"DENOOMONG" TO THE LANSDOWNE BURGLARY.

BY AMY MARIAH.

A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men.

Verbatum ad literatum.

DEAR MR. ED.—It seems a long time since i had the inestimable privilege of sending you a sample of my literatour, i hailed you wonce from the memorable Rudan, where i set all the boys lookin' for me on account of having perpetrated (if you know what that means) a diffusion of local information on the status of things in general in that community. It was appreciated highly, i was sweet sixteen then and the boys looked for me but they didn't find me.

On one occasion i visited Sheatown—from thence i sent a specimen of work in my line on Blackberry gossip—the boys and girls were atter berries on all sides and the gossip hung in clusters on the bushes all around. i was appreciated again—the boys and girls looked for sweet sixteen but they didn't find her—and i felt it in the interest of all that i abdicate (if you know the meaning of that) in favor of the local, and i removed to beautiful Lansdowne where i live, happy and respected.

May be you will recognize me if i reiterate some of my personnel—my eye is dark hazel—hair, black—cheeks full and like the lily with pink waves playing with the lilies—and i rejoice in the euphonious appelation of Amy Mariah, and am still sweet sixteen. It is said Amy is a relation to Miss Amiability, Miss Amity, and Mr. Amorous, and that we all descended from a distinguished individual whose name was Amo, known before Rome was founded. I'm proud of my ancestors.

Well, Mr. Ed., it has fallen to my lot to put on record a grand episode (if you know what that means) that will forever lend a claw to our ambitious village and immortalize in the annals of the great and renowned our brave, our noble, Hercie 10. What a theme to kindle fiery eloquence! Why, Mr. Ed., i feel it tingle in my finger ends—i can hardly hold it down—oh, that your magic pen and co-dac were here to seize and fasten forever the phases of this great tradiga. i feel—i forsee—i mall fail to delineate (if you know what that means). You will remember the graphic and confusing reports of the great burglary that bowled along our streets one dark night not long since—and how the press got the matter mixed. Well our sleepy village has been growing more and more historical and nervus ever since the catastrophe—whatever that means—until at last the strain got beyond limits—unendurable—and a vigilance committee was made up of the best constituents and most reliable elements—whatever that means—and then Lansdowne breathed a great si of releaf. The majority voted that the time had come to act—and on Monday the 12th they did act—and the 12th of August will yet be a calender day in all the almanacs of the world.

The committee met at the barber shop—were grooped in pairs—two were assigned a position in a ditch on the railroad near Webster's store—two were on Hard Scrabble—and so on until all filled dangerous and responsible places—after a while one of the gard on the line got tired waiting for the enemy and walked up to Darling's Corner and began firing—the ball was now open—the gard on Hard Scrabble replied at once by firing vigorously and fled precipitately—whatever that means—towards Mulvaugh's store—where that gentleman sat musing in the window, prepared to make it interesting to any who might be imprudent enough to disturb him—they however turned down Main street and made haste to Webster's shed, the general rendezvous—whatever that means—Reed saw the gard passing as he sat in his veranda waiting for his horse to return—"Halt!"—gard didn't halt but took to his heels—"Dave!—Dave!!—I found the burglar, you catch him—keep your eye on him till I get my pants on"—as he started, revolver dropped to the floor—a minute's pause to see if it would explode—then the wife diligently hunted it up—then David got off at a 2.40 gait, pursuing a well known citizen at little in advance—who was making good time to clear the storm that was on his path—Mr. R. had charged to the muzzle a pistol 2½ inches long and joined in the pershoot and with mutterings of pent-up indignation was ready to drop, avalanche style, on that aire unfortunate burglar. i tell you, Mr. Ed., when the town was attacked at both ends at once—or, to be exact and military-like, i mean front and rear—and the darkness lent an adjoining charm to the lurid flashes—i tell you it was an awful moment—a moment to try men's pluck—a moment never to be forgotten—a moment, sir—language fails, sir. In the meantime, in the rain of terror, it was thought that the battle would be fought on Hard Scrabble—but at the bugle call our gards and outpocts rallied on the double quick to more protected quarters and centered under Webster's sheds where encouraging remarks from all sides flowed profusely—"We gave 'em a close call"—"I nearly had him"—"He ran well"—"It was a sharp, close chase"—"They won't trouble this town soon"—"I think I would have brought him down, as I levelled on him, but my toe caught in the sidewalk, and, and well"—"the other man fell" chimed in some one.

The most instructive part of the roll for the town's future benefit was that two of the leading citizens lay hidden, concealed by the gloom, in the rear of the edifice, biting their lips and otherwise doing penance, punishing their corpus, to prevent bursting into an uproarious laugh. Had they been as indiscreet as to be discovered, there would have been another fatality to record.

In my haste, i omitted to say that many a worthy citizen descended the stairs, a la toboggan, or two or three times measuring their length over chairs on the carpet in their haste, with a terrifying noise, finally arriving at the front door in curtailed night dress, and with hand-shaded brow peered out into the opaque of night—i am fond of adventure and our house was only a few rods from the centre of gravity so i donned daddy's slouch hat and old overcoat and slipped out to the margin of the tumult where i gathered the above notes. i was in the midst of noting down—i had left the door ajar unconsciously—i felt an impression—i raised my eyes—there was one gazing at the pink and lily under the brim of my hat—i was, you will see, equal to the occasion—my presence of mind didn't leave me—in a second i turned the light out—snapped my finger and thumb with a revolves-like concussion—i heard something fall over a chair and drop on the sidewalk with a thud. He was so surprised at the sudden turn of affairs that he was sure he was shot. i sprung to the door, chucked the bolt—there, that burglar won't come in a hurry. i re-lit the lamp and threw off my disguise—i sat before the big mirror and as i contemplated the fascination in the play of a set of regular features, i half forgave the poor fellow i shot. You will notice that i prefer the little i to the big one, because i think it not quite so egoistical (if you know what that means). i have no doubt on that awful night many a brave fellow might have been brought to his knees by a right proper snap of the thumb and finger—don't you forget it, girls. When i return to the Athens high school—next will be my graduating term—i will tell the girls about the Great Denoomong to the Lansdowne Burglary—i think the French have a different way of spelling "Denoomong." i overslept myself and will be too late for this week's paper. When the details of the fatalities and disabilities are all in and an official report is made up i will despatch you the codicil (whatever that means) to these notes in the meantime as ever,

AMY MARIAH.

P.S.—i am sorry i haven't time to revise my paper to the Reporter. May be it needs it—i might add much to it.—A. M.

P. S. No. 2.—Dear Sir.—excuse me, but in my breathless haste to tell you all, i committed a grave and important omission. One of the most industrious and indispensable gentlemen in our radiant village—in the greatness of his anxiety—confessed that he objected to being shot, as all the advantages would be on the side of his competitors in trade; so after rejecting two places of concealment, as defective and insecure, he retired to an inner room and there immured himself in a sarcophagus—is my sintax all right? qud by.—AMY.

THEY SAW SNAKES.

Escaped Reptiles Made Lively Times in an Express Office.

A box full of snakes caused a great deal of trepidation in the vicinity of the New York & Boston Despatch Express office this morning. On the noon express Thursday a box marked "Live Snakes" was received at the office. They were consigned, C. O. D., to a Brockton man.

This morning at about 6.30 Mr. J. G. Snell came down to the office to open up and sweep out as usual. Just as he opened the door he saw a big snake glide swiftly across the office into the rear room. He was a little surprised but went in. By that time the snake had disappeared.

At about 9 o'clock this snake and another one showed up again. This time the whole office force and the teamsters and a miscellaneous crowd armed themselves with anything that happened to be in easy reach, and started on an errand of destruction. They followed one of the slimy reptiles out into the back room, where he went through a hole and swung off from one of the rafters. While he was swinging away with his head down Driver Grace caught him a blow squarely on the head. This stunned him, but it took several more solid blows to extinguish all life.

The other snakes glided out onto the platform and from there jumped into the street just as his pursuers were making for him. There he was soon despatched by Mr. Grace, the leader of the forces. Both snakes were laid out for public inspection on the platform outside of the office, and they attracted the attention of many hundreds of people in the course of the forenoon.

The longer one of the two measured 5 feet, 1½ inches, and was an ugly looking specimen of his tribe. These snakes were of the variety known as pine snakes and were worth $250 a foot. Besides the two which were killed there were six others of the same species, and an enormous boa constrictor with a body as large as a good-sized arm. They were all confined in a box hardly two feet square, from which the two escaped through a small crack. The others were sticking their heads out through the crack in an effort to escape, but were driven back.

The box of snakes referred to were for Salvail & Thomas' big show, which is under contract to exhibit at the Unionville, Delta, Lyndhurst, Frankville and Morrisburg fairs this fall. In a private letter to the editor of the Reporter, Mr. Salvail says: "The snakes mentioned in newspaper clipping sent you are for our show, and were lately purchased to add to our already large collection. Tell the people that they need not fear, as the snakes and lady who handles them are exhibited in a large iron bound cage which I carry along for that purpose. These, with the live Devil Fish, which is shown in a large tank, will be well worth seeing."

NOTE.—A cut of the devil fish and a short account of the octapus or devil fish will appear in a future issue of the Reporter.

The great Industrial fair at Toronto opens on Sept. 2nd and closes on Sept. 14th. As usual, it will be in every respect excellent and the managers expect that it will eclipse all previous exhibitions. See posters for special railway rates.

The Toronto Globe of Saturday has the following to say in regard to the special attraction at the Industrial Fair Toronto. Prince Leo is under contract to give a high-wire exhibition at Unionville on the 19th Sept. and assist Miss VanTassal to give a balloon ascension and parchute drop on 18th. "A great attraction has been provided by the engagement of the noted American aeronaut, Prince Leo Stevens, whose daring ascensions have won him a deserved reputation as the most intrepid ballonist in America. He is thoroughly acquainted with the management of gas as well as hot air balloons, and was one of the party who undertook the dangerous task of navigating the ship of the air from New York to Cincinnati. Prince Leo, accompanied by Miss Nina Madison, the celebrated lady Aeronaut, and Prof. Lestrange, will make double and triple ascensions, new aerial races, descend in parachute drops and perform other notable feats."

SKY SEARCHERS.

LEO. STEVENS, THE PRINCE

Of Balloonists and His Many Successful Ascents—Prof. Lestrange Dropped in the Drink But Was Quickly Rescued—Great Record.

Leo Stevens, who easily holds the record as the most successful aronautist in the country, made another ascent at Celoron yesterday afternoon. In his aerial flight he was accompanied by Prof. Lestrange, a balloonist from the metropolis, who in making his parachute drop landed in the lake, but was quickly rescued. Prince Leo, however, continued his trip until he reached the vicinity of the fair ground in this city, when he made a drop of about 1,000 feet and landed without harm.

Prince Leo has made 17 successful ascents at Celoron this season and intends to make at least a half hundred before he completes his engagement.

In all he has made over 900 ascensions and has never yet made a failure or been seriously injured, although he has met with some thrilling experiences during his years of service in aerial navigation.

The one thing that makes Mr. Stevens most popular with the masses is the fact he does not allow the weather to interfere with his advertised ascension unless the wind is so high as to absolutely prevent the successful inflation of his air ship. He is familiar with aerial navigation in gas balloons as well as hot air and was one of the party that undertook the perilous task of going by balloon from New York to Cincinnati.

The New York papers have from time to time had long sensational accounts of his exploits and altogether he is a most interesting character.

Mr. Stevens is an intelligent and entertaining conversationalist and a pleasant gentleman to meet.

NEWBORO.

NOTE—Mr. J. R. Kerr is our agent for the Reporter in Newboro and vicinity. News items for publication, advertisements for the paper, orders for job printing and subscriptions may be handed to him, as he is duly authorized to transact business for us.

B. LOVERIN, Prop.

MONDAY, Aug. 26.—Jerry Ryan left this merning for Petaskewan, Alberta, on a visit to his brother who resides there.

Mrs. Bresee gave a picnic to a large number of her friends from the vicinity of Delta last Saturday. When the heavy shower came up in the evening all efforts to reach the village were abandoned and the party of 17 passed a very comfortable night in the cottage.

School opened this morning under the management of Principal Aylesworth, Miss Jennie Page and Maggie Foster.

Most of the harvesting in this section is completed in good order.

FRONT OF YONGE.

SATURDAY, Aug. 24.—Old horses have become very cheap since the advent of the bicycle.

We have been asked by a gentleman, if it would be right for any person other than a minister of the gospel, or those attending church, to ride a bike on the Sabbath day. In this matter, we would just say, that all questions pertaining to church affairs should be left to the presiding minister to say and advise on that, which he thought to be right in the sight of the Lord.

We would like to hear progress reported on the Roman Catholic church in Athens.

Mallorytown is being flooded with a heavy bankrupt stock of dry goods. This slaughter of goods in the village must to a certain extent interfere with those who are doing a legitimate business in the town and who are permanently located.

All persons wishing or hoping to get a reply from us on any subject must in all cases attach their names to the article. We do not go in for targate practice, and a man who shoots from behind a tree at us will be looked upon as an Indian of the stone age.

Some men buy up old postage stamps. How would a string of tobacco stamps look on a gentleman's watch or lady's trash bag.

Mr. John Forth was in Mallorytown last week posting bills for his big fair.

Many of our boys have gone to work in the wheat fields of Manitoba. Many cold toes will be the result of their trip.

SOPERTON.

MONDAY, Aug. 26.—Misses Maggie Munroe, Maggie Johnson, Mr. Eddie Munroe of Iroquois, who have been visiting at Mr. E. J. Suffel's returned home on Saturday last.

Miss Edith Knowlton, Chantry, was a guest at Echo Hall last night.

Mr. Johnny Johnson has left for his position near Toronto. We wish him luck.

Mrs. D. Foy is visiting friends in Lyndhurst.

Masters Alex. and Willie Sheffield, Frankville, spent Sunday with friends here.

Miss Katie Cavanaugh is spending a few days in Kingston, the guest of her brother.

Mr. Tom Sheffield took a trip to Seeley's Bay on Saturday.

We are pleased to see Mr. Herb Sharman among us again.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Anglin and Mr. and Mrs. N. Jackson paid us a flying visit this week, the guests of R. J. Taber.

A very good crowd attended the harvest dinner on Wednesday. We did not seem to be blessed with our usual abundance of good things. But, all thing considered, let us be thankful.

Mr. W. Barber, Athens, paid Soperton a brief visit this week.

We received word Tuesday evening from Elgin that the foot ball team of that place would slip down and play us a friendly game on Wednesday at the harvest dinner. We hurriedly collected our forces and prepared for the fray. Among the opposing party we recognized delegates from Seeley's Bay, Forfar and Harlem, but with a courage born of despair we attacked. Success crowned our efforts. Five goals to minus one was our reward. Towards the latter part of the game we fought twelve men in the field and a fresh goal tender, and he a recognized champion Queen's man. We were well pleased with the conduct of the team in general and delighted with the work of the worthy referee. We hope to meet our worthy opponents soon again on Elgin grounds.

LYNDHURST.

MONDAY, Aug. 25.—Roddick—Rogers.—On Wednesday of last week Mr. Geo. Roddick, third son of Mr. James Roddick, was married to Miss Katie Rogers. After spending a couple of days on the river among the Thousand Islands, they were given a reception party at the residence of the groom's father.

Mr. Ziba Sliter has taken up his abode in Lyndhurst again. Seems hard for the boys to stay away from our pleasant village very long.

The directors of the Ag'l society have arranged with the B. W. R. R. for special rates on the regular train during the days of the exhibition.

HARD ISLAND.

MONDAY, Aug. 26.—Miss Ella Halladay is visiting friends at Newboro.

The young people will not accept the challenge made by Taylor & Co., as they have not had the practice with the mallet that they had during the past week. I prefer the hammock.

The Island was well represented on Sunday at the Union camp meeting.

We think the agent spoken of in last week's issue was quite partial, as we like perfumery. He has been the first stranger that has ever visited our Isle that has showed signs of being a respecter of persons.

We are in sympathy with the old lady that was glad that it rained Sundays and nights so that the poor laboring men can rest.

WILTSETOWN.

SATURDAY, Aug. 24.—School commenced on Monday under the management of Mr. H. Moore.

Mrs. Maria Brown of York State is visiting her brother, Mr. Torrence C. Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. Erastus Rowsom and son Henry have returned home after spending a week at the cottage of A. W. Kelly, Charleston.

Mr. Freaman Clow of Chicago, who has been visiting here for the past month, has returned home.

Miss Jennie Wood, Brockville, has returned home after spending a week at A. W. Kelly's.

Miss Rebecca Rowsom, after spending her vacation at home, has returned to Brockville to take up her work again as teacher.

Miss Jeanette Kelly spent Sunday at Lyn with her cousin, the Misses Greer.

The drilling of the rock cut is completed, under the management of Mr. G. M. Bates.

Fall Fairs.

Kingston—Sept. 2-7.
Toronto—Sept. 2-14.
Morrisburg—Sept. 4, 5, 6.
Montreal—Sept. 12-21.
Lyndhurst—Sept. 16-17.
Unionville—Sept. 17-19.
Perth—Sept. 17-19.
Renfrew—Sept. 19-20.
Ottawa—Sept. 20-28.
Prescott—Sept. 24-26.
Delta—Sept. 24-25.
Lansdowne—Sept. 26-27.
Frankville—Sept. 26-27.
Almonte—Oct. 2 4.
Gananoque—Oct. 2-4.

Stewart-Wiltsie.

Brockville Times; at nine o'clock (Wednesday) evening Miss Estelle Loleta Wiltsie, only daughter of Mr. S. Wiltsie, was wedded by Rev. W. A McKenzie at her father's house, to Hugh Alexander Stewart, of the legal firm of Wood, Webster & Stewart. The bride was most effectively gowned in white Surah silk, set off with orange blossoms; while her bridesmaid, Miss Butterworth, of Ottawa, wore Nile green trimmed with white lace. Mr. Stewart was supported by Mr. William C. McLaren, of Brockville. Only the immediate relatives and friends were present, Mrs. Palmer, of Dubuque, among others. The presents were more than ordinarily costly and numerous: the bridegroom gave a check for $1000 and a magnificent pendant pin with fifty-six pearls; Mr. Wiltsie gave a piano and Mrs. Wiltsie a handsome bedroom suite; and Hon. J. F. Wood, uncle of the bride, bestowed a very substantial onyx clock and a pair of candelabra to match. The parlors were decorated in green and white, the dining room in pink and green, and the hall in green and gold. The supper was served by Cossitt Brothers. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart left at midnight for Toronto, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, and Chicago. Upon their return they will take up house in Sheridan's terrace, King street east.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gives perfect relief in all cases of Organic or Sympathetic Heart disease in 30 minutes, and speedily effects a cure. It is a peerless remedy for Palpitation, shortness of Breath, Smothering Spells, Pain in Left Side and all symptoms of a Distressed Heart. One dose convinces. Sold by J. P. Lamb.

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY.—South American Rheumatic Cure, for Rheumatism and Neuralgia, radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Sold by Lamb, druggist.

I would respectfully inform the residents of Athens and surrounding country that I have recently taken a course in optics and secured a diploma for the correction of defective vision by lenses. To those who may be in need of spectacles, eye glasses, etc., I would solicit a share of your patronage, and trust by keeping the goods you require and attention to your wants to merit a continuance of the same.—H. R. KNOWLTON, jeweller and optician.

CATARRH RELIEVED IN TEN TO SIXTY MINUTES.—One short puff of the breath through the Blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this Powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use, it relieves instantly, and permanently cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Colds, Headache, Sore Throat, Tonsilitis and Deafness. 60 cents. At J. P. Lamb's.

RELIEF IN SIX HOURS.—Distressing Kidney and Bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the "New Great South American Kidney Cure." This new remedy is a great surprise and delight to physicians on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by J. P. Lamb, druggi

LATE FOREIGN CABLES

English Agriculture in a Worse Way Than for Years.

DISEASED AMERICAN CATTLE.

British Association to Meet in Toronto—Attitude of the Anglican Church on Civil Marriages—Strict Inspection of Cattle Carried on at British Ports.

London, Aug. 26.—The Board of Agriculture threaten to withdraw the privilege given to American inspectors to verify at port of landing alleged cases of pleuro-pneumonia in cattle. Two Canadian cattle suffering from pleuro-pneumonia, were recently landed in Deptford, and the Canadian authorities were refused permission to examine them. A clamor to obtain for Canadians the same privilege the American inspectors enjoy is now being raised.

The Right Hon. Walter H. Long, President of the Board of Agriculture, contends that there is no provision in the Act of parliament permitting foreign inspection here. The Washington Government may therefore, be prepared to learn that the privilege accorded the American inspectors has been rescinded.

It seems to be settled that the 67th annual meeting in 1897 of the British Association or the Advancement of Science will be held in Toronto. This year's meeting will be held at Ipswich, commencing Sept. 11. Treasurer Coady of the Toronto association, who will support the invitation from Canada, has found in discussing the matter with officers of the association that the selection of Toronto meets with almost unanimous approval. The address this year will be delivered by Sir Douglas Galton, president-elect. It is expected that the most important discourse will be that on "Magnetism in Rotation," by Prof. Sylvanus H. Thomson.

A remarkable instance of the depressed condition of English agriculture occurred at the sale of Langdon abbey on Thursday, when 639 acres of land, with farm-house, stabling, homestead, and seven modern cottages, only realized $25,500. Fifteen years ago the property was valued at $100,000, and four years ago it was actually mortgaged for $70,000.

Prof. Huxley's death occurred at the very moment of the electoral excitement, when people could think of nothing but politics, with the result that the event attracted very little attention and comment. The followers of Prof. Huxley and the Christian world at large will read with interest these lines which have been engraved upon his tomb in compliance with his request: "And if there be no meeting past the grave, If all is darkness, silence, yet 'tis rest. For God still giveth His beloved sleep, And if an endless sleep, He wills so best."

The committee of the English Church Union recently startled Church circles by declaring that civil marriages were offences against Church discipline. Parties who had incurred censure by flying into such marriages ought, according to the committee, to obtain absolution before being admitted to communion. The further ceremonies of the ring and the joining of hands' ought to occur, and the benediction be given. The report staggered even the council of the union, as throwing doubt on the validity of the civil contract. The matter was again referred to the committee, who now report that they did not mean to suggest the necessity for a religious renewal of the marriage contract, but only a solemn acknowledgment in face of the Church by the parties who had contracted civil marriages. The council now proposes to seek a deliverance from the Church convocation. The question arouses the keenest feeling among Church adherents.

AN ESTATE AT STAKE.

Canadian Claimants to the Property of a Lockport, N. Y., Millionaire.

Lockport, N.Y., Aug. 26.—During the life of the late John Hodge, the ex-Grand Master Mason and millionaire, it was commonly believed that he was born in Canada, despite his claim that he was born in Jefferson county, N. Y. On the settlement of this question hinges the final disposition of at least a quarter of a million of his real estate, and relatives in Canada are taking steps to contest the property with the widow, Ella Hodge. It was learned this afternoon that the city clerk had refused thus far to record the certificate of death of John Hodge. The certificate states that the names and birthplaces of the parents of the deceased are unknown. This, it is said, the city clerk, of his own personal knowledge, believes is untrue. Moreover, he has just received a letter from a lawyer in Kingston, Ont., stating that John Hodge was born near there in Canada, giving the names of his parents, and stating that near relations of the deceased live in Kingston. The Canada attorney asked as to the amount of the estate, and whether deceased left a will. John Hodge did leave a will, dated 1870, with a codicil of the date of 1879, making his wife, Ella Hodge, sole executrix, and it is said sole heir. It will be offered for probate October 5. The will cuts off the Canadian relatives' claim, but if Mr. Hodge was an alien, as alleged, never having taken out naturalization papers according to law his his real estate, worth $300,000, would go to the State. On the witness stand, John Hodge repeatedly swore that he was born in Jefferson county, N.Y. No one is found who knows that he ever voted here, and he always declined to run for public office. He was urged to be a Republican candidate for State Treasurer, but declined. A half-brother from Canada called upon him here two years ago, but was not received at his house. A John Hodge, of Niagara street, of this city, claims to be a cousin, but the millionaire disowned the relationship.

IRELAND'S VICEROY.

The Earl of Cadogan Makes His State Entry Into Dublin.

Dublin, Aug. 22.—The formal State entry into the city of the new Irish Viceroy, Earl of Cadogan, took place this afternoon. Upon his arrival at Kingstown, the Viceroy was met by the commissioner of that place, who presented him with an address of welcome as he landed. In reply to the address, the new lord-lieutenant said that he would spare no efforts to promote the material interests of Ireland, and expressed the hope that the administration of his viceroyalty would conduce to the peace and happiness of the country. On reaching Dublin city, the streets of which were lined with military and crowded with sightseers, Lord Cadogan was presented with an address of welcome by the Dublin Chamber of Commerce, but he was not similarly received by the corporation authorities.

MANITOBA MATTERS.

No Damage to Crops Reported From Any Point.

Winnipeg, Aug. 23.—Some apprehension was felt that the descent of the thermometer on Monday night would have resulted in some damage to the Manitoba wheat fields. From later reports it seems there has been no cause for apprehension. In the report issued by the Northern Pacific railway no damage is reported from any point. The following is a summary of the report:—

Brandon—Harvesting in full blast; no damage by frost.

Wawanesa—Very little damage done. Harvesting in full blast.

Baldur—Crop the heaviest since 1882. No damage.

Miami—No frost yet.

Roland—Ninety per cent. of the grain is cut. No damage.

Morris—All the grain will be cut this week. No damage.

St. Jean—All the wheat is cut. No damage.

Letellier—Ninety per cent. of the wheat is cut. No damage.

Emerson—Harvesting is nearly over. No damage.

Portage la Prairie—Frost did not do any damage.

Calgary was the only place in the North-West that had frost last night. To-night is clear and warm.

Astonished a Burglar.

To-day has been a day of sensations here. At 11.30 last night a masked burglar entered the house of Mrs. H. Ferguson, on McDermott avenue, but was met by mrs. Ferguson, who went upstairs for a gun, but brought one that was unloaded. Failing to fire she hit the burglar with the butt end of the rifle. The robber did not realize that the woman would have pluck enough to fight him. This accounts for his coolness.

Elopers Arrested.

An eloping couple from Dakota were arrested last night on a warrant issued by the Chief Justice. The girl is only sixteen years old. Garfield, who abducted her, left a wife and family behind him in Aberdeen, Dakota. He waived extradition proceedings.

Fatal Accident.

Richard Blythe, J. P., of Blythewood, Assiniboia, was killed by a runaway team in Wapella on Wednesday night.

Bad for Farm Hands.

Two thousand five hundred farm hands arrived this morning from Ontario. Most of them went out along the Canadian Pacific railway. There were several women on the trains. It is feared that the country is overstocked with laborers, and that many will regret having come.

Mysterious Story.

A very mysterious story of Annie Zimmerman tells of the burial of a young German girl out on the prairie yesterday by two elderly people. It seems the girl dropped dead, was carried into a farm house, and hurriedly buried on the prairie near by. Annie Zimmerman is eleven years old. She tells a strange story, but failed to locate the grave. It is thought she is laboring under a hallucination.

CHATHAM NEWS.

Trouble Between Ald. Marx and the School Board.

Chatham, Ont., Aug. 24.—Ald. Marx, chairman of finance, is at loggerheads with the School Board. He claims that the board should collect the whole of its $3,000 or so of interest on its securities this year, and so make a reduction of the Public school levy and a corresponding lessening of the civic rate. It is learned that the alderman intends to appeal to the Minister of Education to enforce his demand, or oblige the board to relinquish their trust. There was a special meeting of the School Board held last night, at which the members intimated their opinion that the City Council should mind its own business.

A number of farmers in the neighbourhood of Blenheim have been summoned before the Police Magistrate for neglecting to cut their Canada thistles. Cases of prosecution for this offence are extremely rare in this country.

The season at Rondeau, the popular Lake Erie summer resort, practically closes to-morrow. A creditable record is that of the Erie and Huron during the three seasons since the Kan line was opened for traffic. Not an accident doing damage to a single passenger carried has occurred, the service has been regular, and the trains on time; the employes have done everything in their power to oblige patrons of the resort, and everything else has turned out auspiciously in connection with the road and its efficient management.

Some time ago a young woman named Annie Rhue was arrested on a charge of stealing valuable articles, the property of a Detroit lady, Miss Graham, on which charge she is now held in Detroit. At about the time of her arrest the missing goods and chattels were said to have been packed into her trunk by Miss Rhue or friends, and to have been shipped to Chatham. Miss Graham is in this city, and today had search warrants authorizing the inspection of certain Raleigh residences taken out and placed in the hands of County Constable Browning.

THE HOLMES MYSTERY.

Another So-called Castle Reported to be Discovered in Chicago.

Chicago, Aug. 22.—Another of H. H. Holmes' mysterious buildings has been discovered. The building is all boarded up, and the residents of the city say nothing has been done there for a long time. Two weeks ago they say a man, whom they identify as Pat Quinlan, carted away the last of the furniture and other stuff that was in the building. It was here that Holmes carried on his glass-bending business, and it is this place for which the police have been looking for more than a month and never found, it being discovered by an amateur detective. Inside there is now nothing but scraps of iron and sheeting with the ruins of the furnaces, which are the entire length of the building. Pat Quinlan seems to have been the presiding genius of the place.

Modest Indeed.

MY Gusher (a would-be suitor)—What lovely teeth Miss Smiler has, old man!

Mr. Foroque—Eh'm, er—really—modesty forbids my expressing an opinion, you know.

REFUSED TO PAY HIS FARE.

The Bad Man Didn't Make the Journey Either—A Chicagoan's Story.

"I had an experience once in the far West," said a Chicago merchant. "I was at that time traveling for the house in which I am now a partner, and my business took me to the Rocky mountains. There were two or three stores up in the mountains at the terminus of a branch road they were building to some mines and I had to take them in. There was a tremendous grade—I presume as much as 100 feet to the mile for twenty-five miles and the two trains a day that passed over the road with passengers were not the finest on the continent. However, they were good enough and beat a mule train all to pieces. There were not more than a dozen passengers in the single coach, a very primitive affair, when we started, and by the time we had gone a dozen miles there were two of us, and one of them had come on at the last station. He was equal to all the other dozen, though, for he was just drunk enough to be ugly and was a 'terror' besides. He had two big guns in his belt and a knife to keep them company, and when the conductor asked him for his fare he simply gave him a cursing. When the conductor insisted on his paying, he told him if he did'nt get out he would fill him full of lead and tap him with his knife, and the conductor retired, but in no good humor. As he sat down in the corner where I was, by the stove, I asked him who the passenger was, and he told me he was the worst man in the mountains, and had killed a man for every finger he had on his hands. He had at one time shot a hole through the conductor's hat, but the difficulty had been patched up temporarily.

"I could see the conductor was feeling sore, and, when I stopped asking questions she shut up like a clam, and devoted himself to profound thought, every now and then looking over his shoulders toward his unanimable passenger. Some time later when we might have been about five miles from our destination, the conductor asked me if I would please take my bag and step into the caboose that served as a bagagge car. I did so, and took my seat on one of the sample cases, the conductor shutting the door of the car behind me, and leaving me there. A minute or two later I felt the train start forward, as if part of its load were gone, and in a minute or so more the conductor came in. I asked him what the matter was, and he pointed to the door. I got up and opened it, and, instead of finding the passenger car where I had left it, it was flying back down the track at break neck speed. In another minute it had whirled around a curve and was out of sight.

"How did that happen?" I asked the conductor in horror.

"'Got loose some way,' he answered.

"'Where's the passenger we left there?'

"'He's there yet, I guess.'

"'Well, aren't you going back to do what you can? The whole thing will be smashed.'

"'Wouldn't be surprised.'

"Then he stepped to the forward door of the caboose and told the engineer to reverse the engine and go back. Five miles down the track was found the ramshackle old passenger coach in a million pieces at the bottom of a gorge a 100 feet blow the track. We couldn't get to it then, so we went on to our destination, where the accident was reported and the coroner notified.

He went down next day, but couldn't find enough of the 'terror' to hold an inquest on, and returned a verdict in accordance with the facts and gave the revolvers to the conductors for future reference."

"Did the conductor cut the car loose?" inquired the reporter.

"That's what the coroner asked me," replied the narrator, "but how did I know? The conductor hadn't a word to say to anybody and he couldn't be compelled to testify under the circumstances."

PULQUE DRINKS.

A DRINK THAT WILL FILL ONE'S VISION WITH SEA SERPENTS.

Inebriety In the City of Mexico—Pulque Shops on Every Corner—Resembles Green Milk—Certain Mixtures Make It Doubly Injurious.

The first thing to be done by the investigating tourist of this country is to begin to drink the national beverage, pulque. The second thing to be done by the investigating tourist is to cease to drink pulque. This last recommendation, however, is necessary to no one. The human inclination acts automatically, so to speak, in this case. If the great drunkard of the drama should seize his right hand and swear solemnly never to touch another drop of intoxicating pulque as long as he lived—so help him heaven—he would make himself ridiculous. It would be too simple. Why should a man ever taste a drop of pulque after having once collided with it?

But this does not relate to the Mexicans. This relates to the foreigner who brings with him numerous superstitions and racial, fundamental traditions concerning odors. To the foreigner, the very proximity of a glass of pulque is enough to take him up by the hair and throw him violently to the ground.

It resembles green milk. The average man has never seen green milk, but if he can imagine a handful of paris green interpolated into a glass of cream, he will have a fair idea of the appearance of pulque. And it tastes like—it tastes like—some terrible concoction of bad yeast perhaps. Or maybe some calamity of eggs.

This, bear in mind, represents the opinion of a stranger. As far as the antagonism of the human stomach goes, there can be no doubt but that pulque bears about the same relation to the uninitiated sense as does American or any kind of beer. But the first encounter is a revelation. One understands then that education is everything, even as the philosophers say, and that we would all be eating sandwiches made from door-mats if only circumstances had been different.

To the Mexican, pulque is a delirium of joy. The lower classes dream of pulque. There are pulque shops on every corner in some quarters of the city. And, lined up at the bar in conventional fashion, the natives may be seen at all times, yelling thirsty sentences at the bar-keepers. These pulque shops are usually decorated both inside and out with the real old paintings done on the walls by the hand of some unknown criminal. Looking along the pale walls of the streets, one is startled at every corner by these sudden lurid interjections of pulque green, red, blue, yellow. The pulque is served in little brown earthenwings that are shaped in miniature precisely like one of the famous jars of the orient.

The native can get howling full for anything from twelve cents to twenty cents. Twelve cents is the equivalent in American coinage of about six cents. Many men of celebrated thirsts in New York would consider this a profoundly ideal condition. However, six cents represents something to the Indian. Unless there are some Americans around to be robbed, he is obliged to rustle very savagely for his pulque money.

When he gets it he is happy, and the straight line he makes for one of the flaming shops has never been outdone by any metropolitan iceman that drinks. In the meantime the swarm of pulque saloons are heavily taxed, and the aggregate amount of their payments to the Government is almost incredible. The Indian, in his dusty cotton shirt and trousers, his tattered sombrero, his flapping sandals, his stolid dark face, is of the same type in this regard that is familiar to every land, the same prisoner, the same victim.

In riding through almost any part of this high country, you will pass acre after acre, mile after mile, of "century" plants laid out in rows that stretch always to the horizon, whether it is at the hazy edge of a mighty plain or at the summit of a rugged and steep mountain. You wonder at the immensity of the thing. Haciendas will have their thousands of acres planted in

nothing but the maguey, or as the Americans call it, the "century" plant. The earth is laid out in one tremendous pattern, maguey plants in long sweeping perspective.

Well, it is from this plant that the natives make pulque.

Pulque is the juice taken from the heart of the maguey and allowed to ferment for one day. After that time, it must be consumed within twenty-four hours or it is positively useless. The railroads that run through the principal maguey districts operate fast early morning pulque trains in much the same fashion that the roads run through Orange county, N.Y., operate early-morning milk trains to New York.

From the depots it is hustled in wagons and on the backs of porters to the innumerable saloons and from thence dispensed to the public.

Mescal and tequila are two native rivals of pulque. Mescal is a sort of a cousin of whisky, although to the eye it is as clear as water, and tequila is to mescal as brandy is to whisky. They are both wrung from the heart of the maguey plant. In a low part of the country where pulque can not be produced the natives use mescal, for this beverage is of course capable of long journeys, and where a native can get pulque he usually prefers it.

The effects of pulque, as witnessed in the natives, does not seem to be so pyrotechnic and clamorous as are the effects of certain other drinks upon the citizens of certain other nations. The native, filled with pulque, seldom wishes to fight. Usually he prefers to adore his friends. They will hang together in front of a bar, three or four of them, their legs bending, their arms about each others' necks, their faces lit with an expression of the most ideal affection and supreme brotherly regard. It would be difficult to make an impression on their feelings at these times with a club. Their whole souls are completely absorbed in this beatific fraternal tenderness.

Still, there are certain mixtures, certain combinations which invariably breed troubles. Let the native mix his pulque at three cents a glass with some of that

Guarding the Thoughts.

A most helpful habit to lead on to rich and deep soul experience is that of carefully guarding the thoughts when one's head is laid on the pillow for the night. If these thoughts are kept steadfastly to uplifting themes there seems to be a holy atmosphere about the soul during sleep, the first thoughts on awakening are usually the continuation of the last soul effort before passing into slumber. Think over these beautiful words in Jeremiah: "For I have satiated the weary soul and I have replenished every sorrowful soul. Upon this I awaked and beheld; and my