



#### CHAPTER XXVII.—(Continued.)

They were not in the veranda when he went out, and he strolled further away to where he knew some seats had been placed. Even then he did not see them; it was Jane's voice which betrayed their presence at the other side of a tent, near which he was standing.

"How can you say such cruel things, and so untrue?" she was saying, in excited indignation.

"I fancy the cruelty lies in the truth of the accusation," answered Jack Blount, cuttingly; and the listener could no longer doubt that Diana Knollys had been correct in her estimate of the man and his power of being disagreeable. "They said you were a flirt. Only a few months ago you jilted Colonel Prinsep—the fellows told me that at mess to-night—and now—"

He stopped suddenly as Colonel Prinsep himself stood before them.

"Perhaps I am the best person to refute that calumny," he said, quietly, but with a repressed passion in his tones, that Jane, knowing him so well, easily detected.

"That Miss Knox gave me up was my own fault; I have never had the slightest reason to reproach her."

"Of course if you say so," began Mr. Blount, ungraciously.

"I do say so, and must beg that here at least you will not refer again to the subject on which you have received such inaccurate information."

With a malicious scowl darkening Blount's face he turned upon his heel and left.

The witchery of the time and place had cast its powerful spell over Stephen Prinsep. Gradually as she spoke he forgot everything except that she had been his love. The moonbeams fell upon her uncovered head and upon her lovely upturned face as she pleaded her extenuation.

"Is it your fault you are so fair? Even that do not could not be blind to your sweet beauty!" he exclaimed, passionately, and would have said more only that she shrank from him trembling.

As she turned away, bashful, yet so glad, so rapturously glad to know he loved her still, she encountered the stony gaze of Jacob Lynn. He was hidden behind some trees close by, and must have heard what they had said. A sudden fear assailed her lest, in his jealousy, he should come forward and do some desperate deed that would ruin him forever.

Even if the Colonel knew of his presence there it might be serious for him.

Colonel Prinsep then led her back to the ball-room in grave silence, angry with himself that he had kept true to what with her he had evidently been only an evanescent feeling, yet unable to steel his heart against her.

Barry Larron sauntered up to them as they stood together in the ball-room.

"They are waiting for you, Colonel, to lead the way in to supper. Miss Knox, I think you promised to go with me."

Started at his voice Jane withdrew her face from the grateful coolness of the flowers and wondered why, as she did so, he looked at her so strangely.

Colonel Prinsep bowed and left her. Then Major Larron spoke his thoughts.

"You cannot think how it has pleased me that you have deigned to wear my flowers," he said.

"Your flowers! Was it you who sent them?"

"Who else? I hope you did not choose them under a false impression."

"I—oh, no! I never thought—"

Disregarding her confusion, as he had disregarded the quick movement which she had made to cast the flowers from her when he claimed to be the sender, Barry Larron had remained silent. When he spoke again it was as though impelled by a feeling stronger than his judgment.

"Miss Knox, I wish I were your brother, or some one that you could trust to advise you well."

"Do you think that I am in need of advice?"

"I do. Will you promise not to be offended if I speak?"

"Yes, I will promise, though I cannot guess what it can be that you are going to say."

The ball-room was deserted now, and they stood alone in the center of it, Jane with her hand lifted proudly, as though defying him to say anything that could affect her, and holding her bouquet as far away from her as possible. The flowers that had delighted her had become hateful in her eyes now that she knew the giver, and had actually caressed them in his sight.

Major Larron looked down at her sadly.

"I wonder whether it is worth while to risk the loss of your friendship for the sake of the problematical good that I might do if I spoke; I wonder if it is even worth while to do a disinterested act of kindness?"

"Tell me, and let me decide."

"I will, since you wish it. Do you know what has been the general talk since you entered the room? You do not—"

"Of course not. You are too young and inexperienced to believe in malice or false tongues, and I dare say you fancy it is a profound secret only known to your heart that you love the Colonel and wish to win him back."

She turned deathly pale, and was too taken by surprise to attempt a contradiction. Looking up she saw his face averted, and was touched by his delicacy, knowing nothing of the swift glance by which he had assumed himself that his shaft had gone home.

"Do not be angry with me that I repeat what every one else has said. I thought it right that you should know, and so be able to put an end to the gossip, which in your purity of mind you could not foresee. You are so proud, I know how it would gild you were it to be said that Colonel Prinsep married you from pity."

"Do you think I would marry any one

on such terms?" she cried, indignantly.

"No, I do not; but then every one has not studied your character so carefully as I. I know that you are too noble to allow any mercenary or interested motives to influence your actions, and I know, also, that you could with a word win back Colonel Prinsep to the allegiance he flattered himself that he had thrown off. Don't be offended that I speak so. Consider the circumstances from an outsider's point of view, and you will see that it is natural he should be glad to have escaped what the world would call a mesalliance, notwithstanding your grace and beauty. Before he loved you so entirely—so unthinkingly, that had you married him then, neither he nor you might have had reason to regret; but now he has had reason to weigh the pros and cons, even—for he is very proud—to congratulate himself that something occurred to part you. When he came back to Alport, it was in the confidence that to meet you was no longer a danger—that he had, in fact, conquered his unwise love. In these circumstances, you would not care to draw him back to you, as you so easily could, against his better judgment."

She was very pale, but the pride which he had rightly surmised that she possessed prevented her from betraying what she suffered.

"Do you think it could be a pleasure to me to see you pained?" he continued.

"It is only that I wanted to spare you a keener pang hereafter. I am a man of the world, Miss Knox; but what is the use of my worldly wisdom if I may only use it for my own good, and never for another's? I have overstepped the boundary of conventionalism, I know; but it was for your sake—your sake only."

"Yet I wish you had not spoken."

"I might," he went on, as if the words were being forced from him—"I might have told you of another love less calculating, perhaps because so utterly without hope—a love that only desired to see you happy. But I would not speak of myself; all my thoughts are of you. Only let me watch over you, shield you from the dangers you are too inexperienced to suspect, and I shall be content."

"I am very glad of your friendship, very proud of it," she said, gently.

"Then I am more than repaid," he answered, gravely.

As they went toward the supper-room, they met several persons returning thence, among them Diana Knollys, who was leaning on Colonel Prinsep's arm. She smiled kindly at Jane, who returned the glance, carefully avoiding to look at the same time into her companion's face. If scandal were so easily set afloat, it was scarcely sufficient to show indifference only; she must prove to him that his presence was positively distasteful to her.

"I wonder where Jack Blount is; I have not seen him for some time," said Barry Larron, abruptly, as they passed on.

"I think he has left," faltered Jane, trying to look unconscious, but failing beneath the keen gaze that was directed on her.

"Ah, is that it?" was the softly spoken remark. "Child, how many lovers you have, yet not one worthy to be successful! Or is it that I am too jealous for you? At any rate I am glad that he has failed."

"You are drawing your own conclusions," said Jane, hastily. "I never said anything to make you think that he has gone because of me."

"Do you think that we are all blind? His devotion was too apparent for any mistake—Graeme has lost his money; he thought you would accept him, and betted on it, though he should have known you better now than to suppose that you would be tempted by the advantages of wealth or position."

"Did Mr. Graeme bet about me?" asked Jane, angrily.

"Well, yes; but I ought not to have mentioned it. The fact is, that I forgot there must be a limit to my frankness. Besides, it has vexed you—I can see it has, and he will never forgive me for my indiscretion if you resent it."

"What would be the good? It seems that people say very much what they like, regardless of any one's feelings; yet I should not have thought that he who always seemed to be my friend would have made me the subject of a bet."

"He is young, and I dare say did not think. You must not take it so, or I shall blame myself more than I already do for my own thoughtlessness in having repeated it. And now sit down here while I get you some supper. You are looking quite tired and faint."

Having accomplished what he desired, Major Larron reverted no more to disagreeable subjects; when he chose no one could be more brilliant and entertaining and he exerted himself so successfully now that he won back the color to Jane's pale face and a smile to her lips. She was surprised to find the time had passed so quickly when her father came in search of her, to say that it was late and they were going home.

Major Larron saw her to the carriage, and took the onus upon himself, when Mrs. Knox remonstrated with her daughter on her long absence from her side. Valentine Graeme had also gone to see them off, but Jane was very stiff with him, and pointedly turned to Barry Larron to wrap her shawl about her and help her to her seat in the high dog-cart.

The adjutant looked decidedly crestfallen as they drove away.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Love—thirty; love—forty; game and set. It is most discouraging," declared Diana Knollys, giving a vicious hit at the ball remaining in her hand, and sending it high into the air.

"Miss Knox improves every time she plays," said Barry Larron.

"And I grow worse. Jane, you are one of those provoking creatures that do everything better than any one else."

Jane smiled and shook her head.

"That is a misstatement which I shall not be vain enough to contradict; though I might ask, what about painting, drawing, music—"

"Oh, those are mere matters of education!" replied Diana, carelessly. She had meant no invidious comparison, but Jane, who was unduly sensitive, flushed crimson.

"Let us have another match," said Major Larron, gayly, to cover her embarrassment. "Education and all the accomplishments—which is you, Miss Knollys, and Grey—against skill and natural talent, which modestly forbids me to more than hint is represented by my partner and myself."

Laughing at his sally, Jane forgot that she had been hurt by Miss Knollys' thoughtless remark. It was now nearly a week since the Hussars' dance, and each day Major Larron had made himself more necessary to her, making good his claim to her friendship. Though very gentle with her, he never seemed to consider her a subject for pity—which would have galled her more—but always when she needed help, however trivial, she found him ready at her side.

They had played two sets, Jane and Major Larron against Miss Knollys and Colonel Grey.

"Quite a regimental game. I feel an outsider," Miss Knollys had observed.

"You need not be so longer than you like," answered Colonel Grey, impressively.

"You are very persevering," smiled Diana.

"What I want is worth trying hard for," he returned, stolidly, missing a casual ball, which struck him smartly in the face.

They changed courts now, and began the third set.

Jane was only a beginner at the game, but she picked it up very quickly, and like all graceful women, looked well with a tennis bat in her hand.

She was playing better than usual that afternoon, until turning, with hand upraised to catch a ball that was thrown to her, she espied Colonel Prinsep on a seat behind her, watching the progress of the game. After that she scarcely put one over the net, and when Colonel Grey and Miss Knollys scored an easy victory, professed herself tired and would play no more.

Just as they stopped playing, Valentine Graeme drove up in his high cart and called out to Major Larron. The Major obeyed the summons, and Jane was left standing alone until Colonel Prinsep joined her.

"Won't you sit down?" he asked.

"Thank you, I am not tired."

Sometimes Colonel Prinsep lost his temper, as was the case now.

"You mean that you will not admit to me that you are tired."

"I mean that I do not wish to sit down," she returned, composedly, ignoring his innuendo.

Major Larron came back, looking rather glum.

"There's Graeme hurt his foot at cricket—ball hit his ankle. This will stop our theatricals, I am afraid."

"Poor Mr. Graeme—I'm so sorry!" said Jane.

"He wants to talk to you about those same theatricals," went on Barry Larron. "Will you come?"

She went at once, both gentlemen following.

"Does it hurt you very much?" she asked of Valentine Graeme, as he leaned down from the cart to hold the proffered hand.

"Not much, only when I move it; but the doctor says I shall feel it for the next three weeks. What bothers me is our play. I did so want to act with you, and I can't possibly limp about the stage."

"Can you not get some one to take your part?" asked Larron.

"Why won't you?" said Jane, quickly, fearful lest another substitute should offer himself.

"Because it is not at all my style. I should only make you ridiculous and myself. It was just suited to Mr. Graeme, and to him only in the regiment, I should suppose."

"The Colonel was at when he rehearsed it with Mrs. Dene last year. Colonel, I wish you—"

The adjutant stopped short, remembering the reason why his chief could scarcely share the title of "Sweethearts" with the quartermaster's daughter. For a moment there was an awkward pause.

"I shall be very happy to take the part if Miss Knox has no objection," the Colonel said, maliciously.

"It's a matter of perfect indifference to me with whom I act," replied Jane, coldly.

The Colonel's attempt at retaliation recoiled upon himself. Thinking she had certainly refused him as a coadjutor, he had proposed to help them out of their difficulty merely to annoy her in return for the many annoyances she had heaped upon him. He was not prepared for her assent, and foreseeing the many awkwardnesses that might ensue, and the trial it would be to himself to play at making love to the woman who was to have been his wife, he tried to retract his words.

(To be continued.)

A Remarkable Will.

The leading newspaper in Vienna prints the amazing last will and testament of a wealthy old eccentric who died lately at Hadersdorf-am-Kamp. "I bequeath the whole of my property, movable and immovable," says he, "to my six nephews and six nieces, but under the sole condition that every one of my nephews marries a woman named Antonie, and that every one of my nieces marries a man named Anton."

The twelve are further required to give the Christian name Antonie or Anton to each first born child, according as it turns out to be a girl or boy. The marriage of each nephew and niece is also to be celebrated on one of the St. Anthony's days, either January 17, May 10 or June 13. Each is further required to be married before the end of July, 1896. Any nephew or niece remaining unmarried to an Antonie or to an Anton after that date forfeits half of his or her share of the property.

Fire Companies of Women.

Wasso, Sweden, has a feminine fire department. Its duties consist of filling four great tubs which constitute the water supply in cases of fire. They stand in two continuous lines from the tubs to the lake about three blocks away, one line passing the full buckets and the other sending them back. Whenever the fire alarm sounds they are obliged to come out, no matter what the weather may be, the daughter of the house as well as the serving maid, and often their skirts freeze like bark from the water and the cold. If the men are away they not only carry the water, but bring out the hose and ladders and work the pumps.

Timely Farm Topics.

MANAGEMENT OF THE FARM, GARDEN AND STABLE.

A Neat and Permanent Ice-House for the Farm—Careful but Progressive Farming Wins—Wheelbarrow for Winter Use—How to Feed Ensilage.

Permanent Farm Ice-House.

The end view of an ice-house, designed for use on a farm, is illustrated below. The wall consists of boards standing perpendicularly and nailed to a light frame of 8 or 12 inch scantling at the top and bottom, with a third one in the middle to stiffen the sides, with similar boarding on the inside. Additional bracing will be found necessary unless the building is located in a sheltered place. Use building paper on the under side of the outside boards. Fill

the 8 or 12 inch space with sawdust. Use the kind of lumber suitable to the builder's means, as the cost of the house will correspond with the quality of the lumber used. The foundation is fixed to drain thoroughly, and is filled to a depth of six inches with cobble stones and a floor of two-inch plank placed upon them. Have the floor boards an inch apart to allow drainage. Put ten inches of sawdust on the floor, or if not available use finely cut rye straw. Oat straw is not as good for this purpose as rye, for being soft it packs too closely. In putting in the ice, leave a foot of space between it and the wall and pack this with sawdust or straw as the wall of ice goes up. Place boards across the floor spaces to prevent too heavy pressure on the doors. When the house is full put a layer of sawdust or straw eight to ten inches thick over the top. The triangular windows at the ends provide thorough ventilation, which is an essential matter in keeping ice. Much cheaper temporary ice-houses can be constructed, or a stock of ice buried with sawdust or straw will keep ice far into the summer.—Farm and Home.

Gun Cotton for Felling.

The lumbermen of Sweden, Norway, Russia, and several other countries across the waters, as well as those of British Columbia, Canada, Montana, Wyoming, Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan, have a way of felling forest giants which beats anything that can be done with an ax in the hands of the most experienced woodman. It is one of the most simple operations imaginable, and consists of binding a series of compressed cakes of gun-cotton around the tree trunk with a small copper wire. To this wire a battery of sufficient strength is attached, and at the proper moment a current of electricity is turned on, which explodes the gun-cotton. The force of such an explosion has the effect of felling the tree instantly, the severed portions of the trunk being almost as smoothly divided as though the work had been done by a saw. We very much question the propriety, however, of those not thoroughly accustomed to its use resorting to it for felling timber on the farm. A practical lumberman felling forest trees can be sufficiently familiar with gun cotton and its methods of explosion to be able to use it with impunity, but not so with a farmer.

How to Save Apples.

Every year a great deal of fruit is lost by heavy winds blowing it from the trees, often before it has attained full size, says the American Cultivator. This is partly due to the fact that trees are generally headed too high, a relic of times when the high-branched tree was cut up until a team could walk under it to plough and cultivate. If the orchard is headed low there will be little growth under its branches, which when loaded with fruit, will frequently be bent down until they touch the earth. The fruit on low trees is easily gathered from the ground or with a short stepladder. If there were no other reason for low heads in trees, this of ease in gathering the fruit would be sufficient to make it always advisable. No kind of stock should be allowed in orchards, except pigs. Cattle or horses will eat both leaves, fruit and branches as high as they can reach, and to get the fruit out of the way of being eaten by stock seems to be the reason for the high pruning and heading of many old orchards.

Experiment with Steamed Foods.

Of cooking and steaming foods for animals Dr. Allen says in the Philadelphia Press: Experiments abroad have indicated that cooking or steaming coarse or unpalatable food was only advantageous in inducing the animals to eat larger quantities of it. In fact, it has been shown that the digestibility of certain of the food ingredients, notably the albuminoids, was diminished by steaming, and the cooking of potatoes, which was formerly believed advantageous, is of no advantage whatever in case of milch cows, although it was of some advantage to pigs.

Boarding City Horses.

Many farmers who live near large cities, and yet not far enough to market their produce cheaply, find that it pays them to use up the coarse fodder and grain by boarding horses kept by their city friends. They can well afford to do this more cheaply than the city livery stable, whose owner charges pretty full rates, because every horse kept by private owners diminishes his own

business. A horse not kept at hard work will do well on straw with a little grain and hay twice a day. That is the way that thousands of canal teams are kept every winter in New York State at the rate of \$1 to \$1.50 per week.

Farm Philosophy.

The mistake that I have made in the past is in not cultivating a habit of enjoyment along with my work. From the time that I arose in the morning, it would be one continual drive until night, and then I would be too tired to do more than read a very little before bedtime, says B. B. Crosby, in the Rural New-Yorker. I know that when we have such things as notes to pay, it is hard to take pleasure; but it can be done, and it should be done.

Then, let us look at the other side: The whole world is dependent upon us for its food. We are the keepers of the arch, or rather the foundation, and when we cause a field of wheat to be where, without our work, there would be only weeds, it does not mean merely so many bushels of wheat, but bread for people who, without us, would go hungry. Adam Smith says that philosophers are a people whose trade it is not to do, but to observe. Now, what we want is that each of us should have a bit of philosophy in our make-up, especially that kind which will teach us to observe the higher things of life and its beauties.

Eggs for Scour.

We have tried pretty nearly everything in times past as a cure for scour in calves, which, try as we will, are sometimes unavoidable where it is not possible for one person to do the feeding every time, writes a correspondent in Hoard's Dairyman. Even one over-feeding will sometimes cause the mischief to start.

Last spring we fed raw eggs three or four a day, to a calf which everything else had failed to relieve. She soon gained strength. She could not get up alone at first, and the disease was checked. To-day the calf is as strong and healthy as any. We fed very little milk while giving the eggs.

Cutting Fodder by Hand.

Not many farmers nowadays use hand power for cutting fodder for their stock. It is well that this is so. Many a boy has become disgusted with farming because obliged to turn a crank to do what could be much more cheaply done with steam power. Up to recent times the farmer took less advantage of labor-saving steam power than the men engaged in any other kind of business. We look for the time when either horse or steam power will do most of the hardest manual work, leaving to the farmer simply the duty of superintending and directing it.

A Wheelbarrow on Runners.

It would often be very convenient to use a wheelbarrow in winter were it not that a wheel does not roll in snow, especially if be it all soft. It is very

easy to put the barrow on runners, as shown in the accompanying illustration. The wheel is unshipped, and two runners that have been fitted by a blacksmith are screwed to the framework in the manner suggested. If the runners are firmly attached, the winter wheelbarrow should prove very serviceable about a farm.

Trees for Waste Ground.

Waste places and unused nooks and corners may be profitably occupied with trees. Where the soil is rich and fairly moist, fruit trees will be best in such places, even if cultivation cannot be given. But poor, dry and rocky locations are best suited for nut and timber trees. Chestnut sprouts can be grafted with scions which are claimed to be fully as profitable as apple orchards. Even the common small chestnut will sometimes yield as much per tree in value as will a good apple tree. Quite a variety of timber trees may be planted in such locations with good hope of profit in view of the growing scarcity of timber supplies.

The Henhouse Floor.

In many respects a poultry-house raised a few feet above the ground is desirable, because the floor will always be dry and the chickens more liable to be free from croup and colds generally. Rats cannot bother them so easily, for they often steal the eggs from the nest and become bold enough at times to attack young, growing stock. A platform should be put opposite the entrance to the coop during the day, but at night it should be removed and the entrance closed to keep out intruding rodents and cats.

Plymouth Rocks.

Trips through the country among progressive farmers show that the Plymouth Rock fowl is a great favorite. The city markets show also more chickens with Plymouth Rock plumage than any other kind. No breed has held as long its popularity with all classes as the Plymouth Rocks, and no breed is as extensively bred to-day as the Plymouth Rocks.

How to Feed Ensilage.

When commencing to feed out the silage this fall keep in mind that to obtain the best results, it should not be fed alone. Combine it with clover hay, and you have an excellent coarse fodder. Then for young cattle and for making milk and beef use in connection with this bran, shorts, cornmeal, etc.

Milk for Hens.

Milk in the poultry yard is always in season, and a good supply of it, placed where the hens can reach it at pleasure, will make no little difference in the number of eggs laid, as it is a most excellent laying food.

VICTIMS OF A PANIC.

FALSE ALARM OF FIRE CAUSES A HORROR IN BALTIMORE.

Carnage in a Theater—Men, Women, and Children Trampled Under Foot—Twenty-four Crushed to Death and Ten More Badly Hurt.

Mad Rush for Safety.

In a senseless panic, caused by a defective gas burner and a foolish cry of fire at the old Front Street Theater, in Baltimore, Friday night, twenty-four persons were killed, two fatally injured and ten more seriously hurt. Almost all of the victims are of Polish nativity and Hebrew extraction. The theater was filled with an audience assembled to listen to Hebrew opera. There were at least 3,000 persons present when the curtain went up. One of the attendants went to light a gas jet which appeared to have been extinguished. As he turned the cock and applied a match the light flared up, and it was seen there was no tip to the burner. The jet was in plain view of the greater part of the audience, but as the glare from it showed against the wall some one in the gallery shouted: "Fire, fire, fire!" In an instant there was a mad scramble, in which the whole audience took part. The vanguard reached the entrance on Front street, pushed on by the howling, shrieking mob behind them. There, those in the foremost rank were compelled to turn to the right and to the left to reach the double entrance way, built in the form of storm doors. As the crowds from the two doors, one on the right, the other on the left, reached the landing they met. There was a brief struggle, and then some one lost his or her footing and fell. In a moment the crowd, pushed with irresistible force from the rear, crowded upon the prostrate form and began to turn to stumble and reel, and presently to fall prone upon the floor under the myriads of feet coming like a herd of frightened buffaloes from behind. In less time than it takes to tell it, the landing was packed twenty or thirty deep with the panic-stricken multitude and the hundreds behind them were struggling over them to reach the street.

Crushed and Suffocated.

The tumult attracted an immense crowd from the outside, many of whom tried to gain entrance to the theater, thus adding to the confusion. A dozen policemen, also attracted by the shrieks of the frightened crowd, hurried to the scene, and, using their clubs on those outside, pushed through the door, to the writhing mass on the landing. Ambulances carried the dead to the morgue and the wounded to the city hospital, wherever practicable. In many cases the slightly injured and in a few cases those badly hurt were taken to their homes by friends.

When the mass on the landing had been cleared the frightened people on the inside were quieted down sufficiently to enable the police to clear the theater. Then it was found that there had been no danger, and that not a soul would have been injured had the audience not remained seated. Few of the victims had friends or relatives who are able to speak the English language sufficiently well to make themselves understood, or enough knowledge of the ways of this country to know where to go to look for their lost ones. The dead are of all ages, from mere infants to gray-haired men and women. All were killed or injured in the terrific crush on the fatal landing, not a casualty having happened inside the house, although the crush there was tremendous.

History of the Structure.

The theater is an old, tumble-down affair, on the west side of Front street, between Gay and Low. It has not been used for theatrical purposes for several years, but has recently been the scene of many glove contests under the auspices of the Eureka Athletic Club. The method of egress is confined entirely to two narrow doorways opening upon the stairways leading down to the narrow landing upon which the tragedy occurred, and the house has long been considered too unsafe to be put to public use.

The theater was first opened to the public in 1829, but nine years later was burned, and the present structure took its place. Jenny Lind, Macready, Charlotte Cushman and many other notables performed there, and in 1864 it was the scene of the Republican national convention which nominated Abraham Lincoln for the Presidency and Andrew Johnson for the second place on the ticket. The convention at which the Democrats nominated Stephen A. Douglas, after adjourning from Charleston, S. C., in 1860, was also held in the old building, and during its session a panic was started by the giving away of the flooring which had been laid over the pit.

Theater as a Place of Amusement.

Tramps held up a Lake Erie and Western train near Muncie, Ind., but got only some overcoats and satchels.

The United States steamship Baltimore has left Yokohama for home. The Olympia is still at Yokohama.

Seventy-five representatives of plants in Ohio met at Cincinnati and organized the Ohio Brewers' Association.

Elmer Kimbly, of Orleans, Ind., 18 years of age, was accidentally killed while pulling his gun through a fence.

M. D. Howell, a wealthy Stockton, Cal., citizen, has been acquitted of a charge of counterfeiting preferred by government secret service officials.

A San Francisco paper says transcontinental freight rates will be advanced by the Panama Railroad Company and all of the overland roads at a meeting to be called in Chicago or New York.

Harry Martin, alias Lincoln, a thief wanted in New York and recently captured in Chicago, pleaded guilty at Cleveland, Ohio.

Rev. Alfred L. Moore, rector of an Episcopal Church at Akron, Ohio, has been deposed from the ministry by Bishop Leonard. Last October Moore was to be married. He forged the name of a fellow-minister to a note for \$50 to pay for his wedding suit. When the forgery was discovered the other minister, Rev. Dr. Hollister, indorsed the note and saved Moore from arrest. Moore retired from the parish and left Akron.

The Comic Side of The News