The Pioneer-Express.

R. H. YOUNG, Publisher.

PEMBINA, - - DAKOTA.

The Egg Dance In India.

The Indian egg dance is not, as one might expect from the name given it, a dance upon these fragile objects. It is executed in this wise:

The dancer, dressed in a corsage and very short skirt, carries a willow wheel of moderate diameter fastened horizontally upon the top of her head. Around this wheel threads are fastened equally distant from each side, and at the end of each of these threads is a slip noose, which is kept open by a glass bead. Thus equipped the young girl comes towards the spectators with a basket full of eggs, which she passes around for inspection, to prove that they are real, and not imitations. The music strikes up a jerky monotonous strain, and the dancer begins to whirl around with great rapidity. Then seizing an egg she puts it in one of the slip nooses, and with a quick motion throws it from her in such a way as to draw the knot tight. The swift turning of the dancer produces a centrifugal force which stretches the thread out straight like a ray shooting from the circumference of a circle. One after another the eggs are thrown out in these slip nooses, until they make a horizontal aureole or halo above the dancer's head. Then the dance becomes more rapid—so rapid, in fact, that it is difficult to distinguish the features of the girl.

The moment is critical; the least false step, the least irregularity of time, and the eggs dash against each other. But how can the dance be stopped? There is but one way; that is to remove the eggs in the way in which they have been put in place. This operation is by far the more delicate of the two. It is necessary that the dancer, by a single motion, exact and unerring, should take hold of the egg and remove it from the noose. A single false motion of the hand, the least interference with one of the threads, and the general arrangement is suddenly broken, and the whole performance disastrously ended.

At last all the eggs are successfully removed; then the dancer stops, and without seeming in the least dizzied by the dance of twenty-five or thirty minutes, advances with a firm step to the spectators, and presents them with the eggs, which are immediately broken in a flat dish to prove that there is no trick in the performance.

Land Fraud Inquisition.

MITCHELL, Dak., Special Telegram, Aug. 21.—Special Agent James, of the interior department, has had before the United States commissioner an important land fraud case, which has utilized the entire time of the court for six days. Gibbs & Mixter of Miner county are the accused, and charged with the creation of false and fraudulent contests to the number of twenty-five, and presenting the same to the United States land office here. Gibbs' case has been on trial for the past week, and the testimony thus far shows that these parties manufactured during January last fourteen of this kind of papers, and subsequently presented them at the land office, and the desired result was obtained. The government has an accomplice of these parties on the stand, and his statements fully substantiate the charges made in the complaint by the government. Experts corroborate the testimony of witnesses as to the handwriting on the affidavits of contest. The case has been closed by the government. The defense secured adjournment for a few days to prepare their case.

An Indian Agent Who Easily Obtained a Restful Position.

The president likes a good story, especially if it is quaint. An Indian agent, who came east not long ago to get something better than his agency, got it just for the story he told. He said: "Mr. President, when I got out to the agency I found that those Indians were just about to have their annual sun-dance. Of course, they invited the agent, and of course the agent went. It was very exciting. I had never seen a sun-dance, and I thought it was immense." And then he described the wild ceremonies at length. "I watched them," he said, "as they jumped and yelled, and yelled and jumped, and cut themselves, and marched and countermarched, and cut up like so many painted devils. All this time I was a spectator. But presently they began to pass the fire-water around. Of course, they invited the agent to drink, and of course the agent drank. In fact, he drank a good deal—a good deal too more than he ought to. It wasn't long before he found himself in the middle of the ring, as wild as the rest of them, dancing, yelling and howling. Then he was a participator. He kept this up some time, Mr. President, and then, it, is said, Mr. President, he got into a fight with a big buck and made so much trouble that they had to put him off the grounds. I don't know about that, Mr. President, but I know that very shortly after he became a traveler, and now he would like a little softer berth a little nearer civilization." He got it for the tale he told.—Philadelphia Record.

Gen. Sherman's Kissing.

Washington Letter to the Cincinnati Commercial.

General Shermon is fond of kissing young ladies. He says he fell into the habit when quite young. He cannot resist the temptation to salute a pair of rosy lips. The time or place makes no difference with him. If the general had devoted half the time he has spent in kissing young ladies on the babies he would probably have been president long ago.

An incident occurred a day or two ago that illustrates the general's fearless nature. A bright-eyed brunette had just alighted with her mother from a carriage in front of thd Ebbitt House. The street was filled with people as well as the hotel lobby. The hero of the march to the sea appeared in the entrance. "Why, my dear, how do you do?" and the white-haired veteran rushed forward and caught the young woman around the waist and before she could help herself kissed her two or three times fairly on her lips. The young lady blushed as red as a peony. She did not object to the kissing, but the publicity was too much. Disengaging herself from the general's arms she said, with a pretty pout of her lips: "General, how dare you take such a liberty with me!"

"Tut, tut, child," was the reply, "I am old enough to be your father; yes, even your grandfather!" Young men who have attempted to imitate General Sherman in kissing every pretty girl they meet have met with disastrous results. The general's white hairs seem to give him immunity. He once said "When I come to die I shall ask to have a bevy of young ladies gather around my bed and kiss me to death. In parting from earth I wish to have a taste of heaven".

A Polk county (Tenn.) family boasts three girls whose average weight is 242 pounds. The oldest is nearly 18 and weighs over 300, while the youngest is 12 and tips the beam at 200.

THE MUTE MINSTREL.

The flakes fall white and fast and soft,
In a noiseless whirl from the vault aloft,
And spread their mantle wide and fair,
On earth's brown breast through the darkened air.
So reft the rosebush looks, and wan,
Methinks her blooming is all undone,
And leafless trees bend sad and low,
Beneath their branches crown of snow.

A robin paused in his flight too long,
In his frozen throat is a silent song,
And nevermore will his dead heart beat
With its love of the Norland true and sweet;
Southward his winged mates have flown,
But his redbreast died at home alone;
Through the bended boughs you may dimly see,
A bird of snow in a cedar tree.

My life, dead bird, is the cedar tree.
And my heart in its branches is dead like thee.
'Twas red as thy breast in its love and youth,
But snowflakes fell on its trust and truth.
When singers hie them on happy wing
To leafy arches in pomp of spring,
Their merry carols may mock the lute,
But thine and mine shall he chilled and mute. —Myrta Lockett.

HOW PEOPLE HIDE MONEY.

From the New York Sun.

"I have been sent for very often in my time," said an elderly detective, "to search for money concealed by eccentric people. There was more of this hiding away of cash forty years ago than there is now, owing probably to the doubtful character of some of the old savings banks. Still there is more of it now than most people suppose, and whenever a bank breaks the teapots and old stockings come into use again. Then, too, there are persons who have a delight in concealing money in such a way that they can get a sight at it now and then, or at the place in which it is concealed.

"What is my method of search? Well, I can hardly say; in detective work set methods are only too apt to defeat the ends for which they are put in operation. Our proceedings depend wholly upon circumstances. The character, habits and surroundings of the concealer have to be considered. A knowledge of human nature and an aptitude for perceiving the significance of certain classes of facts are especially needful.

"For instance: I was once sent for to find the money of a man over in New Jersey who had died suddenly, and left no visible trace of his wealth. The family had made a careful, systematic search before I arrived. I learned that he was not miserly, and inferred that he had not used any of those complicated methods of concealment which are one of the miser's chief characteristics. I found that his business took him frequently from home, and that he had formerly been a sailor. I asked what room he usually slept in, and they said, 'all over the house,' adding that they had fully examined every place in which he had ever been known to be. I asked about his clothing.

"Oh, the oldest possible kind," said his wife. "We couldn't get him to wear anything decent."

"May I see it?"

"Why, we have been all through it with knitting needles, and my girls ripped up the lining everywhere, but we found nothing, and gave the old things away."

"I insisted, of course, upon seeing the clothes. You see, sir, I reasoned in this way: The man was not a miser, and therefore had used no extraordinary means of concealment; and he constantly made short journeys from home, so I judge that he carried his money upon his person. You may set it down as a general rule that most men who conceal money like to have it as near them as possible. The fact that he did not desire to sleep in any particular room showed that the money was not nidden in a room. It was neitner in his clothing or buried in the cellar, a favorite place for hiding money. But he had been a sailor. Now, it is characteristic of a sailor not to conceal money on shipboard; the risk from fire and water are too great. This feeling would be likely to continue after he had settled down ashore. Then, too, a sailor is in the habit of carrying his pay with him. So, you see, there were good reasons for my guess. Well, some one brought the clothes in at last, and very shabby-looking they were. I went over them without success until my eyes caught the binding. 'He always kept them well bound," said his wife; 'sailors are good sewers.' The binding was wide, but we soon had it off, and there we found, folded lengthwise and protected with oiled silk, four $100 bonds. A systematic search is often not as good as a shrewd guess by an experienced person.

"Yes, there are men who conceal wealth away from their homes. Criminals almost all do it. Middle-aged countrymen will do it, but when they get old they are almost sure to hide it near the spot where they pass most of their time.

"Some fifteen years ago I went up to a farm house in Orange county, at the request of the heirs, to look for money. The deceased had had no striking characteristics for my purpose, and, after trying several lines of search for three days, I grew doubtful. His riding saddle had been ripped open, his bootheels knocked off for diamonds, his soles split up and his upholstery pulled to pieces. Bricks had been taken out, the hearth torn up and the wainscotings pulled down. Even the backboards of picture frames had been taken out, and the boys had dug around the roots of every tree in the orchard, but still no money had been found. The reward was too large to be lost, but I was nearly at my wits' end. Finally I asked for a horse and wagon. I wanted to drive about a bit and settle my mind. As I rode off the brother of the deceased said: "You'll find the farm well laid off; he surveyed it himself."

"Those words kept coming to my mind. The man hadn't concealed the money in the house, that was evident; nor in the barn, for he seldom went there. Why should he use the roots of trees or stones if he knew how to survey? The thought came like a flash. 'Where was the old gentleman in the habit of sitting?' I asked. 'Oh, he most always sat by that window,' said the brother, 'but we've pulled everything to pieces around there.' 'Sit down just as he did.' The man sat down. 'In which direction was he most apt to look?' 'Nowhere in particular; out of the window generally.' 'Toward the barn?' 'No, in this way.' I followed the look; it was in the line of an old, used up pump. 'Which way did he walk when he went out to the field?' 'Over to the pump, and then made a bee line for the pond.' These answers had a certain significance. Men like to have a place of concealment in sight, and it is well known that they will often walk over money they have buried to see that the sod is undisturbed. I had the pump taken up and excavations made but no money. The pump was replaced. I entered the room once more and stood by the window. Suddenly I saw a faint but peculiar looking mark on the sill; it was a surveyor's point. I 'lined' it up to the pump, measured out to the exact centre of the line, and the digging began. A two-inch steam pipe was struck at a depth of four feet. The end was plugged; I took home a $500 bill that night.

"I had a curious case two years ago. A wealthy man had been attacked with partial paralysis, and his speech and the greater part of his memory had left him. He wrote out the question, 'Where did I put my money?' The amount was large, $32,000 in bonds, which he had been about to take to a safe deposit building. The heirs were wild. I stopped all the tearing up and cushion-pricking business, for the man was not a concealer, though it was supposed by the doctors that he had felt the attack coming on, and had put the money in some out-of-the-way place. Just how or in what spot in his library he had fallen, could not be made out. After a day's reflection my partner and I had to conclude that he had been robbed. Two courses were open to use we could make sudden arrests without any real evidence, always a hateful course for a good detective to take, or we must find the exact spot where the man fell, and 'line' up from that. The doctors helped us here. 'You had better examine the gentleman's body,' they said. We did so, and found a long horizontal mark on the hip, and blue marks on the knee and elbow. He had fallen sidewise over an object not over sixteen inches high, and having a narrow, rounded edge of metal, for an iron mark was found on the clothing. Every piece of furniture in the house was inspected, but to no purpose. The heirs apparent were in despair. But my partner and I began to be hopeful. In detective work, whenever you come upon some detail that seems utterly inexplicable, that is the thing which of all others must be explained; and you feel, moreover, that in solving the difficulty you will come nearer in some unknown way to your point. We took all night to think the matter over. Then my partner said, 'How about the cellar? That's where the household metal is.'" They all laughed. 'He hasn't been there in a year,' they said. We went down. My partner glanced quickly around, and then gave me a look that I can almost feel running through my nerves to this day. He had discovered some common household articles which had not been used since the family had been searching the fireplaces. He was, in fact, looking for a lot of coal hods. 'There is our metallic edge,' he said. He turned the hods over carefully, and from out a mass of waste paper there rolled at last the $32,000 worth of bonds. The paralytic had fallen over the hod, and the money had dropped into it among his waste papers. Before the general search was made, all 'rubbish' was taken to the cellar. Our friends had sought too deeply for what they had supposed to be concealed money, and had grossly neglected the science of the obvious. Some detectives do precisely the same thing. My partner and I divided $5,000 between us that night.

"Yes, they hide money in queer enough places. I have found it in the covers of old family Bibles, behind mirrors in the bored-out legs of chairs, behind cupboards nailed tightly to the walls, in false ceilings, balusters, pincushions, in the linings of old hats, in clocks, stoves and bronze images, in vases with the bottoms covered inside with plaster of Paris, in black bottles weighted with mercury and marked poison, in cans, shoes and vest linings, in tomato cans and tea canisters, in cracked walls covered with wall paper, in all sorts of bedding and upholstery, and in almost every conceivable place."

The Postal Reduction.

WASHINGTON, Special Telegram, Aug. 21.—The more important of the monthly questions now being asked as to the impending reduction in the rate of letter postage are answered in a circular on the subject which the postoffice department is sending to postmasters. The following are the more important paragraphs of this circular:

All postmasters are instructed to limit their requisitions for 3-cent stamps and stamped envelopes to quantities that may be deemed sufficient to last until the 1st of October. Postmasters will take all available means, without incurring any expense to the department, of calling public attention to the reduction of postage, so that purchasers may not accumulate an unnecessary supply of 3-cent stamps or stamped envelopes. No arrangements have yet been made for the redemption of 3-cent stamps and envelopes in the hands of postmasters, or for the exchange of such stamps and envelopes in the hands of private holders. Until further notice, therefore, postmasters will not make exchanges for the public, nor will they return to the department the stocks remaining in their own hands on and after the 1st of October. The 2 and 3 cent stamps and stamped envelopes of the present designs will continue to be valid after the 1st of October. The 3-cent stamps may be used in combination with other stamps. The department will be ready to issue 2-cent adhesive stamps on the 15th of September, and stamped envelopes on Sept. 1, in order to be placed for use on the 1st of October. The new 2-cent stamps and stamped envelopes must not be placed on sale by postmasters or used before the 1st day of October, 1883. Special request envelopes of the new design must not be used prior to that date.

End of the Telegraph Strike.

Master Workman Campbell on the 17th inst. issued a general order releasing the brotherhood of telegraph operators from remaining longer out of work. The immediate reason for his action was the pressure from members of the brotherhood on the executive committee to bring the strike to an end, but the public will take it as an admitted fact that the failure of the strikers to keep all their men out, the lapse of public interest and sympathy in the cause of the strikers, and the ability of the telegraph company to perform more of its business than was expected it could with scabs and plugs, were the real causes of the breakdown. A large number, probably two-thirds of the strikers, were set at work on their own application, after taking an obligation not to have anything more to do with the brotherhood organization. The Western Union now has men enough in all probability, and is able to mobilize its forces so as to protect itself amply.

An American With a Title.

Anita Theresa Murphy, says the New York Sun, who was lately married to Sir Charles Michæl Wolseley, is a daughter of David G. Murphy, the senior member of the dry goods firm of Murphy, Grant & Co., of San Francisco. He spends little time in California, living, for the most part, in London and Rome. Though he is not very wealthy, there was a time when he had to scratch hard to make both ends meet. This was before he went into the employ of Eugene Kelly, the banker of Exchange Place, this city, who was selling dry goods to California thirty years ago. Mr. Kelly took him into partnership, and left him the whole business soon afterward. About a year and a half ago the pope made him a marquis, on account of his generous contributions to Catholic charities throughout Europe and California. He had been a count and a baronet. Though a singularly diffident man, he has a hankering after titles. His wife is a power in Catholic society in Paris and London.

Judge Lowell of Boston has sustained the decision of the district court in the case of the American Bell Telephone company vs Amos E. Dolbear et al., which was appealed. The petition for injunction and questions for decisions were whether the telephone described by Reis anticipates the Bell telephone and whether Dolbear's apparatus infringes Bell's patent. It is held that the invention of Reis was not in anticipation of Bell. Whatever may be the merits of his (Dolbear's) telephone, he employed in it at least a part of Bell's process. The decision is for the complainant.

Ex-Gov. Benjamin Conly, postmaster at Atlanta and five attaches of the postoffice have been removed. The removal was wholly unexpected by the public. The cause is said to be general dissatisfaction.

Millionaire Flood is about to commence work on a brown stone mansion in San Francisco, to cost $3,500,000, exclusive of grounds.

NEWS CONDENSED.

WASHINGTON NEWS NOTES

The appointment bureau of the treasury departments hold the opinion that the civil service regards the appointments to be made hereafter as commencing afresh in respect to the appointment among the states, the first appointment, that of Miss Mary E. Hoyt of Connecticut, being that of the highest lady in the $900 class, without respect in the number of persons in the department from Connecticut. Appointments will be made irrespective of the quota from each state, until such quota be filled from any given state by new appointments. Then, however, the persons having the highest records—if hailing from the states whose quota is full—will have to stand aside in favor of the next lowest, whose states are now fully represented in proportion to their population in the new appointments.

Eaton, president of the civil service commission, had a conference with the acting secretary of the treasury on the 21st inst., in regard to the right of the latter to make certain promotions in the treasury department under the civil service commission. Inasmuch as they had not yet prepared suitable regulations covering this subject, and as such regulations would not be enforced until they should receive the approval of the president, the acting secretary held that the department was at liberty to make all necessary promotions at once. Under the regulations heretofore in force there are only a few vacancies in the treasury department to be filled by promotion, and action on these will be taken in a day or two.

The commissioner of the general land office has been investigating certain reports reaching that office of extensive depredations of public lands adjacent the Canadian boundary line. While the facts have been somewhat exaggerated, the commissioner is convinced that depredations on a great scale would soon follow. Of timber already stolen, a large percentage has been seized by the government, and criminal proceedings will be begun against the guilty persons. The secretary of state will also be requested to take necessary steps to secure the surrender of offending Canadians to the United States judicial tribunal.

The first appointment in the treasury department under the new civil service rules, was made recently to fill a $900 vacancy in the national bank redemption agency in the treasurer's office. The civil service commission certified the names of four ladies to the acting secretary of the treasury, who selected that of Miss Mary F. Hoyt of Connecticut, the first on the list.

Postmasters commissioned; Iowa, John M. Byers, Lincoln; Wisconsin, L. L. Gunderson, Cumberland; Minnesota, Mansey Ross, Hill; Dakota, Edward Lee, Thomas. Postoffices Established—Dakota, Stamsgar, Brown county. Mail Messenger Service Established—Montana, Gallatin, Gallatin county, from Northern Pacific railway, two miles, often as required.

The treasury department has called for reports from boards of immigration organized under the acts of congress as to their proceedings of the last fiscal year. It is presumed these reports will contain valuable statistical information, exhibiting the character and progress of the work of these boards in their administration of the immigrant law.

Commissioner Dudley anticipates that the publication of the pension list will make a great increase in the work of the office, because it will bring thousands of letters from every part of the country, protesting against the granting of pensions to persons named.

The comptroller of the currency authorized the Coin Exchange National bank of Chicago to begin business; capital $1,000,000.

A young woman found $400 in green backs in one of the United States treasury waste baskets.

RAILROAD RUMBLINGS.

Col. P. B. Grant, emigration agent of the Northern Pacific, shipped to Cincinnati a car load of exhibits for the exposition commencing in that city on the 5th proximo. The shipment was made by way of the Albert Lea and Kankakee routes. The exhibits consist of cereals in the straw and threshed grain, specimens of wood, coal minerals from Lake Superior and Montana Territory, vegetables, building stone and brick, and also specimens of petrifications from Pyramid park, in the Yellowstone country. The company will not make any exhibit at the fair in Minneapolis this week, but Burleigh, Morton Stutsman and other counties along the line will.

The Chicago & Atlantic has met the cut rate of $20, Chicago to Buffalo and return, and announces $10 as a round trip rate to Chautauqua. A New York dispatch says, as far as can be learned, regular rates are maintained by the different Western routes from that city.

W. D. Washburn has been made president of the new Sault Ste. Marie & Atlantic railway.

GENERAL NEWS GOSSIP.

Dr. McCormick and Bishop Athenry are about to visit the United States. The object of their visit is to raise funds for the promotion of the migration scheme in Ireland. Two companies have been formed in Ireland, and are already organizing a system of migration which they hope will lead to a great diminution of the prevailing distress in the crowded districts, and by a more equal distribution tend to develope waste lands, and promote agricultural pursuits where that industry has practically become paralyzed. They propose to render such pecuniary assistance as is necessary to stimulate production, making such terms as are reasonably within the means of the tenant. Emigration has been so unrelentingly condemned by Mr. Parnell and his followers as to make the very word hateful. Migration is now the cry, and its results are looked forward to with great hopefulness by its philanthropic promoters.

The late Judge J. S. Black's literary productions will be published in book form, and will comprise three large volumes. A short time before his death the judge told an intimate friend that he had been engaged in refreshing himself regarding the events of the time of secession of which Jeff Davis wrote. This work, which would have been characteristic of the judge's great power as a writer was never completed. At one time, when he was told he was out of danger, he said: "Well, I can attend to Davis now." But his work was never again taken up. New complications in his disease arose and resulted in his death.

Harry Dankoehler, a compositor in the office of the Sturgeon Bay Advocate, set 25,500 ems of solid minion in eighteen and three quarters consecutive hours. He picked up his stick at 6:30 a. m. Friday and dropped it at 1:15 a. m. Saturday last. Two cups of coffee at 9 o'clock p. m. was all the nourishment taken during the whole time. After four hours of sleep he began work again in the morning as usual. Robert Bonner, set many years ago, on a bet of $10, 25,500 ems of solid type in twenty hours and twenty-eight minutes' steady work.

A competitor at the Ontarro Rifle association matches offered the register keeper $5 to give him a score of thirty-two out of a possible thirty-five. The register keeper reported the attempted bribery of the council, and the competitor was ordered off the field. All his entrance fees and prizes were forfeited and himself forever disqualified from competing at any military rifle match in Canada.

Every steamship from a Swedish port since July 14 has brought large quantities of matches. The duty is 35 per cent. and the matches are sold here for three-quarters the price of our home goods. The American match manufacturers are endeavoring to have a duty levied on the boxes in which the matches come. If they succeed it will stop the importation.

Reports from different localities in Ohio show that the fruit crop is a failure. Apples, peaches and pears are very scarce. Grapes are rotting badly and the supply of all kinds of fruit is far from being inadequate. Potatoes are doing finely, but are high in price. Bugs and maggots are destroying nearly all the cabbage, cucumber, and squash crops.

The tax assessors of Newport have just completed the valuation of the city, and have assessed the real estate at $2,059,000 and the personal property at $6,463 400. Probably no other city of 1,600 inhabitants in the union can show so much wealth as Newport.

An attachment was granted against the property of Cecil Ward & Co., New York, who have failed. The applications was made by Kirkland & Co., Brokers, who allege the defendants disposed of their property with intent to defraud their creditors.

The rumor that Alexander White of Sherburne, N. Y., had disappeared from his home is denied. He is still at home, and the rumor that he had lost his fortune in Wall street is said to be untrue.

A corporation has been licensed at Albany, with a capital of $200,000, for the mining manufacture and export of ammoniated and other guanos in Venezuela.

It has been agreed at a conference of glass-blower manufacturers, held in Philadelphia, that wages shall remain the same next year as this.

The Massachusetts council having rejected a nominee appointed by Gov. Butler, proposes filling the place with a colored man.

The formal opening and dedication of the main building of Drake university, Des Moines, will occur Tuesday, Sept. 18.

The Chautauqua Conkling college has been permanently organized, with Mrs. Ewing of Chicago as chief.

Consumption is increasing among sailors on the lakes, owing to bad sanitary arrangements.

El Paso, Tex., is talking up an Americo-Mexican exposition for next year.

Louisville distillers are trying to organize a whisky exchange.

THE CRIMINAL RECORD.

The first legal execution which ever occurred in western Montana, took place recently at Missoula, in the hanging of Ah Yung, a Chinaman, in the Missoula jail yard. It was witnessed by about 100 people. The crime for which this execution was the penalty, was committed Jan. 29, last, when in an attempt to blow up the tent of the China paymaster at Horse Plains, and rob the inmates, Ah Yung shot and killed the Chinaman who owned the tent, and wounded his brother, who attempted to follow him. To the last Ah Yung maintained his innocence. Tickets of admission as a guard were issued by the sheriff to those who were present. When brought to the scaffold the condemned man sat for about ten minutes in a common chair while prayer was offered by Rev. G. M. Fisher, of the Presbyterian church. The Chinamen stepped boldly up to be bound, the noose was quietly adjusted, and in less than a minute he was dropped off into eternity.

At 12 o'clock on the 20th Charles Burt, who lives at 833 Sixth avenue south, Minneapolis, was going down Seventh avenue. At the corner of Tenth avenue south opposite Judge Vanderburg's residence he was met by three men, who demanded his money and each pointed a revolver at him. He refused them and they fired, one shot going through his lungs. The men then ran away and escaped. Burt was taken to his home, and was attended by Drs. Moore and Bendike, who probed for the ball, but failed to find it. They, however, believe that the revolver used was 46-caliber. Burt described the three men, saying two were short and one tall. The police say this answers the description of men who have been doing this kind of work lately.

George Beattie, in New York city, shot and killed Mrs. Elizabeth Cameron, aged twenty-eight, wife of George D. Cameron, the pedestrian, who is better known as "Noremac," and then shot and killed himself. As Beattie was to leave his position as barkeeper in a few days, and been drinking, it is thought that he exchanged bitter words with Mrs. Cameron at the breakfast table, and in his drunken frenzy shot her, and then killed himself. Mr. Cameron ascribed Beattie's recent actions to envy and jealousy at his (Noremac's) business prosperity, and to his declared purpose of getting rid of his quandom trainer as a nuisance.

A McDade, Tex., dispatch details a row, culminating in a shotgun affray in which Bob Young was mortally wounded by George Milton. A man named Hill with Young received a severe flesh wound. A drummer and a prominent citizen standing by, had their clothing perforated, but escaped uninjured.

Recently an intoxicated Indian dashed upon Al Sloane, while he was herding cattle for the Northern Pacific company, on the hills near O'Keefe's near Benton, and endeavored to use a knife upon him. Al didn't like it, and picking up a stone, he knocked ye gentle savage off his horse and put a royal American head upon him.

At Cincinnati on the 20th inst., Burt Scheibel shot and killed Josie Stubb, a sporting woman, in her room at Mrs. Kirk's, 141 George street, and then shot himself in the face, dying instantly. Scheibel left a lettter to the coroner' directing that both bodies be sent to Dayton, regretting the killing of the girl, but saying he could not die and leave her.

C. L. Delong, about twenty-seven years of age, went into a laundry establishment at Council Bluffs recently and inquired of the proprietress if she knew a girl he "used to go with." He said that she had gone back on him, and going into the back yard he drew a revolver and shot himself through the head, dying instantly.

John Van Anda, a resident of Philipsburg, Mont., and an employe of the Hope mining company, was killed on the 11th inst., by William Queener, with whom he had an altercation. The latter has skipped and the affair is pretty badly in mystery.

The liabilities of the Vincent Thinkee of Cincinnati, which were at the time of the failure estimated at $800,000 are now said by the appraisers and assignees to amount to about $109,000 more. The assets at the lowest appraisement will reach $1,150,000.

Near McDade, Tex., a man named Bloodwarth was assassinated by unknown parties He was recently pardoned out of the penitentiary that he might testify against one Fitzpatrick, indicted with him for robbing and shooting a German.

James T. Lloyd, Jr., Chicago map publisher, has brought a libel suit for $20,000 damages against the Tribune. The complaint is that the paper called him "hang dog looking dude," and the map a myth and a frand.

Irving B. Smith, arrested at Portland, Me., for forging trade marks and labels, reached Boston the 21st, and waits the arrival of Cleveland officers. He is willing to go to Ohio without a requisiton.

Two footpads stopped John Johnstone and Howard Libby near Red Wing to secure plunder, the riders whipping their horses and breaking away from the would-be highwaymen.

Charles Butler, the defaulting ex-county clerk of Butler, Kans., who was recently captured in St. Paul, is in quod at Kansas City in default of $4,000 bail.

CASUALTIES OF THE WEEK.

Shortly after Thursday midnight the superintendent of the county infirmary, at Zanesville, Ohio, found Lottie and Emily Littlefield, sisters, who had been admitted the day before, upon the grounds beneath their window, the first named dead and the other perhaps fatally injured. They had attempted to escape by means of a rope made of bed clothing, but could not hold fast and fell thirty feet. It is said the women had been in good circumstances til recently, and when the only remaining relative refused to care for them, they had to be sent to the infirmary.

Mike Welsh, in trying to get on a car near the end of a track on the Northern Pacific, four miles west of Keen's station, on the 17th, fell off and two wheels passed over his body. One hand and foot were also mangled, and he died almost instantly. Welsh had a married sister living in St. Paul.

On the Neilsville branch, on the eastern division of the Omaha, an engine house was blown over and a locomotive partially destroyed. A number of trees were thrown across the track, and the telegraph wires for three or four miles were blown down.

The house and barn of Fred Zirlow, living a few miles west of Athol, Dak., were burned to the ground on the 20th inst. Mrs. Zirlow perished in the flames, and Mr. Zirlow and one child were so badly burned that they are not expected to live.

A cargo of cattle, while coming through the dismal Swamp recently were overcome by the heat and stampeded, carrying overboard with them several men and drowning James Ampley, formerly of New Jersey.

The immense wheat elevator of Trow & Co., at Madison, Ind., containing 100,000 bushels of wheat, was totally burned recently. Loss, $125,000; insurance, $60,000.

There was a severe storm in Northern Dakota on the 19th. The damage in Cheyenne Valley is estimated at $60,000; in the vicinity of Larimore, $70,000.

George T. Wilson, an employee on the capitol at Albany, fell from the roof to the floor of the open court, 110 feet and was instantly killed.

Tracey & Bros.' large saw mill, at Toledo, was burned recently, with all the machinery and a quantity of lath. Loss $20,000; insurance, $10,000.

A fire at Danforth, near Syracuse N. Y., on the 21 inst., destroyed the dwellings of Capt. Edward A. Beil and F. K. Fuller. Loss $20,000.

The youngest son of George Butts, a prominent farmer of Milton, Wis., fell into Rock river at Indianford and was drowned on recently.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

The state of Kansas had retained the late Judge Black at a fee of $7,500 as counsel in the suits to annul the charters of the Union Pacific and Kansas Pacific for violating them in consolidating. He received $2,500 of it just before his death, which be called a dead loss to the state.

Hanlan the rower, was beaten at last, at Fall River, Mass.

FOREIGN NEWS NOTES.

There was serious rioting in the town of Coalbridge, Lanark county, Scotland, on the 18th inst., between parties of Orangemen and Catholics. Twenty-six participants were arrested. Two policeman were dangerously wounded in quieting the disorder. Rioting was resumed recently, when a number of Catholics armed with picks and hammers paraded the streets of the town in search of their religious antagonists and resisted the efforts of police sent to disperse them. The officers were reinforced by a body of mounted policemen, and the combined forces, after a sharp fight, dispersed the rioters, twenty of whom were arrested. The town is in a state of excitement as fresh trouble is expected.

Gladstone stated on the 22d in the house of commons in response to a question by Parnell, that he regretted that the house of lords had rejected the Irish registration bill. He also stated that he would introduce a measure on the subject at the next session of parliament, Colling, liberal member for Ipswich, gave notice that at the next session of parliament he would offer a resolution declaring it is desirable to grant a measure of home rule to Ireland, as the best means of securing permanent peace to the Irish. Colling's announcement was received with cheers.

Lord Wolseley has been gazetted a field marshal. The queen insisted on having the parliamentary session brought to a close because she desired to go to Balmoral without delay. The ceremonies of the dedication of the cairn to John Brown is fixed for September 1st. It is rumored that Bismarck has made overtures to King Alfonzo for a meeting at Berlin between the Emperor William, the czar and the Spanish king.

Second ballots were held in France, for members of the council general in places where no results were reached on the election previously. The results show further republican gains of sixteen seats. Janvier de La Motte, Bonapartist, and member of the chamber of deputies for the department of the Eure, who was a candidate in that department, was defeated.

The postal service of Great Britain has been transformed by the recent arrangement for transmitting parcels into a gigantic express system. Groceries and marketing for the country are delivered by post. The carriers are expected to take thirty pounds and they groan under the load.

Cetewayo, the Zulu king, has recovered from the wounds received in the late engagement betwen his forces and insurgents and made a request to Queen Victoria that she have a full inquiry made into the treatment he received.

Mount Vesuvius is in a state remarkable activity. The continuous trembling of the soil has resulted in considerable injury to buildings and to the railway running up the mountain.

Mr. Bortase, chairman of the English Farmers' alliance, has accepted an invitation of the Messrs. Cunard to go to America as their guest, and visit the great farms of the west.

Bismarck has invited the Sculptor Schilling to go to Kinsington in order to make a bust of the chancellor, which is to be the final model for all future portraits of the prince.

There were 193 deaths from cholera in Egypt on the 19th, including three at Cairo.

The American Way.

An American student at Gottingin, the son of a prominent New York clergyman, unintentionally gave offense to three German students by brushing against them in hurriedly passing along the street. They went on a few steps, then came back and insisted on having satisfaction for the insult; he must fight a duel with one of their number. He declined, saying, "I am an American, I do not fight." But they repeated. "We must have satisfaction." He replied "Well, if you must you can have it," and, throwing off his coat, went at them with his fists. He knocked all three of them down and one rolled in the gutter. Then, putting on his coat, he walked away. Somewhat bewildered over the situation, the three German students picked themselves up and went their way. The American was not afterward challenged to fight a duel nor otherwise molested.

A JERSEY SNAKE HUNT.

Practical Use of an Imitation Mouse At Close Quarters.

After the road came to an end altogether and left the wagon jolting over an unbroken field, the old horse put on a remarkable burst of speed and turned into a narrow lane leading to a small farm-house.

"Look here," I said, "didn't I pay you to carry me to Jerry Martin's?"

"Sartin you did, sir."

"Then why don't you do it? Why do you stop here at your own home?"

"Done the best I dould, sir. This is Jerry Martin's place, sir."

"And you?"

"I'm Jerry Martin, sir; at your service sir."

A quarter so neatly earned surely was well deserved, and, checking an impulse to say something sarcastic, I laughed and told Jerry my errand.

"Snake huntin', is it?" he exclaimed, in something like astonishment. "Want to go snake huntin'? Well, I never! Fine gents from the city never hunts snakes, as I knows, on. Goin' to start a circus? Museum business, maybe No? Well, I never. Jest want to hunt snakes! Maria!" he shouted, in a voice that might have been mistaken for a steam whistle.

A nervous looking little woman stepped out from behind a chicken coop.

"Ye needn't yell so, Jerry Martin; I ain't deaf."

"Here's a gentleman from the city as wants to go snake huntin'," Jerry moved back to note the effect of his words. Not a muscle moved in the careworn face under the sun-bonnet.

"Well" she said, a moment afterward, "why don't you take him?"

"I'll do it—for a half dollar."

In a few minutes Jerry and I were again jolting over the unbroken field in the direction of a forest of scrub pines.

"Snakes is scarce around these parts this year. Fire over to Hammonton way drove 'em off last summer. The big 'uns took to the pine swamp 'bout quarter of a mile below the clearin' in the piney woods over to the right of us, and the little ones was burned up. It's harder for me to git snakes now, but when I finds one he's sure to be a whopper an' big enough to send to a circus. The little ones I send to saloons an' restaurants for show windows. Billy Howe, in Camden, he used to sell 'em for me but he's gone out of the business, and I have to ketch 'em and sell 'em myself. I was up to the Zoo-oligical Garden in the city last week to see about selling a big piney snake, but Mr. Brown, the superintendent, was away, an' the duffer at the gate wouldn't let me in. I ain't seen the big snake for three weeks, an' if he ain't pulled up stakes an' gone on a vacation he's hiding in the swamp. Can't stand the hot sun, d'ye see, and only comes out for any length of time on cloudy days. Not much chance for 'em to-day."

At the edge of the woods the horse was unroped from the wagon and turned loose. A covered basket, a pronged stick, a bottle of chloroform and a small sponge were taken from a box in the wagon. In the basket was an imitation mouse, fastened to the end of a stout stick, and wound around to the end of the stick was a small ball of twine. An old cloth apron completed what Jerry called the "outfit."

Down to the edge of the big swamp, where the weeds and the bushes grew thick and high, Jerry walked softly and after five minutes of slow creeping, sat down upon a log.

"Keep quiet, now," he cautioned, "there's lots of snake-holes around here. Here's where I saw the big 'un three weeks ago. Now, you hold the end of the string while I fasten the mouse in the clear spot over there."

The stick upon which the imitation mouse was fastened was forced into the ground so that the mouse rested in an upright position about an inch above the sand. The string reached from the mouse to the log. We lay down, side by side, behind the log, with our heads upraised so that we could command a view of a semicircle thirty or forty feet in diameter.

We waited five minutes in utter silence Then Jerry's arm moved backward quickly and the string fluttered an instant in the sand.

Squeak! The imitation mouse cried out as if caught in a trap. A bird stopped chirping overhead. Squeak—squeak! The bird flew away. At irregular intervals for ten minutes the mouse shrieked in anguish, but only the flitting shadow of the swaying string disturbed the dull gray surface of the sand. Through an opening in the trees the sun blazed down in sullen fury. Out in a clear field the heat throbbed upward like waves from a furnace. The narrow horizon beyond the trees waved like a banner, and the branches of the bushes hung motionless in the stifling air.

Squeak—squeak—squeak! The mouse was becoming furious. Over at the base of a stump something moved. A streak of yellow-gray sand seemed to start into life. Jerry nudged me softly.

"A snake." It was but a whisper, but the snake heard it and stopped, with head upraised and tongue darting back and forth like the flame of a spirit lamp. The mouse became frantic at its danger. Jerry seized the crotched stick, the cholroform, and the sponge and was making ready for a spring, when I saw by a sudden pallor in his face that something had happened. I leaned toward him and he put his lips close to my ear.

"There's a snake crawling over my legs," he whispered. "Don't move a muscle!"

Jerry bowed his head upon the log and became as marble. In a moment something touched my legs twice. A chill ran through me; my veins ceased throbbing and my lungs refused to do their work. The snake was feeling his way across me. A second lengthened into a minute, the minute to an hour, seemingly, and still the snake dragged his heavy length across my legs. In that second of horror and disgust the reptile was as long as a ship's cable and as heavy as a tree. When I felt myself free of the weight I turned my head. Jerry had risen, and with stick in hand was stepping over me. He made a lunge at something, and when I jumped to my feet I found him holding the stick upon the snake's neck.

"Wet the sponge with cholorform, quick, and hold it down upon his nose."

While I was doing this the snake wound himself about the stick and about Jerry's leg twice, but in a moment the folds relaxed and the snake was as limp as a rope.

"That's the way I ketch 'em," said Jerry, as he wrapped the snake in the apron and crowded it into the basket. "No trouble about that, is there? To-morrow that piney snake will stretch his six feet o' length in a box that I've got up to the house, an' next week he'll go to New York or to the new museum on Arch Street, Philadelphia. That mouse does the business every time. That first snake skipped back into his hole when the mouse stopped squeakin'. No use tryin' for 'im to-day any more. Wouldn't come out for a drove of mice. They're mighty sharp, snakes is."—Letter to Philadelphia Times.

Ex-Senator Edmunds will stay at his Vermont home until his duties recall him to Washington.