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The blackness of Monday is forgotten when the housekeeper views on Tuesday the snow-drift of linen that has been washed white with Ivory Soap. It floats.

The Ship's Adventure.

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL. (Copyright, 1899, by S. S. McClure Co.)

The two lovers watched the steamer. A man-o'-war, even when she carries paddle-boxes, is always a gracious object. Yonder ship's rails were embellished with a snow white line of hammocks, and snow white lines of furled canvas brightened the yards with a gleaming streak of sunshine. The full philosophy of spit and polish was to be found in that steamer. It spoke in the flash of brass; it lurked in the gleam of glass; it was visible in many colors in paint work. Every rope was hauled taut; the yards were unerringly square. The boat rose without a song, the wheels revolved, the foam of a harpooned whale fell in dazzling masses from under the sponsons, and the splender of the yeast under the square counter flamed like the rising day-star in the windows of the stern.

Hardy staggered to the signal halliards; his motions were seen—he could not salute with the distress signal. With somewhat shaking hands, therefore, he unbent and rebent the Red Ensign and hoisted it and dipped, and the courtesy found its response in the graceful sinking and heavenward soaring of the white flag of our country.

Before the sailors came out of the forecastle the queen's ship was on a line with the York's port cathead, merrily slapping her way to England.

Mr. Harper came aft. His salute was respectful, his manner sympathetic.

"If you will tell me where the spare sails are kept, sir, I will see to everything, that you and the lady may go below and take the rest you stand in need of."

Hardy told him all that was necessary, thanking him also whilst Julia looked at the fifteen men that were gathered forward and admired their well fed appearance, trim attire, manly shapes, and the whiskers of those who wore them. The discipline of a ship of state was in their postures, different from the longshore, lounging attitude of Jack Muck when waiting, and yet some of the best of those men had been Jack Mucks in their day; one had even been mate of a ship, and the look he sent aloft was charged with recognition of familiar conditions.

"Well, Mr. Harper," said Hardy, "I will leave the ship to you. There are plenty of provisions and there is plenty of fresh water, and there is rum for you to serve out as you think proper."

Saying this he took Julia by the arm, conducted her to the companion, and followed her into the cabin.

And now occurred another extraordinary incident in this ship's adventure. It had indeed once occurred visibly before, but it will not be credited in this age of the religious novel. When Hardy was in the cabin he put his cap upon the table, and going to a cushioned locker knelt beside it. Julia immediately approached him and likewise knelt, shoulders touching. When they had thanked God—and it was meet that they should thank Him for their very merciful deliverance—they ate some food, drank some wine and went to their cabins.

The sleep of the wearied mariner is profound, and the sleep of the toil-worn girl at sea is likewise profound. Hardy was the first to awake. Through the little port hole or scuttle in the ship's side he witnessed the scarlet of the dying afternoon; he also observed the creaming curl of the breaking sea streaming swiftly past. In the plank with his feet he felt the buoyancy of sea-borne motion, the floating lift, the floating reel of a fabric winging over the deep. He shaved himself and emerged a clean, a manly, though a pallid sailor, still something gaunt, but with eyes brightened with sleep, and with an expression gallant with hope and with victory.

He looked round for Julia. She was still in her cabin, and he would not awaken her. At the foot of the companion steps lay the Newfoundland; Hardy knelt beside the noble creature and put his cheek to the wet muzzle, and the dog groaned in pleasure and gratitude. Then they went on deck together.

It was a strange, new, surprising sight to Hardy, and perhaps to the dog; a British man-of-war's-man stood at the wheel of the ship; up and down the quarter deck stumped the stout figure of Mr. Harper in all pomp of commanding strut. It was the first dogwatch, and some of the sailors were walking about the forecastle smoking pipes, and some of them also smoking pipes, lurked about the galley door. A fresh breeze was sweeping down upon the quarter. The ship was under full sail, from mainroyal to flying jib, from mizzenroyal to spanker. The weatherclew of the mainsail was up, and—what was that yonder, right ahead? By heavens! the Magicienne slapping along at ten and pouring incense of soot to the very extremity of the visible firmaverse, and the York was doing twelve and overhauling her with foam to the figure head, with derisive laughter aloft, with all graceful scorn of the wind-swept structure in every leap, that brought closer yet to the eye the laborious ploughing of the paddles.

Hardy and Mr. Harper touched their caps to each other.

"This is business, sir," said the boatswain, "and this ship is going to point a moral to that there steamer!"

Hardy sent a critical gaze aloft. Everything was set to a hair and rounded firm as a boiler full of steam. Everything was doing the work of a boiler and more than the work of a boiler, as witness yonder sky-blackened fabric, like panting Time, toiling to elude the Camilla of the sea.

"Your captain has sent me some good men," said Hardy. "It did not take you long, I reckon, to bend new canvas."

The boatswain smiled loftily betwixt his red whiskers.

"It isn't all New Navy yet, sir," he answered; "but it's coming."

He sighed like a risen porpoise.

"There'll be no call for sailors when it's to be nothing but that, with polemasts and so built"—he was pointing as he spoke to the steamer—"that a dockmaster might fitly sing out to the skipper: 'Which end of you is coming in?'"

He suddenly drew himself up as though on drill, and Julia stepped out of the companion hatch. Sleep had touched her cheeks with a delicate bloom. She had refreshed herself with soap and water; her abundant hair was gracefully dressed; with the cunning fingers of a woman she had somehow, I do not know how, effaced in effect at least from her attire the soiling and creasing influence of hard weather upon the single robe. She had managed to warp her hat to its old bearings, and it sat cocked in its old coquettish pride upon her head. Her gaze was full of rapture as she looked at the ship, the straining sweep of white water over the side, the easy, manly figure of the man at the wheel, the Magicienne, which, if the breeze lasted, the ship must presently shift her helm to pass.

"What do you think of this?" said Hardy to her.

"Is it a dream, Mr. Harper?" said the girl. "Shall Mr. Hardy and I awaken to find ourselves on board an abandoned wreck?"

"Call it a dream, mum," answered the boatswain, "and when you awake it will be in England!"

This story of the ship's adventure is told. Because what you wish and expect is bound to happen when safety and home are to be reached and realized by a noble, well found clipper ship in charge of two sailors of the manliest character, and manned by fifteen splendid examples of the man-of-war's men of the navy of that age.

The merciful eye of God was upon this ship, for certainly the strength of our courageous couple had been expended in a long strife with the gale, and the dog, and the watch-tackle, and the winch without human help would have been of no use. Hardy would have been forced to take the first assistance that offered. It came to him in the triumphant spirit which informs the whole of the couple's adventures. Our sailor yearned for an estate for himself and for the girl that was to be his wife. He richly deserved the reward he desired. Had any ship but a man-of-war assisted him to get home the salvage claimed would have diminished his proportion to a sum which at the present rate of interest would not have yielded him the value of the pension of the retired naval bluejacket. The British man-of-war demands no salvage, and this is but just, because her very existence depends upon the safety of British merchantman. If you extinguish the merchant service you extinguish the need for a navy and you extinguish the nation herself, because we are surrounded by the ocean, we are fed by the merchant sailor, and the bluejacket is paid to protect him whilst he brings us the daily bread for which we pray every Sunday in church, and sometimes more often than every Sunday.

I have never heard of a single instance in which the admiralty have claimed salvage for services rendered to a British merchantman. Possibly they may have sent a claim for the value of stores expended in the salvage services. In the case of a successful salvage it has sometimes happened that the owners of the ship have by permission of the admiralty presented a service of plate for the officers' mess, or they have made personal gifts to the officers and a dinner or supper ashore to the crew. Thus it will be gathered that Hardy reaped the harvest he had sown and held in view; and having said this no more need be asked, for the hand that has penned these lines has no cunning as a reporter of the marriage service.

The End.

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The Maid of Maiden Lane.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

CHAPTER I.

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Never in all its history was the proud and opulent city of New York more glad and gay than on the bright spring days of Seventeen Hundred-and-Ninety-One. It had put out of sight every trace of British rule and occupancy; and all its homes had been restored and refurnished; and its sacred places reconsecrated and adorned.

In these days of wonderful hopes and fears there was in Maiden lane a very handsome residence—an old house even in the days of Washington. For Peter Van Clyffe had built it early in the century, as a bridal present to his daughter, when she married Philip Moran, a lawyer who grew to eminence among colonial judges.

One afternoon in April, 1791, two men were standing talking opposite to the entrance gates to this pleasant place. They were Col. Joris Van Heemskirk, a member of congress then sitting in Federal hall, Broad street, and Jacobus Van Ariens, a wealthy citizen and a deacon in the Dutch church.

"Van Ariens," said the colonel, "this treatment of King Louis and his family is hardly to be believed. It is too much and too far. If King George had been our prisoner we should have behaved toward him with humanity. After this no one can foresee what may happen in France." "Look now, colonel, I am but a tanner and currier, but I have had experience; and I do not believe in the future of a people who are without a God, and without a religion."

"Well, so it is, Van Ariens. But I fear that God has not yet said, 'Let there be peace.' I saw you last night at Mr. Hamilton's with your son and daughter. You made a noble entrance."

"Well, then, the truth is the truth. My Arenta is worth looking at, and as for Rem, he was not made in a day. God is good who gives us boys and girls to sit so near our hearts."

"And such a fair, free city for a home!" said Van Heemskirk, as he looked up and down the sunshiny street. "New York is not perfect, but we love her. Right or wrong, we love her, just as we love our mother and our children."

"That also is what the Dominie says," answered Van Ariens; "and yet he likes not that New York favors the French so much. When Liberty has no God, no Sabbath day, and no heaven, and no hell, the Dominie is not in favor of Liberty."

"He is a good man. With you, last night was a little maid—a great beauty, I thought her—but I knew her not. Is she then a stranger?"

"A stranger! Come, come! The little one is a very child of New York. She is the daughter of Dr. Moran—Dr. John, as we call him."

"Well, look now, I thought in her face there was something that went to my heart and memory."

"And as you know, that is his home across the street from us, and it was his father's house, and his grandfather's house. The Morans have seen the birth of this city. Who then can be less of a stranger in it than the little beauty, Cornelia?"

"As you say, Van Ariens."

"And yet in one way she is a stranger. Such a little one she was when the coming of the English sent the family apart, and away to the army went the doctor, and there he stayed till the war was over. Mrs. Moran took her child and went to her father's home in Philadelphia. But, look now! It is the little maid herself that is coming down the street."

"And it is my grandson who is at her side. The rascal! He ought now to be reading his law books in Mr. Hamilton's office."

"We also have been young, Van Heemskirk."

"I forget not, my friend. My Joris sees not me, and I will not see him." Then the two old men were silent, but their eyes were fixed on the youth and maiden, who were slowly advancing towards them, the sun's western rays making a kind of glory for them to walk in.

She might have stepped out of the folded leaves of a rose bud, so lovely was her face, framed in its dark curls, and shaded by a gypsy bonnet of straw tied under her chin, with primrose-color ribbons. Her dress was of some soft green material, and she carried in her hand a bunch of daffodils.

Of all this charming womanhood the young man at her side was profoundly conscious. He was the gallant gentleman of his day, hardly touching the tips of her fingers, but quite ready to fall on his knees before her. A tall, sunbrowned, military looking young man. He wore his sword as if it were a part of himself. It was no more in his way than if it was his right arm. All his movements were full of confidence and ease, and yet it was the vivacity, vitality and ready response of his face that was most attractive.

His eyes were bent upon the maid at his side. He saw no other earthly thing. They had passed the two old men without any consciousness of their presence, and Van Heemskirk smiled, and then sighed, and then said softly:

"So much youth, and beauty, and happiness! It is a benediction to have seen it! I shall not reprove Joris at this time. But now I must go back to Federal Hall; the question of the Capital makes me very anxious."

"And I must go to my tan pits, if it is the eye of the master that makes the good servant. You will vote for New York, Van Heemskirk; that is a question I need not to ask?"

"Where else should the Capital of our nation be? I think that Philadelphia has great presumptions to propose herself against New York—this beautiful city between the two rivers, with the Atlantic ocean at her feet!"

"You say what is true, Van Heemskirk. God has made New York the Capital, and the Capital she will be, and no man can prevent it."

"I think this, Van Ariens. Philadelphia may win in the vote at this time; she has numbers, and she has persuasions; but look, you, New York has the ships and the commerce."

During this conversation they had forgotten all else, and when their eyes turned to the Moran house, the vision of youth and beauty had dissolved. Van Heemskirk's grandson, Lieut. Hyde, was hastening toward Broadway, and the lovely Cornelia Moran was sauntering up the garden of her home.

Then Van Ariens hurried down to his tanning pits in the swamp, and Van Heemskirk went thoughtfully to Broad street, walking slowly with his left arm laid across his back and his broad, calm countenance beaming with that triumph which he foresaw for the city he loved.

CHAPTER II.

Cornelia lingered in the garden, because she had suddenly, and as yet unconsciously, entered into that tender mystery so common and so sovereign.

This handsome youth whom she had only seen twice, and in the most formal manner, affected her as no other mortal had ever done.

"I have met him but twice," she thought, "and it is so strange. I thought it would break my heart to leave the good sisters, and my studies, and the days so calm and holy, and now—I do not even wish to go back. Sister Langaard told me it would be so, if I let the world come into my soul. Alas! if I should be growing wicked."

The thought made her start; she hastened her steps toward the large entrance door, and as she approached it, a negro in a fine livery of blue and white threw the door wide open for her. Answering his bow with a kind word, she turned quickly out of the hall, into a parlor full of sunshine. A lady sat there, hemstitching a damask napkin; a lady of dainty plainness, with a face full of graven experience and mellowed character. As Cornelia entered, she looked up with a smile, and said, as she slightly raised her work: "It's the last of the dozen, Cornelia."

"You make me ashamed of my idleness, mother. Have I been a long time away?"

"Longer than was necessary, I think."

"I went to Embree's for the linen thread, and he had just opened some English gauze and lusterings. Mrs. Willets was choosing a piece for a new gown; for she is to dine with the president next week, and she was so polite as to ask my opinion about the goods. Afterward I walked to Wall street with her; and coming back I met on Broadway Lieut. Hyde—and he gave me these flowers—they came from Prince's nursery gardens, and he walked home with me. Was I wrong? I mean was it polite—I mean the proper thing to permit? I knew not how to prevent it."

"How often have you met Lieut. Hyde?"

"I met him for the first time last night. He was at the Sylvester's, and I danced three times with him."

"Your father thinks of nothing now but the capital question. I dare say after he had asked Lieut. Hyde how he felt on that subject he never thought of the young man again. And pray what did Lieut. Hyde say to you this afternoon?"

"He gave me the flowers; and he told me about a beautiful opera, of which I have never before heard. It is called 'Figaro.' He says in Europe nothing is played or sung, or whistled, but 'Figaro;' that nobody goes to any opera but 'Figaro,' and that I do not know the most charming music in the world if I do not know 'Figaro.' He asked permission to bring me some of the airs tonight; and I said some civilities. I think they meant 'Yes.' Did I do wrong, mother?"

"I will say, 'No,' my dear, as you have given the invitation. But to prevent an appearance of too exclusive intimacy write to Arenta and ask her and Rem to take tea with us. Balthazar will carry the note at once."

About 6 o'clock Arenta Van Ariens made a personal response to her friend's message. She was all excitement and expectation. "What a delightful surprise!" she cried. "Today has been a day to be praised. It has ticked itself away to wonders and astonishments. Who do you think called on me this afternoon?"

"Tell me plainly, Arenta. I never could guess for an answer."

"No less a person than Mme. Kippon. Gertrude Kippon is going to be married! She is going to marry a French count! And madame is beside herself with the great alliance."

"I heard my father say that Mme. Kippon had 'the French disease' in a dangerous form."

"Indeed, that is certain. She has put the Sabbath day out of her calendar; and her daughter's marriage is to be a legal one only. I am not inclined to philosophy—and, indeed, I had some difficulty to keep my temper; you know that it is occasionally quite unmanageable."

Cornelia smiled understandingly, and answered with a smile, "I hope, however, that you have not put her to death, Arenta."

"I have at least buried her, as far as I am concerned. And my father says I am not to go to the marriage; that I am not even to drink a cup of tea with her again."

"Come, come, Arenta! I shall be indeed astonished if you did not say one or two provoking words."

"I said only three, Cornelia. When madame finally declared 'she really must go home,' I did answer, as sweetly as possible, 'Thank you, madame!' That was something I could say with becoming politeness."

Cornelia was tying the scarlet ribbon which held back her flowing hair, but she turned and looked at Arenta, and asked: "Did madame boast any afterward?"

"No; she went away very modestly, and I was not sorry to see the angry surprise on her face. Gertrude Kippon a countess! Only imagine it! Well, then, I have no doubt the Frenchman will make of Gertrude—whatever can be made of her."

"Our drawing rooms, and even our streets, are full of titles," said Cornelia. "I think it is a distinction to be plain master or mistress."

"That is the truth. Even this handsome dandy, Joris Hyde, is a lieutenant."

"He was in the field two years. He told me so this afternoon. I dare say he has earned his title, even if he is a lieutenant."

"Don't be so highty-tighty, Cornelia. I have no objections to military titles. They mean something, for they at least imply that a man is willing to fight if his country will find a quarrel for him to fight in. In fact, I rather lean to official titles of every kind."

"I have not thought of them at all."

"But I have. They affect me like the feathers in a cock's tail. Of course the bird would be as good without them, but fancy him!" And Arenta laughed mirthfully at her supposition. "I have heard that there is a title in the Hyde family, I must ask Aunt Jacobus. She knows everything about everybody. Lieut. Hyde! I do wonder what he is coming for."

The words dropped slowly, one by one, from her lips, and with a kind of fateful import; but neither of the girls divined the significance of the inquiry.

Then Arenta, having arranged her ringlets, tied her sash and her sandals, began to talk of her own affairs, for she was a young lady who found it impossible to be sufficient for herself. There had been trouble with the slaves in the Van Ariens household and she told Cornelia every particular. Also she had very near had an offer of marriage from George Van Berckel, and she went into explanations about her diplomacies in avoiding it.

"Poor George!" she sighed, and then looking up was a trifle dismayed at the expression upon Cornelia's face. For Cornelia was as reticent as Arenta was garrulous, and the girls were incomprehensible to each other in their deepest natures, though superficially they were much on the same plane and really thought themselves to be distinctly sympathetic friends.

(To be continued.)

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If you visit the metropolis, the ad of the Hotel Empire on page 8 will interest you.

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HEROES OF THE WAVE

THIRTEEN MEN AND TWO WOMEN RESCUED FROM DEATH

TURBULENT SEA WAS ON

Return Trip Proved Even More Perilous Than the One Going Out—Frail Boats Battle Fiercely With Storm-Tossed Water.

CHICAGO, July 22.—Gustav Lofberg was the lookout of the Chicago life-saving station at 2 o'clock Friday afternoon. He was sitting in his loft at that hour and was watching with some interest the swirl of the clouds in the northeast. Of a sudden a splash of rain fell upon his tower and in an instant the sea at his feet grew angry and white with wrath.

Lofberg strained his eyes for a ship in distress. That is his business. Below him in their bunks or at tables with their piper were the seven men of the life saving crew. Lofberg saw no sail. But far out on the government breakwater pier he caught the signals of fifteen men and women who were all but overwhelmed by the growing sea. They had been taken to the pier on the Lincoln park steamers, the Minnie B., Lena Knoloch, J. B. Bradwell and the Elphis. But not one of these boats dared make the rescue so fierce was the storm.

Lookout Lofberg was quick to tell Capt. Sinnegan of the life saving force of the peril of the fifteen persons whose pale faces he could follow with his glasses. Within ten minutes the great surfboat of the service was launched and her nose turned toward the hapless persons who in distress were waving handkerchiefs and hats.

ROSTER OF HEROES.

In this boat were Capt. Sinnegan, William St. Peter, William Troy, John Nelson, Charles Olson, William Mulkins and Tom Green—soldiers of the sea.

It was a two-mile pull through a vicious storm, but the sturdy Norsemen were strong at their oars and cared little for the waves that beat against the gunwales of their boat. When they reached the pier these life savers found the fifteen persons, two of whom were women, in frenzied helplessness. They were all but drowned and the story of their death by the savage wrath of the sea would be the sad story of this moment had it not been for the keen, blue eye of Lofberg, the lookout in the tower, and his long, double-barreled glasses through which he squinted.

The story of the rescue is just what one may expect from a man who saves human life.

"Oh, it was nothing," Capt. Sinnegan said. "Lofberg was aloft, and he saw the people on the pier. He shouted to us to go out to pull them in. It was a fierce storm, but not a squall. We took a squint through the rain and saw the people in pretty bad shape. There was a high sea kicking over the pier, and I must say that it looked as though it was a pull for our lives. We started at 2 o'clock with the full crew.

THROUGH THE SURF.

"We didn't take any angle in bucking the sea. We pushed straight ahead, and the water was so strong that we had to bail the boat with our hats. When we reachid the pier we were soaked to the skin, and the waves were smashing over us with a vengeance. It was a wonder that we made a landing, but we did it, and, what is more, we took aboard every soul from the pier. That made twenty-two of us in the surf-boat, and it took all our strength to pull ashore.

"The women were brave throughout. They didn't faint and they didn't cry. They sat upright and sang a song, besides, and that, too, with a scuttling sea abroad. The men were scared and hysterical. They clutched the gunwales, and even wanted to take a hand at the oars. The smoke on shore looked to them like the light in an engineer's name. It gave them hope and thought, and they cheered us in a nervous way all the distance. It was a tough pull, though. We were more than an hour making the distance, and the sea was growing all the time.

EVERYBODY SAFE AND SOUND.

"When we landed at the station we had water enough in the boat to wet a big farm, but everybody was landed safe and sound. The women shook our hands and the men hung about our shoulders and said we were 'bricks,' whatever that may mean.

"If a 'brick' is a good thing, however, then it's Lofberg, for if it had not been for him and his glasses, it is probable that those persons on the pier would now be in the lake and churned against the breakwater at that."

The men and women who were taken ashore by the life savers did not give their names to Capt. Sinnegan. They were too badly frightened to think about anything but their own safety.

In Labor's Field.

DENVER, July 21.—The executive council of the American Federation of Labor today issued an appeal to all wageworkers to organize and federate. It says:

"Throughout our country a struggle is raging between the oppressor and the oppressed, the possessors of wealth and the laborers; the concentration of industry and wealth is the order of the day. Everywhere the workers must suffer disastrous results unless they organize and federate to protect and promote their mutual interests.

"In this combination and concentration of wealth the possessors permit no sectional or states lines to interfere with their power, and it therefore behooves the toilers, the wealth producers, to unite and federate, regardless whether they are located East or West, North or South; irrespective of sex, politics, color or religion. The hope of the workers, the prayer of all our people for justice and right, and the perpetuation of republican institutions lies in organized labor.

"Recognizing these essential truths the executive council of the American Federation of Labor appeals to all wage workers of whatever trade or calling to organize unions where such do not now exist, to join those already organized, to form unions and international unions of their respective trades and callings, and to affiliate in one common bond of labor upon the broad platform and under the proud banner of the American Federation of Labor.

"In calling upon the workers to unite and federate we aim to do no one wrong, but to establish justice for all."

WORLD OF LABOR.

Berlin taxes dogs.
Chicago has 4,118 attorneys.
Havana has 1,000 policemen.
A Filipino horse is worth $25.
New York has a sausage trust.
America has 2,500,000 telephones.
Japan is opening petroleum fields.
St. Louis has a furniture exposition.
Denver carpenters get 41 cents per hour.
New York strike pickets use bicycles.
Soon we may telephone to the Antipodes.
Cuba is the greatest sugar producing country.
Strasburg announces a substitute for gutta percha.
St. Louis has the world's largest hardware house.
In Nebraska nowadays the skins of superfluous dogs are tanned and made into gloves.
Millionaire Marchand paid $190,000 for a bedstead.
Doctors in Germany are increasing four times as fast as the population.
In Switzerland a telephone can be fitted to private houses for $5 a year.
More than one-third of all manufactured goods in France are made by women.
The telegraph poles along the Savannah & Statesboro railway, in Georgia, are growing.
Over $1,000,000 worth of diamonds are stolen every year from the South African diamond mines.
Frank Schoenig has been appointed president of the Trades and Labor council at Winona.
Rome (Ga.) Typographical union will nominate its former secretary, Tom Turner, for the legislature.
The Austrian government has introduced the eight-hour day in all workshops conducted by the state.
The approximate value of vessels built in shipyards of the Great Lakes during the past year is $10,500,000.
Europe not only produces more than one-half of the world's wheat crop, but consumes almost the entire world's surplus.
The union label is a guide post of union labor. It points the safe way in buying. It shows the wageworker where to find friends among employers. The label shows that a fellow unionist has been over the ground and fought against oppression. Its use is fraternal in a high sense.—Louisville New Era.
Fred E. Schroeder, of the firm of Reith & Schroeder, of Charles City, Ia., who was for many years a member of the local Bookbinders' union, was a visitor at Assembly hall last night. Mr. Schroeder will remain here until Tuesday next, when he will leave for Charles City, where he edits the German weekly paper Familien Freund.
On the new locomotives of the Denver & Rio Grande railway nozzles have been placed on the roofs of the cabs pointing at the rear of the tender and the platform of the front end of the baggage car. These connect to the hot water of the boiler through a cock convenient to the engine driver or fireman, who can instantly send a jet of mixed steam and boiling water at 200 pounds pressure, that would effectually kill anybody happening to be in its range. The jet is for protection against train robbers.
The picnic of the local Painters' union, which was to have been held last Sunday, will take place today instead, having been postponed on account of the inclement weather. Trains for Silver Grove leave the union depot at 9:20 a. m. and Painters' special at 10 a. m. Regular train at 1 p. m. and Painters' special at 3:40 p. m. Returning, regular train will leave the Grove at 6:50 p. m. and Painters' special at 10 p. m. Music will be furunished by Brose's Military Band and orchestra.
The arbitrator in the machinists' strike in Toronto, Ont., has handed out his decision, as follows: The men receive 10 per cent increase in wages, and the minimum wage for journeymen machinists is fixed at 20 cents per hour, employers to have the right to refuse to employ incompetent men. Overtime up to midnight, rate and a quarter; after midnight, double rate; Saturday afternoons, rate and a quarter; legal holidays, rate and a half; Sundays, double rate. The award has been accepted by both parties, and is binding for a year.
New York is soon to have in its suburbs the largest chicken ranch in the world. At Manasquan, N. J., a company has secured a tract of 350 acres to establish a giant hen industry, conducted on scientific methods. The city of New York last year paid $20,000,000 for eggs, most of them more or less stale, the consumption being 100,000,000 dozen. The first year's output of the enormous new chicken ranch now being laid out will be 30,000,000 eggs. This will be the product of a laying "herd" of from 150,000 to 200,000 chickens.

DEATHS

SULLIVAN—In St. Paul, at late residence, 110 East Acker street, Sunday, July 22, at 4 p. m., Josephine Irene, aged twenty-one years, youngest and beloved daughter of D. J. and late Catherine Sullivan. Notice of funeral hereafter.

SMITH—Sunday, July 23, at the residence, 227 Carroll street, Howard J., aged ten months, son of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Smith. Funeral from residence Monday, July 23, at 2:30 p. m. Interment at Calvary.

TWOHY—At Anaconda, Mont., July 21, William A. Twohy, aged thirty-three years, brother of Judge Twohy. Funeral at St. Paul upon arrival of coast train at 2:30 p. m., Tuesday, July 24. Services at the cathedral at 3 o'clock.

DEVINE—In St. Paul, Saturday, July 21, at 10:20 p. m., at late residence, 621 Reaney street, Mrs. Nora M., aged twenty-eight years, beloved wife of Alfred E. Devine. Funeral Tuesday, July 24, at 8:30 a. m. Services at St. Mary's church at 9 o'clock. Interment at Calvary.

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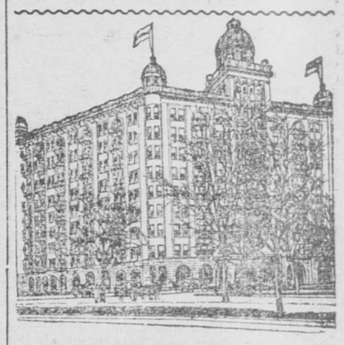

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