of 1870 many thousands of participants in the festivities sent loyal greetings from every quarter of Germany and from distant parts of the world. Much to my regret, it is impossible for me to reply separately to these manifestations of patriotism. I wish, however, to express my imperial thanks to all concerned, especially to those veterans who joyfully threw their lives into the scales, and to let them know how sincerely pleased I was at their courteous remembrances. It filled me with satisfaction to see the enthusiasm with which the German people celebrated the regeneration of the empire, and how it again brought home to all minds the various achievements, with thanks to God that we have to thank the wise guidance of an aged hero. Countless monuments to the emperor and our warriors testify to the piety and gratitude of our time, and remind us and distant people of the bloody seed from which has sprung our newly united fatherland. A people which honors its dead and which is mindful of its past, will, I confidently hope, ever remain true to the emperor and the empire, and will know how to defend itself against those enemies of the fatherland and of the divine order of the world, who seem in these days of national enthusiasm to audaciously raise their heads and who have not hesitated to revile the memory of the great emperor and thereby wound the German people in its noblest recollections and sentiments."

NEWS FROM COLON.

The Cuban Cause—Making Ready for Work on Panama Canal.

Correspondence of the Associated Press.

Colon, Aug. 29.—Geronimo Ossa, a member of the municipality of Panama, made a proposition that an address be sent to all the municipalities of the republic, asking them to join that of Panama in petitioning the supreme government to recognize as belligerents the Cubans now fighting for their political emancipation. The author and Santos Jaguilefe approved the proposition and the rest voted against it.

Panama advices state that active preparations are being made at La Boca, the Pacific end of the canal, preparing machinery, etc., and this work will shortly be resumed. It is rumored that an employe has been sent to Kingston, Jamaica, for the laborers, but this cannot be believed, as the company can get all the hands required here at $1.20 per day.

The government of the department of Antiqua has ordered that the $800,000 voted by the assembly to be expended in the Independence day fete be handed to the treasurers of charity institutions of the city of Medellin. A project is on foot in Bogota to spend the money usually voted by the general and departmental treasurers to bull baiting, music, firecrackers, etc., on Independence day, in constructing an exhibition building, and in defraying the expenses of an annual expedition.

Another Jack the Ripper Murder.

London, Sept. 8.—Another supposed Jack the Ripper murder was discovered this morning at Kensel Green. The victim was an unfortunate woman of the outcast class, and her throat was cut from ear to ear and her head fearfully battered with a stone. No trace has been discovered of the murderer.

China Steamer Ashore.

New York, Sept. 9.—A special to the Herald from Yokohama says: The steamer Belgic, of the Occidental and Oriental steamship line, bound from San Francisco for this port, went ashore this (Monday) morning at Susaka. No details are yet to hand.

The Nicaragua-Costa Rica Boundary.

Colon, Sept. 8.—The committee of Nicaragua ministers sent to Costa Rica with reference to the boundary question, visited Port Limon yesterday with President Igelesias. The city is en fete in honor of the visitors.

Ex-Consul Waller's Conviction.

Paris, Sept. 8.—The Echo de Paris, in speaking of the Waller case, says that ex-Consul Waller was convicted in the regular form, and the clamoring of his friends will only retard his pardon.

Gold Discoveries in Africa.

London, Sept. 9.—A Cape Town dispatch to the Times says the discoveries of gold in Griqualand are genuine.

A Wise Choice.

Philadelphia Press.

The University of the state of Washington is fortunate in securing the services as president of so able a man as Prof. Mark W. Harrington. Aside from Prof. Harrington's well-known scientific attainments, which are of no mean order, he will doubtless show in the building up of this new institution of a new state a capacity for management which is known to be his. There was no more absurd talk at the time President Cleveland removed Prof. Harrington from the head of the weather bureau than the gossip emanating from his enemies that he lacked executive ability. He had all the executive ability the weather bureau needed, and what he lacked was a supine disposition to fall in line with an absurd policy of his political superior. The far Northwest honors itself in honoring Ann Arbor's well-known professor, and Prof. Harrington will add one more to the men of attainments who are making a name for American education on the Pacific coast.

Slatin Pasha's Story.

London Letter in New York Sun.

Even those who find geography a dry and dull subject would have been aroused to enthusiasm by some of the dramatic tales of exploration recounted at the sessions of the International Congress held here this week. Slatin Pasha's story of his long slavery in the mahdi's palace and his escape, and his picture of the scene when his captors paraded before him as he lay in chains, bearing aloft the head of Gen. Gordon, held the great audience spellbound. The thrilling narrative was told in simple, modest words, and the unassuming man who quietly recounted his almost unmatched sufferings and adventures, was probably more discomposed by the lionizing process to which he was subjected than by the fearful difficulties which overtook him in the Soudan.

She Knew Him Well.

Brooklyn Life.

He (on the piazza)—It's so dark I can't see. Isn't that another couple next to us?

She—Yes, and he is trying to kiss her.

He—Can you see so well as that?

She—Oh, no; but I know who she is with.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Peculiar

In combination, proportion and process, Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses peculiar curative powers unknown to any other preparation. This is why it has a record of cures unequalled in the history of medicine. It acts directly upon the blood and by making it pure, rich and healthy it cures disease and gives good health.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the only true blood purifier prominently in the public eye today. $1; six for $5.

Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation.

G. A. R. IN THE SOUTH

Veterans Pouring Into Louisville for the Encampment.

CONFEDERATES OUT IN FORCE.

The First National Encampment South of Mason and Dixon's Line—The Decorations.

Louisville, Sept. 8.—Visitors poured into the falls city today from the South as well as from the North. Veterans who have attended former national encampments of the G. A. R. say they never saw such a large attendance on the first day of the great reunion week. All railways had extra trains, which were heavily loaded. Many Sons of Veterans are here, en route to their national encampment at Knoxville. There are others here who never attended encampments before and who are now en route to the reunion of the Army of the Tennessee at Cincinnati the first of next week, and the dedication of the national park on the battle field of Chickamauga the last of next week. This is the first national encampment ever held south of Mason and Dixon's line, and it so happens that three other great events elsewhere next week may bring many through Louisville. There is no doubt of the fullfilment of the general prediction that there would be more Union veterans together this week than ever before. The losses by death yearly increase, but the desire to visit the battle fields and confer with Confederate veterans, who are doing everything to entertain their Northern visitors, has attracted thousands who have not heretofore attended a national encampment.

The Confederates are here in force. The Union comrades hunt up members of their old regiments and brigades and then meet Confederates belonging to regiments and brigades that opposed them, when they confer about how things went on both sides and have such reunions as have not been seen since the service of over thirty years ago. The decorations may have been richer in triumphal arches and other designs at one or two other encampments, but at none was a city so profusely or generally decorated with American flags as in Louisville today. Its business blocks and private buildings are literally covered with festoons of red, white and blue, with the American flag as the center piece of every conceivable design. The flag is the thing that is displayed everywhere, and no city ever had more bunting out than this city shows today. The distinctive feature of the decorations is the use of the red, white and blue to the exclusion of every other color, even the evergreen arches. The portraits of all Union generals are displayed in unlimited profusion. The Confederate veterans participated in all this decorating as well as in the entertaining.

New York, Sept. 8.—Three hundred members of the G. A. R. left the city tonight for the encampment at Louisville. Edward J. Atkinson, department commander of the state of New York, was with the party. The delegation went in four special cars. The route will be via Albany, Utica and Buffalo, and it is expected to pick up two more cars on the way.

BULL RUN BATTLEFIELD.

Grape Vines Growing From the Ground that Was Dyed With Blood.

Private D. Morgan McEndree, of the "Stonewall" brigade, writes the Richmond Dispatch as follows:

"On revisiting the plains of Manassas recently I was surprised, after a cursory glance over the ground, to see no traces of the devastating effects of the battle fought there, and so few tokens of he times 'that tried men's souls' to remind one of the same scene as it appeared at the close of those memorable conflicts.

"I had expected changes, of course, after the lapse of thirty years, but to meet with such tranquillity and repose where once arose the tumult and strife of contending armies was of a nature calculated to surprise and disappoint an old Confederate soldier, especially because it was in the first battle of Manassas that our 'old brigade' received its baptism of fire.

"The 'old stone house,' which was twice a hospital is still standing; the stone bridge is another lasting monument, and besides, one may see in the distance the deep tones of the Blue Ridge, which form such a halo of beauty around the picturesque valley of Virginia. But the quite repose of farm life, the cattle grazing in the silent fields and the signs of recent cultivation everywhere contrasted so strangely with my cherished recollections of the scene that I utterly failed to experience the flood of old memories I had hoped would revive to repay me for my earnest efforts to reach there after so long an absence.

"Now where the shot and shell tore great seams in the earth that gaped as if to receive the dead that lay upon it, kind nautre has closed the wound, and the red clover blooms and the green grass grows in the valley close by and the golden bee drones in the sunlight. Where the curling rings of smoke ascended above our batteries and the crimson tide of old heroes' hearts' blood flowed as a costly sacrifice to home and country, the purple clusters of the grape now grow, yielding a generous wine.

"And when the last 'yell' rose, which was the signal and harbinger of success, piercing the air like a paean of victory and proclaiming the glorious triumph of our armies, the trembling vapors of the morning arise, and, circling high, like a transient halo, evolve in their flight ethereal forms of faultless grace and beauty, and we, by faith and imagination, may see in the charming apotheosis of vapor the familiar forms and faces of our comrades slain, surrounded with a halo of immortal glory."

PERUVIAN BITTERS

A wonderful medical discovery prescribed by physicians with perfect success in cases of morbid appetite for stimulants, malaria, malarial fever and disordered stomach, kidneys and liver. Cures when all other remedies fail.

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Of Fall Novelties.

To those interested in the progress of American manufacturers it will be a treat.

5,000 Misses' Handkerchiefs Distributed Free.

As an advertisement for our great special sale of Handkerchiefs, to be held on Friday and Saturday next, children, accompanied by their parents, will be given an Alphabetical Handkerchief free today.

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Corner Second and Madison Streets.

THE RUINS OF GALENA.

Prospectors All Gone, Leaving Traces of Their Search for Gold.

Snohomish Independent.

A wreck, a ruin, a skeleton! Such is Galena. Two prospectors, who after four years returned to the town, bewildered, helpless, asked: "Where's Galena? Where's the life, the vigor, the gold of '91?" The mountain beavers, perched on the overlooking rock ledges, screeched out a quaint answer. The Skykomish shies abruptly to the south, afraid. Silver creek rushes past like a frightened child, and hides, shrinking further away, in the river. And the firs and the hemlocks sigh mournfully. Galena sleeps soundly, or else is dead. One, three, four, six, seven houses—rough, "shake" structures all—one, overcome by the last snow, stands a hideous wreck of crushed roof and leaning walls. The hotel is just such a caravansary as one would expect in such a region. Though rough, it is warm and homelike, and two-storied. Opposite is the assayer's laboratory—storehouse now—where, in the years gone by, men were told their fortunes. Heaped in one corner are the results of a season's work of many fevered prospectors, who dug and delved and packed into town their "rock" for assay. And it's there yet—worthless as the slate ledges outcropping everywhere. But the miners have gone, and with them Galena of that time.

Time was when the trail from Index was nearly, if not quite, as crazy as the balance of the old Cady trail from Galena on up to the north fork. One would have known it was a prospector's path, skirting the base of the cliff, with the river raging within a foot, then deliberately taking the steep slope of a tree-grown landslide, until it capped the ridge for another down-hill stage. Six miles as the pigeons fly is the distance from Index to Galena, yet that old trail made it thirteen weary mountain miles, which, after a day's climb, are geographical miles quadrupled. But when a "color" was found along the glacier born silver creek; when was effected Galena's evolution from a topographical nonenity into a mining camp of considerable importance, traffic demanded a highway suitable at least for pack animals, of a width and grade admitting of a future transformation into a wagon road. Thus was the trail born, and a right good trail it is, too, of nine miles' length (mountain miles) and without steeper than vertical grades.

Tales of the town? They are as numerous as inhabitanis are scarce. The mining town of '91 was the scene of many little comedies and more tragedies. Two years of boom has left us a memory of men—tender set—who came up to dig a fortune with a prospector's pick and left behind an unsightly hole in some inaccessible place up the mountain side. Of record is the memory of Roberts, Lasalle, "Preacher" Thurston, Scott, Howard and the other moulders of Galena's destiny, who, for the most part, came, saw and were conquered. Frank Farrah, who dared everything, edited, composed, printed and distributed the Inter-Cascade Miner, of which is left a torn, stained copy of date February 3, 1891, in which editorially was damned Galena, Silver Creek, Skykomish, Troublesome, Sultan, and the damns even extended as far as Monte Cristo, while anathemas were breathed against every mine and miner in every district both sides of the other side of this world and all the other worlds. * * It must have been cruelly hard to issue a paper every week where the firewood was covered by twenty-two feet of snow, and the ink freeze to the hardness of anthracite coal. It must have been difficult to write fiery editorials with the mercury out of sight in the thermometer. It must have been far from easy to get news, when neighbors tunneled to each others' homes, gossiped together and swore ensemble.

Tales of the town? What mining camp of any pretensions to the name but has an endless number? Tales of failure, which is tragedy; tales of success, which is comedy; tales of both, which is melo-drama. Men came; some struck it rich; others fled. Some did both; struck it rich, then fled—over the invisible line. Ralph Horn was one such. Listen to the tale, told as the ruddy campfire painted the wrapt faces of awed listeners, up where the snow lasts till March and the summer comes in with July:

"The impatient cry of the Troublesome was heard all day long through the narrow canyon, where the old, moss-trimmed trees bowed to meet one another, and left for the eye's comfort an occasional bare glimpse of blue. It was, one could see, an old, old canyon, even as the mountains round about were of a wondrous age. Deep had the water worn into the rock—narrow and deep, and the swift rush of the angry water through the grooves could be heard from the peaktops, a good half mile nearer the sky. There was no trail then along the Troublesome, not even a blazed line from its mouth to the basin. Year after year avalanches of snow had piled the canyon deep with fallen trees, through which it were next to impossible to trace a path. Ralph Horn had made it through when he went up, fresh from the comparatively easy grades of the Cady trail. But after three months' prospecting up along the headwaters on half rations of coffee and flapjacks, he found it different coming down. After thirty consecutive hours of hard climbing he stopped—not to rest, but to die, for all the fight was out of him. Just where the waters halt to gather force for a fierce plunge through the Cedar gorge, the bank was sloping green, and the shade was grateful. Ralph staggered and fell. He lit his last match to smoke his last pipeful of tobacco, and fell to seeing and hearing things not of this earth. Away back up the mountain was his pack and precious bagful of sample ore. It was late in the season, and the last blueberry had dropped from the stunted shrub. Ralph was hungry, and there was nothing to eat. He had no strength, and civilization was ten miles away. Wherefore he lay down to die. The creek sang the same old song it had caroled since the beginning of things. The firs sighed and waved their drooping arms. The sun sank to rest behind the peaks, and night and death came softly on. When an old miner found him in the spring, the pack rats heard the words: 'D—— the gold, anyway. It ain't worth the life of a man!'"

I have written the tale as it was told to me. You miss in it the moon that was shining upon us, the river that swept past, screaming like a frightened child, and the night wind sighing among the green needles of the fir trees.

And there are other tales, even as there are other old miners, who place gold above everything, who love the yellow stuff, and who kill and sometimes are killed in the search for it.

NERVOUS DEBILITY

Is never cured by medicine, as you well know if you have tried it. You might gain temporary relief in weak, debilitated organs, or stop a pain for a short time by doping them with poisonous drugs, which help one function at the expense of another. But Nature will not be fooled that way. The aid thus gained will not last, for Nature is true to herself and will take back the borrowed strength—or what she can get of it, for the system is always left in worse condition after such drugging—and restore it to the function from which it came. To those who have thus trifled with Nature in ignorance of her laws should use a remedy which will SUPPLY NEW STRENGTH without injury or drugging the delicate membranes.

DR. SANDEN'S ELECTRIC BELT

Is a natural remedy. It gives new life to the weakened organs. Its current is felt instantly upon application. Electricity is a remedy originating in Nature, and it is Nature. This famous belt is guaranteed to c