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The Pioneer Express circulates numerously in every neighborhood in Pembina county, and to a distance of over 50 miles west of Red river. It is independent in politics, though supporting Republican principles. Regular communications from all parts of the county published weekly. As an advertising medium it has no equal in North Dakota.

The Pioneer Express.

JOB DEPARTMENT.

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VOLUME X. PEMBINA, PEMBINA COUNTY, DAKOTA, FRIDAY, NOV. 2, 1888. NUMBER 15.

PITH OF THE NEWS.

The Very Latest Associated Press Telegrams Greatly Condensed.

About Washington.

The conference of the Indians finally broke up in a row at Washington. Fifty of the Indians have signed a letter to Secretary Vilas rejecting the government's proposition and demanding that they be paid $1.25 per acre for all land ceded to the government. A minority, consisting of about a dozen Indians from the Lower Brule and Crow Creek agencies and one or two from the Pine Ridge agency, have signed a letter stating that they represent the intelligent part of Indian delegation, and that they accept the government's proposition as fair and just. They urge the government to stand by its proposition and go with it to the Indians on the reservation. They also charge the majority with acting in bad faith. John Grass is the leader of the minority.

Record of Casualties.

While hunting geese near Cooperstown, Dak., Melvin Miller, aged sixteen, accidentally shot his seven-year-old brother Edward in the stomach. The boy ran to him saying, "I am shot; I am dying; you didn't go to shoot me, did you Mel?" He then expired in his brother's arms.

A severe southeast gale prevailed on Lake Michigan, accompanied by thunder, lightning and rain. On the lake sailors stated that it was the most severe in ten years, and much damage to shipping resulted in this vicinity. A small sloop was lost six miles south of Racine, and Dan Sullivan, a lake cook, and James Cline, a stevedore, were drowned.

Thomas Rowan, a government employe on the river work for several years, went to St. Paul from Hastings and while walking down the track to the quarter boat was struck by a Burlington switch engine and died in a few minutes. He had been a resident of Hastings for over thirty years. He was forty-nine years of age and leaves a wife and eight children.

Henry Shaffer, a farmer living near Hooper, Nebraska, was returning home accompanied by his sons Henry, Daniel and Percival Shaffer, David Minnik, a step son, and two neighbors named Roe and Lenig, the wagon was struck by an east-bound stock train on the Fremont, Elkhorn & Missouri Valley. The old gentleman, David Minnik and Percival Shaffer were killed and Roe and Lenig received probably fatal injuries.

A singular accident occurred at the funeral of David B. Gladden, of Brooklyn, N. Y. The deceased belonged to the Masonic order, Odd Fellows, Red Men and National Providence Union, and representatives of these organizations and more than a score of relatives followed the remains to the grave in Greenwood cemetery. Adjoining the grave intended for Mr. Gladden there were three other open graves. Long planks had been stretched over them, and on these the widow of Mr. Gladden, his father and mother and other relatives stood. Just as the minister was bringing the service to a close the planks gave way, and nearly all the relatives, including the widow and several children, fell into the grave. Mrs. Gladden fainted, and was lifted unconscious from the grave intended for her dead husband, and the children screamed with fright. The incident caused much excitement among the mourning throng.

G. J. Kissner, proprietor of the Columbia, the new hotel recently opened at Fargo, was caught in the elevator as it was going up and so badly crushed that it is considered doubtful if he can live. The bones of his right leg, both above and below the knee, are broken and the ribs thought to be crushed in, and though the physicians have not yet made a thorough examination of him, he himself says his spine is broken. He is spitting mouthfuls of blood, which indicates that his internal injuries are of a very serious character. The elevator of the hotel had not been working well, the machinery being out of order. Mr. Kissner had placed one foot on the elevator floor, and was in the act of pulling himself in when it suddenly started up of its own accord. The transom bar over the doorway struck his back just below the shoulder blade, crushing him down, and he was caught between the bar and the floor of the elevator, his body passing through a space four and a half inches wide. Later.—G. J. Kissner, who was caught and crushed in the elevator of the Columbia house, died of his injuries. He was conscious and talked with those around when his eyes closed he remained speechless and unconscious until he died. He was in his fortieth year. He leaves a wife in this city, but no children, and a mother and two sisters in Dayton, Ohio. His remains will be buried in St. Paul, where he formerly resided.

Personal Talk.

Col. R. M. Pulsifier's sudden and mysterious death caused a sensation on the streets and in the hotels of Boston. There are only seven persons who have seen the body, and only these seven know whether Col. Pulsifier ended his existence with a bullet. The undertaker denied the story of the shooting, and finally said that Mr. Pulsifier died of heart disease. But in spite of this statement it is given out on excellent authority that Mr. Pulsifier went to his room at Islington, put on his dressing gown, and shot himself through the heart. It is rumored that he left a letter to his wife it is said that Col. Pulsifier had life insurance policies aggregating $300,000 payable to his widow.

Man's Wicked Doings.

C. F. Wooten, alias Arttaker, of Nevada, U. S., swallowed a dose of opium and was found dead in bed at the Pritchard house at Victoria, B. C. He left a letter to his wife saying he had disgraced himself and begging forgiveness.

Sheriff McNair of Mount Carmel, Ill., arrested at Oakland City, Ind., John and James Sinclair, who are supposed to have fatally beaten and robbed John Buchenburger, a prominent citizen of Mount Carmel who has since died. One of the men is identified as a notorious character who was recently released from the Indiana penitentiary.

Two soldiers at Jefferson barracks, Mo., under arrest for desertion, escaped after making a deadly assault on Sentries Welch and Kennedy. The deserters were Thomas Lynch and a recruit named McCord. Sentry Kennedy was cut down with an axe in the hands of Lynch, while McCord beat Welch to insensibility with the butt of a revolver he had taken away from the sentry. The men will die.

The safe in the store of Anthony Casper at Belle Chester, about sixteen miles from Lake City Minn. was blown open. Mr. Casper, who lives in the rear of the store, heard the explosion and scared the safe crackers away before they secured any booty. Two men were seen to drive away in a spring wagon, to which was attached a gray team. It was learned that the team had been stolen from Zumbrota. The outfit has been recovered, but the men have not been arrested.

John O'Brien, a vicious, crazy tramp, who had been sent to the state insane hospital at Madison, from Washburn county, Wis. murderously assaulted John Castle the head attendant. Other attendants ran to Castle's rescue, and the maniac was subdued. Two hours later he died, and then it was found that during the struggle, in which he had been thrown against an iron seat, several ribs had been broken and had pierced a lung. No blame attached to the hospital authorities.

A terrible tragedy was committed in a strip of woods on the mountain near Wilkesbarre, Pa. J. D. McClure, paymaster for Contractor McFadden, who is building a branch road for the Lehigh Valley railroad, was on his way to his work accompanied by a body guard. He had $20,000 with him to pay the men. He was shot by three masked men in ambush and his body guard was murdered. All the money is missing. Three Italians are suspected of the murder and robbery, and a posse is now in pursuit of them.

A most peculiar case of suicide occurred at Greensbury, Pa. Two domestics working at the residence of Mrs. T. J. Barclay and her son-in-law, Dr. J. S. Crawford, mutually agreed to commit suicide because neither of them had fashionable clothes. They visited four different drug stores and purchased in all 45 cents' worth of laudanum. Their names were Maggie Lloyd, formerly of Latrobe, and Maggie Galvin. To Miss Galvin's surprise, Miss Lloyd was found dead in bed. She was about 20 years of age. Miss Galvin told the story of the compact, but says that she will not follow her companion.

P. K. Everson of Mona, twelve miles south of Austin, Minn., was robbed at his residence of $9,000 in notes and negotiable wheat checks. He has extensive business interests near Aberdeen, Dak., and had been there making collections for several days. Two men, suspected of the theft, came down to Lyle on the train from the north and returned on the early train. Their actions excited the suspicions of the conductor. They got off at Austin and took the early train north on the Milwaukee road. The theory of the detectives is that Everson was followed home by parties who knew of his collections.

James S. Greene was taken into Judge Jamieson's court at Chicago to receive sentence for his self-confessed crime of bigamy. The prisoner's brother and the judge held a conversation, in which the former said that he was sure his brother was insane and needed care. He promised that if the prisoner was let go on his own recognizance he would take care of him. The prisoner was again called up and Judge Jamieson allowed him to go on his own recognizance, suspending sentence. His brother, Richard Greene, took him home to his residence, No. 670 West Madison street. Richard Greene is a veteran of the late war and formerly owned a good deal of property.

The people of Tuscaloosa Alabama, are excited by the mysterious murder of four negroes within ten days. The first victim was John Hill, a respected negro mechanic who was supposed to have been murdered for his money. His dead body was found on the street with his throat cut and 15 knife wounds in the body. The body of an unknown negro was found in the woods a few miles from town, and the third victim was found in the river near by, the throats of both having been cut from ear to ear. The body of the fourth victim was found in the woods near town. The officers have so far been unable to obtain any clue. All the victims had their throats cut.

Howard Burgess the son of a clergyman in Lewiston, Me., was formerly employed by the Equitable Printing Company in New York. Two weeks after his engagement he stole several gross of envelopes. He was forgiven by his employers. He then stole $700 worth of type and was again pardoned. He stole four canes, two umbrellas and the overcoats of the firm which employed him, but at his father's request he was retained in his position. Rufus Batchelor, a member of the firm had Burgess call upon him to receive a lecture on morals. Burgess left Mr. Batchelor's presence in tears. He slipped into a cloak room on his way out, however, and stole $250 worth of clothes. He then left town. A reward is offered for his arrest.

A Sheboygan, Wis, sensation has culminated at Chicago in the arrest for embezzlement of F. W. Rockow. He was located in Brown's hotel, where he was living with his mistress, Mrs. Neff, under the alias of F. W. Brown of Hamilton, Ont. Rockow was the Sheboygan agent for the Esterly Harvesting Machine company, a married man with three children, and a respected citizen. Ten days ago he disappeared, leaving his wife and children, and it was then discovered that he was $1,500 short in his accounts. He was seen in Chicago a short time afterwards, and an officer made Rockow's acquaintance at the hotel and placed him under arrest. The woman with whom he has been living witnessed the arrest and was much affected. It is said that Rockow has been representing himself to her as an unmarried man.

From Foreign Lands.

The action for libel brought by Mr. Parnell in the Scotch courts against the London Times was opened at Edinburg. The first day's business was limited to the adjustment of the pleadings.

The Russian steamer Arch Angel and Glasgow steamer Neptune came into collision in Christiana bay and sank. The crew of the Neptune and eight of the crew of the Arch Angel were saved. The captain and seventeen of the crew of the Arch Angel were drowned.

Dr. Peters in a lecture before a distinguished audience at Berlin, said that the rising in East Africa had a close connection with the Mahdi movement. It was a struggle of Mohammedanism against invading Christianity. In the interests of humanity all civilized powers should co-operate. Dr Holub holds the same opinions as Dr. Peters

News Generalities.

A statue of Gen. Ulysses S. Grant, presented to the city of St. Louis by the Grant Monument association of Missouri was unveiled with imposing ceremonies.

The Rand-Avery Company, the largest printing house in Boston, assigned to Nathaniel J. Bradley. Their liabilities are about $140,000 and assets are estimated at over $400,000.

An item of railroad importance is gleaned at Duluth. It is no less than that Jay Gould and the Union Pacific have taken hold of the Duluth, Huron & Denver road, and that the scheme will be revived and the road built at an early day from Duluth southwest to a connection with the Union Pacific at North Platte. The information is from a good source.

A Brookings (Dak.) telegram says: About a week ago Mrs. Alex Young, who has been in poor health for some time, came to town to take the train for the East for medical treatment, but while here grew worse and was taken to a neighbor's house, where she remained, until it was announced that she had died. Arrangements were made for the funeral, and when the coffin was being trimmed, she came out of her stupor and is now conscious. Her chances for recovery are good.

Corwith & Co., lead dealers of Chicago, have failed. The senior member of the firm lives in New York. The immediate cause of the collapse of the firm was the refusal of the Union National Bank of Chicago to further extend the time on overdrafts to the amount of $89,000. The bank sued out attachments and placed them in the sheriff's hands. The sum named is said to represent but a small portion of the firms indebtedness to the bank, and is only a climax to a long series of overdrafts to pay margins to sustain the pig lead trust.

Two hundred prominent citizens of Winnipeg, were sworn in as special constable on Saturday Oct. 20, and proceeded by a special train over the Northern Pacific track to the Canadian Pacific crossing. Tracklayers had not reached the Canadian Pacific railroad track and it was decided not to effect a crossing, the citizens returning to town. One hundred and fifty workmen, under Supt. White, are grading the Canadian Pacific track, and declare they will not allow a crossing till the matter is settled in the courts. Citizens are greatly excited and will go out in hundreds to back up the Red River Valley tracklayers should the Canadian Pacific men object. Bloodshed is feared.

The United States supreme court rendered a decision in the celebrated color blindness case. The Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway company was fined in the state court of Alabama for employing a conductor who had not been examined for color blindness as required by the laws of the state. The company sought to prove the law unconstitutional. The supreme court, through Justice Field, holds that if, as has been previously affirmed by the court, the state has the right to examine railroad employes for general fitness, it may also examine them as to their fitness in one particular. The judgment of the lower court is affirmed.

Singular Scene in Church.

A sensational incident happened at the funeral services of C. S. Squires, who was assistant postmaster at Chicago for nineteen years, after having worked his way up from errand boy in the postal service. Mr. Squires was reduced to a chief clerkship, and subsequently suspended, his friends claim that he died of a broken heart. The funeral took place with high Masonic honors in Immanuel Baptist church, one of the most prominent congregations in the city. The church was crowded to overflowing. Dr. Lorimer pronounced the eulogy, and his eloquence had already greatly wrought the audience when he said:

I see in the dead before me the arraignment of civil service. I think as he lies there that he declares the failure of the system. Our ideal is still beyond our intellect, nor will justice and purity prevail in the civil service until preferment shall be given upon a scale of talents and fitness.

There was a moment of silence, and then the big church rang with an unrestrainable outburst of applause. Knights Templar in regalia and plain business men alike excitedly shouted their approval, notwithstanding the sacred surroundings and presence of the dead. Dr. Lorimer besought order, saying, "Not here! Not here!" but adding, "Had this loved and lovable man his just deserts he would be still actively among us, or we would have been mourning for the dead postmaster of Chicago, and not a clerk of the registry department." So intense was the agitation of the audience it was with difficulty that the church could be cleared.

Murder in Italian Style.

Francesco Iata, Natale Sebatano and Guisseppe Canizzaro, who have been occupying cells in the Tombs, at New York on suspicion of being concerned in the murder of Antonia Flaccimio, whose dead body was found in the street near Cooper Union, have all made confessions to Inspector Byrnes about the murder. Flaccimio was marked out for death for some time back. He belonged to the society known as the "Mafie." It punishes by death any member who divulges its secrets, or gives information to the police concerning the identity of any of its members who have violated the laws of the land. Flaccimio had done both and knew he was to die. He arranged with his son to carry on his business in case of his sudden disappearance. On Sunday, Oct. 14, he was enticed into the Italian restaurant at No. 8 St. Mark's place, and a game of cards was made the grounds for a quarrel between him and Carle Quartenaro. The three men imprisoned now swear they saw Carlo and Vincenzo Quartenaro follow Flaccimio into the street. Francisco Iata says that he accompanied Flaccimio, and that he sought to prevent the murder. Vincenzo made a lunge at Flaccimio and Iata dashed him aside. Carlo Quartenaro then jumped forward and plunged a dirk into Flaccimio's breast. There were altogether nine Italians on the scene, and all, with the exception of Carlo, returned to the restaurant and took the oath of secrecy. Inspector Byrnes says that several reputable Sicilians have to belong to the "Mafie" as a matter of protection to themselves. The police expect to have the murderer and his brother under arrest.

Methodism in Dakota.

The report of Statistical Secretary A. R. Yost to the North Dakota Methodist conference in session at Jamestown, showed the following facts in relation to the year's work:

Number of probationers 674, increase 58; number of full members 2,900, increase 319; number of children baptized 341; increase 30; number of adults baptized 89, decrease 2; number of churches 44, increase 9; value of church property $99,800, increase $14,700; number of parsonages 16, increase 2; number of Sunday schools 95, increase 2; number of officers and teachers, 670; number of scholars, 4,226.

Messrs. Bilbie, Plannette and Mitchell were made the committee to prepare and submit to the legislature a new marriage law. The conference adjourned after the reading of the following appointments.

Fargo district—D. C. Plannette, presiding elder; Bismarck, J. M. Van Every; Casselton, S. N. Griffeth; Cooperstown and Sanborn, Stephen Whitford; Elliot, E. S. Preston; Fargo, George S. White; Gladstone, Thomas Mitchell; Ashley, to be supplied; Jamestown, to be supplied; Jamestown circuit, John Deets; La Moure, Whitman and Lisbon, C. S. Roehr; Mandan, C. S. Lane; Milnor, E. P. Lacells; Ripon, William M. Spoor; Monango, J. S. Munroe; Oakes, to be supplied; Sheldon, to be supplied; Sterling, to be supplied; Tower City, P. S. Cook; Valley City, to be supplied; Wahpeton, J. W. Mower; Winchester, A. R. Garry; York Colony, to be supplied.

Grand Forks District—A. D. Foster, presiding elder; Acton, C. J. Berker; Ardock, R. Hamer; Bathgate, W. R. Morrison; Drayton, H. P. Cooper; Eldorado, to be supplied; Grafton, D. M. Parker; Grand Forks, H. G. Bilbie; Grandin, C. A. MacNamara; Hamilton, W. J. Barton; Hillsboro, J. R. McConehay; Hunter, H. C. Jephcott; Mayville and Portland, D. C. Irwin; Minto, J. R. Yost; Pembina, C. H. Treglawny, St. Thomas, Jesse Carr; Walhalla, J. B. Parsons; West Point, T. H. Sheckler.

Northwest District—J. A. Hovis, presiding elder; Cando E. W. Himes; Church's Ferry, A. J. Goodfriend; Cold Harbor, Richard Hockings; Devils Lake, E. P. Hall; Bottineau, F. A. Hanke; Edinburg, G. W. Kliver; Hope, F. A. Swankey; Hanna, C. G. Fairbanks; Inkster, S. F. Beer; Langdon, D. E. Baldwin; Lakota, S. M. Gordon; Lamoure, J. H. Van Vlieu; Michigan City, J. Abone; Milton, C. M. Rees and B. G. Sarvis; Minot, C. F. Green; New Rockford, T. W. Hudson; Park River, W. E. Loomis; Rugby Junction, James Draper; St. John, J. C. Struthers; Towner, J. A. Martin.

It will be seen by the above list that a new district, the Northwest, has been formed. It is said that some one of the ministers wished the district named after Devils Lake, but the bishop emphatically remarked that he did not want to see that name appearing anywhere in the records of the Methodist conference.

SOUTH DAKOTA CONFERENCE.

YANKTON, Special Telegram, Oct. 16.—The Methodist conference closed its session at 3 o'clock this morning and the bishop and delegates left on early trains. Appointments of the pastors for the ensuing year was the closing order of business, the following being the appointments:

Aberdeen District—William Fielden, presiding elder; Aberdeen, W. H. Selleck; Andover, to be supplied; Ashton, O. A. Phillips; Athol, W. W. Brown; Bangor, S. F. Brown; Button, David Gostellow; Campbell county, W. L. Lee; Clairmont and Devoe, W. H. Grivin; Columbia and Ordway, Thomas Simmons; Carol, George F. Beebee; Doland and Frankfort, A. F. Thompson; Ellendale, G. D. Clewerth, Frederick F. Nichols; Groton, S. S. Fowler; Ipswich, S. C. Leavell; Langford, to be supplied; Leola, G. W. Hickman; Ludden, E. Vaughan; Midland, J. S. Ackers; Newark, Thomas Trevillick; Northville and Mellette, A. E. Burrows; Putney, P. S. Smith; Roanoke and Devoe, E. O. Bullock; Roscoe and Bowdle, L. F. Beach; Warner, C. B. Warren.

Huron District—Lewis Bradford, presiding elder; Alpena, W. H. Underwood; Blunt, J. F. Davis; Burkmere, to be supplied; Cavour, A. M. Virden; Faulkton, W. J. Hyde; Forest City, to be supplied; Gettysburg, A. E. Turner; Hand circuit, E. S. Chapelle; Highmore, J. G. Palmer; Highmore circuit, J. R. Gowdy; Hitchcock, R. C. Opie; Huron, P. H. Dresser; Iroquois, W. H. Matson; Oneida, J. D. Allison; Pierre, I. C. Phifer; Redfield, O. H. Sprout; St Laurence, E. Craven; Waterbury, J. Q. Nichols; Wessington and Miller, L. G. Furnier; Wessington Springs, Charles Vessey; Winthrop, A. D. Smith; Wolsey, A. Matson.

Mitchell District—C. B. Clark, presiding elder; Alexandria, H. Youngman; Armour, William H. Welch; Bridgewater, William Pagenhart; Bijou Hills, Arz Janes; Chamberlain, J. A. Sparks; Delmont, S. H. Hendricks; Artesian, W. E. Gifford; Carthage, O. H. Delagardie; Edgerton, Abel Cotton; Ethan and Parkston, to be supplied; Fulton, E. W. Sage; Howard, A. R. Beggs; Mitchell, E. H. Wycoff; Mount Vernon, W. F. Mintz; Plankinton, S. Washburn; Scotland, L. W. Miller; Springfield, Charles Arthur; Tyndall, J. G. Corwin; White Lake, W. Underwood; Woonsocket, J. G. Hale; Mitchell circuit, H. T. Curl, William Brush, D. D., president Dakota university.

Sioux Falls District—L. Hartsough, presiding elder; Alcester, S. D. McUmber; Beresford, O. A. Harpell; Centerville, S. A. French; Canton, A. Jamieson; Dell Rapids, J. P. Jenkins; Egan, to be supplied; Elk Point, D. Rifenbard; Elk Point circuit, S. Keister; Flandreau, A. D. Dexter; Gayville, L. H. Huckins; Hartford, T. Carson; Hurley, to be supplied; Lennox, M. E. Erickson; Lodi, J. E. Norvell; Montrose, W. J. Wilson; Parker, T. E. Walker; Prospect, W. O. Redfield; Richland, to be supplied; Sioux Falls, F. M. Robertson; Sioux Falls circuit, C. S. Moors; Sherman, E. S. Fox; Vermilion, J. C. Shelland; Yankton, F. A. Burdick.

Watertown District—A. D. Treveler, presiding elder; Arlington, W. C. Sage; Big Stone City, S. D. Robinson; Bristol, S. P. Brokaw; Bradley, A. C. Beavers; Brookings, James Rowe; Clear Lake, C. East; Clark, Thomas Hambly; Clark circuit, James Trewartha; Gary, F. H. Wheeler; Henry, Robert St. Clair; Madison, C. E. Hager; Willow Lake, Joseph Mattarshead; Milbank, William H. Jordan; Twin Brooks, James M. Kemp; Watertown, E. E. Clough; Waverly, Donald McLean; Webster, Charles B. Gilbert; Wilmot, Thomas A. Jones; Kampeska, H. M. Springer; Elkton, Fred E. Leazer; Estelline, A. McClintock; Lake Preston, to be supplied; Midland, James Dibble.

The Chicago Car Strike.

Nothwithstanding the talk of the men who failed to be reinstated or who were placed on the "extra list," it is not likely that there will be another strike on the North side. This was decided at a meeting of the street car men at which about 400 were present. The subject of another strike was brought up as soon as the meeting was called to order, but was ended by the following communication to Mayor Boldenweick, of Lake View:

To William Boldenweick, Mayor of Lake View: We, the drivers and conductors of the North Chicago Street Railway company, most respectfully request you to act in conjunction with the members of the common council of Lake View, as a committee, to wait on Mr. Yerkes for the purpose of asking him to reinstate all drivers and conductors in their old positions.

From the time the foregoing communication was introduced and adopted there was no further allusion to the strike. In view of the arrest of A. S. Wheeler, one of the new men employed by the North Side company, for flourishing a revolver, Capt. Villiers gave orders to search all men at the "Limits" barn. Sergeant Sprengler and Edward Furthermann, the company's attorney, accordingly went to the barns and searched all the new men, one after another, as they came in. Nearly every one of them was carrying a weapon of some description and the result of the search—about seventy-five revolvers, several steel knuckles and clubs—were placed in the safe at the police station. Mayor Boldenweick and his committee of Lake View citizens waited upon President Yerkes and made a plea that the company carry out the settlement as generally understood by giving the old men full employment instead of three-fifths time. Mr. Yerkes emphatically refused. Later an indignation meeting of residents of the North side and Lakeview was held at the Sherman house. The 300 gentlemen present organized a protective association. A petition from the ex-strikers was taken under advisement, asking aid in compelling Mr. Yerkes to carry out the strike agreement. One of the new men, John Smithe, Alias John Bull," had his jaw broken by a mob, and was otherwise seriously hurt. He had just been discharged for incompetency and was endeavoring to leave the city.

Illegal Railroad Tariffs.

Chairman Leeds, of the Transcontinental association, telegraphed from Washington to the Northern Pacific at St. Paul saying that the tariffs, against which Chicago merchants have made so much complaint, were declared illegal by the interstate commerce commission, because they discriminated against individuals and localities. Mr. Leeds also said that he had ordered "Tariff No. 8" in force in place of them to apply to all points as far west as the ninety-seventh meridian, which means the Missouri river. The tariffs declared illegal are commodity tariffs, made for the benefit of the manufactures in this way: The transcontinental lines desires to compete with vessels going from New York to the Pacific coast, and considered themselves justified in making rates from New York lower than from intermediate points in order to meet the water competition. But they made a set of comodity tariffs for the benefit of manufacturers only. Low rates were made to apply at points only where the commodity was manufactured so that dealers in the same goods in other towns did not get the benefit. For instance, on articles manufactured in New York the rates to the Pacific coast were lower than from Chicago, shutting out Chicago wholesalers of the same goods. The rates now ordered into effect by Chairman Leeds make the same rates on any one commodity from New York as from all points as far west as the Missouri river, and a box of soap can be shipped from New York to San Francisco at the same cost as from Chicago or St Paul. The change is an advantage to wholesalers over the old rates, but puts merchants in competition with each other all over the country, the length of haul cutting no figure in the cost of freight.

A Bad Man Captured.

The little town of Champlin, Hennepin county, just across the Mississippi river from Anoka, is in a flutter of excitement over the arrest of David Murphy, who has been terrorizing that neighborhood. He is supposed to be after the heart of his neice, Maggie Ackerson, and is bound to have it, even if he has to cut it out. Maggie is employed by Jeff Hildreth, proprietor of the street railway, and she is not at all reciprocal in this affection displayed by her uncle David, and has in some way raised his ire so that he will be satisfied with nothing short of blood. He has broken into Hildreth's house several times, but each time made his escape. When he made his last attempt, Mr. Hildreth and his sons were on the alert, and the would-be murderer ran through some rank weeds to an old barn near by, where he was surrounded and captured. On his person were found a dirk, razor and butcher knife. He "played possum" very cunningly after he was discovered, but when they threatened to shoot him if he didn't brace up, he speedily recovered. He is an uncle of George Fitzgibbons, who was sentenced to an extended term in Stillwater prison for grand larceny.

Murder at Moorhead.

A terrible tragedy was enacted at Morehead, Minn., in which one man was killed and another fatally wounded. The police have been on the track of a man who was suspected of robbing the Manitoba house at Fargo. He was traced to Moorhead, and found at a dance. The officer from Fargo called to his assistance Officer Pete Poull, and they went to a hall to arrest the suspect. They met him on the stairs, and he immediately pulled a revolver and forced the officers to retreat to the sidewalk, when Pete Poull attempted to arrest him. The man, who is known by name as Murphy, shot at him, sending a bullet through the officer's heart, killing him instantly. Officer Thompson started after the murderer and was shot at twice. He opened fire on Murphy, and a well-directed bullet struck him in the neck, laying him out. At present he is alive, but there are no hopes of his recovery. Officer Poull was a married man, thirty years old.

The 11th day of November will be the first anniversary of the hanging of the Chicago anarchists. Work is now quietly going on among their friends for the observance of the day and elaborate ceremonies at Waldheim cemetery, where Spies, Parsons, Fischer and Ling lie buried. The anniversary will fall on Sunday this year, and it is expected that a host of laboring men who would not otherwise be able to attend will visit the graves and listen to the speeches. It is expected that speakers from New York will be present and will address the crowd. It is intended to have a chorus of Sunday school children from the socialist's societies, who will form a portion of the procession.

Among the immigrant arrivals at New York on the steamship Spain of the National line, was a party of destitute men and women, who had been sent over by the Duke of Buckingham from England. Work was slack on the other side and the Duke was appealed to with the above result. Some were sick and none had money, so the whole party will be returned to his grace, with Collector Magone's compliments. The anchor line steamer Brittania, which was detained at quarantine because of a case of small-pox on board had among its 614 passengers a Chinaman. The customs officer pounced upon him at once and confined him on the ship. This is the first time in years that a Chinaman has attemped to land at this port he will be returned.

A most important action by the present general executive board of the Knights of Labor was taken at Richmond, Va., when Thomas B. Barry, a former member of the board, was formally expelled from the order. Mr. Barry was accused of serious abuses and vituperations and was suspended from duty last August. A month afterwards he forwarded his resignation, but this was not acted upon until now, when the board refused to accept it and expelled him.

The case of D. J. Fraser and Archie Bergerone, logging contractors, who were arrested at the instigation of D. E. Miles of Chippewa Falls, Wis, on the charge of making fraudulent entries in scale books, came up at Hayward, but was postponed till the next term of the circuit court, owing to the sudden disappearance of the principal witness, James Cattanche, the scaler, who was also under arrest. Cattanche left everything behind, even a considerable sum due him for wages. The supposition is that he was induced to return to Canada, his native land. Fraser and Cattanche had another charge of the same kind pending against them, having been previously arrested by Laird, Norton & Co. of Winona.

The case of the Thompson ladies charged with riot closed. Fierce struggle marked the issue on both sides, and every foot of ground was debated. The justice held that an offense had been committed, and held the defendants, with one exception—Mrs. Austin. The $200 bonds were quickly furnished. Jarvis the proprietor of one of the places gutted, has taken like legal procedure, and the result will be a repitition of the trial just ended.

Lawrenze Bourse was killed and Bob Smith fatally injured by the explosion of a wagon load of fireworks at Fort Vaque, Ind. The men were standing on the wagon, firing off Roman candles, when the fireworks, of which there were 3,500 pounds, took fire and exploded. The wagon was smashed into kindling wood. Bourse was burned almost to a crisp, while Smith received what are thought to be fatal injuries.

George Rowe, eighteen years old, the son of James Rowe, of Mabunet, Ill., shot his father the ball passing through his neck. The father will die. Rowe charged George with stealing cigars from the showcase, and a quarrel resulted. The father threw a scale weight at his son, who thereupon immediately drew a revolver and fired.

A Bird's Nest in a Bottle.

A correspondent of Nature describes a curious freak of a pair of linnets in preparing a home and raising their brood.

They selected as their nest-building and other parental operations the interior of a Maltese water bottle, hung against a brick wall at the back of the house of Captain G. Wood, and in a sort of half yard half garden. The bottle is of porous ware, ten inches high, seven inches wide at its broadest part, which is midway between the bottom of the neck and the base, and having an upright constricted neck four inches long and only one and a quarter inches in diameter on the inside. In this singular receptacle the birds contentedly built, laid their eggs, and successfully reared their brood. The next year, strange to say, the same pair, or one identically like them, returned to the old haunt, deftly repaired and slightly added to the nest, laid their eggs, and soon had a vigorous progeny of five or six unfledged youngsters. How the birds came in the first instance to select such a shelter, seeing that they could only pass in or out with folded wings, and by a sort of dart, and that to enter the neck from within in this way must have been a task of considerable skill and no little difficulty, is a mystery.

Horrible Superstition In Russia.

From the Boston Globe.

In Scheberschin, an out-of-the-way town in Russia, a leading, Jewish inhabitant died and was buried. A short time afterwards his grave was found open, and a little distance off lay his skeleton, from which every scrap of flesh had been removed. The deed was traced to two men of evil repute, who finally confessed that with the flesh cut from the corpse they had hoped to make an ointment which, rubbed upon their bodies, would make them invisible and enable them to commit crimes with impunity.

Another Iowa Liquor Decision.

The supreme court at Washington, rendered a decision in the celebrated case of John S. Kidd, plaintiff in error vs I. E. Pearson and S. J. Loughran. Kidd was an Iowa distiller, who claimed that under the state prohibition law the state officials could not prevent the manufacture of intoxicating liquor for export to another state. He sought to restrain the state officers from closing up his distillery. He claimed that he was licensed by the board of supervisors of Polk county to sell liquor for mechanical, medical, culinary and sacramental purposes, during the period of the alleged violations of the law. His business in the sale of liquor for other purposes without the state he claimed came under the head of interstate commerce, controllable only by congress; and the state law, if it sought to prevent that commerce came in conflict with the constitution of the United States. He also claimed that the statute legalized the manufacture of alcohol for certain purposes, and thus recognized the fact that it was a legitimate article of commerce, and not per se a nuisance. Judge Lamar read the opinion of the court, which was long and comprehensive. He said:

It was of the genius and character of the whole government that its action should apply to those external things which were completely within a state. The manufacture of liquor within the state of Iowa was no less a business within that state because the manufacturer intended exporting it. It was clearly within the power of the state to regulate the manufacture of liquor within its limits, whether for domestic or for foreign consumption. The [illegible] made a grave error in saying that the statute authorized the manufacture of alcohol. The law contained a sweeping prohibition, and all that saved it from complete abolition were the exceptions in favor of alcohol used for mechanical, medicinal, culinary and sacramental purposes. The decision of the supreme court of Iowa is affirmed.

A Des Moines telegram, refering to this decision, says: The supreme court's decision in the case of Iowa vs. Kidd, or against the International distillery, of which he is the owner, at this place, was received with much interest. It practially makes no difference in the status of the distillery, and would not if it had been the reverse, for since this litigation was begun the legislature passed a law that has closed all distilleries and breweries by forbidding the manufacture for any purpose. Consequently there is not a distillery or brewery running in the state, and this particular distillery, known as the "big distillery" has been closed since April, 1887, when it sold its capacity to the Western distillers' pool, and was closed down by order of the pool. The point of this decision affected the old law, which permitted the manufacture for certain purposes. The state claimed that the Kidd distillery had violated that law and so should be closed by injunction, which was issued by the district court of this city. But the distillery claimed that so long as its product was exported the state could not interfere. That position is not sustained by the United States supreme court. But last winter the legislature passed a new law, forbidding all manufacture of liquor and that law would have closed the distillery, even had the decision gone the other way. In effect this decision sustains the new law and renders unnecessary any test ca se under it.

Heavy Defalcation in Ohio.

The greatest excitement prevails in Cleveland, Ohio, in financial, business and social circles over the reported defalcation of City Treasurer Thomas Axworthy left the city Sept. 28, going direct to New York city, from where he is said to have left for Montreal, Canada, Sept. 29. Axworthy's bondsmen, consisting of United States Senator Payne and J. H. Wade, Jr., who are on his bond for $500,000, had a hurried meeting last night, and attachments were immediately taken out, one for $500,000 and the other by the National Bank of Commerce for $25,000, to secure themselves on Axworthy's paper. All Axworthy's property in the city, consisting of large amounts of real estate and lake vessels, were also attached, and garnishments were served on all local banks where city and personal money was on deposit, and on the numerous firms in which the defaulting treasurer is interested. All city funds have heretofore been deposited in the various banks in the treasurer's own name, but a recent law compelled the depositing of all funds in one bank, selected from bids. This law took effect last week and precipitated the crash. Axworthy's reasons for embezzling are unknown. He was considered very wealthy, and rated, by those in a position to know, at over $500,000. Many believe that he was caught in Hutchinson's wheat corner and lost $500,000. There is on deposit in various city banks about $350,000 in Treasurer Axworthy's name, but how much of it is city funds and how much personal it is impossible to tell. Axworthy was at the Windsor hotel, New York, on Sept. 29, but left the same day. It is learned this afternoon that Axworthy has fled to Europe. A cablegram, known to have been from him, was received by one of his married daughters here on the 20th, dated Liperpool, which read: "Papa is in Canada; tell mamma not to worry." A full investigation of the city treasurer's accounts has been made which show that there should be to the credit of the city department $876,887.64. To offset this there is in the banks here $447,450.05, making the deficit $429,437.50. It is rumored that just before leaving New York Axworthy drew 200, from the American Exchange bank in New York, which is the Eastern depository of the city funds and bonds, but this is denied by the bank officials.

Where the Blame Rested.

After three days' session the coroner's jury, which has been investigating the recent accident on the Lehigh Valley railroad, at Mud River, reached the following verdict at Manch Church, Pa.

We find that the engineers of locomotives 452 and 466 of the seventh section were guilty of gross negligence; first, in failing to discover the red signal in time, the evidence clearly showing that this signal was in full view as the train approached, and secondly for not approaching the station under full control, as required by both the general and special orders. The evidence also shows that the air brakes of the entire seventh section were under the control of the engineer of locomotive 466, and that he could have stopped the train in spite of the locomotive ahead, No. 452. We find that the lookout men of locomotives 452 and 466 were guilty of gross negligence in failing to report to their respective engineers the red light at the station as the train approached. The men were placed on their respective engines as an additional precaution, their special duty being to lookout for signals. The lookout man on 452 failed to see the signal. The other one on 466 testified that he saw it about 1,500 feet from the station, and yet he reported all right to the engineer, and claims that he did not think the red light meant anything as nobody used it. We find that the rear brakeman of the sixth section was guilty of gross negligence, for when his train stopped, instead of promptly going back the proper distance to warn the approaching train, he stopped at the station. There was time enough for him to have gone back nearly half a mile, but he went less than 400 feet. We find that the conductors of the two sections failed in their duty, the first in not conforming to the rule requiring each conductor to see personally that his brakeman protects the rear of his train, and the second in not requiring his train to approach the station under control.

Minnesota's Boy Murderer.

Randalls (not Reynolds, as before stated), the sixteen-year-old murderer of the German Ziegler, was captured about four miles from Fort Ripley, Minn. When taken Randalls was at work, plowing on his father's farm. When the handcuffs were put on him he asked: "What is this for?" Randalls did not confess or deny the charge. Oliver Bacon, a farmer of that place, had a warrant sworn out against John Sumner, a cousin of the murderer, for aiding in the killing of Ziegler. The warrant was placed in the hands of a constable who arrested young Summer. After his arrest Summer swore before witnesses to the following confession:

On the 2d of October I and Frank Randall saw the man Ziegler coming up the river, and Frank said, "Let us call him ashore and pick a row with him," and as Ziegler came ashore Frank said, "Iam going to kill him" As the boat touched the shore Frank fired at him, and he fell and hallooed two or three times and then fell over, partly out and partly in the boat and shoved the boat off, and then ran. I ran with him up to Bird Straw's place. Frank wanted me to go with him once before to kill him.

Constable Rose then went to the place of the murder, and found their footprints and the print of the bottom of the boat where Randalls had pulled it ashore when he pulled Ziegler into it. The rifle used was a repeating Winchester, 45 caliber. Randalls' father stated that the rifle had not been out of the house for a long time previous to the day of the murder, when Frank took it with him when he went to look for their cows. Upon an examination of the rifle they found no sign of it being recently used, but Sumner also stated that Randalls had wiped it out on the wey home. It is rumored around here that several years ago Randalls shot his mother in the head, while she was lying in bed, with a pistol loaded with small gravel, but whether accidentally or intentionally cannot be ascertained.

MURDER OR MERCY.

A Story of To-Day.

It was half-past four, and the morning room at Minton Court was dotted with confidential groups. Huge logs blazed in the two fireplaces, but no lamps or candles had been brought in to disturb the intimacy of the twilight hour. Tea at Milton Court was always drunk by firelight on winter afternoons. "Darkness is such an aid to scandal," Lady Minton used to say; "how can we pull our neighbors to pieces in the glare of those odious lamps? Half the best things I have ever heard have been told me in the dusk."

The hour of tea was a sociable one, and the surroundings were thoroughly feminine. The morning room was furnished in that heterogeneous manner which is the characteristic of our time. There were many screens, and palms in brass pots, Indian mats and Japanese tables, Turkish divans and Smyrnese carvings, while a number of Rajon etchings, framed in black, made a sad note on the Pompeian red walls, giving the otherwise over-luxurious room that touch of studied pathos which is ever present in the complex and many-sided life of to-day. The curtains were not yet drawn, and far off, apart from the group of dainty fingers who were clustering round the tea-table and the fire, stood a young girl with her face pressed against the window. It was a cold, melancholy afteroon, and outside a heavy white fog was gathering over the frost-bitten ground, making a fine contrast to the gay and cheery scene within doors. Suddenly she turned with a cynical little laugh from the window. "What a fool I am!" said the girl to herself. "I have been standing at that cold window for exactly twenty minutes. And for what reason? Because Dr. Brooke chose to go out for a walk oves the moors on a particularly impossible day, and hasn't come back yet. Is that a reason why I should go without my tea, not to mention the awful possiblity of catching a cold in my head, and having a red nose? Oh, thanks, Capt. Egerton, I should like some tea, awfully"—and repeating the last sentence aloud, Alison Bligh came forward into the fire-light.

Even in the flickering fire-rays she revealed herself as a very striking girl. There was an unmistakable touch of sensuousness in the full lips and in the clear-cut nostrils, which were the best part of a nose which was somewhat too thick for a woman, and in the fine curves of her shoulders and bust. But intellect was not wanting, as her broad, well-marked forehead proved; nor determination, which was revealed in the square lines of her jaw and chin; nor a certain amount of ideality, which looked out of her somewhat dreamy eyes—dark, Southern eyes which were in direct contradiction to the twists of pale red-gold hair which crowned her head. In sum, a very dangerous young woman, whom Lady Minton was wont to declare she would not trust with her own husband, although Sir Francis was past 70, and a model of the conjugal virtues.

Miss Bligh felt her spirits rise suddenly as she took her place in the cheery round and fire, and she smiled when she thought of her watch by the window just now. How cold and miserable she had felt—how ridiculous to have ceded to such a sentimental impulse! That was not her way either; she who had long ago made up her mind to snatch every moment of happiness—every pleasurable emotion even—lie could offer her. And then the soft voice of Lady Minton was heard saying: "Alison, when you have quite finished with Capt. Egerton and those muffins, pass them both on. And do, like a dear child, sing us something."

Miss Bligh thereupon sprang up and went to the open piano.

"I will sing you," she said gravely, "a little romance which I heard once at the Varietes. I believe it has a moral. Judic used to sing it," and striking up a quaint accompaniment, she sang some words familiar enough on the boulevards.

While the room was echoing with plaudits on her rather risky performance, the door opened and a man of about 35 came in and sat down in a rocking-chair at the far end of the room.

"Awfully good, by Jove!" cried Capt. Egerton, who was leaning on the piano. "I could have sworn it was Judic, herself, only you aren't fat, you know." The last part of the gallant captain's sentence was a tender whisper intended for Miss Bligh's ear alone, but, like many other soft speeches, was audible to the rest of the room. Dr. Brooke frowned as he moved from his seat near the door and, coming forward into the firelight, asked Lady Minton for a cup of tea.

"So glad you're back, Doctor! We all thought you were lost on Exmoor," said Lady Minton purring over her guest as she poured him out some tea.

"Yes, we were all looking forward to seeing you brought home stiffly frozen on a shutter!" cried Allison, who seemed in the highest spirits. Had she forgotten her impatient watch by the window only half an hour before?

"Ah, the gods don't love me. I shall not die young," said the Doctor, whose keen eyes were riveted on her face. Then the party broke up in to small groups, and it was either by choice or by chance that she found herself, only a few minutes later, standing alone with him at the same window at which she had watched half an hour before.

"I am glad you are back," she said at last, half-shyly, as the young man stood and gazed at her in the dusk.

"Are you! You knew I was out then?"

"Yes."

"None of the others missed me, I should imagine. They were playing some game which looked uncommonly like 'kiss-in-the-ring' when I left. Were you one of that lot?"

"Oh, no. I have been in my room all the afternoon."

"Thank heaven for that!"

Alison smiles at the fervor of his tone.

"Would you have minded much if I had been 'one of that lot?'"

The Doctor frowned. "I should have been rather—disappointed. I should have thought very little of you if you had."

"Well—I wasn't. But I am afraid it is not a sense of the outraged proprieties which kept me from playing 'kiss in the ring' in the hall. If it could possibly have amused me, I should have done so. I believe in amusing oneself. But somehow or other, that sort of thing doesn't entertain me. Perhaps I am too old—or not old enough; anyhow, I don't care for the infantine pastimes which are the fashion now. I suppose when I am getting on for forty I shall like them."

"No, I don't think you ever will," said Brooke, smiling down at her charming upturned face.

"But I am afraid you don't understand me," she said quickly; "you think me better than I am. I have no moral aim, no aspirations, nothing of that kind. I simply enjoy the present. I suppose, if I wanted to pose, I should call myself an epicurean. It is strange, but 'to-morrow' has absolutely no meaning for me; I believe in 'to-day.' I mean to enjoy every hour of my life. After all, what do we know of 'to-morrow?' Nothing. But we do know that roses are divine!" And pulling a hothouse flower from her waist belt, the girl pressed it, with a pretty, unconventional gesture, to her lips.

"At that rate," said the Doctor, "if you were to have some great misfortune—to lose all your money, for instance, or catch the smallpox—you would have very little to fall back upon. You might feel the want of the 'consolations of religion.'"

"No, I don't think I should. If any great unhappiness," she added dreamily, "were ever to befall me, I should not want to live. I did not ask to come into the world, and why, forsooth, should I not go when I am tired of it? Life after all, is very like a party to which some one else has insisted on our going. If we are bored, we are surely not bound to wait till the very end. We leave when we please."

Dr. Brooke looked steadily at her.

"You are a very strange girl, Miss Bligh. Not one woman in a thousand would dare to say such a thing as that. But I think you are right. There are cases when death is a release from torture, mental and bodily."

"How did we get on such a lugubrious topic?" said Alison, shivering slightly and turning away from the dark landscape.

There was a pause and then the young man said suddenly:

"Why did you sing that song just now?"

"I—don't know," said Alison with drooping eyes.

"Do you know what it means?"

"Do you?" she said, raising her eyebrows innocently.

"I walked the hospitals in Paris for two years. I understood every word."

"Oh, I am sorry. I thought, with my accent and an English audience, that I should be perfectly safe."

"Don't do it again," he said; "for heaven's sake, don't. You can't imagine how dreadful it is to see you do a thing like that."

"Thank you for saying that," he answered, gravely. "Sing something for me now, will you?"

Miss Bligh answered by moving away to the piano. Brooke stood still by the window, looking out over the snow-covered grounds and waiting to hear what she would sing. Allison's fingers strayed tentatively over the keys, as if seeking the strain which suited her mood best. Presently her clear young voice was heard in Handel's immortal air, "Lascia Ch'io Pianga."

"Handel, instead of boulevard songs"—Duncan Brooke smiled to himself—"that will do. Allison loves me. I know it—I can see it in her eyes."

II

It was a passionate yet half-paternal feeling that Dr. Brooke had for this beautiful girl; a feeling akin to that which the tiger cherishes toward its cub, and yet with a yearning tenderness, too. He felt that he would gladly have thrown away his life to save her pain, but as it was, he meant to devote his life to her pleasure. Nothing should be spared that could give her pleasure—this little epicurean who believed so devoutly in the Now! There was nothing, too, which could stand in the way of an immediate marriage. Duncan Brooke had already made a brilliant reputation and a large practice, and Alison being an orphan, with a fortune of her own, there would be no difficulties about their settling down at once. His house in Grosvenor street was a fair-sized one, and with Alison's taste in furniture and pictures, might be made one of the prettiest in London. He smiled as he saw a vision of her radiant face at the head of his dinner-table, smiling at his guests, perfect in her young matronhood. Somehow he always thought of her in connection with beautiful and pleasant things; with flowers, and picturers, and music, and the sparkle of dinner-table wit. She had told him that day that she loved roses; well, she should have roses on her table every day of the year. And then Brooke remembered that pearls were another hobby of Alison's. He would telegraph to town to-morrow for the finest necklace he could get.

That night, when Lady Minton had sent her maid away, a pink robed figure knocked at her door and knotted a pair of soft arms tight round her neck.

"My dear child, what is the matter?" she grasped in the midst of this impetuous embrace.

"It's all settled—and I'm so happy!"

"Indeed," said Lady Minton, laughing. "And may I ask who is the lucky man?"

"Oh, Dr. Brooke, of course. How can you ask?"

"My dear, all the men in the house are mad about you. I listen to their confidences—you know my way."

"Well, you shan't be bored with any more, you dear thing. Please let them know that I am the happiest woman in the world."

III.

A weak later Lady Minton and two or three of her guests stood at the hall door to see the Doctor and Miss Bligh mount the dog-cart for a drive. Lady Minton was profuse in her advice.

"Now, mind you take care of Alison, Doctor. That mare is rather frisky and the roads are slippery to-day. You've got to bring Alison back safe and sound. We don't want to have a 'case' for you down here."

The doctor smiled as Miss Bligh came down the wide oaken staircase. A week's happiness had changed a handsome girl into a young goddess. In her tight-fitting, manly garments, and the soft furs at her throat, she looked the personification of youth. Her eyes—always fine—seemed twice as large, and had acquired a soft expression which was irresistible; the cynical little laugh, which had formerly been one of her characteristics, had disappeared.

Another two minutes and the girl was snugly tucked under a fur rug on the front seat of the high dog-cart, and Brooke, touching the mare with his whip, sent her flying down the long carriage drive.

How ridiculously those people are in love with each other!" said Lady Minton, with a little sigh. "Upon my word, it is quite Acadian. I wonder how long it will last?"

"About six months, I take it," drawled Capt. Egerton; "at least I hope so. Miss Bligh won't look at any other fellow than saw-bones. But it can't last, that sort of thing. Quite uncivilized you know."

"Well they are to be married in six weeks," laughed lady Minton. "So this time next year we shall see you making the running' with the beautiful Mrs. Brooke?"

"Nothing more likely in the world," replied Capt Egerton, who had a royal idea of his own powers of fascination.

At the luncheon table two chairs were vacant. "I wonder where our two young people have got to?" said Lady Minton. "I wish Dr. Brooke would not take her these long expeditions, it makes me very uneasy."

"They are probably lunching somewhere a deux, dear Lady Minton," suggested the "frisky matron" of the party.

"I don't know where they will lunch out on Exmore—and I don't feel at all sure about that mare. She is getting a regular jade."

The afternoon closed in and there were still no signs of the girl and her lover. Tea had been brought in and Lady Minton was trying to hide her growing alarm as she chatted with guests and did the honors of the tea table.

"I am sure I heard wheels at the front door of the house," she said suddenly.

"Yes, but it is not the dog-cart," said Capt. Egerton; "those were cart-wheels I heard."

"Go out and see what it is, for goodness' sake. No carts ever come up to the court after dusk!"

The young man hurried out of the room and a minute later a scared footman came and whispered to lady Minton. Hurrying into the hall she was met by Egerton and Brooke. The Doctor's face was destitute of every vestige of color and his eyes seemed to have sunk far back into his head.

"There has been a bad accident—"

"Where is Allison," cried Lady Minton; "she is not—"

"No, not dead; but she is very seriously wounded. Can you bear the worst?"

"Take me to her, my poor darling!" wailed Lady Minton.

"We have carried her here, into Sir Francis' study; and she must not be moved any more. Don't look at her face, Lady Minton. I want you to be strong—to help me."

A motionless heap lay on the sofa, and that heap was Alison Bligh. Piteous groans came from her lips, and one side of her face was carefully bound up with a man's white silk handkerchief.

"Make up a bed quickly here. Call her maid—if she has strong nerves—to help you take of her clothes. I can tell you nothing definite till I have examined her. Bring some brandy."

These orders were briefly given by the Doctor as he hurried from the room to fetch his case of surgical instruments.

An hour later the worst was known. The girl's spine was badly injured that she would never be able to rise again. One side of her face had been so terribly crushed that she was hardly recognizable, and her sufferings were acute. She might live, the Doctor thought, but her life would be so many years of mental and bodily anguish.

IV

The house party at Minton Court broke up immediately, and by noon the next day the last carriageful of guests had swept down the drive. Silence reigned in the large rambling house. Lady Minton and Miss Bligh's maid taking their turn in the sick room. As for Duncan Brooke, he hardly left his patient's bedside. Always a reticent man, not even his hostess ever guessed what he suffered during those long days and nights of anxious watching. At night, particularly, he would let no one else sit up with her, even if he snatched an hour or two's sleep during the day. For a whole fortnight she lay almost unconscious on the bed, unable to articulate, and only showing by her low groans that she was still alive—and suffering.

Then came a change, and Alison was able to speak again. One day the Doctor was alone with her in the room where they had laid her down on the day of the accident. The great house was hushed into perfect stillness, and not a sound was to be heard but the occasional fall of a cinder on the hearth.

"Duncan," she whispered suddenly, with a very little sigh.

"What is it, my darling?" said the Doctor, bending his head to listen.

"I—I want to go to sleep."

"So you shall, dear. I will give you an opiate to-night."

"Oh, but I want to go to sleep for—always. I cannot bear it any more. It is all over for me now; all over, and I am only 22? I should go mad chained to a bed all the years I may have to live. * * * And you would learn to hate me—how could you help it? I know I am a horrible, maimed mass, although you have never let me see my face since. * * * Oh, Duncan, and the pain! I cannot bear it. I always hated pain: I am sure I feel it more than other people do. And what I suffer now is inhuman! What have I done that I should have to bear this terrible agony? We would not let a dog suffer what you all look on and see me endure! It is cruel—cruel!"

"Alison, I would give my life to save you one pang."

"Would you?" she said eagerly. "I know you are brave and good. Have you the courage to help me now? Oh, Duncan! when you give me that chloral to-night give me enough to send me to sleep for always. No one will ever know. Oh, my darling, do me one last service!"

"I cannot do it," he whispered back, some inward voice telling him, even as he spoke the words, that here was the merciful euthanasia for this poor maimed girl. He knew that her life—even if she live!—would be henceforward a martyrdom, and that never again would she rise from her "mattress grave."

As night closed in Alison grew worse. She was evidently suffering frightfully. "I shall not leave her an instant to-night," said Brooks to Lady Minton, who stood with scared, white face at the bedside. "I cannot tell what may happen," he added at the door, having persuaded his hostess to take an hour or two's rest. "She might succumb now—from the shock—or she might live for years. I shall give her a strong opiate to-night she must have sleep."

"Thank heaven for one thing," said Lady Minton "and that is that you are here in the house. Think if we had been obliged to rely on the local practioner! It is simply a mercy that you are here!"

"A mercy!" repeated the Doctor gravely. "Yes; perhaps it is."

When the day dawned the house was all astir. Swiftly moving figures hurried up and down stairs, and the Doctor, meeting Lady Minton in the cold, gray light, at the door of the sick room, took her hand and led her away.

"Allison is gone," he whispered. "She passed away last night without pain. I was with her; she died in my arms."

"Poor darling! It is a merciful release," sobbed the kind-hearted woman.

"Yes, a merciful release," repeated Brooke, pressing his hostess' hand.

Next day Lady Minton went with a sinking heart to the Doctor's door. He had locked himself in ever since Alison's death, and had refused all food on the plea that he wished to sleep; but she found him sitting dressed at his writing table, having obviously never been to bed. Some medical books and sheets of manuscript lay about, he seemed to be writing.

"I am so pained to speak of anything connected with this awful affair, but you know there are the usual formalities to be observed. Poor Alison had no near relations living, so we must arrange all the last sad offices. Here is the Registrar's certificate. Will you, as you were her only medical attendant, fill in the—cause of death.

"The cause of death!" cried Brooke, rising from his chair, "I—I—cannot say—how should I know?" he shouted, throwing up his hands.

The next instant he was lying in a senseless heap on the floor. * * *

Six months after, the following paragraph appeared in an evening paper:

"A HERO OF THE HOSPITAL.—Once more one of our most eminent physicians has proved that heroism is not confined to the winners of the Victoria Cross. It is with the deepest regret that we record the untimely death of Dr. Duncan Brooke of Grosvenor street, physician to the Whitechapel Hospital. It appears that an impatient—a boy of eleven years of age— was suffering from acute diphtheria. The physicians agreed that there was a chance of saving the child's life if the operation of tracheotomy could be successfully performed. It will be remembered that in this operation the patrid and poisonous matter has to be sucked by the operator through a tube. In spite of the opposition of the other doctors, Dr. Brooke insisted on performing the operation, which was highly successful, the boy being now nearly convalescent. Dr. Brooke (who, it appears, received a severe mental shock some six months ago) was taken ill shortly afterward, and expired this morning in the hospital. Deceased was widely known and highly respected.—[E. Hepworth Dickson, in the Woman's World.

Dangers at the South Pole.

From the London Daily News.

It appears to be probable that Prof. Neumayr, of the Hamburg Marine Observatory, will succeed in getting a South Polar expedition organized. It might have been supposed that until some greater measure of success had attended similar adventures in the arctic regions the most ardent advocate of such schemes would have doubted the wisdom of exposing human lives and treasure to the risks of antarctic seas. All the best authorities are agreed that the difficulties to be encountered in the South are much greater than in the North, and the hideous stories which gained currency after the return of the last artic expedition might well have sickened the boldest of this generation sufficiently to deter them from any assault upon the stronghold of King Winter in the South. In comparing the difficulties of arctic and antarctic adventure Sir Wyville Thompson says: "We can only anticipate disaster, multiplied a hundred fold, should the South Pole ever become a goal of rivalry among nations." For various reasons the great lone land under the Southern Cross is more difficult of access than the North. It is much colder there than in the artic circle. There seem to be no such warm currents as are to be found in the North—such, for instance, as the Labrador current, or that round the south coast of Spitzbergen. Such emanations from the torrid regions of the earth do much to mitigate the rigors of the northern seas at certain points and bring about the most striking variations of temperature, breaking up the ice at certain seasons, and opening the way to navigation far beyond points otherwise obtainable. Any enterprise of this kind will, of course, be pushed on during the summer months—during January, February, and the early part of March, that is. But even in the height of summer the temperature of the air in antarctic regions is always below the freezing point of sea water, and bitter tempestuous winds and fogs and blinding snow storms are all but incessant. No arctic explorer has ever gone beyond the bounds of vegetation. At least lichens and seaweed have been found wherever northern navigators have penetrated, but in the awful solitudes of the South Sir James Ross found not the faintest trace of vegetable life, either on the land or in the sea, yet he never came within less than 700 miles of the south pole. The magnetic pole has been approached within 150 miles, and it seems possible that important scientific results might be attained by covering that further distance; but even this is doubtful.

No More Big Timber Rafts.

From the Bangor Commercial.

Mr. Leary, who has built the great timber rafts at the Joggins, Nova Scotia, has instructed his agent to sell the timber used in frames and other materials on hand at the Finger Board, as he will build no more rafts. The expense of constructing and then of breaking up rafts renders the big raft system more expensive then vessels.