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MY TWO LOVES.

I love two woman; both are good an1 kind;
And one is tenderer than the infant dawn,
Full of wise counsels, loving as a fawn,
And lover-like, to all my follies blin1.

The other, like a tender, blooming rose,
Shaking its sweets upon the air,
Shakes in my heart love's odors and doth bear
Life's sweetest pleasures as she goes.

I love them fondly—unto both I'm true—
Nay, blame me not! nor deem me free of speech,
For I am loyal still and just to each!
One is my mother, and one, sweet, is you.
—Roland Southern, in Home and Country.

THE LOST IDEAL.

MIRANDA was a charming little girl of seventeen; she was also a bundle of contradictions—cultured and crude, clever and foolish, sentimental and very much alive to the ridiculous. She was also extremely pretty. Her father, the rector, and all his family were genial, cheery folk, who laughed and grew fat. Miranda was rather ashamed of her own keen sense of fun, which belonged, she supposed, to her "lower nature." She liked to pose to herself as Earnest, with lofty ideas of life, love and the dignity of womanhood.

Indeed, an ideal Ferdinand (she always thought of him as "Ferdinand") already haunted her maiden meditations—an adorable being, undreamed of in maturer philosophy; a splendid guest, to whom the doors of her heart were to fly open; a Ferdinand who seemed, alas! very unlikely to be cast on the shores of her conventional and dreadfully comfortable little existence.

One September the beaming rector, whose beams had never been obscured except when his only child's mother died ten years before, called to Miranda from his study window.

"Chick!" cried he. He often called her "Chick!" and she did not mind much, although the dignity of womanhood might be a little hurt.

Miranda, who was watching in the garden with a rough-edged, parchment-bound post, stopped and looked up.

"Chick, would you like to come to London with me for a week?"

"Yes, papa," said she, in a little, languid voice, and with a dreamy gaze beyond him into infinity.

She had very nearly jumped for joy, but recollected the dignity of womanhood in time, and waited until she got into her own room. Then she did.

They went to the house of her father's sister in London. She was a rich and lively old maid, then daily curing a backache at some German baths, and spending most of her time with much cheerfulness up to her chin in them.

The happy old parson, who did not often give himself a holiday enjoyed it thoroughly, and so did Miranda. He took his chick to all the amusing things that were to be had in September, and that were respectable. Among others to a clever burlesque, where Miranda entirely forgot culture, dignity and ideals, and sixty and seventeen laughed together till they cried.

One morning the rector had to go into the city on business and left Miranda all alone. She meant to recline in an easy chair and read Browning; but she got rather strained over "Sordello," which many who can run cannot read.

Now Miranda, reclining on her easy chair, found it so much easier than Browning that she fell asleep.

She was shocked at herself when she awoke and found the post prone at her feet. However, she got up, stretched her arms and thought she would explore the three drawing rooms in search of new toys and curiosities, of which her aunt was a great collector.

She came to the smallest room at the end, and even as she crossed the threshold her eyes fell on—a face! She stopped short, then went forward with clasped hands and stood to gaze. It was only the photograph of a very handsome young man stuck into the last leaf of a photograph screen standing on a little table, but in that moment Miranda thought she forestated the rapture of a realized ideal. In those dark eyes she seemed to read genius and sweetness; in that counterfeit presentiment she seemed to recognize the Ferdinand of her dreams.

Almost shyly she slipped the fateful carte out of the little screen without even a glance at its companions there. The image had no superscription; the upper and lower edges of the mount had been pared away to admit of its insertion in the screen. This only added the fitting touch of mystery.

Miranda could not bring herself to replace and resign what seemed almost sacredly her own, almost Heaven-sent. She put the Heaven-sent Ferdinand into her pocket, and when the rector and his daughter went home to the rectory, Ferdinand went, too.

Thereafter Miranda spent much time in contemplation of that sun-pictured face. In point of fact it was a badly executed photograph, for there was a haziness in some of the details. This, however, enhanced its significance in Miranda's eyes, and appeared to her to imply a peculiar value in the portrait as a portrait, independent of its merits as a work of art.

Perhaps (she sometimes fondly conjectured) the original was some young poet, hiding himself from fame, holding himself aloof with proud fastidiousness, far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife. The portrait had probably been obtained by stealth by some worshiping amateur photographer.

Miranda passed the winter in trembling expectation, half hoping, half dreading that her aunt would in some of her letters allude to the missing treasure, and at the same time tear the veil from its mystery; but no such enlightenment came, and in May Miranda was to go and stay in London with her father's sister.

Meanwhile, only two things happened to her at the rectory. One was her eighteenth birthday, the other an offer of marriage from her father's curate, which it need scarcely be said that she refused, affianced as she felt herself to her ideal.

The curate was a good young man—handsome, too, with good brains, good heart and good expectations. He was devoted to Miranda, and his sober fancy had never pictured anything so fair and sweet as this reality. She liked him very much indeed, appreciated his pleasant talk, his pleasant ways; but it was quite impossible to idealize him.

The poor young ecclesiastic was very unhappy when she refused him. He never smiled again for at least a week. Then he pulled himself together, went about his business manfully, and, being fond of a certain old versicle, hummed it to himself as he went:

Quit, quit for shame! this will not move,
This cannot take her;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing will make her—

Need I say that this excellent young clergyman never hummed the last line of that old versicle, which I also carefully suppress?

In May Miranda (and Ferdinand) went to London, where the pretty country girl was a good deal admired, and enjoyed herself very much. Indeed, she was pronounced bewitching; there was no monotony about her, and there was a touch of innocent coquetry. Truth to say, Ferdinand faded a little from her thoughts at this time, as photographs are apt to fade. Still, no gilded youth had pushed him from his place.

Soon after she reached her aunt's house Miranda had gone into that third room; but everything there was differently arranged, and the photograph screen had disappeared. She dared ask no questions about it.

One day after breakfast her aunt read a letter that seemed to give her considerable pleasure.

"Me dear," said she, "Charlie's coming."

"Who is Charlie?" asked Miranda, who had never heard of him before.

"Me dear," replied her aunt, rather solemnly, "Charlie is the son of me first and only love; the man I should probably have married if he hadn't preferred some one else."

"Oh, poor auntie!" said Miranda, with ready sympathy.

"Not at all, me dear! I should have been poor if I'd married him, for he would have spent all me money. He married a richer woman, and spent all hers."

"And he is alive now?"

"No, me dear—both dead long ago. He got himself killed by a tiger out in India, and it killed her too. Not the tiger, but the loss of her husband. Indeed, then, she was far fonder of him than I ever was. Some well off uncle looked after their boy, and got him into the F. O. He's been in Canada these three years, and now he writes me word he's coming home, and will be in London next week. So sit ye down, Miranda child, and send him a card for me to dance next Thursday."

Miranda did as she was bidden in a little flutter of agitation. An exquisite possibility had occurred to her. Could this be the original? Could Charlie be Ferdinand?

"Is—is he nice, auntie?" she asked, tremulously.

"Well, me dear, you'll see for yourself. Oh, yes! Charlie's nice enough, but not so nice or handsome as his poor father, me first and only love. However, that's ancient history now; and there's no doubt I should have been a tried woman. Goodness knows I never grudged him to his wife, and maybe if I'd married him I mightn't have grudged him to the tiger quite as much as she did."

Thursday came; the guests came—more than could ever get upstairs. Charlie arrived early and did get upstairs. His hostess, glorious in green velvet and diamonds, pounced on him, took both his hands, and kissed him before the assembled multitude.

Presently Miranda made her appearance, and, being effusively introduced to each other, they went off to the ball room together. Miranda's heart beat a little faster when they met; for one moment she had seemed to recognize the beautiful dark eyes of Ferdinand. But ah, no, no! That round, foolish face, inclined to be chubby, that nose, inclined to be snubby, that wide mouth, forever widened by a schoolboy grin! Hyperion to a satyr! And as for those eyes, there was no speculation in them, and it would have been difficult indeed to find genius and greatness in their shadows, thought Miranda, as Charlie prattled inanely at her side.

Miranda went to bed that night vaguely disappointed and unhappy, and had a painful dream of a distorted Ferdinand photographed on a spoon. Charlie came to luncheon next day. Miranda was tired and a little cross; found him horribly uninteresting. Nice? How could auntie say he was nice? He had not two ideas; he chattered like an ape and was quite as ugly; his eyes were not the least like Ferdinand's. He was an imposter; he bored her; she wished he would go. He and her aunt had all the talk to themselves; Miranda sat by silent and glum and said she had a headache. She was only half conscious that Charlie was babbling and bragging of his exploits on the ice in Canada; she only half heard what he said when he asked her aunt if she had ever got the photos he sent her a year before.

"Nine of our skating club and the—what do you call it?—you know—"

"Oh, yes," said her aunt; "I got them, and put them all into a photograph screen. It used to stand on a table in the third room upstairs. I dare say it's somewhere up there. Let us go and look for it."

"Photograph screen?" The words woke up Miranda like a pistol shot. At last—at last! And what was going to happen? Was her sin to find her out? No, she would never confess, but she felt very guilty, and shook in her shoes. However, she managed to walk upstairs in them behind her aunt, with Charlie at her heels.

In the third room her aunt pulled the drawer of a cabinet. "Here it is," said she, "folded up as flat as a pancake"—and she gave it to Charlie, who folded it.

"Yes," cried he, with his wide laugh, "here we all are! But I say, where's the—the—combination—composite—what'd you'd call it? Nine of us blended into one, you know—the new dodge. What's become of it? Awful handsome fellow we made, too. Bit of Brown, bit of Jones, bit of me. By Jove! What's the matter? Are you ill? Here, sit down. Where's the eau-de-cologne?"

Miranda sat down. She did feel a little faint for an instant while she realized the truth, and Ferdinand melted into space; but then the suppressed fun in her "lower nature" jumped up like a Jack-in-the-box on the phantom heels of the vanishing Ferdinand, and she went off into peals on peals of inextinguishable laughter. They were rathered frightened; her aunt slapped her hands, Charlie emptied the bottle of eau-de-cologne over her, and I am afraid she slapped him.

"Me poor child," said her aunt, "she's hysterical!"

"I'm nothing of the sort," gasped Miranda, trying to stop laughing, going off again and speaking in spasms. "Oh, oh, oh! it's too, too, too funny! Oh, oh, oh! that I should fall in love—with nine men—at once! No, no, no! with nine—bits of me! Oh, oh, oh! a thing—of shreds and—patches! Oh, oh, oh, oh! shall I ever, ever, ever stop laughing?"

Miranda went home in July, a merrier and a wiser girl. In October she married her faithful curate, whose only rival had been Ferdinand.—London Society.

Napoleon's Miraculous Escapes.

In reply to the question in what engagements he considered himself to have been in the greatest danger of losing his life Napoleon once said: "In the commencement of my campaigns." Indeed, if further proof were demanded to show that he did not spare himself at Toulon it is only necessary to add that during the ten weeks of its siege Napoleon, in addition to a bayonet wound in his thigh, had three horses shot under him, while at the siege of Acre, during the expedition to Egypt, he lost no fewer than four in the same manner.

During the last days of his life, when captivity, disappointment and sickness had well-nigh completed their work, it is said that the agony of his fatal disease drew from him on many occasions the pitiful cry of, "Why did the cannon balls spare me?"

During his long military career Napoleon fought sixty battles, while Cæsar fought but fifty. In the early part of his career he was utterly reckless of danger while on the battlefield, and this spirit of fearlessness contributed largely to the love and esteem in which he was held by his armies. There was a curious belief among the English in Napoleon's time that he had never been wounded, and indeed the report was current that he carefully, if not in a cowardly manner, refrained from exposing himself. Nothing could be more contrary to the truth, for he was in reality several times severely wounded, but, as he wished to impress upon his troops the belief that good fortune never deserted him, and that, like Achilles, he was well nigh invulnerable, he always made a secret of his many dangers. He therefore enjoined, once for all, upon the part of his immediate staff the most absolute silence regarding all circumstances of this nature, for it is almost impossible to calculate the confusion and disorder which would have resulted from the slightest report or the smallest doubt relative to his existence. Upon the single thread of this man's life depended not only the fate and government of a great empire, but the whole policy and destiny of Europe as well.—Chicago Herald.

An Indiscreet Porter.

They looked like a bridal couple as they boarded a Chicago train at Main Street Station. There were half a score of friends on the platform who had come to say good-bye. He carefully escorted his fair partner to a seat. Then the young man extended his hand to the young woman and said in a loud voice, and with the most commonplace formality; "Well, Miss Blank, the train is about to pull out, I wish you a very pleasant journey." And doffing his soft hat, he hurriedly left the car. The passengers looked disappointed; the young woman looked nervous. By and by she called the porter and whispered to him. The porter nodded his head and passed to the rear of the car. He came back in a moment and said in a voice that was audible to every one in the car: "Yo're all right, ma'am. He's in de smokin' compartment." Everybody smiled and the bride blushed prettily.—St. Louis Star-Sayings.

THE NEWS.

The Grand Army encampment at Pittsburg opened auspiciously. The Naval Veterans paraded one thousand strong.——The fourth biennial convention of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen opened in Harrisburg.——Five hundred cloakmakers belonging to the Union went on strike at Newark, N. J., and twenty-two shops were compelled to shut down.——A hundred miners narrowly escaped death in an explosion of gas in a mine at Pittston, Pa.——The National Council of the Order of United American Mechanics opened its annual convention in Providence, R. I.——George Hall, aged seventy years committed suicide at Lanesboro, Mass., after having set fire to a barn, which was destroyed.——Governor Stone and all the state officials of Mississippi were arrested by a United States marshal on the charge of issuing small denomination state warrants in the alleged likeness of United States notes.

Near Waldron, Mo., A. C. Veach shot and killed Charles Morris on the evening of his marriage to Miss Jane Jones. Both men had been paying attentions to Miss Jones.——W. S. Mackey, wholesale boot and shoe house, in Sedalia, Mo., has been closed on a deed of trust, setting forth the preferred indebtedness in the sum of $27,503.——John Powers, a motorman, was badly hurt in a collision between trolley cars at Clifton, N. J.——William Murray, aged twenty-eight, a clerk of the British Mercantile Insurance Company, was held in $10,000 bail at the Tombs Police Court in New York. He was charged with embezzling from the company. It is said his stealings amount to $16,000.——Colonel C. W. Taladee, an inventor of national reputation, died in Freeport, Ill., from the effects of an overdose of morphine administered by his own hand.——Mrs. Mary Elsworth was arrested in Jackson, Mo., for killing Henry Stiff.——The stables of Charles Whitehead at South River, N. J., burned. Of thirty-four fine trotting horses in the stable when the flames were discovered, all but four were rescued.——In the trial of the American Railway Union officials at Chicago the examination of railway strikers was begun.——The Minnesota state officials considered plans for assisting the people in the burned district. Owners of the mills will be asked if they will rebuild, and, if not, it is designed to make an agricultural country of the burned territory.

The American Pharmaceutical Association, in session at Asheville, N. C., voted to boycott manufacturers who furnish physicians with their manufactured products for use in filling their own prescriptions.——The master in chancery in the Northern Pacific receivership contest filed his report, which is a complete victory for the receivers, the master exonerating Mr. Oakes from every charge preferred against him, but Henry Villard is found guilty of having made unlawful gains as a director of the Northern Pacific company.——Julius and Siegfried Siegl, bankers of Vienna, charged with forging the names of other bankers in that city to drafts, were arrested on the steamship Persia on its arrival at New York. They were arraigned before the United States commissioner and consented to return to Austria.——A verdict of guilty on three counts was returned in the case against Dela Green, ex-cashier of the Muncy bank at Williamsport, Pa.——Herbert Kounison, aged twenty-five years, was found on the sidewalk adjoining his lodging house at 18 Chamber street, Boston, in a dying condition, having fallen from the window of his room in the fifth story. He died soon after.——Two men were killed in collision between a freight and a work train near Loch Raven, Pa.——The schooner Jerusha Baker, Captain Randall, of Machias, Me., was run into by a schooner supposed to be the Louisa, of Weymouth, N. S., for Lynn, off Whistling Buoy, Gloucester, at midnight, and was cut to the water's edge and otherwise badly injured.

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 Bay Brook, Ct., Misses Marion Glendenning and Kittie Kutz, 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.

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.

THE FIRES RAGE.

People of Mora and Groundhouse Take Refuge on an Island.

SAVED BY A CHANGE IN WIND

Duluth Firemen Called Out to Fight the Flames in the Suburbs of That City.

Despatches received in Hinckley, Minn., state that fire drove the people of Mora from the town onto an island in Lake Mora, where they were forced to remain for two hours.

The people of Groundhouse, who had gone to Mora for safety, were also sheltered on the island, which was burned over by citizens on the day after the great Hinckley fire as a precautionary measure in case of fire there.

The night operator at Mora left his key and communication was cut off, but it is known that a change in the wind saved the town.

Sparks from the fire were flying through the principal business streets when the people left their homes at Barnum.

The fire was occasioned by a great forest fire being driven onto S. S. Johnson's lumber yard and the main portion of the town, but fortune favored it by a change in the direction of the wind. A desperate fight was made in both places to save property, and every precaution was taken to prevent loss of life in case the flames gained control.

The southbound limited was held at Carlton and Barnum. It was dangerous to proceed until after two hours' delay. A change in the direction of the wind saved not only Mora, but Rutledge, Willow River and Barnum, and possibly many lives.

Pine City, Minn.—All day long a brassy murky haze hung over this village like a pall and up to noon the people were anxious and nervous. About noon a strong west gale set in, driving before it smoke, dust and cinders from the burning forests, entirely shutting out the sunlight, leaving only a cold threatening glare on the clouds.

A special train from St. Paul, bearing officials of the St. Paul and Duluth, ran out the town as far as Brown's Hills on its way to Hinckley, and then came back here and sidetracked. Supt. Plough ordered a long freight train to be coupled up and held in readiness to carry the people away if necessary. About 4 o'clock however, the wind abated somewhat, and several trains that had been held at different points along the line were ordered to move.

The changed meterological conditions are such as to render the whole atmosphere a veritable tinder-box, ready to explode with a spark.

At this writing the danger seems to be over at present, and the people are assembled at the Opera House, where the adjourned memorial services are being held.

DULUTH, MINN.—At 3 o'clock P. M., the operator at Mora, on the Eastern Minnesota, was chatting with the operator here about the threatening of the fire. Ten minutes later he said:

"Its getting awful hot down here. The people have nearly all taken refuge in Snake River, and I'll have to follow unless there's a let up."

A few moments passed, and then he said: "I fly. Thirty."

(In the telegraphers' cipher code "thirty" means there will be no further communication.)

Tests of the wires a few moments later proved that they had gone down.

Right here in Duluth firemen have had to turn out in the suburbs. The wind has increased to forty miles an hour, and the sky has a cyclonic appearance. The rains which have deluged the West for the past week have not reached further north than St. Paul.

ASHLAND, MINN.—Michael Ropeler has been arrested and brought to Ashland from Marengo on a charge of setting fire to the forests, causing the loss of eight lives at High Bridge. He was bound over for trial and lodged in jail. The feeling is intensely bitter against him.

RECOGNITION OF HAWAII.

Full Text of the Correspondence Between Presidents Cleveland and Dole.

The steamer Belgic brings advices from Honolulu to August 28. On the 27th Minister Willis called on President Dole, and presented President Cleveland's letter recognizing the republic. The letter was as follows:

Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, to His Excellency, Sanford B. Dole, President of the Republic of Hawaii:

Great and Good Friend: I have received your letter of the 9th ultimo, by which you announce the establishment and proclamation of the Republic of Hawaii, on the 4th day of July, 1894, and your assumption of the office of president, with all the formalities prescribed by the constitution thereof. I cordially reciprocate the sentiments you express for the continuance of the friendly relations which have existed between the United States and the Hawaiian Islands, and I assure you my best wishes for your personal prosperity.

Written at Washington, the 7th day of August, 1894. Your good friend,

GROVER CLEVELAND.

By the President: W. Q. Gresham, Secretary of State.

President Dole acknowledged President Cleveland's action as follows:

Mr. Minister: It is with sincere gratification that I have received information that the President of the United States has conferred the recognition so promptly extended by your excellency to the Republic of Hawaii. Permit me, in behalf of the people of Hawaii, to reciprocate the friendly sentiment expressed by you toward this government and to assure you of our desire that the relations of commity and of commercial intercourse which shall be mutually advantageous may ever exist between the two countries.

Vermont claims to have the oldest lawyer in New England. He is Daniel Roberts, of Burlington, now in his 84th year and still actively engaged in the practice of law. He was admitted to the bar in 1832.

CABLE SPARKS.

AN Indian uprising is feared in the Canadian Northwest Territory.

A monument to the memory of Emperor William I was unveiled at Konigsberg.

THE Peary relief expedition reached Godhaven, Greenland, on July 17th and proceeded northward.

Mrs. Augusta Webster, novelist and poet, is dead in London. She was the daughter of Vice-Admiral George Davis.

THERE has been desperate fighting in the Niger territory over boundary disputes, and sixty men of the Royal Nigar Company have been killed.

RUMORS have reached Aden of a revolt of the Arab tribes in the Yemen district. The Arabs are reported to have blown up several official buildings.

THE troops commanded by the Shereef of Marakesh, Morocco, with the object of subduing some rebellious tribes, were completely routed at Tadla.

THE steamship Miranda, with Dr. Cook's arctic party on board, struck a rock off the Greenland coast and was abandoned in a sinking condition.

BRITISH gunboats will be sent to punish Chief Nana's tribesmen at the mouth of Benin river, West Africa, for their recent attack on British tradesmen.

IT is reported at Shanghai that the Japanese have threatened to withdraw their promise not to molest the city unless the large arsenal there is closed.

Two Japanese accused of being spies, and who had sought protection of the American consul at Shanghai have been surrendered to the Chinese authorities.

THE Bishop of Urgel, in the Pyrenees mountains, will no longer admit the suzerainty of France over Andorra and has proclaimed himself sole ruler.

Negotiations are proceeding between England and Turkey with reference to the proposed exchange of the Island of Cyprus, plus 12,000,000 pounds sterling, for the Island of Crete.

MINISTER WILLIS has presented President Cleveland's letter recognizing the Hawaiian Republic to President Dole, and it is now conceded by Royalists that the Queen's cause is dead.

NEGOTIATIONS have been opened at Madrid for a new commercial treaty between the Spanish colonies and the United States in view of the cancellation of the reciprocity treaty between the two countries.

JAPANESE merchants residing in China are preparing to leave the country, having become alarmed at the action of the American consul in surrendering two Japanese who had sought the protection of the consulate.

OUR SOUTHERN BOUNDARY.

Commissioners Resurvey and Mark the Line Between the United States and Mexico.

Colonel R. W. Barlow, chief of the American Commission to resurvey and erect monuments on the boundary line between the United States and Mexico, has arrived at San Francisco, having concluded the work in which he has been engaged two and a half years. The distance surveyed was 700 miles from El Paso, on the Rio Grande to the Pacific. Colonel Barlow says that originally fifty-two monuments were erected along the line.

The commissioners found that only thirty-eight remained. They rebuilt the others and erected 200, making a total of 258. In one section no monuments were found for over 100 miles. In another place a monument was found a mile south of the true American line. This mile strip extended for thirty-two miles. There were some other inaccuracies in the survey, but they were not important enough to change the monuments. The Mexicans were satisfied with the apparent boundary and let it stand.

In some cases Americans who had paid their taxes in the United States found themselves living in Mexico and in others Mexicans found themselves inhabitants of the United States.

TEXAS DESPERADO LYNCHED.

Link Waggoner Shot to Death in a Cell of the Jail at Minden.

Link Waggoner, a noted desperado of North Louisiana and Eastern Texas, was shot to death in his cell in the parish jail at Minden, by a mob at 1 o'clock. Waggoner was a perfect type of manly beauty and as brave as a lion. For the past five years he had been a terror in that country. Innumerable murders are laid at his door, and his robberies were most daring. He was captured about a year ago at Nacogdoches, Tex., and brought to Homer, in Claybourne county, and tried on a charge of murder. The case was not proven against him, and he was sent to the jail for safe keeping and to await trial on other charges against him.

While at Homer an attempt was made by a mob to kill him, but single-handed, having in some unaccountable manner obtained possession of a pistol, he kept the whole mob at bay until assistance arrived. The jail at Minden was broken into by a mob of seventy-five, who shot him dead in his cell, and then dispersed. Waggoner has three brothers in Nacogdoches, and it is believed that they will make an attempt to avenge his death. The desperado had a good many friends in this section of the country, and they may also join in a feud which would be a bloody one from the outset.

POISONED THE MELONS.

Farmer Thompson Thereby Kills Two Boys and a Man and is Shot Dead.

A sensational tragedy occurred near Dykesville, La., a small town just across the Arkansas State line. Clinton Thompson, a farmer, has a fine melon crop. The raids of the boys became so frequent that the old man decided to put a stop to the depredations. He put poison in some of the finest melons and awaited results. His son, Felix, George Briges, a neighbor's son, and a man named Jacob Muir were found dead in the patch.

The neighbor whose son was among the victims was the first to discover the dead bodies, and called Thompson out to shoot him the corpses. When Briges saw that Thompson had poisoned the melons and caused the death of his son, he drew a revolver and shot him dead. Briges escaped.

MARYLAND STATE ITEMS.

The Latest Happenings in Various Parts of the State.

The Tome Institute will be opened at Port Deposit next week. The teachers have been selected as follows: Prof. James R. Campbell, director; J. M. Jameson, of Birmingham, N. Y., science; Charles B. Howe, New York, manuel training and industrial drawing; Miss E. A. Palmer, form study and drawing; Miss Mary Bennett, manuel training in the lower grades; Mrs. Hendrix, sewing, dressmaking, millinery; Miss Emeline Stone, vocal music in academic course; Prof. Theodore W. Currier, Mrs. Charlotte Newell, Miss Mary E. Calhoun, Miss Emeline Stone, Miss Helen Shad, Miss M. Alice Gardner, Miss Effie M. Rayner, in the grades; Miss Bessie H. Kellogg, kindergarten; Miss Helen G. Sheldon, librarian; Miss Ida E. Gerry, bookroom clerk.

The annual re-union of the First Eastern Shore Regiment, Maryland Volunteer Infantry, was held at Federalsburg last week. About seventy-five members were present. The following were elected officers for the ensuing year: President, Col. J. C. Mullikin; Vice-President, I. S. Davis; treasurer, John W. Davis; secretary, Daniel W. Moore.

A large barn on the farm of Thomas Molesworth, near New Market, Frederick county, was destroyed by fire. A large quantity of wheat, hay and other provender was destroyed together with farming implements and several head of horses and cattle. The loss will amount to about $2,500.

A large stable and hay barrack belonging to Henry A. Osbourn, two miles from Havre de Grace, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, were destroyed by fire together with their contents of hay and grain. The horses and cattle were saved. No insurance.

Charles Campbell, seven years old, son of Professor Campbell, of Tome Institute, Port Deposit, broke his leg while jumping, and the fracture was reduced by Drs. Bromwell and Fisher.

The trustees of the poor have appointed William Jester superintendent of the almshouse of Queen Anne's county, and Mrs. Jester matron of the institution.

Mr. Wm. H. Young, a former well-known resident of Middletown, died at his home at Back Longe, Montgomery county, aged 68 years. He was a member of Catoctin Lodge of Odd Fellows of Middletown.

The body of Peter Walther, the German emigrant who is supposed to have died of cholera in a Baltimore and Ohio caboose, two miles south of Cumberland, was buried before sunrise in an unfrequented place near where he died. The grave was dug deep and the coffin covered with lime. The clothing and baggage belonging to the emigrant were burned. The caboose in which he died was securely locked up and every precaution taken. No post-mortem was held, but Dr. Ohr pronounced the case genuine Asiatic cholera.

Mr. Thomas R. Jarboe, of Lime Kiln, Frederick county, died suddenly. He was about to leave his farm in a buggy when he was stricken with apolexy and lived but a short time. A singular coincidence is that Mr. Jarboe's father met death in almost exactly the same manner while driving. Mr. Jarboe was one of the largest farmers in Frederick county and was looked upon by all as a man of the soundest judgement. He was a great admirer of President Cleveland and was at all times in favor of tariff reform. He was in his sixty-ninth year.

The following board of managers was elected for the Orphans' Home of Washington County: C. W. Humrichouse, Henry S. Eavey, Charles E. Roach, Alexander Newcomer, Elias Emmert, S. M. Bloom, A. A. Lichleider, Jacob Roessner, John Gassman, David Eammert, Mrs. George Freaner, Mrs. Samuel Ulrich, Mrs. James Findlay, Mrs. Henry Oesterkonk, Miss Ida Hammond.

The dwelling-house of Mrs A. Moore, in Blair's Valley, three miles above Clear Spring, was burned to the ground with valuable contents. The fire occurred during the absence of the tenants and was caused by a defective flue. There was an insurance on the house.

Sheriff Herbert brought to Hagerstown William Nogle and Theodore Miller, of Martinsburg, W. Va., and lodged them in jail in default of $500 bail each. They are charged with theft of grain, clothes, tools, &c., of Mr. Henry Rowland, near Clear Spring, Washington county.

DISASTERS AND CASUALTIES.

A tornado at Louisville, Ky., damaged property to the extent of $12,000.

ST. JOHN'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH, at Cohoes, N. Y., was destroyed by fire. Loss, $50,000.

THE Viking ship, which was sunk in the Chicago River during the fair, was raised.

HOG cholera is epidemic in Lyons county, Kan., and already over 4000 hogs have died of the disease.

MRS. JOHN MCPIKE and two little daughters and Miss Mable Hill, were drowned 20 miles from Guthrie, Oklahoma, in a stream which was swollen by a cloud-burst.

A freight train on the Milwaukee and Northern was wrecked near Ontonagon, Michigan, owing to forest fires having warped the rails. Fred. Almquist, the engineer, was killed and the fireman was injured.

MRS. WILLIAM MCHENRY and a little child were struck and instantly killed by a Chicago, Burlington and Quincy train on a trestle near Lyons, Iowa. Before she was struck by the locomotive Mrs. McHenry succeeded in throwing two other children off the trestle. They were but slightly injured.

A cage fell 800 feet in the Assumption coal shaft, seven miles from Mewcauka, Illinois. The engineer became confused at the mishap and, losing control of his engine, let the upbound cage go up through the roof of the shaft house, carrying complete destruction in its path. Twelve men were at work below, and they have not as yet been taken out.

SEVEN loaded coal cars ran away in the Columbus, Sandusky and Hocking Valley yard at Columbus, and came in collision with a Baltimore and Ohio passenger train on the Big Four bridge over the Olentangy river. One span of the bridge was broken, and three of the coal cars and the locomotive went down into the stream. Wm. Herbert, fireman, was killed, and several others were slightly injured.

ONONTATERHA, a Mohawk Indian, who lives in Ontario, draws $10,000 a year as a supreme officer of the Order of Foresters in Canada, and was in town as a practicing physician. He is forty-five and is suspected of being a revenue officer.

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