



Hear some dogs bark. A man who shows his teeth when he grins and has no respect for his gums is dangerous. A person who pretends that they are anxious to do a thing to your interest and fail to do it is not to be trusted.

Those who believe that they will be elected to the next convention may slip up.

A man who may think he is coming from his district will get left.

A man who says he has so much strength in his district is often disappointed.

Let us have peace, although you may disagree.

The bootlers are on the outlook for a candidate.

The man who goes to the convention must be strong.

In union there is strength.

Let us live in hope, although you may die in despair.

All that glitters is not gold.

All gold does not glitter.

A man may be great in his own estimation, but he is often disappointed.

We don't hear so much of the circulation of our Colored American neighbor nowadays.

Blusterers will bluff if they have a weak knee to bluff.

The BEE has the largest bona fide circulation than any paper edited by Afro-Americans.

The Bee is willing and ready to back up its statement.

The model man for aspiring youth has appointed the Colored American's typewriter in the recorder's office. Typewriting must beat par nowadays.

Perhaps the "model for aspiring youth" will pose as nestor.

If you want the news you should read the Bee.

Why not give us a colored judge? George Boston will knock Anderson out of his boots.

He will show Anderson that there is one negro in the Grand Army who has nerve.

It takes nerve to let any man know his business.

Great men are models for aspiring youth.

There are great models and there are models that have no shape to them.

A good turn is good until another is made.

When negro republicans come into power it will be their time to see that republicans succeed negro democrats.

Harry Davis will be the next democratic delegate from this city.

Bill Brooker will be the next chairman of the republican committee.

A colored delegation called on L. M. Saunders a few days ago. Mr. Saunders is no fool.

Let the goods be delivered first.

Let Gregory be reinstated.

Howard University is getting away from the negro.

Let every negro editor speak out.

Colored professors are being removed and white ones appointed.

Let Gregory be reinstated.

Now is the time for action.

If there is no money for Gregory there is no money for the two white men recommended by Dr. Rankin.

Let the band play.

PLATT BEATEN IN NIAGARA.

The Antis Elect 70 of the 99 Delegates to the County Convention. Lockport, Sept. 5.—The political fight between the Platt and anti-Platt factions of the Republican party in Niagara county has resulted in a complete victory for the latter.

The anti-Platt forces, led by Richard Crowley and Assemblyman Clark, have elected about seventy of the ninety-nine delegates to the county convention, indicating the nomination of an entire anti-Platt ticket in this county and John H. Clark for Senator. The fight has been a very hot one throughout, and the feeling is very bitter between the Republican factions.

AN ANGEL UNAWARES.

On This Occasion, at Least, the Insurance Agent Was Welcomed. An insurance agent, albeit a useful and at times attractive person, is not always a welcome visitor, says the Detroit Free Press. To some people, indeed, he is a decided bore. One of this class owns a handsome residence, and even the thought of an agent provokes his ire. One evening recently he was enjoying his evening cum dig, when a man walked in on him very unceremoniously. The visitor was a total stranger to him, and before he had time to throw an inkstand at him or to ask him to sit down he began calmly and in a most business-like tone to talk.

"Have you any insurance on this house?" said he. "Well, Mr. Otium-cum-dig, was a fire in a minute. "What do you mean, sir," he stormed, "by breaking into my house, sir, in this manner—breaking into my house, with your infernal insurance business? It is no concern of yours, sir, whether this house is insured or not. Get out, or I'll throw you out." The visitor was as calm as a May morning.

"It is no concern of mine, whatever," he replied, "but I thought—" "You have no right to think about that doesn't concern you, sir," interrupted the house owner. "I want no insurance agents forcing themselves upon me, sir." "I understand that perfectly, and I am no insurance agent. I was merely passing your house, and I observed that it was on fire in the rear, and it occurred to me that if you had no insurance on it, perhaps you did not wish it to burn down."

Hibernation of Snails.

It is believed that all shell-bearing and mollusks either hibernate or estivate according to conditions of climate. Most of the snails close the aperture with a membranous or coraceous covering, consisting of lime and mucus, which is called an epiphragm. W. G. Binney has thus described the operation: "The animal being withdrawn into the shell, the mucus is brought to a level with the aperture and a quantity of mucus is poured out and covers it. A small quantity of air is then emitted from the respiratory foramen, which detaches the mucus from the surface of the shell and projects it in a convex form like a bubble. At the same moment the animal retreats farther into the shell, leaving a vacuum between itself and the membrane, which is consequently pressed back by the external air to level with the aperture or even farther so as to form a concave surface, where after becoming desiccated and hard, it remains fixed. These operations are nearly simultaneous, and occupy but an instant." As the winter advances the snail withdraws deeper and deeper, shutting itself out by other epiphragms, like a retreating army covering its front by breastworks as it retreats, until sometimes it has made no less than half a dozen, one within the other. With the snails such as snails, that inhabit moist wooded districts, this protecting wall is thin and nearly transparent, while in those of arid regions it is thicker and often calcareous. Some of the large helices of south Europe secrete a somewhat shelly epiphragm resembling the coating of a turtle's egg, convex externally, with the edge turned in and roughly cemented to the aperture of the shell. In the condition, if not resuscitated by moisture, the snail will remain alive for an indefinite period.—Popular Science Monthly.

Uses of Cotton-seed Oil.

Cotton oil ranks next to sperm oil and above lard oil for illuminating purposes, and it may be burned in any lamp used for either. Mixed with petroleum, it increases the freedom of burning, but this requires a change in the wick. As a lubricating oil cotton seed is useless, because it is half way between the drying and the non-drying. For the same reason it can not be used for paints, for wood finishing, or for leather dressing. It has some use as a substitute for vaseline and similar products. The oil enters into the production of laundry and fancy soaps for wooden mills. The American sardines, properly known as young shad and herring, are put up with this oil, and the use of it extends so far that nearly all the sardines of Europe are now treated in the same way. The oil forms an emulsion in medicine and a substitute for cod liver oil. On the market the crude oil is known as either prime or off quality, or cooking. There are also the white summer, the yellow winter, and the white winter. All these, except the crude, bring an average of about fifty cents a gallon in the wholesale market. After the oil has left the seeds, they become food for stock in the shape of oil cake, while the ashes from the hulls make a fertilizer for root crops.—Popular Science Monthly.

Old Time Extravagance.

So many complaints are made of the extravagance of nineteenth century women, and its deterrent effect upon marriageable young men, that it is interesting to read of a certain Miss Phraser's gown, made in the year 1676, which cost \$1,676, and of which it is thus recorded: "It fringed with her, saying his estate will scarce maintain her in clothes." Every story repeats itself in time. There is nothing new under the sun; but not for centuries has there been made a gown so resplendent as that worn by the Medicis queen, whereon were embroidered 3,200 pearls and 2,000 diamonds. And what belle in the last century has been arrayed so resplendently as Madame de Montespan, who wore at a great court festival a gown of gold and gold brocade in gold, bordered with gold, and over that gold fringed with gold, and over that gold fringed with a gold thread, which makes the most divine stuff that has ever been imagined?"

How Could it be Warm.

The Publisher—You say you are aspiring to be a realistic novelist and report things as they are? The Author—Yes, certainly. The Publisher—Then what do you mean by saying "the beautiful Boston hostess gave her guests a warm reception?"—Chicago Record.

CONVENTIONS IN MONROE COUNTY.

Two Districts Elect Delegates to the Republican State Convention. Rochester, Aug. 31.—The First and Fourth districts of Monroe county elected delegates to the Republican State Convention this morning. The delegates in the First district are: Mayor M. E. Lewis, C. C. Werner, ex-Assemblyman George A. Goss, Supervisor Chauncey G. Starkweather, County Treasurer John Hamilton, Supervisor A. F. Habcock and Egbert Hodskin.

The Fourth district elected as State delegates: Ex-Assemblyman William H. Denniston, Benj. F. Gleason, Supervisor Frederick Gott, School Commissioner Chaney Brainard and James G. Tanager. The Second and Third districts will choose two delegates tonight. The State delegation is held for George W. Albridge, and he will be chosen as a delegate from the third district tonight, thus ensuring that he will be chosen for the Monroe delegation to Saratoga. Resolutions highly commendatory to Governor Morton were passed. The delegates chosen to-day to represent Monroe county were instructed for Nathaniel Poole, of Rochester, for Justice of the Supreme Court.

CHOLERA IN HONOLULU.

Left by a Steamer Which Took Dead Cholera Patients to San Francisco. San Francisco, Aug. 31.—When the Australian steamer Monowai came in last evening she reported that she did not touch at Honolulu because Chinese and natives had died there of cholera. The cholera was brought to Honolulu by the Delta, on her trip from Hong Kong to San Francisco. When she reached here she reported a clean bill of health. The customs officers discovered to-day, however, that during the ten days she lay here, there were in a cubby hole in the stern three bodies of Chinamen who had died of cholera. The health officer proposes to make a rigid investigation, and there probably will be a heavy fine for the officers of the Delta.

At the time of the Monowai's sailing it was believed the disease was under control. There had been eight deaths from the disease and there were only two cases remaining, and those were both in quarantine. In San Francisco, with such admiral facilities for quarantining, even if the cholera should get what might appear to be a foothold, it could be safely stamped out, the health officials say.

CUBAN FILIBUSTERS CAPTURED.

Twenty Men Said to be on Their Way to Cuba Arrested in New Jersey. Wilmington, Del., Aug. 31.—United States Marshal Lannan, of Delaware, with a posse of Wilmington policemen, and two Pinkerton detectives, left this city yesterday afternoon on the tugboat Meteor, and landed at Penn's Grove, N. J., where they arrested 20 Cubans, who had been taken there from this city last night on the tug Taurus. The men had with them traveling bags and a supply of ammunition, pistols and machetes.

SALVATION ARMY AMAZONS.

Denver Has the Only Mounted Corps in the World. Denver, Aug. 31.—The Salvation Army of this city has organized a cavalry corps of young ladies. The corps is under the leadership of Staff Captain Blanche Cox, and the other ladies in it are Captain Herman, Lieut. Dunton, Lieut. Anderson, Capt. Blackledge and Cadet Stanton. They present a striking spectacle in their uniforms, red skirts, regulation waists with wide rolling collars, and regulation bonnet. The corps enjoy the distinction of being the only mounted Salvation Army fighters in the world. It starts out immediately for a tour of the mountain towns.

PREMIER THRASHES A MILLIONAIRE.

Lively Scrimmage in the Victoria Square of Adelaide, South Australia. London, Aug. 31.—The Chronicle says that Mr. Sparks, a millionaire in Adelaide, South Australia, attempted recently to horsewhip the Hon. C. C. Kingston, Premier and Attorney-General of the colony, in Victoria square. The assault is said to have been made in revenge for an attack made upon Mr. Sparks by the Premier in a public speech. Mr. Sparks, instead of thrashing Mr. Kingston, was thrashed by him, the Premier wrestling the whip from his assailant and using it vigorously upon him.

WITH A FOOT IN EACH COUNTY.

Chairman Presides at a Deadlock Convention in the Woods of Iowa. Winterset, Ia., Aug. 21.—Three thousand delegates had been cast in the Adair and Madison County Republican Convention without result. The convention is still in session in the woods of Middle river, between the two counties, each of which has eleven delegates and a candidate. It is held in the woods because no hall could be found in either county. Hence the chairman sat with a foot in each county, and the delegates are divided by the line. The Green Leaf Transcript is printing a daily edition, with its presses in the woods, as the delegates and their friends to the number of 20 are camped at the place.

ITALY RECOGNIZES ALFARO.

First European Power to Salute the New Government of Ecuador. Panama, Colombia, Aug. 31.—A dispatch from Guayaquil says that Italy has recognized the Government of General Alfaro in Ecuador. Alfaro's whole army is now encamped at the gates of Quito, and Italian preparations are in progress for the triumphal entry into the city.

Fishermen Fight the English Coast Guard.

Lowestoft, England, Aug. 31.—The Belgian trawler Leuist, which was fishing in the channel within the three-mile limit, was boarded by the English coast guard. The Belgians resisted the boarding party with knives, axes, jump handles, and other weapons, but were overpowered by the guard and driven into the hold of their vessel. Several men were wounded.

Ex-Assemblyman W. J. Hines Dead. Far Rockaway, L. I., Aug. 31.—Ex-Assemblyman William J. Hines, of this place, died suddenly this morning.

WHY MIKE BURNED THE BOOK.

A Night Watchman Who Had the Interests of His Firm Really at Heart. The secretary of the Eastern Rubber Company, at Trenton, N. J., lost a letter-book containing copies of a month's important correspondence a few weeks ago.

The whole office force was turned out to hunt for it, but it had disappeared as effectually as if swallowed up in the earth. After closing hours the other evening the secretary, the general manager and a couple of clerks sat in the office discussing the loss and trying to account for it. Mike, the new watchman, came in to sweep and dust. "Mike, have you ever seen anything of letter-book No. 9?" asked the manager. "No, sir," said Mike. "Well, have you seen a book like this?" taking another letter-book from the safe. "Yes, sir; I see one like that one night. It was in the waste basket."

"Where is it now?" "Sure, I burned it." If ever a watchman received a lecture for stupidity, Mike got it then. The secretary became hotter and hotter every minute as he talked. "I suppose you'd burn up the cashbook if you ever found it outside the safe?" he shouted finally. "No, sir; I would not," returned Mike, gently. "What would I do that for, when there's nothing but figures in it that don't mean anything" but to the man that wrote 'em? I wasn't going to burn this book at first, because I wanted to keep the nice papers to put tobacco in. But when I thought, well, perhaps some one will get a hold of it and read something that was none of their—business, I just burned it to make sure. You'd do the same, sir, now wouldn't you?"—New York Herald.

Paying Social Debts.

The name of the women who live in single rooms in boarding-houses, and yet long for an opportunity to receive and entertain their friends, is legion, says an exchange. One of their number has decided that it may be done, and has made an excellent beginning in that direction.

Her room is—or was an ordinary-looking, moderately large back one on the second floor of an ordinary boarding-house. She turned it into a charming apartment by the expenditure of a great deal of time and thought and giving up a new winter frock. The bed was banished and a luxurious cot lounge was substituted with denim cover and a multitude of silk pillows. There was a leather screen picked up at a bargain, to shut out the view of the washing. A set of box bookshelves served the simple purpose of bookcase, sideboard and closet, by being stained and having a door with hinges swing over one long box. Dainty blue and white china, a copper coffee pot and some silver spoons occupied the sideboard. All sorts of pretty photographs in pretty frames hang about the walls, and a grate fire completes the prettiness of the room.

In the closet, every Saturday night, are stored olives, crackers, cheese, bread and butter, lettuce, a little coffee, coffee and sugar—all of them delicious. Every Sunday the landlady—for a consideration—cooks and chops up a chicken. Every Sunday the young woman makes chicken salad, for the preparation of which she is justly famous, and thin bread and butter sandwiches. Sometimes she toasts some crackers over her grate fire. She makes delicious coffee in the Russian coffee pot. And every Sunday afternoon she is "at home" to her friends, dispensing the dainties from an old mahogany tray in the corner. She does not spend a fortune in entertaining, but all the people who "drop in" during the long afternoon have the best sort of time, and she owes no social debts.

Interchangeable Heels.

An English firm have recently been granted letters patent for an invention whereby the heels of boots and shoes can be easily detached or reversed. The invention consists of steel, or any similar material, shaped as a lift, with flange and groove, a little over the height of the heel at the option of the maker, while the upper portion of the heel is so constructed as to slide into position so that it is indistinguishable from an ordinary heel; but to insure absolute security a fine screw is inserted from the inside. The advantages claimed for it are that when the top piece becomes slightly worn down the wearer can reverse it to the other boot, and after these have been well worn they can be replaced by a new set at a very small cost.—Shoe and Leather Facts.

California Misfits.

There is at least one level-headed farmer in San Joaquin County. There is more point in the following few lines than can be found in an average speech occupying as many columns. He says: "We let our timber rot and buy fencing. We throw away our ashes and grease and buy soap. We raise dogs and buy hogs. We let our manure go to waste and buy guano. We grow weeds and buy vegetables and brooms. We catch five-cent fish with a four-dollar rod. We build school-houses and send our children off to be educated. And, lastly, we send our boys out with a forty-dollar gun and a ten-dollar dog to hunt for ten-cent birds."

That is precisely what is being done all over the State.—San Francisco Call.

Forced to Confess.

A curious point in Swedish criminal law is that confession is necessary before a capital sentence can be carried out. If, however, the culprit persists in protesting his innocence in the face of overpowering evidence, the prison discipline is made extremely strict and severe until the desired confession is obtained.

The Humors of the Museum.

"Slang is always vulgar," said the manager of the dime museum, "but it is sometimes funny, too." "Yes?" "Yes. For instance, it does sound funny to hear the living skeleton asking the fat lady if she will lend him a couple of bones."—New York Press.

It isn't always nervousness that makes a girl bite her lips. Sometimes—very often, in fact—she does it to give them a nice color.

CHEERS FOR GEN. LEE.

A Demonstration of Affection that Touched the Confederate Leader's Heart.

Gen. Robert E. Lee once told me of an ovation he received that touched him more than any demonstration ever made in his honor," said the venerable Judge White, of Virginia, to a Washington Post man. "Following closely on the surrender of the Southern army, the commander-in-chief of the Confederacy went to pass a season at the home of his particular friend, E. R. Cooke, who last November ran as the Populist candidate for Governor against Col. O'Ferrall. After a few weeks of the most hospitable and elegant entertainment, Gen. Lee was called to the presidency of the Washington and Lee University. Bidding his kind friends adieu he started for Lexington on horseback and alone. He had gone some miles and was passing through a rather dreary stretch of wooded country, when he espied a plain old countryman mounted on a sorry nag coming towards him. As they passed each other both bowed, as is the fashion when strangers meet in out of the way places, but the old farmer in the home-spun suit stared hard at the soldierly figure as though not quite certain of recognition. He went his way a little further, then turning his horse around, cantered back and soon came up with the General again. "I beg pardon, sir, but is not this Gen. Robert Lee?" "Yes, I am Gen. Lee. Did I ever meet you before, my friend?" "Then the old Confederate grasped the chieftain's hand, and with the tears streaming down his face, said: 'Gen. Lee, do you mind if I cheer you?' The General assured him that he didn't mind, and there, on that lonesome, pine-bordered highway, in a moment, the old rebel veteran, with swinging hat, lifted up his voice in three ringing rounds of hurrahs for the man that the Southland idolized. Then both went their way without another word being spoken."

Beyond Him.

The man's wife had asked him to go upstairs and look in the pocket of her dress for a key she thought was there, and, being a man willing to accommodate, he had done so. It was a long time until he returned, and when he did there was a peculiar look in his eyes, says the Detroit Free Press. "I can't find any key in the pocket of your pocket," he said with a painful effort. "Why," she retorted sharply, "I left it there." "I say I can't find any dress in the pocket of your key," he said doggedly. His tone seemed to disturb her. "You didn't half look for it," she insisted. "I tell you I can't find any pocket in the dress of your dress," he replied in a dazed kind of way. This time she looked at him. "What's the matter with you?" she asked nervously. "I say," he said, speaking with much effort, "that I can't find any dress in the key of your pocket."

She got up and went over to him. "Oh, William," she groaned, "have you been drinking?" He looked at her leerily. "I tell you I can't find any pocket in the dress of your key," he whispered. She began to shake him. "What's the matter? What's the matter?" she asked in alarm. The shaking seemed to do him good, and he rubbed his eyes as if he were regaining consciousness. "Wait a minute," he said very slowly, indeed. "Wait a minute. I can't find any dress in—no, I can't find any key in the dress of—no, that's not it; any—any—any pocket. There, that's it, and a flood of light came into his face. "Confound it, I couldn't find any pocket."

Then he sat down and laughed hysterically, and his wife, wondering why in the name of goodness men raised such a row over finding the pocket in a woman's dress, went upstairs and came back with the key in two minutes.

An Impending Evil.

Spring was everywhere in the air as the tramp came through the back gate and some of it seemed to have got into his step as he ambled along towards the home. "Ah, good day," he said cheerily to hired girl, who was disporting herself on the kitchen steps with a scrubbing brush. She looked at him and nodded. "What's the chances for a bite to eat this beautiful morning in spring?" he inquired. "Not a mouthful in the house," she replied. "Struck a famine?" "No, something worse."

"What can that be?" "Part of Coxe's army; they came by this morning early and got everything we had to give away." All the blue went out of the sky of the tramp's face, and the lowering clouds swept over it. "Bah," he growled, "them chumps is goin' to ruin the perfish and drive us steady workers to the poorhouse or to martyr's right wives," and he stalked out of the yard in a fit of disgruntlement.—Detroit Free Press.

No Smoke.

The man who abolishes smoke will be one of the greatest benefactors of the human race. Nothing else will so change the conditions of life in our great cities. Without saying that this result is already at hand, a great step toward it is made by the new invention in fireplaces, says London Truth. By this system a fire can undoubtedly be produced without smoke, and though at present a special fireplace must be employed for the purpose, there is no reason why every one who henceforth fits up a kitchen range or a furnace should not have a smokeless one. I expect to see the time when every householder as well as every manufacturer will be compelled to consume his own smoke. In the meantime, however, there is the strongest inducement, short of compulsion, for doing so, for the system, like all which are based on perfecting the combustion of the fuel, gives a largely increased heat for a reduced consumption of coal.

OHIO'S CAMPAIGN OPENED.

John Sherman Asks the Nomination of McKinley for President. Springfield, O., Sept. 11.—The Republican campaign for 1895 of this State was formally opened yesterday by a vast popular meeting presided over by the venerable Senator John Sherman. The meeting will go on record as one of the most enthusiastic gatherings in Buckeye politics, for not only was General Bushnell, the gubernatorial nominee, on hand, but Governor McKinley, ex-Governor Foraker, Senator Sherman, State Auditor Poe and General Ara Jones, nominee for Lieutenant-Governor, were also present and assisted in the speech-making.

When Senator Sherman mounted the platform to speak the applause was deafening. It was several minutes before he could be heard. In his speech he asked for the nomination of McKinley for President.

Governor McKinley spoke particularly of the United States Senatorship, saying that from 1861 to 1869 the Republicans had two Senators—Wade and Sherman—and that this year they were going to resume their rightful place. Mr. Foraker would take the seat of Mr. Brice.

FIGHTING BOB WINS AGAIN.

Capt. Evans to Have Command of the New Battle Ship Indiana. Washington, Sept. 11.—Fighting Bob Evans will have his application to be transferred from the New York to the Indiana granted. He will have the honor of commanding the navy's first battle ship and the largest war vessel constructed in this country. Secretary Herbert was opposed at first to the transfer of Evans, and it is believed that the assignment of the Indiana to the President, who will grant Evans almost any naval detail he wishes.

The Indiana will not be ready for active service for three months, but Evans is to superintend her fitting out. The command of the New York will fall to some captain who has not yet had one of the first rank ships of the navy. Captain Frederick Rogers, now attached to the Brooklyn Navy Yard, may be the lucky man. The detail of Fighting Bob is sure to create surprise in the navy where it is held that so fine a vessel as the Indiana, and the only battle ship ready for service, should be in charge of a captain higher in rank than Evans, who was only promoted about seven months ago.

LEXOW MAY BE RENOMINATED.

The Democrats in His District Will Fight an Orange County Man. Nyack, Sept. 11.—The Democratic committee appointed last week by State Committeeman Clark for the Senate district comprising the counties of Rockland and Orange, met at Newburgh yesterday to apportion the Senatorial districts and apportion the day for the meeting of the convention. Three members of the committee were from Rockland county and six from Orange county. The delegates were appointed on a basis of sixteen to each Assembly district, which gives Rockland county sixteen and Orange county thirty-two. The convention will be held at Middletown on October 2.

GOV. MORTON'S MEASURE.

Money will Give 44 Pairs of Shoes to the Poor. New York, Sept. 11.—Harry J. Moore, who describes himself as "a typical American mechanic," is a shoemaker by trade. In July he conceived the idea of visiting every State in the Union and making his living while on the road. His plan is to visit the capital of each State and make the Governor a pair of shoes to measure. He started on July thirty with money, and has visited every New England State except Connecticut. Yesterday he was in this city and obtained Governor Morton's measure. He says he has made money.

HARRISON'S EASTERN BOOM.

Mr. Studebaker Says the ex-President Developing Wonderful Strength. La Porte, Ind., Sept. 11.—Peer Studebaker, of South Bend, has returned from the East. Mr. Studebaker is named as the probable Republican candidate for Governor, said that the State of Indiana will send a Harrison delegation to the National Convention. "Harrison is developing wonderful strength in the East," said Mr. Studebaker, "and I confidently believe Indiana will again be accorded the distinction of naming the candidate."

CANADIAN SEALERS SEIZED.

United States Cutter Captures Two Vessels Violating the Bering Sea Rules. Victoria, B. C., Sept. 10.—The United States cutter Albatross, on patrol for alleged violations of the Bering Sea regulations. She reports seizure of schooner Alnoke. The Albatross was boarded by the cutter on August 23. A few seals, marked as by-bucks, were found on board. Alnoke was seized on the charge of violating the sixty-mile protective zone of seals. The Bearfoot reports a light catch of seals.

ATTEMPT TO BLOW UP A CHURCH.

Michigan Vandals Use Dynamite to Blow Money From a Corner Stone. Greenville, Mich., Sept. 9.—An attempt was made yesterday to blow up the corner stone of the new Presbyterian Church of this city. The charge was placed in the corner stone, but not being put in deep enough, little damage was done. The supposition is that the attempt was made for the purpose of obtaining a sum of money that is reported to have been deposited in the corner stone of the church was built.

Woman Bridge Jumper Fined \$50.

New York, Sept. 10.—Mrs. Clara Arthur, the first woman to jump from the Brooklyn bridge, was fined \$50 yesterday morning. She paid the fine and left the court with her husband, who had in a by-gone day, with the man's clothes, jumped a man off the bridge. Col. Ell, Albany, Sept. 10.—Sena, a noted port, N.Y.