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—BY—
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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

News Developments of Each Day During the Week in Small Space.

The wool market at Decatur, Mich., opened at 15 to 20 cents per pound.

Cardinal Gibbons favors the opening of the World's Fair Sunday afternoons.

Nine deaths from choleraic disease are reported at Alais, department of Gard, southern France.

The entire town of Puachmetti, Mexico, was destroyed by a storm the other day. Crops in the vicinity were also destroyed.

John L. Osmond died in the electric chair at Sing Sing at 11.45 yesterday morning. He had murdered his wife and cousin, who were on intimate terms.

About 60 feet of the state dam at Troy, N.Y., gave way yesterday morning, causing a suspension of navigation on the Champlain canal. The loss is $10,000.

Seven more deaths from cholera are reported at Alais, southern France.

The embarkation of Russian emigrants from Hamburg for the United States has been forbidden.

A revolution in Leon, Nicaragua, against the Provisional Government has been suppressed.

Defalcations aggregating $708,000 have been discovered in the Irving Savings institution of Warren, N.Y.

Wm. Shorter, colored, aged 19, was lynched at Staunton, Va., yesterday, for assaulting a white woman.

Five thousand of the iron workers and coal and iron miners at Kladno, fifteen miles from Prague, are out on strike.

Thos. Sexton has reconsidered his decision to withdraw from parliament, and will continue to represent North Kerry.

Dr. McGlynn had a long and cordial interview with the Pope yesterday.

Controller Wallace will deliver an address at Iroquois, Ont., on July 1.

Kingston hay dealers intend shipping a large quantity of hay to England this fall.

The salary list at the World's Fair for May totals $40,000, and 3,000 men are to be discharged this week.

At New Orleans the river is seven feet above low water mark and still rising. The levees in some parts were overflowed.

There were two more choleraic deaths in Alais, in southern France, yesterday. This makes 18 deaths for three days this week.

A Chicago despatch says there was a very large attendance at the World's Fair yesterday. The paid admissions were 83,452.

The body of Hermann Schaffner, the banker, who has been missing from Chicago since the day his bank collapsed two weeks ago, was found floating on the lake yesterday.

The illness of President Carnot of France is believed to be very serious.

Chinch bugs have caused extensive damage to the wheat crop in Kansas.

Up to June 14 there have been 2,328,759 paid admissions to the World's Fair.

Yesterday was German day at the World's Fair and the crowds were immense.

The reported landing of United States marines at Greytown, Nicaragua, is now contradicted.

The sentences in connection with the Panama canal frauds have been quashed by the French court of cassation.

The Spanish caravels were received with considerable demonstration at Quebec yesterday and many people visited them.

The International Typographical union in Chicago have adopted resolutions favoring the adoption of typesetting machines in newspaper offices.

Sir Richard Webster continued his argument before the Behring sea tribunal yesterday. He characterized the evidence of American Indians as unreliable.

The Canadian Lumber Company at Elmira, N.Y., has passed into the hands of a receiver. Their liabilities are placed at about $150,000, with nominal assets of $250,000.

The duke of Veragua has decided to remain in America until July.

Paid admission to the World's Fair yesterday, 82,724; total attendance, 112,972.

The Princess Eulalia has arrived in New York, and henceforth will have the privilege of paying her own expenses.

A. L. Ames, who was injured in the Ford's theater disaster last Friday, died at the Emergency hospital in Washington last night.

David H. Churchill, of Great Falls, one of the wealthiest and best-known stockmen and owners of fine horses in Montana, is dead.

Amy Calvin, the female horse thief, and her partner, Mary Modsker, dug a hole in the brick wall of the Jasper county, Mo., jail and made their escape. They let themselves down from the opening, a distance of 20 feet, by tieing their blankets together for a rope.

The famous blarney stone from Blarney Castle, Ireland, has arrived at the World's Fair and will be placed in the imitation Blarney Castle in the Irish village, where all who choose to be lowered head downward may kiss it. Lady Aberdeen shipped the stone from Ireland.

Lord Dunraven's cutter Valkyrie won another race on Saturday.

Morello won the Chicago Derby on Saturday. Boundless second and Ingomar third.

Very serious results are dreaded in England as a consequence of the prolonged drought.

By the election of a Unionist in Linlithgow by a majority of 169 Mr. Gladstone has lost a supporter.

The town of Utzernatlan, Mexico, has been visited by a terrible waterspout, resulting in loss of life and great damage.

The candidates known to be elected so far in the German elections number 215. Of these 101 will vote for the army bill and 114 against it.

A riot was started by anarchists at Breslau on Saturday night, but was soon checked by the police. Twenty-three arrests were made.

The United States court of appeal has unanimously decided that the local directory has full control of the World's fair. This definitely decides that the fair will be open on Sundays.

SALLY DOWS

An After-War Romance of the South.

BY BRET HARTE.

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"We're not out of the woods, yet, Cato," he said, dryly, "nor are they. Keep your eyes and your ears open, and attend to me. How long can we keep the cover of these woods and still push on in the direction of the quarters?"

"There's a way roun' de edge o' de swamp, sah, but we'd have to go back a spell to find it."

"Go on!"

"And dar's moccasins and copperheads lying round here in de trail! Dey don't go for us ginerally—but," he hesitated, "white men don't stand much show."

"Good! Then it is as bad for those who are chasing us as for me. That will do. Lead on."

They retraced their steps cautiously, until the negro turned into a lighter by-way. A strange mephitic odor seemed to come from sodden leaves and mosses that began to ooze from under their feet. They had picked their way in silence for some minutes; the stunted willows and cypress standing further and further apart, and the openings with clumps of sedge were frequent. Courtland was beginning to fear this exposure of his follower, and had moved up beside him, when suddenly the negro caught his arm and trembled violently. His lips were parted over his teeth; the whites of his eyes glistened, he seemed gasping and speechless with fear.

HIS REVOLVER FLASHED OUT.

"What's the matter, Cato," said Courtland, glancing instinctively at the ground beneath. "Speak man! Have you been bitten?"

The word seemed to wring an agonized cry from the miserable man.

"Bitten! No, but don't you hear 'em coming! Dar! Golly! don't you hear dat?"

"What?"

"De dogs! de houn's!—de bloodhoun's! Dey've set 'em loose on me!"

It was true! A faint baying in the distance was now distinctly audible to Courtland. He knew now as plainly the full, cruel purport of the leader's speech! "Those who could go anywhere were tracking their game!"

Every trace of manhood had vanished from the negro's cowering frame! Courtland laid his hand assuringly, appealingly and then savagely on his shoulder.

"Come! Enough of this! I am here, and will stand by you whatever comes. These dogs are no more to be feared than the other. Rouse yourself, man, and at least help *me* make a fight for it."

"No! No!" screamed the terrified man. "Lemme go! Lemme go back to de massas! Tell 'em I'll come! Tell 'em to call de houn's off me, and I'll go quiet! Lemme go!" He struggled violently in his companion's grasp.

With all Courtland's self control, habits of coolness and discipline, it is to be feared there was still something of the old Bersaker temper. His face was white, his eyes blazed in the darkness; only his voice kept that level distinctness which made it for a moment more terrible than ever the baying of the tracking hounds to the negro's ear. "Cato," he said, "attempt to run now, and by God! I'll save the dogs the trouble of grappling your living carcass! Come here! Up that tree with you!"—pointing to a swamp magnolia—"Don't move as long as I can stand here, and when I'm down—but not till then—save yourself—the best you can."

He half helped, half dragged the now passive African to the solitary tree; as the bay of a single hound came nearer, the negro convulsively scrambled from Courtland's knee and shoulder to the fork of branches a dozen feet from the ground. Courtland drew his revolver and stepping back a few yards into the open waited the attack.

It came unexpectedly from behind. A sudden yelp of panting cruelty and frenzied anticipation at Courtland's back caused him to change front quickly as the dripping fangs and snaky boa-like neck of a wierd gray shadow passed him. With an awful supernaturalness of instinct it kept on in an unerring line to the fateful tree! But that dread directness of scent was Courtland's opportunity. His revolver flashed out in an aim as unerring. The brute, pierced through neck and brain, dashed on against the tree in his impetus, and then rolled over against it in a quivering bulk. Again another bay came from the same direction. Courtland knew that his pursuers had outflanked him and the bloodhounds were crossing the swamp. But he was prepared; again the same weird shadow, as spectral and monstrous as a dream, dashed out into the brief light of the open, but this time it was stopped and rolled over convulsively before it had crossed. Flushed with the fire of fight in his veins, Courtland turned furiously from the fallen brutes to meet the onset of the more cowardly hunters, whom he knew were at his heels. At that moment it would have fared ill with the foremost. No longer the calculating steward and diplomatic manager, no longer the cool-headed arbiter of conflicting interests, he was ready to meet them not only with the intrepid instincts of a soldier but with an aroused partisan fury equal to their own. To his surprise no one followed; the baying of a third hound seemed to be silenced and checked; the silence was broken only by the sound of distant disputing voices and the uneasy trampling of hoofs. This was followed by two or three rifle shots, but not either in the direction of the quarters nor the Dows' dwelling house. There evidently was some interruption in the pursuit—a diversion of some kind had taken place—but *what*, he knew not. He could think of no one who might have interfered on his behalf, and the shouting and wrangling seemed to be carried on in the accents of the one sectional party. He called cautiously to Cato. The negro did not reply. He crossed to the tree and shook it impatiently. Its boughs were empty; Cato was gone! The miserable negro must have taken advantage of the first diversion in his favor to escape. But where and how there was nothing left to indicate.

As Courtland had taken little note of the trail, he had no idea of his own whereabouts. He knew he must return to the fringe of cypress to be able to cross the open field and gain the negro quarters, where it was still possible that Cato had fled. Taking a general direction from the few stars visible above the opening he began to retrace his steps. But he had no longer the negro's woodcraft to guide him. At times his feet were caught in trailing vines which seemed to coil around his ankles with ominous suggestiveness, at times the yielding soil beneath his tread showed his perilous proximity to the swamp, as well as the fact that he were beginning to incline towards that dread circle, which is the hopeless instinct of all lost and staying humanity. Luckily the edge of the swamp was more open, and he would be enabled to correct his changed course again by the position of the stars. But he was becoming chilled and exhausted by these fruitless efforts, and at length, after a more devious and prolonged detour, which brought him back to the swamp again, he resolved to skirt its edge in search of some other mode of issuance. Beyond him, the light seemed stronger as of a more extended opening or clearing, and there was even a superficial gleam from the end of the swamp itself as if from some ignis fatuus, or the glancing of a pool of unbroken water. A few yards farther brought him to it, and a full view of the unencumbered expanse. Beyond him far across the swamp rose a hillside bathed in the moonlight, with symmetrical lines of small white squares dotting its slopes and stretching down into a valley of gleaming shafts, pyramids, and tombs. It was the cemetery; the white squares on the hillside were the soldiers' graves. And among them, even at that distance, uplifting solemnly like a reproachful phantom, was the broken shaft above the dust of Chester Brooks.

HE CAME DOWN HEAVILY.

With the view of that fateful spot which he had not seen since his last meeting there with Sally Dows, a flood of recollection rushed upon him. In the white mist that hung low along the further edge of the swamp he fancied he could see again the battery smoke through which the ghostly figure of the dead rider had charged his gun three years before; in the bending white plume of a funeral plant in the long avenue, he thought he saw once more the light figure of Miss Sally of only yesterday. In another moment, in his already dazed condition, he might have succumbed to some sensuous memory of her former fascinations, but he threw it off savagely now, with a quick and bitter recalling of her deceit and his own weakness. Turning his back upon the scene, with a half superstitious tremor, he plunged once more into the trackless covert. But he was conscious that his eyesight was gradually growing dim and his strength failing. He was obliged from time to time to stop and rally his sluggish senses that seemed to grow heavier under some deadly exhalation that flowed around him. He even seemed to hear familiar voices—but that must be delusion! At last he stumbled. Throwing out an arm to protect himself he came heavily down upon the ooze, striking a dull half-elastic root that seemed—it must have been another delusion—to move beneath him, and evin—so confused was his senses now—to strike back angrily upon his prostrate form. A sharp pain ran from his elbow to his shoulder and for a moment stung him to full consciousness again. There were voices surely—the voices of their former pursuers! If they were seeking to revenge themselves upon him for Cato's escape, he was ready for them!

HE FELT HIMSELF LAID UPON THE GROUND.

He cocked his revolver and stood erect. A torch flashed through the wood. But even at that moment a film came over his eyes; he staggered and fell.

An interval of helpless, semi-consciousness ensued. He felt himself lifted by strong arms and carried forward, his arm hanging uselessly at his side. The dank odor of the wood was presently exchanged for the free air of the open field; the flaming pine knot torches were extinguished in the bright moonlight. People pressed around him, but so indistinctly he could not recognize them. All his consciousness seemed centered in the burning, throbbing pain of his arm. He felt himself laid upon the gravel; the sleeve cut from his shoulder; the cool sensation of the hot and bursting skin bared to the night air, and then a soft and indescribable pressure upon a wound he had not felt before. A voice followed—high, lazily petulant, and familiar to him, and yet one he strove in vain to recall.

"De Lawdy-Gawd save us, Miss Sally! Wot yo' doin' dah? Chile! Chile! yo'll kill you'self, shuah!"

The pressure continued—strange and potent even through his pain—and was then withdrawn. And a voice that thrilled him said:

"It's the only thing to save him! Hush, yo' chattering black crow! Say anything about this to a livin' soul and I'll have you flogged. Now trot out the whisky bottle and pour it down him!"

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN Courtland's eyes opened again he was in bed in his own room at Redlands, with the vivid morning sun occasionally lighting up the wall whenever the closely-drawn curtains were lightly blown aside by the freshening breeze. The whole events of the night might have been a dream, but for the unsupportable languor which numbed his senses, and the torpor of his arm that swollen and discolored lay outside the coverlid on a pillow before him. Cloths that had been wrung out in iced water were replaced upon it from time to time, by Sophy, Miss Dows' housekeeper, who seated by his bedside was lazily fanning him. Their eyes met.

"Broken?" he said interrogatively with a faint return of his old deliberate manner, glancing at his helpless arm.

"Deedy no! co'nnle. Snake bite!" responded the negress.

"Snake bite!" repeated Courtland with languid interest, "what snake?"

"Moccasin o' copperhead—if yo' doun know yo'self which," she replied. "But it's all right now, honey. De pizen's draw'd out, and clean, done gone. Wot yer feels now is de whisky. De whisky *stays*, sah. It gets into de lubrications of de skin, sah, and has to be absobed."

Some faint chord of memory was touched by the girl's peculiar vocabulary.

"Ah," said Courtland, quickly, "you're Miss Dows' Sophy. Then you can tell me—"

"Nuffin! sah! absomlutely nuffin!" interrupted the girl shaking her head with impressive official dignity. "It's done gone fo'bid by de doctor! Yo're to lie dar and shut yo're eye, honey—" she added, for the moment reverting unconsciously to the native maternal tenderness of her race, "and you're not to bodder yo'self ef school keeps o' not. De medical man say distinctly, sah," she concluded, sternly, realizing her duty again, "no conversation wid de patient."

But Courtland had winning ways with all dependents. "But you will answer me *one* question, Sophy, and I'll not ask another. Has—" he hesitated

"YOU'RE MISS DOWS' SOPHY."

in his still uncertainty as to the actuality of his experience and its probable extent—"has—Cato—escaped?"

"If yo' mean dat sassy, bull-nigger oberseer ob yo'se, con'nle, *he's* safe, yo' bet!" returned Sophy, sharply. "Safe in his own quo'tahs 'night afo' las', after braggin' about de bloodhaowns he killed; and safe ober de county line yes'day moanin', after kickin' up all dis rumpus. If dar is a sassy, high-falutin nigger I jiss 'spises—it's dat black nigger Cato o' yo'se! Now," relenting, "yo' jiss wink yo' eye, honey, and don' excite yo'self about sech black trash; drap off to sleep comfor'ble. Fo' yo' doan' get annuder word out o' Sophy, shuah."

As if in obedience, Courtland closed his eyes. But even in his weak state he was conscious of the blood coming into his cheek at Sophy's relentless criticism of the man for whom he had just perilled his life and position. Much of it he felt was true—but how far had he been a dupe in his Quixotic defense of a quarrelsome blusterer and cowardly bully! Yet there was the unmistakable shot and cold-blooded attempt at Cato's assassination! And there were the bloodhounds sent to track the unfortunate man! That was no dream—but a brutal, inexcusable fact!

The medical practitioner of Redlands, he remembered, was conservative, old-fashioned and diplomatic. But his sympathies had been broadened by some army experiences, and Courtland trusted to some soldierly and frank exposition of the matter from him. Nevertheless, Dr. Maynard was first a healer, and, like Sophy, professionally cautious. The colonel had better not talk about it now. It was already two days old; the colonel had been nearly forty-eight hours in bed. It was a regrettable affair, but the natural climax of long continued political and racial irritation—and not without great provocation! Assassination was a strong word; could Col. Courtland swear that Cato was actually *aimed at*, or was it not merely a demonstration to frighten a bullying negro? It might have been necessary to teach him a lesson—which the colonel by this time ought to know could only be taught to those inferior races by *fear*. The blood hounds! Ah, yes—well, the bloodhounds were, in fact, only a part of that wholesome discipline. Surely Col. Courtland was not so foolish as to believe that, even in the old slaveholding days, planters sent dogs after runaways to mangle and destroy *their own property*? They might as well at once let them escape! No, sir! They were used only to frighten and drive the niggers out of swamps, brakes and hiding places, as no nigger had ever dared to face 'em. Cato might lie as much as he liked, but everybody knew who it was that killed Maj. Reed's hounds. Nobody blamed the colonel for it—not even Maj. Reed—but if the colonel had lived a little longer in the south he'd have known it wasn't necessary to do that in self-preservation as the hounds would never have gone for a white man. But that was not a matter for the colonel to bother about now. He was doing well; he had slept nearly thirty hours; there was no fever, he must continue to doze off the exhaustion of his powerful stimulant, and he, the doctor, would return later in the afternoon.

Perhaps it was his very inability to grasp, in that exhausted state, the full comprehension of the doctor's meaning, perhaps because the physical benumbing of brain was stronger than any mental excitement, but he dozed again until the doctor reappeared. "You're doing well enough, now, colonel," said the physician, after a brief examination of his patient, "and I think we can afford to wake you up a bit; and even let you move your arm. You're luckier than poor Jo Higbee, who won't be able to set his leg to the floor for three weeks to come. I haven't got all the buckshot out of it yet that Jack Dumont put there the other night."

Courtland started slightly. Jack Dumont! That was the name of Sally Dows' cousin of whom Champney had spoken! He had resolutely put aside from his returning memory the hazy recollection of the young girl's voice—the last thing he had heard that night—and the mystery that seemed to surround it might have been cleared up by a word. But even at this moment a film came over his eyes; he staggered and fell.

An interval of helpless, semi-consciousness ensued. He felt himself lifted by strong arms and carried forward, his arm hanging uselessly at his side. The dank odor of the wood was presently exchanged for the free air of the open field; the flaming pine knot torches were extinguished in the bright moonlight. People pressed around him, but so indistinctly he could not recognize them. All his consciousness seemed centered in the burning, throbbing pain of his arm. He felt himself laid upon the gravel; the sleeve cut from his shoulder; the cool sensation of the hot and bursting skin bared to the night air, and then a soft and indescribable pressure upon a wound he had not felt before. A voice followed—high, lazily petulant, and familiar to him, and yet one he strove in vain to recall.

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COMBINED BIRD AND BICYCLE.

This Airship Also Resembles a Fish and a Windmill.

William E. McConnekin of Jersey City is an electrician. He used to be a secret service detective and was rated one of the best judges of counterfeit money in the country. Since his retirement from the government service and before it, for that matter, he has devoted considerable thought and much of his native shrewdness to the subject of aerial navigation, and the result is a flying machine that is a combination of bird and bicycle, fish and windmill that Mr. McConnekin thinks will, when it is completed, solve the problem of aerostation. His own description of it is probably the best, and these are his words:

"My airship is on entirely new lines, and it'll be a hummer when it's done. It's to be called the pegasipede. Pegasus, you know, was the winged horse, and pede means foot. Very appropriate, considering the fact that my machine will fly like the mythological animal after I have perfected it and will be worked with the feet.

M'CONNEKIN'S AIRSHIP.

"The body of the pegasipede is shaped like that of a fish. The tail acts as a rudder. There is a neat, comfortable saddle in the middle of the body, in which the person who wishes to make an ascension sits. Then there are pedals exactly similar to those used on bicycles on either side of the body. That is the bicycle portion of the machine. Over the head of the men is a huge fan, which is worked by strings connected with the pedals. This fan, by means of a series of cogs, goes around at a terrific rate of speed when the pedals are worked. The result is that the machine, man and all, rises slowly into the air. They can stop at any time, rise slowly or rapidly, as they choose, go backward or forward and descend when they please.

"A series of fans under and on the sides of the machine will propel the pegasipede after the top fan has raised it in the air. Those fans are my secret, and I don't care to show them until I have protected them by patents. These fans work rapidly or slowly, as the operator chooses, and I am positive that they will do the work I am building them to do. The whole machine will be worked by the man in the saddle. In the front of him he will have a switchboard and a series of levers. He can connect or disconnect any of the fans from the pedal strings by means of these levers. Accidents in midair will be impossible.

"People will say: 'How about the man getting too frightened to work the pedals or becoming exhausted while up in the air? What will happen then? I can answer that in a very few words. One of these levers in front of the operator connects with two sets of framework, which are covered with thick canvas and which are folded in the sides of the machine. A touch on this lever sends this framework out like a flash, and the canvas forms a parachute. Another touch on another lever will stop the other fans working, and like a huge bird the pegasipede will slowly and gracefully descend to the ground."

SACRED DEER IN JAPAN.

Tame Creatures to be Found in a Queer Mountain Town.

Humphrey B. Kendrick, a former resident of Santa Barbara, Cal., who has just returned to San Francisco from a residence of several years in Japan, gives the Examiner an interesting description of a little mountain town named Nara in that country:

"Everyone, or almost everyone, in Nara has a deer," said Mr. Kendrick, "and they are as plentiful there as dogs in an American town, while around the temples are great numbers, all sacred to the Japanese. And they are very tame, coming up even to the stranger and almost begging for gingerbread, of which they are very fond, and which the tourist is expected to buy for them. When the emperor, a great many years ago, came into Nara, and Nara, you know, was the first capital of Japan, he rode on a white deer, and that at once made the deer sacred, and at the same time it became fashionable to own one, and now they are the most common thing to be seen in the place unless it be lanterns, which are actually without number and of every kind and quality. A lantern in Japan is very different from one here, for there they are stone pillars, although there are some of metal and made to be suspended, I say some of bronze in one of the temples which had been brought from Holland long ago. But, while there are so many, the Japanese will never count them. That would be a very wicked thing in the sight of the gods, who keep the number a careful secret. And though sacrilegious foreigners have made the attempt no two of them have ever counted them the same. Another feature is the goldfish ponds—no such fish as you see here, but 12 and 14 inches long and of such a deep color, darker than orange even. And those with the fantails are beautiful. All of the ponds and lakes are full of them, and as the water is very clear it is a marvellous thing to stand on the shore and watch them dart through the ripples, and when out in a boat the very bottom assumes a golden hue."

How We Taste.

Strictly speaking, with the tip of the tongue one cannot really taste at all. If you put a drop of oil of bitter almonds on that part of the tongue you will find that it produces no effect of any sort. You only taste it when it begins slowly to diffuse itself and reaches the true testing region in the middle distance. But if you put a little mustard or cayenne on the same part you will find that it bites you immediately, while if you put it lower down in the mouth you will swallow it almost without noticing the pungency of the stimulant. The reason is that the tip of the tongue is supplied only with the nerves of touch, not nerves of taste proper. They belong to a totally different main branch and they go to a different center in the brain, together with the very similar threads which supply the nerves of smell for mustard or pepper. That is why the smell and taste of these pungent substances are so much alike, as everybody must have noticed, a good sniff at a mustard pot producing almost the same irritating effects as an incautious dose.

DROWNED.

A Terrible Record of Casualties for Saturday and Sunday Last.

At Brantford Saturday evening John Oles, aged 14, was drowned while swimming in the Grand river.

John Anderson, flour merchant, took an epileptic fit while fishing in the Clyde river at Hastings Saturday evening. He fell into the river and was drowned. Deceased leaves a wife and two children.

At Lanark village yesterday Alexander McIntyre, aged 17, was seized with cramps while swimming and was drowned in about ten feet of water.

Alva Cole, about 23 years old, son of John H. Cole, farmer near Delhi, was drowned in Big creek Saturday night while bathing.

Harry Raymond, son of Thos. Raymond, of Tilsonburg, was drowned at Bay City, Mich., while bathing.

Edward Davis, Geo. J. Ringcamp and Geo. Montzan, all of Carbonado, were drowned while bathing in Skunk river, near Oskatoosa, Ia.

George Williamson, employed by A. M. Polley, of Goderich, went beyond his depth while bathing at the mouth of the river and was drowned. The body was recovered.

Three young men were drowned in Chegnamegon bay, near Washington Wis., yesterday afternoon while sailing in a small boat which capsized.

H. B. Nason, an employee of John Macdonald & Co., was drowned yesterday morning off Toronto Island while bathing.

THE GERMAN CAMPAIGN.

The Probable Result of the Coming Elections.

BERLIN, June —The canvass draws to a close with the usual multiplicity of hopes and fears. The confidence felt by the Government recently that it would find a majority of the new Reichstag ready to accept a compromise army bill has vanished gradually before the approach of the decisive day and its newspaper organs now speak in an uncertain tone which is interpreted generally as ominous of Chancellor Von Caprivi's defeat. One reason for the discouragement of the Government's friends is the peculiar impression made upon the voters by Count Kalnoky's statement that the peace of Europe seemed assured for the immediate future; another is the boastfulness of the Social Democrats and opposition Radicals; the main one however, is that as election day draws near all except the extreme parties and partisans feel the depressing influence of the complete uncertainty of the event at the polls.

The Social Democrats have completed their list of 380 candidates. After canvassing every one of their possible constituencies carefully, and closing an oratoral campaign of unprecedented fervor and sagacity, they now claim as sure for them 60 seats, or 34 more than they held in the last Reichstag. The clericals opposed to the Government despite the disaffection of the Schoolemer-Alst group, say that they have positive assurances of electing about 100 of their candidates.

The Conservatives who began the campaign with only luke warm loyalty to the Government are exploiting the present state of affairs to embarrass Chancellor Caprivi, whose tariff reform policy has made him a thorn in the side of the party. They assume to take it for granted that the Government will be in after the election and in their newspapers are questioning the right of the Government to dissolve the Reichstag again in case the army bill be rejected. The North German Gazette answers them in an inspired article concerning the Government's constitutional rights. The writer quotes from the federal constitution the article empowering the federal council, with the consent of the Emperor, to dissolve the Reichstag, and maintains that as the constitution sets no limits to the exercise of this right, the Emperor and federal council may dissolve and redissolve the Reichstag as they see fit. The constitution was not intended, he says, to make the Reichstag omnipotent in the German Government, least of all to invest it with the rights of a supreme court before which the executive must bow. Especially in the consideration of military questions such a supremacy of the Reichstag would be fraught with manifold danger.

THE IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

The Progress of the Home Rule Bill in Committee.

LONDON, June —Mr. G. W. Smalley cables The New York Tribune as follows:—

The week ends as it began with clause three of the home rule bill still under discussion in committee of the house of commons. The closure has been freely applied, and the debate kept within narrow limits, important as are some of the proposals discussed—criminal conspiracy, sedition, shipping, customs duties, alienage. Whether these and other matters not less serious shall be within the legislative jurisdiction of the Irish parliament are surely fair questions to raise and to debate. The Irish and Radicals would cut them all off by the closure if they could. The ministerial majority has varied, sometimes approaching 50, sometimes approaching 30, but the average has been below 40.

If it has been a dull week in committee, not so in the lobbies and caucuses, nor in the private councils of ministers and their supporters. Two Gladstonians have abandoned their party—Mr. Bolton and Mr. Saunders—a third, Sir Edward Reed, has revolted against Irish dictation, which is pretty much the same thing as withdrawing himself from the jurisdiction of the Gladstonian whips, and a fourth, whose name need not be mentioned just yet, is under grave suspicion of disloyalty. Mr. Bolton is voting against his party. Mr. Saunders contents himself with not voting for them. He is an absentee. Sir Edward Reed holds himself free to do either, saying, "I will do what I can to see that home rule does not, under Irish dictation, injure interests which far exceed in importance any Irish ones." He will do his best also to prevent its "already surprisingly large provisions" from being further enlarged in committee.

The crack of the Irish whip is louder than ever. The Irish Nationalists have looked on angrily while Mr. Gladstone was making, as they thought, concession after concession to their enemies. It was supposed he had learned his lesson last week, when Mr. Sexton rebuked him and he apologized and promised to behave better in future and accept no amendment without the permission of his Irish friends. But "discipline" had to be applied again early this week. Again the warning voice of Mr. Sexton was heard, and since it was not heeded the whole anti-Parnellite party suddenly broke loose and voted against the government, 60 English, Scotch and Welsh Radicals following them into the lobby. The particular question at issue was of no great consequence. It was the moral effect which they aimed at. Ministers were indebted to their opponents for a majority. If the Unionists had chosen to vote against them they would have been left in a minority of 100. Meantime, between Mr. Gladstone and some of his other supporters there is no slight degree of friction.

Is This Accurate?

It would require 12,000 cholera microbes to form a procession an inch long.

A VERDICT OF MURDER.

Hickey was Shot by Vrooman is the Finding of the Windsor Jury.

WINDSOR, Ont., June —The inquest on the death of James Hickey, who was shot by John Vrooman Monday evening, was held in the city hall by Coroner Dr. R. Lambert.

The most important witness was Col. James Clark, who was next sworn. He heard loud voices in the buggy, and saw Hickey strike Vrooman in the face, and saw the latter's head thrown back, and he was in this position when the revolver was drawn by Vrooman and the muzzle pushed down into the upper left hand pocket of Hickey's coat. This was shown when the body was picked up, the lining of the coat and the waistcoat being burned with powder.

The jury brought in the following verdict:

"We, the jurors empanelled on the inquest of the late James Hickey, find that the deceased came to his death from the effect of a bullet wound fired from a revolver in the hands of John Vrooman."

The prisoner will be held for trial at Sandwich at the fall Assizes.

Shot by His Brother.

BRETON, Ont., June —A very sad accident occurred here yesterday afternoon. Two brothers, James and Robert Cook, sons of Mr. F. Cook, of this village, aged 14 and 15 years, were out shooting about a mile north of this place. The brothers got separated and partially concealed from each other at a distance of about twenty-five yards. Robert mistook his brother for some wild animal, and fired at him, the charge taking effect in the back, head, neck, arms, and spine. There being no help at hand, Robert took him up and carried him a distance of about a mile to the nearest house, whence surgical aid was sent for. Dr. Law arrived, but it was found impossible to extract the shot, so deeply was it lodged. The poor boy still exists, but with little expectation of recovery, as the lower limbs are already paralysed from the effect of the wound in the head and spine.

Found With a Bullet in His Side.

STRATFORD, June —William Rattray, a youth about 17 years of age, employed in a furniture factory here, was found in the woods adjoining the city yesterday with a bullet wound in his side. The wound was inflicted with a 22-calibre revolver which was found in the boy's possession.

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with an unusually tempting stock to attract you to us to do your buying. No matter whether your wants be a dress or a pair of hose you can be equally well suited here. A few bargains picked at random out of the stock.

Cotton Challies at 6, 8 and 10c.
Prints at 5¾, 7½ and 10c.
Shirtings, extra value, 5¾, 7 and 10c.
Shaker Flannel, a large choice, 5¾, 6, 7, 8c.
Cottonades and Ducks, extra value. 10c up, (specially good at 15c).
Ticking, 10c.
Apron Gingham, 1 yd wide, 13c.
Apron Checked, Linen, 13 and 15c.
Towellings, 4c. up
Dress goods at all prices.
Double fold Cashmeres, extra wide, and fine finish, 20 and 25c.
Double fold tweeds at 25, 38, 35 and 39c.
Best value in black goods ever shown in Brockville, also some nice mourning goods to take the place of dull black.
Corsets at 25, 50, 75c.
D. & A. $1.00.
Watchspring, $1.25, (steels, can't break).
Black Corsets, $1.00 and $1.25.
Table Linens, 19 and 25c.
White Damask, 44c.
Great value in Hosiery and underwear.
Fast Black Hose 3 prs. for 25c.
Boltonian underwear, 3 for 25c.
Kid Gloves 48c up.
Silk and Lisle Gloves 10c up.

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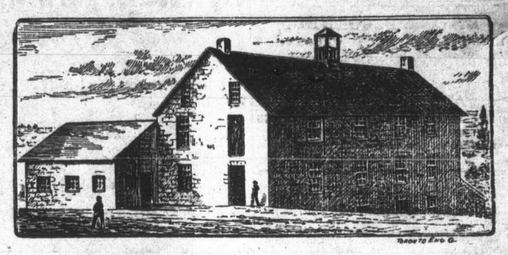

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Lyn, May 20, 189 **R. WALKER**

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$8 00 Dinner Sets, 97 pieces, reduced to $6 50, all Firsts and 16 different varities.
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