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DEAR MOTHER EARTH.

Dear Mother Earth, full oft I long
To sing thy praises in a song;
I ache to lay me down to rest
Somewhere upon thy yielding breast,
To turn my pavement-wearied feet
Beyond the seeming endless street,
And seek some dimpled country place,
Half cool, half warm, for thy embrace
Then kiss thee, prone upon my face,
Dear Mother Earth!

Like old Antæus long ago,
Whose strength surged up from earth below,
I feel there is a peace in thee,
Which thou dost whisper unto me,
When thus I press thee, cheek to cheek,
Thou art so strong and I so weak;
And some time there shall come a day
When tender, trembling hands shall lay
Me deep, to mingle with thy clay,
Dear Mother Earth

Thy gift to me shall come to thee,
And as thou art, so shall I be.
I owe thee all, and so must try
To make thee better ere I die;
And as we twain are one, I see
Bettering myself may better thee.
And so I rise from thy embrace
Revived, and with a hopeful grace
Thus having met thee face to face,
Dear Mother Earth.

—J. Edmund V. Cooke, in New York Sun.

A DOUBLE-DYED VILLAIN

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

ENGAGED to Dalzell Kenwood, is she?" said Carll Knighton, carelessly. "Well, I wish her joy of her bargain!"

He was a dark-faced, handsome young man of the Spanish type, with large, lustrous eyes and a silken black moustache, and he spoke the words after a debonair fashion; but Rosalind, his sister, detected the false ring in them, and exchanged a laughing glance with Nina Ford, her dearest friend.

"How coolly he takes it," said she, "when all the world knows that he was madly in love with Zoe Atwater!"

Nina laughed, but her subtle gray eye never abated its vigilant watch on Knighton's face, and a deep rose burned on either cheek.

"Mr. Kenwood has won the belle of the season," said she, in a soft, low voice. "Not that I ever fancied Miss Atwater. Her style is too statuesque for me. I like some animation in a woman. You never really cared for her, Mr. Knighton, did you?"

"If I really had," retorted Knighton, with some animus, "do you believe Kenwood could have won her?"

"It seems that he has," drily observed Rosalind.

"You think so?" he sneered.

"Appearances would certainly confirm that fact!" laughed Rosalind.

Knighton flung his cigarette out of the window.

"Well, time will show," said he, tugging at his moustache, after a Mephistophelian fashion. "In the meanwhile, I'll undertake to give each of you girls a diamond collar-button on the day that Zoe Atwater is married to Dalzel Kenwood!"

Rosalind danced lightly up and down.

"Oh, what fun!" she cried, her merry black eyes dancing in unison with the sway of her supple figure. "I've always longed for a diamond collar-button to wear with my boy collars and delicious little satin stocks. Zoe's a darling, but she can get lots of other lovers, and I never can have but one chance for a diamond collar-button!"

While Miss Ford lifted her eyebrows, satirically.

"Mr. Knighton seems very sure of his premises," said she. "It is as he says—time alone will reveal the actual trend of affairs."

As it chanced, Carll Knighton met Miss Atwater at a party that very evening—a fair, golden-tressed vision, like some dream of Norseland beauty.

There was no special point in Zoe's personality upon which one could expatiate, but she possessed some strange magnetic spell of attraction that won all hearts, and Knighton's tongue seemed almost paralyzed as he spoke a few conventional words of congratulation.

"It's so kind of you!" said Zoe, in her pretty, artless way. "I always knew that you and Dalzell were old schoolmates and friends."

As she turned away to greet a handsome young naval officer, the flash of a diamond gem on her engagement finger seemed to strike across Knighton's eyeball like a cimeter of fire.

"Yes," murmured Dalzell Kenwood, with a smile, "and a precious scapegrace he was. Schoolmates, yes; friends, no! I'm not one of the sort that likes to play with edged tools. Nevertheless, in consideration of all that he has lost and I have gained, I'll try to forget those old times. People always hinted that his father was a Spanish pirate and his mother a fortune-teller."

Zoe laughed.

"Oh, Dall, said she, "I never knew before that men could be gossips as well as women!"

"They're capital at the business," said Kenwood, with gravity.

Zoe Atwater's engagement was scarcely a week old when one day her maid came tiptoeing softly upstairs.

"There's a very respectable old woman down stairs, miss, asking to see you," said she, lowering her voice to a mysterious cadence.

Zoe's fair face clouded over slightly. Dalzell had just departed on a brief business tour to the South, and this was her first delicious love letter to him.

She laid down her tiny pearl-handled pen with its diamond tip.

"I'm particularly engaged to day, Marie," said she. "I can see no one."

"Yes, miss, I know," said Marie, crimping the ruffle ot her apron with her fingers, "but she is so very persistent—quite a respectable body, too—and I think—I'm not sure, miss, but I think it has something to do with Mr. Kenwood."

A charming glow suffused Zoe's face.

"Oh, why didn't you say so at first!" cried she. "Tell her to come up immediately. Perhaps it's some message that he omitted to leave—or maybe—But go, Marie, go at once!"

Marie obeyed, and presently returned, ushering into her mistress' blue-and-silver boudoir a stout, respectable female in a stiffly-starched print dress, a white apron and a black bonnet, with the edge bent a little askew under its weight of scarlet cotton roses and crumply leaves.

On her hands she wore cotton gloves, and she carried a flat market basket and a gingham umbrella, faded in streaks by its last encounter with the rain.

She dropped a courtesy. Miss Atwater rose from her low writing-chair, with a soft frou-frou of white cashmere and Valenciennes lace, while she secretly wondered whether this were a visitant from her Sunday-school district, or a representative of the tenement-houses she sometimes passed through in the cause of sweet charity.

Was she a washerwoman, or a hired nurse? Or perhaps the grandmother of one of those ideal "bad boys" who could not be made to take interest in church picnics or model gymnasiums, but obstinately preferred the gutters instead?

"Good-morning!" said she, with the soft graciousness that was part of her nature. "I don't seem quite to remember who you are."

"No, miss, it can't be expected as you should," said the stout old woman, clearing her husky throat. "You're writing a letter, miss. P'raps it's to Mr. Dalzell Kenwood?"

Zoe looked at her in surprise—perhaps with a little offense.

"Oh, miss," hurriedly spoke the woman, depositing her market basket on the floor and pulling out a red-bordered pocket-handkerchief, "I niver would ha' dared to come here without I was dead certain Dalzell Kenwood were gone. But it's only nateral I should want to see the fine lady he's to marry one o' these days, though he's forbid me iver to let on as I'm anything to him!"

And she buried her blunt nose in the red kerchief, with a sniff.

"Oh, I understand!" said Zoe, pulling forward a chair, into which her visitor dropped. "You are his old nurse—or perhaps one of the Kenwood family servants?"

"No, miss," said the woman. "I'm his mother."

"His—mother!"

Zoe started back.

"Don't think, miss, as I've come to beg," said the old woman, with some dignity. "I ain't a lady, as no one knows better than myself, but I allays kept myself respectable and decent, an' not a penny owin' to no man. I'm an office cleaner, miss, by business, with a very good connection, an' I don't quite know why it is as Dalzell's so unwilling to have his good lady know about me. Says I to him, 'My son,' says I, 'if she's the person I take her for, she won't despise you for having a mother as has worked to make a gentleman of you. I ain't one of the interfering kind,' says I, 'and I means to keep mysen to mysen. But I would like to see the bonny bir lee,' says I. But, 'No,' says he, 'mother,' says he, 'there's no one draws the line like a American lady, an' I'd be ashamed,' says he, 'to have her know as you was a workinkwoman.' So that's the reason, miss, as I've waited till he was gone—humbly beggink as you'll excuse the liberty—just for one look at your blessed pretty face. For a mother's a mother, miss, an' she has a mother's feelinks."

And once more she courtesied and eclipsed her face in her re-edged handkerchief with an audible sniff and gurgle.

All this time Zoe's eyes had grown larger, bluer and more startled, her cheeks paler. A strange quiver came to her lips.

"Do you mean," she said, "that he—Dalzell was ashamed of you?"

"A fine gentleman with a college education can't be expected to be proud of a mother as makes her livink by cleanink offices, miss," said the woman. "P'raps it ain't natural as as he should. He was allays a good lad, though. And as I hain't no wish to intrude where I ain't wanted, miss, I'll bid you a very good-by. It was only that I wanted to see what you was like, miss."

Zoe looked after the stout, retreating figure as it trundled down stairs with a pang of shame—an ache which she could not analyze.

"I—I should have offered her refreshments—I should, perhaps, have kissed her!" with a shudder, as she remembered the blotchy complexion, the blunt nose and the red-bordered handkerchief. "Dalzell's—mother! Now I come to think of it, I always supposed his mother dead, though he never told me so in words and sentences. And all this time she is a poor, workingwoman like this, and he with his cigars and carriages and careless talk of money, as if he were a millionaire! Oh, who could have dreamed of perfidy like this?"

She set her little pearly teeth together and tore up the half-written sheets of that sweet first love letter.

"It must be quite different from that," said she—"the note that is to tell him our engagement must end! For I never, never could respect a man who has deceived me—or a man who is ashamed of his honest, hard-working mother!"

The sweet, flower-like face fell into her hands, tears rained down like diamond showers, and with every tear the knell of a dead hope was sounded.

Poor little blue-eyed Zoe—to her this was the very bitterness of death!

* * * * * * *

"I've done it, Mr. Knighton—and it was the wust an' meanest job I ever done!"

"Carll Knighton was lounging at his office desk, his hat on the back of his head, his feet thrust deep into the white pile of an Angora rug.

He turned quickly at the sound of the stout old dame's voice.

"Well," said he, "what did she say?"

"Say? She didn't say much; but I'd sooner ha' thrust a knife into a lamb's throat. It was a cruel thing to do, Mr. Knighton, and if I didn't owe you money for what my poor lad stole out of your till, and if you didn't threaten to give him up to the law if I didn't do this for you, I'd ha' said no—that I would! For I've got feelinks, sir, if I am a poor workinkwoman."

"Bother your feelings!" said Knighton, contemptuously. "You've done the job, and you've bought that precious son of yours off from ten years in State's-Prison. We're square, so far. Now let me hear no more of your nonsense!"

And he smiled grimly as he thought of the effect this ruse would produce on Dalzell Kenwood's hopes.

"Zoe is absolutely Quixotic in her ideas as to honor and chivalry," thought he; "nor does any woman like to realize that she has been deceived. Dally's cake is all dough by this time, and who knows but that Mr. Carll Knighton's trump card may come uppermost one of these days?"

And his smile, as he stared up at the ceiling, with both hands clasped behind his black curly head, was more Mephistophelian than ever.

But Love, the gentle god, takes care of his own, and it so chanced that the next morning, while Zoe was still crying over the letter which was to blight all Kenwood's bright hopes, a missive arrived from the true knight, himself—a missive brimming over with love and tenderness.

It was dated New Orleans, and bore within its folds a scented sprig of white jasmine.

I picked this little blossom, darling Zoe, beside my mother's grave," he wrote, "the dear young Southern mother who died when I was a child. If she could have known you, dearest! But let this white, star-like flower be the same to you as her blessing."

"It's—very—strange!" said Zoe, her blue eyes brimming over with tears.

Just then Marie came in.

"I'm sorry to trouble you, miss," said she, "but it's that stout old woman again, and she won't take 'no' for an answer. I never saw any one so pushing in all my life."

Zoe caught up the spray of white jasmine with a jealous hand as the old woman in the crumpled bonnet came in, weeping and excited.

There had been an accident in the cartridge factory down town at which her son worked, and he had been suddenly killed.

"It's a judgment on me," she bewailed herself, wringing her hands, "because I told a wicked lie to shield him! And now the Lord has punished me. But it's Mr. Knighton as the judgment might have fell on, and I'll clear my soul by telling the truth at last. I never see Mr. Dalzell Kenwood in my life, and the story of my being his mother was all a put-up tale as Mr. Knighton bribed me to tell to make trouble. But I'm punished—yes, the Lord's hand is heavy on me at last!"

And she fell in a dead faint on the floor.

So Zoe's second letter to Dalzell was destroyed also.

When that young man retured from his Southern trip, he went to demand a reckoning at the hands of Carll Knighton, but in vain. That enterprising worthy had closed his law office and gone to some distant Western town, the name not specified.

And on the day of Zoe Atwater's wedding, Rosalind Knighton looked ruefully at Miss Ford.

"People don't always get their deserts in this world, Nina," said she. "Here's Zoe married to Mr. Kenwood, and we haven't received our diamond collar buttons."

"No," murmured Nina.

But her loss had been greater far than that of her volatile friend, for she had secretly loved the handsome scamp who had absconded.

"I knew he was a villain," she mused. "I know he would have broken my heart even had I become his wife; but—I loved him!"—Saturday Night.

Robber-Proof Mail Box.

A Western detective has invested a device for which he expects to receive a snug sum from the Government. The Federal authorities have tried for years to get a mail box that would be proof against robbers. The loss each year by professional thieves dropping a string with a piece of wax on it, and other devices for extracting letters from mail boxes has amounted to thousands of dollars. The Government has tried a number of different boxes, including the drop slot now in use, but all of them have failed to protect the mails against thieves. The box is simple enough in construction. Its guard against loss by such means consists of three pieces of metal arranged in the top of the box. After the letter has been dropped into the box it cannot be extracted, even if the box is turned upside down.—New York News.

The three small bones stretched in a chain across the middle ear are named the mallet, the anvil and the stirrup, from real or fancied resemblances.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

PUTTY SUBSTITUTE.

A cheap and effective substitute for putty to stop cracks in woodwork is made by soaking newspapers in a paste made by boiling a pound of flour in three quarts of water and adding a teaspoonful of alum. The mixture should be of about the same consistency as putty, and should be forced into the cracks with a case knife. It will harden like paper mache, and when dry may be painted or stained to match its surroundings, when it will be almost imperceptible.—New York Advertiser.

HOW TO CLEAN DRESSES.

Get five cents' worth of soap-bark from the druggist (about a teacupful). For one dress take half of it and steep in about one quart of boiling water for about half an hour or more, then strain through a cloth.

For a silk dress, while the liquor is warm, take a piece of white flannel and dip into it at intervals and rub the silk or satin with it until it seems cleansed. When done, pull the material straight and hang it to dry; do not iron either the silk or satin. If the dress is very much soiled use clean liquor to rinse it, but do not use clear water for silk, or it will not stiffen up well.

For a woolen dress dip the part to be cleansed, or the whole of it, if needed, into the liquor. This can be rinsed in the same after washing, or in clear warm water. If very dirty, put the dress to soak in a tub in the liquor with more water added before cleaning or washing. The woolen goods should be pressed until it is quite dry.

Water in which potatoes have been boiled will cleanse delicate colored woolen or worsted goods. The dress should be wet all over. Use no soap, rinse in clear warm water and press while still damp. This will not injure the most delicate colors.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

COOKING WATER.

Few people know how to cook water, writes a woman physician. The secret is in putting good, fresh water into a neat kettle, already quite warm, and setting the water to boiling quickly, and then taking it right off to use in tea, coffee or other drinks, before it is spoiled. To let it steam, simmer and evaporate until the good water is all in the atmosphere, and the lime and iron and dregs left in the kettle—bah! that is what makes a good many people sick, and is worse than no water at all.

A critical taste will detect at the first mouthful, if the nose has not already demurred and given warning, the faintest trace of dead water in tea, coffee, porridge and many other items designed for the stomach.

More frequently than otherwise the breakfast kettle is set boiling with a remnant of yesterday's supply in it; the coffee urn has been neither washed, dried, sunned nor aired; possibly in the interest of a rigid and mistaken economy, some of yesterday's coffee is also "boiled over," and the partakers wonder at their lassitude and dyspeptic conditions. Whatever is neglected the tea kettle and its associate pots should be thoroughly cleansed, dried and aired every day, and in no case should water that has stood over an hour in pitcher, pail or kettle be used for cooking.

If people will drink tea and coffee let them at least have it as nearly free from poisonous conditions as possible. That much benefit may be derived by many people from drinking hot water is not disputed, but the water should be freshly drawn, quickly boiled in a clean and perfect vessel and immediately used. The times of using, the adding of milk, mint, lemon or other fruit juices is a matter of preference or special prescription.

RECIPES.

Stuffed Eggs—Boil eggs ten minutes; cut in half the long way, remove the yolks, chop fine with a quantity of minced cold chicken, equal to the yolks in bulk, seasoning and melted butter; fill the whites and put the halves together again; roll in beaten egg and crumbs, and try a moment in boiling fat, using a wire basket. Lift out, drain and serve with tomato sauce, or in the center of a circle of green peas.

Velvet Cream—From a quart of milk take enough to mix smoothly, four tablespoonfuls of corn-starch; put the milk over the fire in a double boiler, and when boiling stir in six tablespoonfuls of sugar, the blended cornstarch and four tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate smoothly mixed with a little of the boiling milk; stir until smooth; take from the fire and beat with an egg beater for ten minutes. Pour into small molds and eat cold with cream.

Boiled Tongue—Have a fresh beef tongue put in to corn for thirty-six hours. Cover with cold water, boil until tender, take out when done, skin it and return it to the liquor in which it was boiled, with half a cup of brown sugar, half a cup of vinegar, two dozen cloves, two dozen sliced lemons and a cup of whole raisins. Let all boil together for a few minutes, and serve with a brown gravy made of some of the liquor strained and thickened with browned flour.

Veal Loaf—Three and a half pounds of the meat part of a leg of veal, lean and fat, chopped fine with a slice of salt pork. Mix with this six soda crackers rolled fine, two beaten eggs, butter the size of an egg, a tablespoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of pepper, one nutmeg and a little minced parsley. Work together in the form of a loaf of bread, put bits of butter all over it, dust with cracker crumbs, place in a dripping pan, pour in a little water, and bake from two to three hours, basting often.

THE NEWS.

Over one thousand destitute refugees from the burned towns in Minnesota are being cared for in Duluth.——The property losses in Hinckley, Minn., amount to over $600,000.——President James J. Hill, of the Great Northern Railroad, and his associate, Sir Donald Smith, of Montreal, each gave $5,000 to the fund for the fire sufferers.——Alston Gordon Dayton was nominated for Congress by the Second West Virginia district Republicans, to run against Mr. Wilson.——Police Sergeant Nicholas Sheehan, of Cleveland, O., was murdered by two burglars whom he was pursuing.——Testimony was taken at Pittsburg in the equity suit brought against John S. Duss and other trustees of the Economite Society, by Christian Schwartz, of West Virginia, and others.——In a quarrel between A. Winchester and Joseph Moore at Lock Haven, Pa., over money matters, the former stabbed the latter and then killed William Reeder, who interfered.——Henry Riley, a well-known colored horse trainer, was killed in Accomac county by a horse.——Wm. S. Hayes, twenty years old, killed his wife, aged sixteen, in Jacksonville, Fla.——At Saybrook, Ct., Misses Marion Glendenning and Kittie Kurz, both of Brooklyn, N. Y., aged twenty-two and fifteen years respectively, were drowned near the mouth of Oyster River. Wm. Curnow, a wealthy coal inspector, was run down by a train near Shamokin, Pa., and killed.

At Ponca, I. T., City Marshal Nolan shot and killed Isaac W. Baker, a cowboy. Baker had been arrested for carrying concealed weapons, and having been released, came to town bent on revenge. Nolan and other officers met him, and in the fight which ensued Baker was killed.——United States Marshal Baldwin, of California, fearing that General Ezeta has planned to escape, has doubled the guards about him and cooped him in his room in the hotel.——Forest fires continue to rage in the Puget Sound country, and much valuable timber has been destroyed. Lumbermen think the damage in the state will aggregate several hundred thousand dollars.——Mrs. George E. Newland, aged seventy, formerly of Grangerville, N. Y., was fatally burned at her boarding place in Saratoga.——Forty-six weavers employed in the Brown Aid Ackroydes Mill at Lawrence, Mass., went out on a strike rather than accept a reduction in wages.——Giuseppe Araci is in jail at New Brunswick, N. J., on the charge of complicity in the murder of Antonio Prosco, who was killed near there. It is alleged that he provided the axe and dealt the blow which killed Prosco.——Gov. Waite, of Colorado, was discharged after a hearing before the United States commissioner, who held that he had not been guilty of any offense against the law.——E. S. Dunn, of Cleveland, O., a wealthy retired business man, became weary of suffering bodily pains and shot himself through the heart.

Mrs. John Kauffman shot her husband in Cincinnati, who sued her for divorce.——Henry Loesche shot his wife and himself in St. Louis.——Myron R. Kent, formerly a prominent real estate and insurance man of Mandan, N. D., was arrested in Arlington by Walter Ehrlickman, a Minneapolis detective. Kent is charged with complicity in the murder of his wife, and also for embezzlement and forgery.——At a meeting of the executive and financial committee of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad Company, D. W. Caldwell, president and manager of the Nickel Plate road, was appointed general manager in the place of the late John Newell, president and general manager.——Erwin, Gregory and Shumaker, attorneys for E. V. Debs and others in the omnibus injunction, filed in the United States Court in Cincinnati, a demurrer asking that the case be dismissed on the ground of the court not having jurisdiction and insufficiency of charges.——John R. Murphy, director of the department of public safety of Allegheny City, waived a hearing for court on a charge of misdemeanor in allowing disorderly places to exist and receiving bribes from the keepers.

The glass roof which covered the entire office of the Brevoort House, on Madison street, in Chicago, fell with a crash. The clerk was the only person in the office at the time, and he barely escaped being crushed by the falling glass, iron and woodwork.——Social science teaching was discussed at the meeting of the American Social Science Association in Saratoga.——Judge A. H. Douglass, one of the most prominent lawyers in Tennessee, died in Memphis, aged eighty-four. He was an old Indian-fighter, and soldier with David Crockett in the early part of the century.——A message was carried by heliograph signal from Denver to Pikes Peak.——The receivers of the Order of Tonti filed an account of the association in the Philadelphia court.——B. F. Fisher, bookkeeper of the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Company in Oklahoma, committed suicide by taking a large dose of laudanum. Fisher belonged to a wealthy family of Germany. The act was caused by remorse in not being able to abstain from drink.——The Stark Tool and Machine Company, in Buffalo, went into the hands of a receiver. Its assets are reported to be $105,000, and liabilities $95,833.——The employes of five of the largest sweat-shops in New York went on a strike.——The Supreme Lodge of the Order of Wise Men began its annual convention in Williamsport, Pa.

MANY BURNED IN CHINA.

Many Chinamen Perish in a Fire Among Flower Boats.

A terrible fire has occurred on the Canton River in China. A flower boat caught fire and the flames spread until hundreds of those craft were destroyed. The progress of the fire was so rapid that at least one thousand natives perished in the flames.

The flower boats were moored stem and stern, in rows, and large numbers of natives lived upon them. The spread of the conflagration from one boat to another was so rapid that the unfortunate Chinese had no time to cut them from their moorings, a strong wind helping to increase the fire. Many hundreds of the persons on board the flower boats leaped overboard, and were drowned, while several hundred others remained on board the doomed craft, and perished in the flames.

THE last pensioner of the Revolution, Samuel E. Bakeman, died at Fredonia, N. Y., in 1869, at the age of 109. He was a private in Washington's army, and lived for four years after Appomattox.

RAGING FLAMES.

Three Hundred and Sixty-Four Dead in Minnesota,

WISCONSIN AND MICHIGAN.

The Intense Heat Cooks Vegetables in the Ground on the Farms Desolated by the Flames—Miles of Rails Warped and Ties Burned.

It seems probable that 500 lives were lost by the forest fires in Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan, and it may be that double that number perished. Railroad surveyors who have gone over the burned district of Minnesota think that 1,000 is not an extravagant estimate of the loss of life in that State alone.

The towns that have been entirely or partially destroyed include Hinckley, Sandstone, Pokegama, and Missouri Creek, Minn.; Benoit, Poplar, Marengo, Spencer, High Bridge, Ashland, Washburn, Baronette, Granite Lake, Bashaw, Shell Lake and Comstock, Wis., and South Rubicon, Mich. In the latter State the towns of Allonez, Phoenix and Eagle River have not been heard from in three days.

The property loss is as difficult to estimate as the loss of life. All that is positively known is that it is in the millions.

St. Paul, Minn.—Blazing forests continue to spread destruction through the border counties, and lives and towns still fall prey. The list of those killed is still estimated at 500. As many in the sparsely settled districts have undoubtedly perished without leaving a trace, the exact number will probably never be known.

So far as can be learned the following towns have been destroyed and the following are dead, in numbers:

Hinckley, Minn., 1000 to 1200 inhabitants; 25, dead; 500 to 600 homeless.

Pokegama, Minn., next station southwest of Hinckley; 500 inhabitants, fifty dead.

Mission Creek, next station south of Hinckley, on the St. Paul & Duluth Road, ten dead.

Sandstone Junction, Minn., next station north of Hinckley, on the St. Paul & Duluth Road, twenty-six dead.

Sandstone, second station north of Hinckley, on the Eastern Road, sixty-two dead.

Cromwell, Minn., Carlton County, dead unknown.

Miller, Minn., near Hinckley, off railroad line, twelve dead.

Washburn, Wis., Mills and millions of feet of lumber destroyed.

Beloit, Wis., in ashes, except one mill and some lumber.

Ashland Junction, Wis., many buildings burned.

Partridge, Wis., wiped out completely.

Bashaw, Finlayson, Moose Lake, Cadott, Glidden, Saxon, Margengo and Highbridge partly destoyed.

Glidden was in danger of total destruction when last heard from.

Haugen, Wis., wiped out.

Shell Lake, Baronette, Granite, Lake Cumberland, Pineville, Comstock and Forest City, lumber towns in Wisconsin, between Chippewa Falls and Superior, partly destroyed.

The number of dead in these Wisconsin towns and other parts of the country between Chippewa Falls and Superior is estimated at 109 persons.

The Minnesota conflagration swept everything in its path from Pine City as far as Carlton, near Duluth.

The loss to property at Hinckley is about $800,000.

RAIN THE ONLY WEAPON.

The heavily-timbered country over which the flames swept with such relentless fury has been suffering from one of the most protracted droughts in the history of the country. With the exception of a slight shower here and there early last month there has not been a drop of rain in that region for the last four months, and only a heavy downpour can save many more towns and the valuable pine lands from destruction, with probable additional loss of life.

It is feared that many well-known residents of St. Paul have perished in the forest fires of Hinckley and vicinity. Large numbers of sportsmen have left St. Paul within the last ten days to hunt prairie chickens near Hinckley, Mora, Sandstone and other points in that vicinity. President George Freeman, of the Minnesota Shoe Company, and Lumberman Cusick, a prominent resident of Stillwater, went hunting in the forests near Hinckley and nothing has been heard of them since.

There is little probability of Hinckley ever being rebuilt to its former proportions. The Brennan Lumber Company is not expected to rebuild its plant. The timber in the vicinity is well cut and burned off and there is no chance of any other company coming in. Without an enterprise of this kind there is no future for Hinckley except as a junction point.

Words cannot tell the story of death and destruction that is revealed to the traveler on the St. Paul & Duluth from Mission Creek two miles above the little town of Miller, or Sandstone Junction. The awfulness of the desolation which strikes upon the eye of the observer as he reaches the camp which was once the town of Hinckley, is more strongly impressed on his vision as he journeys northward. The smoke has lifted, revealing a landscape bare and black, the few standing trees being charred to a height of forty feet, while the grass has been burned to the roots. Here and there, in the bleak and dreary stretch of country for what is now a great lone land, was seen the body of a deer whose fleet foot had not been able to outrun the flames, or of a human being who had been absolutely powerless against the grim destroyer.

The correspondent, accompanied Judge Nethaway, of Stillwater, and members of a relief party which started from Pine City on a hand-car loaded with provisions to relieve the people of Sandstone, who were reported in great distress. Two miles above Hinckley they found lying by the trunk of a tree the body of a man which was evidently that of a lumberman. The relief party proceeded as far as Skunk Lake, where the Duluth limited train was burned. Here they found Engineer Williams in charge of a gang of men rebuilding the burned bridges. From them it was learned that the living at Sandstone had been taken to Duluth on special trains Sunday night and their pressing necessities relieved so that help from Pine City was not needed. The party, therefore, resolved itself into one of searchers for bodies.

The house of John Robinson was near Skunk Lake, in the woods, and his family had sought refuge in the cellar. There was no escape from the fire and the party found the bodies of John Robinson and his wife, Sally Robinson, their eldest daughter, and two smaller children. All the clothing was burned from the bodies, but the victims had already been suffocated before the flames reached them. The hands of the oldest daughter were upraised in an attitude of prayer.

Within six hundred yards of the spot where Engineer Root stopped his train was a long trench, running from the little body of water, which proved a place of safety for the passengers on the limited to a swamp on the lake. Following along this trench the party came upon the partially-clothed body of a man, who, in personal appearance corresponded to the description of General Passenger and Freight Agent Otto Rowley, of the Duluth and Winnipeg Railroad. Other bodies found by the party were those of a man and a woman, who had evidently fled from a farm house nearby, and the bodies of two men, who are supposed to have been passengers on the burned train.

DISASTERS AND CASUALTIES.

A bridge over a ravine in Fairmount Park, at Kansas City, collapsed and 20 persons were injured.

Motorman Mashine and a passenger named Faulkner were fatally injured in a street car collision in Hammond, Indiana.

A. B. Abbott, an ex-member of the New York Assembly, and a prominent citizen of Glens Falls, accidentally shot himself while cleaning a gun.

Frederick Partons, a 7-year-old-boy, living in Hamilton, Ohio, was fatally injured by being struck on the head by an empty beer bottle thrown from a train.

An in-bound Chicago and Eastern Illinois passenger train ran into a light engine in a dense fog in Chicago, and Daniel Cannon, a fireman, was fatally injured.

Maud Capron, aged 14, of Schenectady, New York, was accidentally shot and killed by the fall of a gun from the hands of her cousin, a boy about her own age.

A east-bound passenger train on the Kansas City, Springfield and Memphis Railroad was twice derailed near Willow Springs Missouri, by obstructions placed on the tracks.

Three workmen were seriously injured by an explosion which occurred in the shot-shell department of the Union Metallic Cartridge Company's factory at Bridgeport, Connecticut.

The steamer Connecticut, of the Providence and Stonington line, went ashore on a sand bank at Fields Point. Her passengers were taken off by river excursion boats and the freight by barges.

A break in the Erie Canal near Brighton, New York, flooded the adjacent farms and did great damage. The family of Adrian Courtney, who live half a mile from the canal, had a narrow escape from drowning.

An electric car in Harlem, a suburb of Chicago, ran into a Northern Pacific train and was smashed. John Briggs, the motorman, was killed, and James Key, colored, a passenger, was probably fatally injured.

A Lake Shore freight train was wrecked near Erie, Pennsylvania. A young man of respectable appearance, well-dressed and wearing a jockey cap, was found crushed to death between two large stones on a flat car.

A despatch from Rockford, Illinois, says, that William Seaworth, a young farmer, living near Chana, made a wager with his sister that he could eat more watermelon than she could. The offer was taken up. "The boy is dead, and the girl, it is thought, cannot recover."

A despatch from Tiffin, Ohio, says that the continued drought has reduced the water in the Sandusky river to such a low stage that the fish are dying by the thousands, and are rotting upon the rocks of the river bed right in the heart of the city, a menace to the health of the public."

WORK AND WORKERS.

THE Tremont and Suffolk Mills, the Middlesex Woolen Mills, at Lowell, Mass., started up, giving employment to about 3,600 hands.

THE Ohio Falls Car Works, at Jeffersonville, Ind., will resume operations during the present week, after an idleness of more than a year. The company employs from 1,200 to 2,000 men.

THE Bennett and Columbia Mills, at New Bedford, Massachusetts, resumed in part, giving employment to about 1,000 men. The resumption is at the old scale.

THE Tinsmiths' Assembly, of Ottawo, Ontario, has decided to withdraw from the Knights of Labor, feeling "that no adequate return has been given for the thousands of dollars that have been sent across the line by way of per capita tax."

SUIT was begun in Columbia, O., against the Steubenville Pottery Company under the law forbidding the transportation of alien workmen under contract. It is charged that a skilled potter to manage the works was brought over from England.

AT a mass meeting of the Pullman strikers in Chicago, called to consider the question of calling off the strike, the local unions were instructed to call a special meeting at once and vote for a delegate from each union to meet with the central committee and decide the matter.

THE Cocheco Mills, at Dover, New Hampshire, after a shut-down since July 31st started up. A week ago it was announced that there would be a ten per cent. cut-down. All but the mule spinners returned to work, they refusing to accept the cut. It is shown, however, that the cut averages but six per cent. throughout the works. There is but little filling on hand, and the mills it is thought, cannot run long. A thousand hands are employed.

THE police of Milan, Italy, have arrested an anarchist, in whose possession were papers detailing the plans of a conspiracy to stab the King of Greece.

CABLE SPARKS.

THE Czar is said to be suffering from albuminuria and his health is seriously affected.

TROPICAL heat prevails throughout the Austrian empire and there is much suffering.

FIGHTING has taken place at Shiadma, near the Tensift river, Morocco. The rebel loss is over 100 men.

THE protective duties in New South Wales are to be repealed and replaced by income and land tax.

THE illness of the Comte of Paris is believed to be critical. His family has been summoned to the bedside.

HAIL storms have done great damage throughout Austria. At Kowno, Poland, three children were killed by hailstones.

HEAVY fighting took place between the Kaffirs and the Boers, in the North Transvaal. The Kaffirs were defeated and are now suing for peace.

PRESIDENT C. P. HUNTINGTON, of the Mexican International Railroad, has ordered that the line be extended from Monclovia to Sierra Majado mining camp.

A letter written by an Anglo-Canadian is published in London charging serious poaching upon the part of American sealers in Hudson bay and especially in the Mackenzie river.

THE defeat of the Dutch troops sent to punish the Rajah of Lombok was overwhelming. Three columns were involved, and the loss in killed, wounded and missing is said to be nearly 500.

WM. COUTTS KEPPEL, seventh Earl of Albemarle, is dead, aged sixty-three years. The late Earl was at one time civil secretary and superintendent-general of Indian affairs for Canada and held other offices at various times.

IT is reported that the French garrison at Timbuctoo has met with a disastrous defeat though the accuracy of the dispatch is discredited. The report that the Mahdi is collecting his forces with the object of making an attack upon Kassala, recently captured by the Italians is, however confirmed.

ABOUT NOTED PEOPLE.

GEN. HARRISON has had his hair and whiskers so closely cropped that his intimate friends scarcely recognize him.

THE Methodist Bishop Nindeh as an appointment for a conference at Seoul, Corea, this month, but it is feared he will have a small attendance.

THE demand for Olive Schreiner's masterpiece, "The Story of an African Farm," increases. Her publishers have gone to press with another edition of 5,000 copies, completing the 78th thousand.

BLONDIN began to toddle over a rope when he was 4. At the age of 8 he performed before the King of Italy. Since then he has appeared in all parts of the world, and has earned as much as $500 a performance.

MR. PERCY SANDERSON, who will succeed Sir William Lane Booker as British Consul General at New York, has been Consul General for the past few years at Galatz, Roumania, and also commissioner of the Lower Danube. He was formerly a lieutenant in the British army in India, but left the army for the consular service in 1873.

MR. H. WELD-BLUNDELL has just returned from a complete round of the oases of the Libyan desert, including that of Siwah, where are the ruins of the temple of Jupiter Ammon, which Alexandria the Great visited. The complete tour had previously only been made by the German traveler, Rohls. Mr. Weld-Blundell traveled over 12,000 miles on camels.

ONE of the most inveterate novel readers in the House is Representative Gear, of Iowa, ex-Governor of that State and Senator-elect. He is regarded as one of the strongest men in the House on the great question of government, but does not allow public problems to absorb his whole time and interest. Whenever he has an hour's leisure he is sure to pick up a standard novel and bury himself in its pages.

THE Emperor of China is imitating his Majesty of Germany in the liveliness he is introducing into the Chinese public service. A mandarin named Tsui had rendered himself liable to censure for corrupt and scandalous dealings, and the Emperor resolved to degrade him. He therefore ordered the peccant mandarin to pass a literary examination, and as the culprit had not kept up his classics, and the examiners were not particularly instructed to make things easy for him, he failed miserably. He was, therefore, degraded and reduced from a Red Button to a White Button.

WEATHER CROP BULLETIN.

Excessive Rain in the Cotton Belt and Drouth in the West.

The Weather Bureau, in its report of weather and crop conditions for the week says:

In the western portion of the cotton region there has been too much rain for cotton and the staple has sustained considerable injury from rust, shedding and boll worms. While wet weather has reduced the grade of cotton in Texas, the crop is reported as doing well, and with favorable weather conditions, a large crop will be gathered. South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana report more or less damage from rotting, rust or shedding, but more favorable reports are received from Arkansas and Tennessee.

Corn is maturing rapidly in North Dakota and Wisconsin, and cutting has begun in Missouri, Iowa and Minnesota, and in Indiana corn is maturing slowly. The crop has improved in Tennessee and in portions of Illinois, and lowland corn is doing fairly well in Ohio.

Drouth conditions generally prevail throughout the northern districts east of the Rocky Mountains, and, owing to the dry and baked condition of the soil, but little plowing for fall seeding has yet been done.

TWENTY PEOPLE DROWNED.

Only Seven of a Party of Pleasure-Seekers Survive a Capsize.

A party of twenty-seven pleasure seekers from Burnley were overturned into the water of Morecomb Bay, near London, by the capsizing of a boat they had hired.

Of this number only seven were saved. Four bodies have been recovered.

MARYLAND STATE ITEMS.

The Latest Happenings in Various Parts of the State.

Julius Vermillion captured a shark near Hill's Landing, on the Patuxent river. The fish is about eight feet long and is attracting many visitors to the landing, where it is on exhibition.

While Constable Patrick Gleason was attempting to arrest a colored man, between Petersville and Brunswick a few days ago the man drew a revolver and fired at the officer, the ball grazing and burning the sides of his face. Gleason then drew his own revolver and attempted to shoot him, but the cylinder refused to revolve. He then clubbed the man over the head with the weapon until he knocked him down. When he tried to handcuff him he found that his handcuffs had locked in his pocket, and the prisoner made his escape.

While playing on an iron rail at Havre de Grace, Freddie Coburn, son of Hiram Coburn slipped and fell, breaking his arm below the elbow.

A large bank barn on Mr. Samuel Dandy's farm, six miles from Hampstead, was entirely destroyed by fire, together with all its contents, consisting of farming implements, hay, grain, &c. The live stock was saved. The fire was doubtless the work of an incendiary, as all the family were absent at the time. The loss will amount to over $1,000; no insurance.

FIGHTING IN SAMOA.

Rebels Shelled By German and English Warships.

The steamer Mariposa, which just arrived at San Francisco from Sydney, Aukland, Apia and Honolulu, brings news of further fighting among the natives of Samoa and forcible interference of British and German warships stationed at Apia.

The fort of the rebels at La Tunnuil was shelled and the insurgents dispersed, but they reassembled and moved on to Satuafata, near Apia. Here they were met Sunday, August 12, by the King's warriors and a desperate battle ensued.

The naval commanders resolved to again attack the rebels and deal with them summarily. Early on Monday morning, August 13, the Curacoa, English, and Buzzard, German, changed their positions and again opened fire on the rebels, killing and injuring a large number. Simultaneously the King's warriors attacked them on shore. In the fight the King lost six killed and several wounded.

At this writing it is impossible to ascertain a reliable estimate of the rebel loss, but it is known to have been heavy. The guns of the warship did deadly execution. On Monday evening the rebels sued for peace. Their chiefs were ordered to come on board the Curacoa on the following day. They obeyed the order and made promises to complete submission to Malietoa's rule, agreeing to pay their taxes, return to their homes and to deliver up 100,000 rifles. Immediately after this meeting the Curacoa steamed way to Apia, believing the trouble was over.

The Curacoa's commander was eager to catch the mail steamer Mariposa that he might report the result of his operations to the British Government. The Buzzard remained at the scene of action to receive the rifles from the rebels, and see that they carried out their promises. Great was the surprise of the commander of the Curacoa when at midnight last night the Buzzard signaled that Chief Tamahez, leader of the Aana rebels, had joined the Atua party with over 400 Aana men, and that these combined forces had attacked the King's warriors.

Throughout the night the roar of the Buzzard's guns could be heard. This morning the Curacoa got under way again and left for the scene of the trouble. Captain Gibson left determined to demand complete surrender of the rebels, and unless the rebels are submissive the slaughter will undoubtedly be terrible, as his gunners will fire to kill.

It is now certain that unless vigorous measure is taken the position of the foreigners here will be critical. At the hour of the sailing of the Mariposa it is reported that rebels have made complete surrender, but the rumor lacks confirmation.

SEVEN SHOT IN HAITI.

An Abortive Attempt to Murder Hippolyte's Favorite Daughter.

In Haiti seven persons were shot in connection with the abortive conspiracy to murder Mrs. Gauthier, Hippolyte's favorite daughter.

This has caused a tremendous political excitement. The censorship is rigorously controlling the press.

NEW YORK.—Times have been growing more turbulent than ever in the "Black Republic" since Hippolyte, the aged president, has shown signs of the physical collapse that must soon result from his extreme age and the uneasy existence that perpetual danger of assassination and eternal conspiracies against the Government have made for him. The day of his downfall is momentarily expected and the political ambitions that grow out of this hope have been stirred to white heat.

The plot to kill his daughter, Mrs. Gauthier is believed among Haitiens to be a sign of approaching disorder. This woman is reported to be an active politician and one of the President's wisest counsellors. She is said to be thoroughly detested as well as feared by the Mulatto or Creole population of Port au Prince, who are the bitter enemies of Hippolyte, the leader of the pure-blooded negroes.

The latest news of Hippolyte's condition was brought by the steamer Saginaw, Captain Rockwell, which arrived from Azua and other ports. When she sailed Hippolyte was mortally ill.

KILLED IN A STORM.

A Bolt of Lightning Slays Two Children and Destroys a House.

A terrible storm visited Wichita, Kas. The lower part of the town was inundated by a cloudburst and many telephone wires are down.

The lightning was incessant and at the home of Thomas Herman a bolt of lightning killed his 3-year-old boy, fatally burned a 9-year-old girl and literally tore the house to pieces.