

A NEW REVOLT THREATENED.

Badly Fed Soldiers of the Chilian Junta Cause Trouble.

THEIR REQUESTS GRANTED.

A despatch to the New York Herald from Santiago, Chili, says: A serious revolt broke out here at noon yesterday. Included in a large number of soldiers of the provisional Government stationed here are many volunteers from Tarapaca and other Northern Provinces of Chili. For some time these volunteers, many of whom were drawn into the service of the Junta by the hope of rich plunder in the Southern Provinces, have been very restless under the law of order and restraint which followed the occupation of this city by the Junta. As Senor Moneda was walking through one of the main thoroughfares he was suddenly surrounded by an infuriated mob of soldiers from the northern provinces, they made a great outcry against what they denounced as the injustice of keeping them any longer in Santiago and demanded with many threats that measures should be at once taken to return them to their homes. Among other matters which came in for their denunciation was the food which has been furnished them, they protested that its quality was of an inferior kind, and declared they would no longer submit to it. The news spread quickly and as it travelled through one street after another, the startling intelligence was followed by the closing up of the shops. Further trouble was averted, at least for the time being, by the clear judgment and cool bearing of the President of the Junta, Senor Montt, and Col. Canto. Their firmness, coupled with promises to the angry soldiers that their grievances would be attended to, served to allay their spirit of rebellion. The discontented volunteers will be returned to their homes immediately.

FOR ANOTHER'S CRIME

A Salem Man is Serving a Life Sentence in Prison.

A Minneapolis despatch says: Conscience has forced Jacob Brown to confess a murder that he committed eight years ago. Since 1883 Brown has been fleeing from his crime, but it has pursued him the length and breadth of the continent. At last in Minneapolis he has confessed to Superintendent of Police Henderson. There is one man whose heart will give a great bound of joy when he hears of the confession. He is Convict Gray, a "lifer" in the penitentiary at Chester, Ill. Gray has been thought the murderer instead of Brown. He was convicted at Salem, Ill. Brown's confession will set him free both from prison and disgrace. Brown, who was tramping, went into a box car to sleep. He stumbled over the man and a fight ensued. Brown hit his assailant a death blow with a coupling pin and fled. Not long afterward, Gray, another tramp, came along and went to sleep in the car, not knowing that he had a dead man for his companion. Next morning when he awoke he found that his arm had lain in a pool of blood. He tore off the bloody sleeve and fled. The sleeve caused his arrest and conviction and sentence. He does not even know who the real murderer was. Brown claims to have come from a well-to-do Southern family, but will not give his real name.

RUSSIANS CROSS THE FRONTIER.

But Rapidly Retreat from Afghanistan on the British Appearing.

A London cable says: A letter has been received from Capt. Younghusbands, dated Kashgar, in which Capt. Younghusbands states that learning that the Russians had crossed the Afghan frontier despite the protests of the Afghan authorities, and being informed that the Russians were forcing their way toward the Pamirs, he started out to verify these reports. He found that on August 1st the rear guard of the Russians, 100 strong, was at Bozai-Gumbaz, near Chitral or Little Kashgar, on the south slope of the Hindoo-Koosh. Capt. Younghusbands therefore placed himself in communication with the British army post at Gilzhit. The British officials in command there promptly sent 200 Ghoorkas to the scene of the Russian operations. The Russians, who had crossed the table lands, on hearing of the approach of the Ghoorkas retraced their steps and, joining the rear guard, the whole force retired across the frontier.

Waxing Floors.

A good preparation for waxing floors, says the American Druggist, may be obtained as follows: Of yellow wax take 25 ounces, yellow ceresin, 25 ounces, burnt sienna, 5 ounces, boiled linseed oil, 1 ounce, and oil of turpentine, 30 ounces. Melt the wax and ceresin at a gentle heat; then add the sienna, previously well triturated with the boiled linseed oil, and mix well. When the mixture begins to cool add the oil of turpentine, or so much of it as is required to make a mass of the consistency of an ointment. Yellow ceresin is purified ozokerite (fossil paraffine), and may be had in almost any quantity. The burnt sienna may be used in smaller or larger quantity, according to the tint desired, or may be replaced by raw sienna, etc. Dieterich recommends the following: To 400 parts of boiling water add 200 parts of yellow wax; when this is melted add 25 parts of carbon tetrachloride; boil for a moment or so, then remove the vessel from the fire and add 20 parts of oil of turpentine. Stir until cool, and dilute with water to make 1,000 parts. If the floors are well preserved the dilution may be carried to 1,500. The object of the potassium salt is to form an emulsion with the wax.

Talking No Chances.

Mamie—Are you going to the matinee this afternoon, Fannie?
Fannie (aged 11)—No, Mamie, I'm going to stay at home. Pa wanted me to go with him, but I declined.
"Why didn't you want to go with your pa?"
"You see we meet a good many strangers and they might take us for husband and wife."
"You are right, Fannie; I hadn't thought of that. In New York a woman does not want to throw away any of her chances. If we women don't look out for ourselves nobody else will."

SCIENCE AT AN EXECUTION.

The Curious Apparatus Used to Hang a Colorado Murderer.

A Canon City despatch says: Wm. H. Davis was hanged in the State Prison here at 8 o'clock last night. The hanging apparatus was very unique, being the invention of Deputy Warden Dudley. In the upper part of a square frame made of four uprights of which, when ready for operations, weighed 29 pounds. Directly beneath the bucket and connected with it by a rubber hose with a valve, was another bucket, and connected to the upper bucket by a lever was a 40-pound iron ball, which connected again with an iron rod which kept in place, at a height of 6 feet, the weight of 250 lbs., which, when the water was drawn from the bucket, was allowed to descend, jerked the condemned man off his feet about three feet in the air. From this large weight a rope runs through two pulleys over a partition and then down into the execution room, where it hangs directly over a platform, three feet square, on which the condemned stood. Everything being in readiness, Davis was brought in and the noose and black cap were placed in position. After he had been given an opportunity to say good-bye to those around him, he was told to step on the small platform. His weight on the platform opened the faucet in the upper bucket and the water flowed into the bucket beneath. This allowed the weight to drop and Davis was jerked into the air. His neck was broken and he was pronounced dead in seven minutes. The crime for which Davis was hanged was the killing of his mother and her alleged paramour in Pueblo in July last.

FIGHTING BUSH FIRES.

Flames Sweep Over Minnesota, Licking Up \$700 an Hour.

A St. Paul, Minn., despatch says: Heavy timber fires are raging on the Red Lake reservation, and near Milica & Easterbrook matters have been made worse by a cyclone. Near Alexandria, northwest of the town, gigantic trees were broken like twigs and hurled into the lake and roads. Farmers through North Dakota have suspended threshing operations, and all are busy forming fire-breaks to protect their property.

A Pine City despatch says: Terrible fires are raging in Northwestern Minnesota, over \$15,000 worth of timber land having been destroyed. The loss to farmers will be high. Several houses and farm buildings have been burned and the owners obliged to leave the devastated district. Two school-houses were destroyed yesterday, the pupils barely escaping. The loss will amount to \$700 an hour at the rate the flames are now raging and it is useless to attempt to extinguish them. The fire is approaching Pine City and 500 men are fighting it.

A Hinckley despatch says: Forest fires are raging all around here, and the village would have certainly been destroyed yesterday but for the heroic efforts of the fire company. The dense smoke and heat drove many of the citizens from their homes on the outskirts. Finlayson is reported destroyed, and all the women and children of that place were sent down here yesterday. Sandstone is in imminent danger. A great quantity of hay has been destroyed and a number of cattle belonging to lumbermen have perished.

THE CHINESE RIOTS.

Missions Burned and Looted—A Steiner Child the Alleged Cause.

A Vancouver despatch says: The C. P. R. steamship Empress of China, which arrived here to-day, brings the following Chinese and Japanese advices up to Sept. 11th: At Schang, Sept. 3rd, the American and Catholic missions and Messrs. Cain's, Aldridge's and Dean's houses were burned and Mr. Cockburn's looted by the anti-Christian Chinese rioters, the Franciscan Sisters and one of the fathers being badly hurt. On the following day the Catholic and Protestant missions were plundered and burned, but the English consulate and customs were left intact. The French sisters were saved with difficulty by the Chinese authorities. The cause of the riot was a stolen child being brought to the convent by some unknown person. There was no warning of any trouble. It is presumed the stolen child was only an excuse for the outbreak, and was taken to the convent by one of the leading plotters, as the outbreak was evidently premeditated and had long been fixed to occur upon that day. The date was a carefully kept secret.

HE FOUGHT THE PANTHER

An Animal Dealer has a Life and Death Struggle in a Store.

A New York despatch says: Donald Burns travelled for 15 years with Barnum's circus. He now has an establishment at No. 115 Roosevelt street. He supplies animals to circuses and menageries and has in stock a particularly large and ferocious panther. Yesterday it escaped from its cage and Burns tried to lasso it. It missed and then ensued a terrible battle for life. Armed only with a paper file, Burns met the onslaught. Again and yet again he drove the file into the panther's side, but not before he had been terribly lacerated about the face and body. Finally his cries for help brought two longshoremen into the premises and the panther was beaten into insensibility.

Explorers Attacked by Indians.

A letter received at Portland, Ore., from Junia, Alaska, under date of September 12th, says: Intelligence has just reached here from Upper Yukon that a band of hostile Chilikats attacked a small party of two whites and five Indians, and several were killed. It is thought here that the party is Ewing Earlscliffe, a prominent citizen and journalist of Missouri; Herbert Earlscliffe, a young Englishman, and five Indians, all well armed. No particulars could be learned from the Indians.

The Dreibrund Treaty.

A Rome cable says: Premier Rudinis' organ, the Tribuna, announces that Count Tornelle, who will return to the Italian embassy in London on Friday, will take with him the text of the Dreibrund treaty, which he will impart to Lord Salisbury. It is presumed this is done with the consent of Germany and Austria.

There are over 1,100,000 railroad cars and 33,000 locomotives in the United States.

FAMINE-STROKEN RUSSIA.

Horses and Cattle Perishing for Lack of Food.

A St. Petersburg cable says: Reports from Tamboff and adjacent provinces announce that the Zemstvos have provided for supplies of grain until January next. After that date there will be the greatest difficulty to ensure food for the people. As the collection of taxes is impossible, the salaries of the local administrative bodies have been suspended. The scarcity of oats and hay is compelling the farmers to sell their live stock at mock prices, for instance a horse for 2 roubles, a cow for 5 roubles and colts for from 20 to 50 copecks. At a recent fair the skeletons of forty horses were found by the roadside. The Destitution is also staring in the face of a large number of people who have been employed in public works, as the latter must be suspended. The mass of people who are in the present mild weather the state of affairs respects held out by the coming winter can be readily imagined. At an extraordinary meeting of the authorities of the Government at Saratoff it was decided to petition the Imperial Government to prohibit the exportation of oats and millet as well as rye.

THE HORRORS OF WAR.

Responsibility for Precipitating a Conflict Calmly Discussed.

A London cable says: The Standard's Vienna correspondent records a discussion which was carried on at the table of the Arch Duke Albrecht during the Austrian military manoeuvres as to whether it was preferable to force a conflict. "No names were mentioned," says the correspondent, "but all understood that Russia was meant." Emperor William, said emphatically, "I strongly believe that the enormous responsibility which modern warfare imposes must override all military theories. I delaying it I could secure a single year—nay, a single month—of peace by trusting in the success of my good cause. Even if the chances are equal on both sides, there is much to be gained by having several months of peace." The King of Saxony expressed himself to the same effect, pointing out instances where diplomacy had averted an apparently inevitable conflict. Archduke Albrecht also dilated upon the enormous responsibility of forcing a war, in view of the murderous perfection of modern weapons. Emperor William's remarks made a deep impression on the high rank German and Austrian officers present.

TRUSTED A FORTUNE-TELLER.

Lost Her Money and Then Took Her Own Life.

A St. Louis despatch says: An inquest was held on the body of Mrs. Caroline D. Lindhorst, which was found floating in the river. Mrs. Lindhorst had saved enough money to buy a small house, where she and her son and daughter lived. Some days ago she went to see a fortune-teller. Finding that Mrs. Lindhorst had money the fortune-teller told her to bring \$1,000, to invest in lottery tickets and she would win enough to make her rich. Mrs. Lindhorst mortgaged her house and secured the money, which she took to the mystic. She received instructions to call on Sept. 20th. When the teller had disappeared. "Then," said Mrs. Lindhorst, "I will kill myself." She walked away and was not seen again until her body was found in the river.

Who Earned All This?

The Duke of Cumberland, the eldest son of the last King of Hanover is said to own no less than nine tons of gold and silver plate, while that used by Queen Victoria during the recent state visit of the German Emperor is estimated to be worth \$10,000,000. The Austria and Russian courts also have remarkable collections, and the gold and silver plate of the house of Orange at The Hague, which includes 2,000 silver-ning plates, is valued at \$8,500,000.

A Strategic Mother.

Mrs. Yerger—Tommy, do you want some nice peach jam?
Tommy—Yes, ma.
"I was going to give you some to put on your bread, but I've lost the key of the pantry."
"You don't need any key, ma. I can reach down through the transom and open the door from the inside."
"That's what I wanted to know. Now just wait until your father comes home."

She Peeked.

A lady visiting at the house of a minister happened to lift her eyes slightly while the minister was saying grace at the table, and when he had finished, his little 3-year-old daughter pointed her finger reproachfully toward the embarrassed guest and said in the most comical tone of rebuke: "Papa, she peeked, so she did; she peeked!"—Wideawake.

Evidence.

Mrs. Larimer (at midnight)—George, what kept you so late?
Larimer—The boys got interested in discussing the Behring Sea question.
Mrs. Larimer (with a sigh)—The bearing sea! Yes, I can smell the beer.

Exchanging Compliments.

The Poet—What exquisite feet you have, Miss Wash.
The Maid—Not nearly so exquisite as the feet you use in your poems, Mr. Limer.
N. B.—His poetry was wretched stuff, but he was the only man in the hotel, and the girl knew a thing or two.

The Future State.

Mrs. Dogood—I suppose you have some ideas what the future state is like?
Dusty Rhodes—Yes; a place where you won't have to do.

THE FRECKLE-FACED GIRL.

How She Entertained a Visitor While Her "Ma" Was Dressing.

"Ma's up-stairs changing her dress," said the freckle-faced little girl tying her doll's bonnet strings and casting her eyes about for a tidy large enough to serve as a shawl for that double-jointed young person.

"Oh, your mother needn't dress up for me," replied the female agent of the missionary society, making a self-satisfied view of herself in the mirror. "Run up and tell her to come down just as she is, in her everyday clothes, and not to stand on ceremony."

"Oh, but she hasn't got on her everyday clothes. Ma was all dressed up in her new brown silk dress, 'cause she expected always come over here to show off her nice things, and ma doesn't mean to get left. Dickens! and I guess she was mad about dress she'd have to hear all about the poor heathen who don't have silk, and you'd ask her for more money to buy hymn books to send 'em. Say, does the nigger ladies hymn book leaves to do their hair up in to make it frizzy? Ma says she guesses that's all the good the books do 'em, if they ever get any books. I wish my doll was heathen."

"Why, you wicked little girl, what do you want of a heathen doll?" inquired the missionary lady making a mental inventory of the new things in the parlor to get material for a homily on worldly extravagance.

"So folks would send her lots of nice things to wear and feel sorry to have her going about naked. Then she's got hair and eyes that roll up like Deacon Sliderr's back when he says amen on Sunday. I Dick—you know Uncle Dick; he's been out west and swears awful and smokes all the house—he says I'm a holly terror, and he hopes I'll be an angel soon, you needn't take your coat off. She said putting on that old dress she had last year, 'cause she said she didn't want you to think she needed a new muff this time, and queen of the cannon ball islands needs religion. Uncle Dick says you oughter go to the islands, 'cause you'd be a sufferer and the natives'd be sorry they were such sinners if anybody would send you to 'em. He never seen a heathen hungry enough to eat you, 'less 'twas a blind one, an' you'd set a blind after any more missionary. Uncle Dick's awful funny and makes pa and ma die laughing sometimes."

"That's a pretty cloak you've got, ain't it? Do you buy all your good clothes with missionary money?" Ma says you do.

Just then the freckle-faced little girl's ma came into the parlor and kissed the missionary lady on the cheek and said she was delighted to see her, and they proceeded to have a real sociable chat. The little girl's ma can't understand why a person who professes to be so charitable as the missionary lady does should go right on after any more missionary. Uncle Dick's awful funny and makes pa and ma die laughing sometimes.

A Hint to Poultryers.

Within a very short time about 500 young turkeys have been lost by farmers over the mountain from the effects of a parasite. The parasite can be destroyed by a dressing of flowers of sulphur (common sulphur) and coal oil. A solution of cream of tartar should also be mixed with their drink. The sulphur solution should be gently rubbed in around the neck and body of the birds. Sulphur is a capital thing to have lying around loose among all classes of poultry. It kills parasites of all description.

First Come First Served.

Ethel—Do you like Mr. Eames, mamma?
Mamma (a young widow)—Why, yes, darling.
"And Mr. Webster?"
"Yes, dear."
"And Mr. Fish, and Mr. Dixon, and Mr. Sheldon?"
"I like them all, pet."
"Which one are you going to marry, then?"
"The one who proposes first, darling."

The Lobster as a Coward.

The lobster is greatly in dread of thunder and when the peals are very loud numbers of them drop their claws and swim away for deeper water. Any great fright may also induce them to drop their claws. But new claws begin at once to grow and in a short time are as large as the old ones and covered with hard shells. The lobster often drops its shell, when it hides until the new shell is hard enough to protect it.

How to Make Pale Girls Pretty.

Give the young girl her separate bed, her early and her quiet sleep in a darkened and cool but not cold room, her gradual awakening only at the hour when nature awakes her, and her quick bath and brisk rubbing, and it will be a singular thing if she does not lose her pasty pallor and her languid sensations and become round and blooming and full of energy.—Harper's Bazar.

A Botanical Marvel.

Mr. Stubble (reading his paper)—"By gum, Maria; if here ain't a fellow got an 'nornous tin-plant. I've heard tell on growin' egg-plants, but never heard on this afore."
Mrs. Stubble (composedly)—"This is an awful awe we are livin' in Uria, and I ain't surprised at anythin' nowadays."

A Man of Push.

Wife—Mr. Blower, you've always claimed to be a man of push, haven't you?
Husband—That's what I claim to be, dearest, and I'm always ready to stand by that assertion.
Wife—Then what's the matter with pushing this baby carriage a little while?

In one respect, Robert Western, drowned at St. Louis a few days ago, was remarkable. He was born in jail, was married in prison, and spent 11 years in penitentiary; yet he and his parents were eminently respectable people. Western's father was keeper of the county jail at his birth.

A DEATH-DEALING CRASH.

An Express Train Dashes Into a Construction Train—Nine Killed.

A New Castle, Pa., despatch says: A terrible wreck occurred this morning on the siding, a station a short distance on the other side of Zelenople, Butler county. At this point a work train, with a force of 50 men, were engaged in putting down a new track. About 8 o'clock the work train got out of the way of a freight train going west, but the crew did not know that a second section of the same number was following five minutes later. The work train again pulled out on the main track and the men were throwing off dirt when the second force. The cars were piled up in a shapeless iron and wood, and the hot steam and boiling water poured over the unfortunate ones caught in the jam. For a moment after the air was filled with the shrieks of the dying, making the scene so terrible that one of the trainmen who had escaped injury fainted from horror. The trainmen and laborers who were not injured began at once to assist those imprisoned in the debris. Several arms and legs were found in several different directions, and the head of an Italian was found twenty feet away from the body. The engineer, John Houghton, who had bravely done his best to stop his engine attached to the freight train, was found wedged in broken and shapeless iron. By 11 o'clock eight bodies of the Italian laborers had been taken from the wreck, and with the killing of Engineer Houghton, this swells the number of killed to nine. There were at least twenty men injured, several of whom cannot recover. All of the bodies were terribly mangled and disfigured. Engineer Houghton was the only American killed. His home is said to be in Allegheny.

BALMACEA'S SWAG.

The English Courts Decide It Must Stay in the Bank.

A London cable says: Counsel on behalf of the Chilean Government to-day applied to Justice Jeune to restrain the Mail Packet Company, owning the steamship Moselle, from parting with \$750,000 in bullion, brought from Montevideo recently, except to the Bank of England for storage purposes. The same counsel also asked the justice to forbid the Bank of the River Platte from parting with certain documents referring to this bullion. Counsel for the Bank of the River Platte objected to this demand, claiming that the financial institution referred to had already parted with \$125,000 on account of this bullion, and that it had accepted other bills drawn against it. Justice Jeune decided that the bullion should remain in the Bank of England.

TALK AT LONG RANGE.

Project for a Telephone Cable Across the Atlantic Being Considered.

A Boston despatch says: A series of successful experiments with long distance telephones in this vicinity has led to a discussion of the feasibility of trans-ocean telephones. Gorham Gray, the inventor of the wire upon which these experiments have been made, said: "It is practicable to telephone across and through the Atlantic at a cost far less than the present cables, and with a tenth of the weight and consequent breaking strain on the cables. The use of copper, it has been found, is not necessary, for iron wire, properly shaped, has been proved to be as reliable a conductor, and its tensile strength is greater. A plan is under consideration for laying cables to London, and the subject is now being figured on by capitalists."

MRS. FITZSIMMONS CONVICTED.

The Brockville Desperado's Wife Declared a Murderess.

A Pittsburg despatch says: The jury in the case of Mrs. Lucy R. Fitzsimmons, (wife of the Brockville, Ont., murderer) on trial for the murder of Detective David Gilkinson, came into court this afternoon, after being out less than four hours. The Clarks were on trial at the time as accessories after the murder. Mrs. Fitzsimmons was brought in as composed as ever. After the usual formula the foreman announced the jury's decision: "Guilty of murder in the second degree." Mrs. Fitzsimmons never changed a feature as she heard the sentence that will send her to the penitentiary.

A Great Shot.

A San Franciscan who had been hunting in the vicinity of Lake Tahoe without bagging any game came upon a mountaineer who was feeding a caged wildcat he had caught the day before. "How much will you take for that beast?" he asked. The mountaineer said \$20, and the money was paid over. "Now," said the San Franciscan, "tie one end of a strong cord to the tree and another to the cat's neck, and then open the door of the cage." This was finally accomplished, and the fierce animal stood straining at its tether. The sportsman, who was watching the exercises from the interior of the cabin, levelled his rifle across the window sill, took careful aim and blazed away. The wildcat gave a joyful yell and disappeared into the forest. The bullet had cut the rope!

The Tender-Hearted Philosopher.

A. Bronson Alcott once saw a neighbor putting a painful of potato beetles on the fire. The philosopher looked very much pained.
"My friend, I wonder how you can be so cruel as to burn those insects," he said.
"Have to do something with them," said the neighbor; "I see your vines look pretty clear. What do you do with yours?"
"Oh," replied Alcott, "I gather them off carefully into a basket, and then, as gently as I can, throw them over the fence into your field."

A horse at Santa Cruz, Cal., the other day mistook his mistress' hat, which was trimmed with oats and clover-blossoms for a particularly delicious mouthful of green, and he took it all in at one fell swoop. He was doomed to disappointment, for the oats were stuffed with cotton and the stems were made of wire.

This is a season when colds in the head are alarmingly prevalent. They lead to catarrh, perhaps consumption and death. Nasal Balm gives immediate relief and certain cure. Sold by all dealers.