

MY REWARD.

I met her at the sea shore; 'twas a lovely July night;
The band was playing gayly, and the moon was shining bright.
I met her in the ballroom, and I danced the two-step so
She said: "You dance the very best of all the men I know."
I walked upon the sapphire, wave-beat sands
With that fair maid,
And told her that I loved her, that my love
Would never fade.
And she, she smiled so sweetly that I knew
That she was mine.
It needed not her "yes" to prove my blessing
So benign.
I bought a ring—a beauty—'twas a brilliant
Solitaire,
It dazzled all beholders; 'twas, indeed, beyond
Compare.
It cost two hundred dollars, and it came from
Italy.
And when she put it on she seemed o'ercome
With ecstasy.
We drove together, walked together, braved
The sea and storm;
We strolled at eve when it was cool, at noon
When it was warm.
I bought her books and roses, and I looked her
In the eye,
And told her that my best reward was just one
Smiling glance.
And all went well until one night another fellow
Came,
I never knew, and do not wish to know, that
Fellow's name.
But when she introduced him, when we met
That awful day,
Said she to me: "I want you, George, to know
My fiancé."
"And in the fall, when we are wed, I hope that
You will be
One of the brides; you have been so very good
To me.
You've helped me while away the long, dull
Hours at the shore,
While poor old Jack was toiling in the city at
The store!"
—Harper's Bazar.

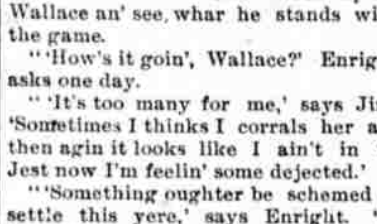
TUCSON JENNIE'S HEART.

WHenever ain't I a married man" says you." So spoke the old cattle man, as he settled himself in his chair. The question had just been asked him.
"Well," he continued, reflectively, puffing his pipe, "I was disappointed that day when I'm a colt. But that's long time ago, an' I ain't in line for no such gymnastics no more. My years is way ag'in it; likewise female. You've got to ketch folks young to marry 'em. After they get to be thirty years they goes slow to the altar. If you make out to marry a man after he's thirty you has to blindfold him an' back him in. Females, of course, ain't so obdurate."
"No; I s'pose this yere hein' married is a heap habit, same as tobacco an' jug juice. A man takes a hand erit; it's all right. But let him get to pesterin' round in the forties an' he ain't no began none yet; he don't marry nuthin'. Of course there is people that sordid they likes to lay in' for some woman's stack, wharby they even makes such a desperate play as marryin' her to win; but you an' me don't discuss no low game like that."
"Bar a onexplanable difference with the girl's old man, I s'pose I'd be all married right now. I was, maybe, twenty times. It was 'way back in Tennessee. This girl was a nice, luscious girl—courted, too. They all lives about eleven miles from me, out on the Pine Knot pike, an' once in two weeks I saddles up an' goes over. That was just her old man an' mother an' her in the family, an' it's that far I siders made to stay all night. That was only two beds, an' so I'm put to camp along of the old man, the times I stays. I was 'way bashful an' behind on all social plays an' plenty awe-struck about the old folks. I never feels happy a minute whar they are. The old lady allers does her best to make me easy an' free, too. Comes out when I rides up, an' allers lets down the bars for my hoss, an' asks me



"to rest my hat the second I'm in the door."
"Well, matters go on good enuf until maybe the eighth time I'm that. I remembers the night all perfect. Final I gets to sleep a-layin' along the aige of the bed, aimin' to keep 'way from the old man, whos snorin' an' thrashin' round an' takin' on over in the middle."
"I don't recall nuthin' until I comes to a-holdin' to the old man's y'ear with one han' an' a hammerin' of his feet whar with t'other. I don't know yet why. I s'pose I gets to allowin' he's a bar or somethin' in my sleep an' tries to kill him."
"Well, son, it's a way back a long time, but I shudder yet when I recall that old man's language. I jumps up the second I realizes things, grabs my raiments, an' gettin' my horse out of the lot, goes p'intin' down the pike ag'in a mile fore I stops to dress. The last I sees of the old man he's p'itchin' an' tossin' an' the females a-holdin' of him, an' he's reachin' to get

a Hawkins rifle as hangs over the door. I never goes back no more, 'cause he's mighty vendictive about it. He tries to make it a gran' jury matter next court time."
"You can't tell much about women. There was a girl who surprises us once in a way out in Wolfville. Miss Rucker, who runs the O. K. restaurant, gets this female from Tucson to fry flapjacks an' salt hoss, an' he's her deal her little gastronomic game. This yere girl's name is Jennie—Tucson Jennie. She seems a nice, good girl, too, an' in less'n two weeks there's half the camp jest whinin' to marry her. It affects business, it's that bad—almost changes the channels of trade. Cherokee Hall tells me there ain't half the money gets changed in at faro as usual, an' the New York store reports men goin' broke ag'in in billed shirts and similar denfalls daily. Of course, this yere first frenzy subdues a whole lot after a month."
"If Jennie notices it, I don't know, but she never tips her hand to no body; jest shows these foolish youth their daily beans, an' ignores all winks and looks complete. At last one by one the various hands goes in the discard, an' the boys, gettin' discouraged, shoves back an' quits. Finally they're all out but two, an' one of them was never in so far as himse'f or anyone else ever sees. These yere is Tutt an' a man named Jim Wallace. Tutt is tall an' good lookin' enuff, but backward an' bashful. No one ever detects him once lookin' at Jennie an' I don't think he does. He confides in me all quiet after the smoke of ars away, that he never thinks of it."
"But Wallace is different. He sets in to win Jennie hard and heavy an' tries to crowd the game an' get action for his money. It looks like he's doo to make the trip, too. Miss Bucker is backin' his play, and Jennie herself sorter lets him set 'roun in the kitchen an' watch her work, which this yere is license an' riot itself compared with how she treats others. Occasionally some of us sorter tries to stack up for Wallace an' see whar he stands with the game."
"How's it goin', Wallace?" Enright asks one day.
"It's too many for me," says Jim. "Sometimes I thinks I corrals her an' then agin it looks like I ain't in it. Jest now I'm feelin' some dejected."
"Something oughter be schemed to settle this yere," says Enright. "It keeps the camp in a fever an' maybe gets serious."
"If some body would only prance in, says Doc Peets, 'and shoot Jim up some, you'd have her easy. Females is like a rabbit in a bush pile—you have to shake things up a lot to make 'em come out. Now, if Jim was dyin' an' she cares for him, she's shorely goin' to show her hand."
"I wants to pause right yere to observe Doc Peets was the smartest an' best educated man I ever sees in my life. An' what he don't know about squaws is valueless as information. But to proceed:"
"That's right," says Cherokee Hall, 'but of course it ain't goin' to do to shoot Jim none."
"I don't know," says Jim. "I stands creasin' a little too quick if I'm shore it fetches her."
"What for a game," says Cherokee, 'would it be to jest play like Jim was shot? Wouldn't that make her come a-runnin' same as if it was shore enuff?"
"I don't see why not," says Enright. "Well, the idea gains ground an' at last gets to be quite a conspiracy. It's settled we plays it, with Dave Tutt to do the shootin'."
"An' we makes the game complete," says Jack Moore, 'by grabbin' Dave immediate an' ropin' of him before the committee, which convenes all reg'lar and decorous in the Red Light saloon a purpose: an' we all lines out like we're goin' to hang him for the killin'. Otherwise it don't look natcherl no how, an' she shorely detects it's a bluff."
"So we gets things all ready an' in the middle of the afternoon when Jennie is draggin' her lariat around loose an' nothin' much to do—'cause we ain't comin' to disturb her none in her dooties touchin' them flapjacks an' salt hoss—we all gets over in the New York store an' lays Jim on some boxes an' a wagon cover over him for a corpse."
"Clear things out of the way along by Jim's head," says Moore, who was taking a big interest. "We want to fix things so Jen gets at him easy. You hyar me? She's goin' to come stampedin' in yere like a landslide when she gets the news."
"When everything's ready Tutt and Moore, who concludes it's well to have a good deal of shootin', bangs away with their guns about four times apiece."
"J, it shootin' once or twice," says Moore, 'might arouse her suspicions. It would be over a heap too quick for the real thing."
"The minute the shootin' is ceased we all takes Tutt and surges over to the Red Light to try him; a penden' of which Dan Boggs santes over to the O. K. restaurant an' remarks, all casual an' carelless like:
"Dave Tatt down. Jim Wallace a minute back—good clean gun play as ever I sees, too. Mighty big credit to both boys this yere. No shootin' up the scenery, an' the bystanders, nor sech slobberin' work, but everything goes straight to centers."
"What is he?" says Jennie, lookin' breathless an' sick.
"Jim's remainder is in the New York store," said Dan.
"Is he hurt?" she gasps.
"I don't reckon he hurts none, 'cause he's done fluttered from the perch. Why, girl, he's dead—eighteen bullets, caliber 45, plumb through him."
"No, but Dave! Is Dave shot?" Tucson Jennie says, a-wringin' of her small paws.
"Now, don't you go to feelin' discouraged none," says Dan, beginnin' to feel sorry for her. "We fixes the wretch so his murderin' spirit won't be an hour behind Jim's gettin' in. The Stranglers has him in the Red Light makin' plans to stretch him right now."
"We had just consomed drinks all



round an' Enright was in the chair, an' we're busy settin' up a big front about hearin' the case, when Tucson Jennie with a scream as scores up surroundin' things to sech a limit that five ponies hops out of the corral an' flies, comes chargin' into the Red Light, an' the next instant she drifts around Tutt's neck like so much snow."
"What for a game do you call this, anyhow?" says Moore, who's a heap scandalized. "Is this yere maiden playin' this camp?"
"She's plum loosed with grief," says Dan Boggs, who follows her in, 'an' she's done got 'em mixed in her mind. She thinks Dave is Wallace."
"That's it," says Cherokee. "Her mind's stamped with the shock. Me an' Moore takes her over to Jim's corpse, an' that's shore to revive her. An' with that Cherokee and Moore goes up to lead her away."
"Save him, Mr. Enright, save him!" she pleaded, still clingin' to Tutt's neck like the loop of a lariat. "Don't let 'em hang him! Save him, for my sake!"
"Hold on, Jack," says Enright, who is lookin' mighty thoughtful. "Jest everybody stand their hands yere till I counts the pot an' notes who's shy. It looks like we're cinchin' the hull onto the wrong bronco. Let me ask this young female a question. Young woman," he says to Tucson Jennie, 'be you fully informed as to whose neck you're hangin' to?"
"It's Dave's, ain't it?" she says, lookin' all tearful in his face to make shore.
"Enright an' the rest of us don't say nothin', but jest looks at each other. Tutt flushes up an' looks pleased both at once, but jest the same he puts his arms around her like the dead game man he is.
"What'll you have, gents? Enright says at last, quite thoughtful. "The drinks is on me, barkeep."
"Excuse me," says Doc Peets, 'but as the author of this yere plot, I takes it the p'isen is on me. Barkeep, set out all your bottles."
"Gents," says Jack Moore, "I'm as peaceful a man as ever jingled a spur or pulled a gun in Wolfville, but as I reflects on the active part I takes in this yere play, I won't be responsible for results if any man comes between me an' payin' for these drinks. Barkeep, I'm doin' this myself."
"Well, it's hard encounterin' just how many drinks we do have. Jim Wallace throws away the wagon cover an' comes over from the New York store an' stands in with us. It gets to be a orgy."
"Of course it's all right," says Enright; 'the camp wins with Tutt instead of Wallace, that's all. It illustrates one of them beautiful characteristics of the gentler sex, too. Yere's Wallace, to say nothin' of twenty others, as besieges an' beleaguers this yere female for six weeks an' she scorns 'em. Yere's Tutt, who ain't sayin' a word, don't bat an eye, nor wag a y'ear, an' she grabs him. It is sech uncertainties, gents, as makes the love of a woman valuable."
"You should have asked me," says Faro Nell, who comes in right then an' rounds up right close to Cherokee.
"Why, I could tell you two weeks ago Jennie's in love with Tutt. Anybody could see it. Why, she's been feedin' of him twice as good grub as she does anybody else."—Washington Post.

PARLIAMENT OPENED.
The Queen's Address Refers to the Murder of Missionaries in China and the Armenian Massacres.
LONDON, Aug. 16.—The last of the new members of the house of commons were sworn in Wednesday, and when that body reassembled yesterday, the members were summoned to the house of lords with the usual formalities, and the queen's speech was read by the lord chancellor, Baron Halsbury, as follows:
My Lords and Gentlemen: The communications which I receive from foreign powers assure me of the continuance of their good will. I am happy to say that no international complication has arisen in any quarter calculated to endanger the peace of Europe. The war between China and Japan, which was in progress at the opening of the last session, has been brought to a speedy and mutually satisfactory conclusion. I observe with pleasure that the war, and have taken no action in respect thereto, except such as appears to me likely to be favorable to a termination of hostilities. I deeply regret to say that the most atrocious outrages upon a body of English missionaries are reported from the province of Fu-Kien in China. In reply to earnest representation addressed to the Chinese government by my direction, active measures, which I trust will prove effective, are being taken for the punishment of the murderers and all persons in any degree responsible for these crimes. The internal troubles which have broken out in the Armenian districts of Asiatic Turkey have been attended with horrors which have moved to indignation the Christian nations of Europe generally and my people especially. My ambassador and the ambassadors of the emperor of Russia and the president of the French republic, acting together, have suggested to the government of the sultan reforms which in their opinion are necessary to prevent a recurrence of such disorders. These proposals are now being considered by the sultan and I am anxiously awaiting his decision.

INCREASE IN EXPORTS.
Latest Reviews Indicate an Enlarged Foreign Market.
WASHINGTON, Aug. 16.—The secretary of agriculture has issued a supplement to the publications of reviews on foreign markets. It shows that, notwithstanding the depression of business in 1894, the United States exported \$889,843,000, against \$847,665,194 in 1893. Three-fourths of the amount came from farms. The English speaking people of Europe brought of American exports \$451,000,000 worth, and, taking the British possessions altogether, they took \$523,000,000 worth. The United States imported from Great Britain \$107,000,000 in 1894, or 16 per cent. of our entire imports.

Almost 90 per cent. of the total United States exports were to the United Kingdom and British possessions, Germany, Canada, France, Netherlands and Belgium. Of imports after the first place, held by the United Kingdom and British possessions, follows Germany with a valuation of \$96,000,000; Spain West Indies, \$82,000,000; Brazil and France, \$72,000,000 each, and Canada, \$37,000,000. The circular contains carefully prepared tables of our exports and imports by countries.

LYNCHED.
A Callaway County Mob Hangs a Brutal Fiend.
FULTON, Mo., Aug. 16.—Emmet Diver, the negro who assaulted and murdered Mrs. John Cain a few weeks ago, was hanged by a mob yesterday morning at 1 o'clock. He was taken from the St. Louis jail Wednesday at 4:30 p. m., and started for Fulton, accompanied by Deputy Sheriff Buchanan, and a reporter for a St. Louis paper. He was taken from the train at New Florence, and a party of four, besides Diver, started overland for Fulton. The night was dark and rainy, and nothing occurred until they neared a bridge about 10 miles from here. At this point they were approached by several parties, who halted them, and when satisfied they had Diver, hundreds of men came out of their hiding places and surrounded Buchanan and his prisoner. The negro was quickly taken from the officers, dragged to the bridge and hanged. The body was then taken to Fulton where it was again hanged as a warning to all such criminals. The negro had made a full confession of the murder of Mrs. Cain, who was the young bride of a farmer of Callaway county.

Excursion Accident.
CAMDEN, N. J., Aug. 16.—One person was killed and a score of others injured in a rear end collision in this city last night. The Atlantic City accommodation train which left the shore at 3 o'clock crashed into the rear end of an excursion train from Lakeside at Liberty Park station. Marshall Johnson, the 6-year-old son of Rev. Marshall Johnson, pastor of the African Union Methodist Episcopal church of this city, was burned to death. The rear car of the excursion train caught fire and was completely burned. The train was the first section of fifteen cars, having on board the parents and scholars of fourteen colored Sabbath schools from Camden, Philadelphia and several counties in Pennsylvania.

France Still Stubbhorn.
WASHINGTON, Aug. 16.—A letter has been received from Ambassador Eustis to the effect that the French government still refuses to allow him to see John L. Waller or to give him a copy of the evidence upon which Waller was convicted. This is the second refusal on the part of the French government to furnish this information, and allow a personal interview between Waller and Mr. Eustis, as representative of the United States.

Champion Corbett Marries.
ASHBURY PARK, N. J., Aug. 16.—James J. Corbett, the pugilist, was married this morning to Miss Jessie Taylor, of Omaha, Neb. The bride is known by the name of Vera Stanwood, and was named as co-respondent in the recent divorce case of Mrs. Corbett against her husband.

Died While Laughing.
LAWRENCE, Kan., Aug. 16.—While sitting in a store talking, Jesse Mayes, aged 60 years, dropped dead while laughing heartily at a story to which he had been listening. The cause of his death was heart disease.

IS POOR LO LAZY?
Superintendent Hallman Says the Red Man Should Do Some Work.
WASHINGTON, Aug. 14.—W. N. Hallman, superintendent of Indian schools, came in yesterday from El Reno, where he had been attending a convention of teachers in Indian schools in the southwest. Mr. Hallman said that there is not an Indian tribe in Oklahoma which is not able to take care of itself in the main by labor, and he takes the position that the aid being given the Indians by the government is an actual injury to them. He says that it is useless to educate the Indians and send them home during vacations to be surrounded with lazy parents, who are being fed by the government. The Cheyennes and Arapahoe Indians are citizens of the United States; they vote at elections and at the same time they are getting government help. Many white men would take government supplies if they could get them, but it would be an injury to them, as it is to the Indians. The professor says the Indians should be made to work for a living, where they have land suited to agricultural pursuits, and the method now in vogue is a great injury to the Indians themselves, but does not offset the work of the schools. It is understood that the Indian office is likely to take a new departure in its recommendations for appropriation by congress for the support of Indians. The plan will probably be to place a lump sum to the credit of the commissioner of Indian affairs, to be used at his discretion, and in cases where Indians should work for a living or are rendered unable to do so by sickness, and in this way force the Indians to be self-sustaining.

NO AMERICANS HURT.
Telegram Received at the Chinese Legation Concerning the Massacre.
WASHINGTON, Aug. 14.—The following telegram, signed by the Chinese foreign office, the Tsung Li Yamen, was received at the Chinese legation yesterday:
No Americans were injured in the recent riots, though several English were. Five of the rioters have been arrested.
This is the first official information which has been received by the legation concerning the recent riots, and the fact that nothing was sent until information of the arrest of some of the rioters, would be reported, is taken at the legation to mean that the Chinese government is anxious to have the world understand that the Chinese are exercising their utmost endeavors to punish those who participated in the assaults upon the missionaries.

STARTED FOR KU CHENG.
American and British Officials Will Go to That Place to Investigate.
SHANGHAI, Aug. 14.—Mr. Mansfield, the acting British consul at Foo Chow; Mr. Allen, the British vice consul at Padoga Island; Col. J. Courtney Hickson, the United States consul at Foo Chow; Messrs. Banister and Gregory, and one of the lieutenants of the United States cruiser Detroit, will start from Foo Chow for Ku Cheng, the scene of the recent massacres, as soon as possible in order to make a complete inquiry into the matter. The consular party will be escorted by a detachment of 100 Chinese troops, the viceroys having refused to allow an escort of foreign soldiers or marines to accompany them.

GOLD RESERVE SAFE.
Heavy Withdrawals for Export to Europe Are Immediately Replaced.
WASHINGTON, Aug. 14.—A telegram was received at the treasury department from Assistant United States Treasurer Jordan at New York, stating \$900,000 in gold had been withdrawn for export to Europe. This was followed in a few minutes by another stating that the Morgan syndicate had deposited in gold in exchange for legal tenders \$1,346,000, which left the gold reserve at the close of the day's business \$101,833,715. The syndicate's action is taken here as conclusive evidence that it proposes to keep the reserve above the \$100,000,000 point according to the spirit of its contract with the government.

SWIFT JUSTICE METED OUT.
Seventeen of a Murderous Mexican Band of Bandits Shot in Six Weeks.
FRONTERAS, Sonora, Mex., Aug. 14.—Six weeks ago the private messenger of Col. John Weir was killed by a gang of highwaymen and robbed of \$6,000. The Mexican authorities captured the robbers last week. Seventeen of the number directly concerned in the affair have been convicted and shot. Forty others, among them an American named Tribolet, who belonged to or sympathized with the robbers, have been impressed into the Mexican army. The entire band of robbers who have infested the region have now all been shot or are under arrest.

ELBE DISASTER FINDINGS.
The Mate of the Crathle and the Elbe's Watch Alone Censured.
BREMERHAVEN, Germany, Aug. 13.—The admiralty court rendered its decision yesterday on the sinking of the North German Lloyd steamship Elbe, in collision with the British steamship Crathle last January. The mate of the Crathle, who deserted his post just before the collision, is held mainly responsible, but the watch of the Elbe is blamed for failing to manipulate the helm properly and for not using the steam whistle for signals.

Colored Baptists Will Help Waller.
WASHINGTON, Aug. 14.—Hon. John M. Langston addressed the Washington conference of the colored Baptist church upon the imprisonment of ex-consul Waller. At the conclusion of his remarks, a resolution was passed protesting against the matter to which Mr. Waller, a Baptist, was made to bring the matter to the attention of various Baptist congregations, in order to provide money for the assistance of Mr. Waller's family. The plan will be carried especially to Kansas and Missouri, where it is estimated more liberal responses will be made than in any other states.

FATAL BOILER EXPLOSION.
Three Men Killed and Ten Wounded Near Ardmore, J. T.
ARDMORE, I. T., Aug. 15.—Three men killed and ten others badly wounded is the record of a threshing machine boiler-explosion near Oakland, 25 miles east of this city. The men were busy at work yesterday about the machine when the explosion took place. Engineer Short had just replenished the fires beneath the boiler and closed the doors. Without warning the boiler exploded, tearing the machinery to pieces and hurling bits of iron and pieces of wood for hundreds of yards. Every man about the machine was knocked down. Two horses 20 yards away were struck by flying scraps of iron and killed.

A big force of men was working about the threshing machine. When the explosion took place they were all thrown off their feet and enveloped in a great cloud of steam. In a moment the air was filled with the cries of pain and agony of the living injured, while the bodies of three men lay still and silent in death with blood flowing from gaping wounds in their heads. It was an appalling sight. The bodies of the dead were placed in a wagon and taken to Oakland. The injured men were cared for at the houses of farmers until they could be removed to Oakland.

REFUSE TO VACATE.
Some Kickapoo Indians Will Not Give Up Their Lands for Settlement.
PERRY, Ok., Aug. 15.—The Dawes commission made a partial settlement with the Kickapoo Indians last spring for an allotment and an annuity with the government for their lands, which lie in the southeastern part of Oklahoma Territory. Of the 275 Kickapoos 175 favored the allotment and 100 did not. The commission reported in favor of opening the Kickapoo country, and on the 23rd day of May the Kickapoo lands, which are the finest in the Indian territory, were thrown open to settlement.

But there were 100 Kickapoos who opposed the opening, and they are still of the same mind. The 100 Indians, who are known as the Richer Kickapoos, declare that the Great Father has never ordered their land opened to settlement, and say the white men have taken it from them by force. These 100 dissatisfied Kickapoos have built a village on a section of fine school land and declare they will not vacate. Gov. Renfrow, of the territory, has leased all of the school lands in the Kickapoo county, and in this leased land is the tract on which the village of the Richer Kickapoos is located.

SALOONISTS HEAVILY FINED.
Violators of the Sunday Closing Law in Kansas City Get Heavy Sentences.
KANSAS CITY, Mo., Aug. 15.—The cases against thirteen saloon men for keeping their saloons open on Sunday in violation of the Sunday closing ordinance issued by the board of police commissioners, came up for a hearing in the police court this forenoon. Eight were fined \$50, one \$75 and two were fined \$1,000 each. The case against Julius Eymann, barkeeper at the Blossom hotel, on Union avenue, was dismissed.

Ex-Alderman A. P. Foley and his bartender, Philip McCurry, who were charged with brutally assaulting Officer Gallagher Sunday when he went to the saloon to arrest them for Sunday opening, were each fined \$500 for the offense, and Foley was given an additional \$500 for keeping his saloon open on Sunday.

FIVE CHILDREN SHOT.
A Shotgun Was Discharged at a Sheriff, but Injured Children Across the Street.
IOWA CITY, Ia., Aug. 15.—John Smith, aiding his brother, George Smith, in an attempt to prevent Sheriff Jones from evicting the latter at Frank Pierce's yesterday, discharged a shotgun at the officer's head. The load simply scorched the sheriff's face, but sped across the street and injured Besie and Elsie Cupp, Erick and Herbert Zager, and Charles Petrie, all children. Erick Zager and Elsie Cupp were seriously injured that they may not recover. The others will doubtless live. Petrie is an orphan, but the parents of the other children are prominent people, and threats of lynching were loud and many. The sheriff and his deputy arrested the brothers and brought them to Iowa City last night, and they are now lodged in jail.

GOLD EXPORTS REPLACED.
The Reserve Remains Safely Above the Hundred Million Mark.
WASHINGTON, Aug. 15.—United States Treasurer Morgan received a telegram from Assistant Treasurer Jordan at New York stating that the bond syndicate had deposited \$1,658,000 in gold in exchange for legal tenders and later in the day another telegram was received stating that \$1,150,000 in gold had been withdrawn for export to Europe. This leaves the gold reserve at the close of business \$102,431,061. This second deposit by the syndicate confirms the officials in the belief that it fully intends to see to it that the \$1,000,000 gold reserve is not invaded.

Left to the Courts.
OMAHA, Neb., Aug. 15.—The police muddle in this city, that at one time assumed such a sanguinary shape between the two police boards, has finally been compromised, both sides agreeing to submit the dispute to the supreme court.

Three Men Drowned.
MIDDLETON, N. Y., Aug. 15.—A triple tragedy occurred at Highland lake, near Eldred, Sullivan county, recently. William Taeterow, brother-in-law of Proprietor Devenoge of the Mountain house, with W. Pilgrim, the chef, and the pastry cook of the hotel, whose name is unknown, were rowing on the lake with two other men. The boat was capsized and the two strangers swam ashore. The other three were left struggling in the water. They were unable to reach the shore. All efforts to recover the bodies have proven fruitless.