

# DOWN A TRESTLE.

## THE FIRST TRAIN OVER A NEW RAILROAD WRECKED.

### THE REAR COACH GOES DOWN A TRESTLE—THREE MEN KILLED AND FORTY-NINE INJURED.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Aug. 22.—A horrible wreck occurred on the Knoxville, Cumberland Gap and Louisville Railroad, at Flat Gap Creek, 22 miles from here, at 10:30 this morning. The train was the first to go over the new road, and carried a select excursion of the City Councils, the Board of Public Works, representatives of the Chamber of Commerce, and the very flower of the business and professional men of Knoxville. The train of two cars left the track at a crossing, and the rear car went down a trestle. Only one man in the car was uninjured. It was impossible to obtain medical aid for a long time, and until 4:30 p. m., when the train reached Knoxville, scanty attention was rendered. Many had to be brought back on flat cars and the last part of the journey was made in a driving rain. Three men died from their injuries and others cannot live.

#### THE DEAD.

Judge George Andrews, the most prominent lawyer in East Tennessee. S. T. Powers, leading merchant and former President of the East Tennessee Fire Insurance Company. Alexander Reeder, a leading politician, who has held many offices of trust.

#### THE INJURED.

Alexander A. Arthur, President of the Chamber of Commerce. Isham Young, President, and Peter Korn, member of the Board of Public Works. John T. Hearn, editor of the *Sentinel*. W. W. Woodruff, a leading wholesale merchant. Charles Seymour, attorney, and Alexander Wilson, assistant chief engineer, Knoxville, Cumberland Gap and Louisville Road. County Judge Maloney. Aldermen Barry and Hockings. General H. Schubert, of the Governor's staff. A. J. Alberts, a wholesale merchant. Rev. R. J. Cook, Professor of U. S. Grant University. City Physician West. Judge H. H. Ingersoll. H. B. Wetsell. W. B. Samuels. C. Abbie. Captain H. H. Taylor. S. McKellen. E. I. Barker. J. F. Kinsoll. John B. Hall. Phillips Samuels, aged 10. R. Schmidt. H. A. Park and one of the train crew.

Out of 56 persons on the train, 41 were injured. The most intense excitement and sadness is apparent here to-night.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

—The State Board of Agriculture has been notified of the death of twelve cows, of murrain, on a dairy farm six miles from Wilkesbarre, Penna.

—Andrew Johnson, a bar keeper, and a man named J. Peterson, a blacksmith, both of Kenosha, Wisconsin, were drowned, on the 18th, while fishing in Camp Lake. A despatch from Vincennes, Indiana, says that a locomotive and eight cars of a freight train on the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad were wrecked, on the morning of the 18th, by running over a cow. J. C. Lyons was instantly killed and C. M. Fauley was fatally injured. The engineer and fireman escaped by jumping.

—The defalcation in the Booneville, Ind., post-office has been found to approximate \$6500, and Postmaster Swint is said to have been ruined by Assistant Postmaster Denny's dishonesty.

—The cords attached to a bunch of rubber balloons became twisted about the arm of two-year-old Sophie Scwab, at Sheffield Park, Chicago, on the 18th, and the child was carried into the air and out over the lake. The despatch says that a sharpshooter succeeded in piercing two of the balloons, and the bunch descended, the child being rescued without even getting her feet wet.

—Charles Rbue, Martin Thomas and Lawrence Overly were fatally injured, and John Glesson and Henry Kantz, seriously, on the 19th, by the fall of one of the walls of the Centilion brewery, at Fort Wayne, Indiana, which was recently burned. Frank Sorrenson was fatally injured at Nanticoke, Penna., on the 19th, by a trap which he had arranged to kill pigeon thieves.

—Parker Harris, colored of Memphis, Tennessee, cut his wife's throat with a pocket-knife on the evening of the 18th, and afterwards cut his own throat, inflicting wounds which will probably prove fatal.

—Edward Brown and James Mulligan had an encounter early on the morning of the 17th, in New York, during which both were severely stabbed. It is thought Mulligan's injuries will prove fatal. It is said Brown was making a disturbance in a house of ill-repute, and Mulligan was called in to put him out. Adam Beutel, a German-farmer, near Louisville, Ky., on the evening of the 16th shot his wife, though not seriously, and then killed himself. The two had quarreled while watching at the bedside of a son who was dying from wounds received at the hands of a negro about two weeks ago.

—Three murders in the Pennsylvania coal regions on the 17th are reported in a despatch from Wilkesbarre, "as a result of its being general pay day." At Pittston Edward Tates struck Thomas Spell on the neck, killing him instantly. At the same place Chas. Fitzgerald was stabbed twice in the abdomen, and died on the evening of the 18th. Edward Welsh has been arrested for the crime of both. At Pigeon Creek Michael Mulinaki stabbed Joe Ledouchel, inflicting a fatal wound.

—Governor Hutchinson, Attorney General Kellogg, Chief Justice Horton and Associate Supreme Justice Valentine and Johnston, of Kansas, have furnished for publication statements declaring that woman suffrage at municipal elections in Kansas has proved such a great public benefit that they advise other States to adopt it.

—A heavy storm of wind and rain, accompanied by severe electrical discharges, passed over portions of Minnesota and Wisconsin on the evening of the 19th. At St. Paul two inches of water fell between 2 and 5 A. M. Lightning struck the large agricultural building on the grounds of the Northwestern Fair Association, at Eau Claire, Wisconsin, destroying the building, together with several thousand bushels of grain and a lot of machinery. Several houses in that vicinity were struck and badly damaged. A despatch from Parkersburg, West Virginia, says that there is great suffering by reason of the recent disastrous floods on Tucker, Tygart, Slate, Little Sandy and other creek valleys, and that the local resources for the relief of the people will soon be exhausted.

—Albert Porter, aged 19 years, of Dover, a student at Dartmouth College, was accidentally shot and killed on the evening of the 19th on Kenniston's Island, near Wolfboro', New Hampshire. He had been camping with some friends, and a revolver which Herbert E. Toule was cleaning was discharged inadvertently. Bert Miller and John Olcott, 10-year-old sons of prominent men at Pomeroy, Iowa, were smothered to death on the evening of the 19th in a bin of flax in the elevator at that place.

—The mud drum of the boiler at Gangwisch's brewery, Allegheny City, exploded with terrific force on the afternoon of the 20th, almost completely wrecking the large three-story building. Henry Snyder, an employe, was killed outright, and two others, Lizzie Biasco and William Johnson, seriously but not fatally hurt. The damage will reach \$10,000. The cause of the explosion is unknown. Miss Mary White and Mrs. Sarah Huyck were struck and killed by a train in Rocheser, New York, on the evening of the 19th. Miss Lillian Fellman, of Chicago, was drowned in the St. Joseph's river, Michigan, on the 19th, while attempting to save Mrs. Edw. Napier, who had got into deep water in an effort to save a little boy from drowning. Mrs. Napier and the boy were saved.

—Information has reached Missoula, Montana, that Indians were again menacing the lives of the whites at Demersville. They broke into a house and one person was killed. William Ball, a colored strolling minstrel, stabbed and killed a negro known as "Blackhawk Porter," in a New York dance house on the morning of the 20th. He claimed the stabbing was an accident, and that they were fighting a "sham battle." A man who was lying on the track of the Omaha road was run over and killed by a St. Paul passenger train as it was approaching Ashland, Wisconsin on the evening of the 19th. When the train hands went to pick up the remains they saw a man run away and escape into the woods. It is thought the man who was killed was made intoxicated and then murdered. Robert Doran, a leading cattleman, was found on the morning of the 17th with his throat cut from ear to ear on one of his ranches, 20 miles southwest of Wichita, Kansas. A bloody razor was found beside him. Mr. Doran's family say the razor was never seen about the house, and certainly belonged to some one else. It is believed Doran was murdered.

—The coroner's jury in New York, in the case of Edward Quinn, foreman of the Brush Electric Light Factory, who was killed by a current of electricity while trying to close a circuit, on the 20th censured the company.

—A heavy rain, the first in over two months, fell over South Dakota, on the evening of the 18th, relieving the anxiety of the farmers, who now say "corn is safe for a good crop." The forest fires in Montana were checked and at many points extinguished by a heavy rain on the evening of the 18th, which was general throughout the Territory.

—Gilman A. Kimball, aged 60 years, of Middletown, Mass., died on the 19th, of hydrophobia. He had been accidentally scratched on the lip by the teeth of his dog about three weeks ago, and the animal was subsequently shot in a fit of rabies.

—The Post-office Department was informed, on the 20th, that the stage running between Canyon City and Baker City, Oregon, was robbed on the 17th and all the registered mail taken; and also that the post-office at Mooresville, Mo., was entered on the evening of the 19th by burglars and \$50 in stamps taken. A. S. Hooper, a letter carrier in the Richmond, Va., post-office, was arrested on the evening of the 20th charged with robbing the mails. A decoy letter was found in his possession.

—A freight wreck occurred on the evening of the 20th on the Erie Railroad at Big Flats. An east-bound passenger train ran into the obstruction, and one baggage and one express car was burned. Engineer Andrew Wallace and fireman Charles Kimball were badly hurt and scalded, and two passengers were slightly injured. Rose Cassidy, aged 13 years, of South Bend, Indiana, while asleep walked off the platform of a Vandalia express at Effingham, Illinois, while it was running at full speed. The train was stopped and the girl was found unhurt walking along the track.

—A heavy storm of wind and rain passed over Winthrop, Maine on the afternoon of the 20th, lasting half an hour. Corn and other crops were seriously injured.

—Three ladies of Portland, Oregon, Mrs. George Bonar, Mrs. Frank Morgan and Miss Sallie Wiberg, became separated from a party who were descending Mount Hood recently and lost their way. Searching parties were formed and the women were found at 3 A. M., perched upon a high rock for safety from wild animals and huddled together to keep warm.

—Two steam yachts, the Wide Awake, of Bremerton, and Jessie Lang, of Port Angeles, collided at the junction of the Oswego and Seneca rivers on the afternoon of the 21st. The Lang sank and all on board, about twenty-five persons, went into the water. All were rescued by the Wide Awake except Miss Clara Van Wormer, of Phoenix, who was drowned. Thomas Jones, aged 10 years, fell into the canal at Lowry's Station, Penna., on the 21st and was drowned. At Newton, North Carolina, B. R. Kenyon, a young banker, formerly of Rochester, New York, walked out of an upper story window and was killed. He was delirious with typhoid fever.

—Frank Morris, John Hell, James O'Brien and Brodie Morris, miners, were caught beneath a fall of slate and killed on the evening of the 20th in the mines of the Cannelton Coal Company, in Fayette county, West Virginia.

—Richard Hanlon was shot and probably fatally wounded, in front of his home, in New York, on the morning of the 21st, by John McGee, a boarder whom Hanlon had ordered to leave the house. John T. Natcher, of Pittsburg, a large painting contractor, was shot and probably fatally wounded in his office on the 21st, by Benjamin Lee, a drunken journeyman who had applied for work.

—A gasoline still at the oil refinery of A. D. Miller & Son, in Allegheny, Pa., exploded early on the morning of the 21st, and the entire plant took fire and was destroyed. The engineer is missing and Perry Heuck, the watchman, was badly injured. The loss is estimated at \$200,000. There was \$48,890 insurance.

—The Post-office Department, on the 21st, received information that the post-office at Remington, Indiana, was entered by burglars, on the 20th; and, also, of the arrest of Samuel Smith at Denver, Colorado, for violations of the postal laws.

—By the explosion of a blast of 80 pounds of giant powder, at Buckley's Mills, Russell county, Virginia, on the 23d, an 18-foot drill was driven through Michael Dance's head, killing him instantly; John Ramery had both hands blown off; Joe Moore's right shoulder was torn off by flying rock; Andrew Martin lost his leg below the knee; and William Kunz was terribly injured. The blast had been put in the previous day, but failed to explode, and the men were extracting the charge when the accident occurred.

—An explosion of fire-damp occurred in No. 2 Colliery of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, near Scranton, Penna., on the 22d, and Andrew Nichols, the superintendent; Richard Mason, inside foreman; John Lavern, Samuel Williams and John Jones were fearfully burned, Nichols probably fatally. There had been a cave in the mine and the men were on their way to repair it, when the gas ignited from one of the miner's lamps.

—Emanuel Brooks shot and fatally wounded his wife in Shawneetown, Illinois, on the 22d, and then shot himself twice in the head. These wounds not proving effectual, he ran 100 yards, jumped into the Ohio river, and was drowned. Alexander Boyd, a farmer at Green Hill, near Wilmington, Delaware, was shot and badly wounded on the morning of the 22d by a horse thief who was endeavoring to make away with two horses from the barn of T. C. Hooton, a neighbor. At Maysville, Arkansas, two outlaws, named Hull and Mason, charged with selling liquor to the Indians, resisted an attempt to arrest them by three deputy marshals. A regular battle resulted, in which Mason had a horse shot under him, and, it is believed, was fatally wounded. Both men escaped, however.

—Joseph Franar, a Bohemian and a resident of Chicago, was shot and killed on the morning of the 22d while standing in his back doorway by an unknown man, who escaped through the alley. Mand Boertel, who lived near Oneida, New York, was shot and killed on the evening of the 22d by her lover, Edward Knowles. Brian W. Burgess, a farmer of Frederick county, Maryland, who died on August 7, is found to have been poisoned with strychnine. Detectives are at work on the case. Ex-City Sergeant James C. Smith, of Richmond, Virginia, on the evening of the 21st shot and killed a negro whom he found in his place of business, presumably for purposes of robbery. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of justifiable homicide.

—F. L. Wiener, President of the Hardin County Bank, of Iowa, was accidentally shot and killed by his son George, while hunting, at Eldora, in that State, on the 21st.

—A train on the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad was wrecked nine miles south of Moberly, Missouri, on the night of the 22d, by running over a steer. Engineer Frank Ritter, of Hannibal, and fireman George Bernmaris, were killed. A freight train on the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad broke through a culvert near Shamokin, Pa., on the 22d, and the engine and twenty cars were totally wrecked. Several of the train men were slightly injured.

—Christian W. Luca, a well-to-do grocer in Brooklyn, New York, was killed on the morning of the 22d by Charles McElwain, who had burglariously entered his store. McElwain was discovered by Luca in the dining room, and a struggle ensued, in which the latter was stabbed a number of times.

—Captain Gardner, of the schooner Valkyrie, at Gloucester, Massachusetts, on the 22d, from the Banks reports that the schooner Martha A. Bradley, on August 10th, picked up Captain Charles Rogers, in an exhausted condition, in the small boat Nechelodon. He was bound from Boston to Paris, and had been at sea 58 days.

Gayety is to good humor as perfumes to vegetable fragrance; the one overpowers weak spirits, the other recreates and revives them.

True politeness is perfect ease and freedom. It simply consists in treating others just as you love to be treated yourself.

## MY FRIEND HERMAN.

I had known Herman Chautfair for years. We had been in the same class at college, and since we parted there, he to pass his time in foreign travel and I to settle down to the practice of my profession in the city, we had constantly exchanged letters, and on the occasions of his rare visits home had always met to talk of old times and renew our old friendship. It was with much pleasure, then, that one morning in the Spring of 18— I received a note from him telling me that he was back in his old quarters in University Place and would be glad to see me.

I found him unchanged after two years' absence. He had laid aside a book when I entered, and after we had comfortably settled down for a long talk, he said: "I have just been reading the Chevalier Joseph von Hammer's 'History of the Assassins,' and it reminds me of a curious experience I had last Winter in China, where, you know, I passed some time at Canton. I had been riding one morning North of the city, and tiring of the ceaseless chatter of my interpreter and guide, I sent him back with the coolies, and started to walk alone up the hillside. I had not gone far along what appeared to be a well-beaten path, when I found myself seized by two men, who, almost before I knew it, pinioned my arms with bamboo withes and were hustling me up the precipitous ascent. I had often heard of the robbers who are said to infest the Park Wan Shan, and stories of attacks upon foreigners were fresh in my mind, but as my friends did not use more violence than was necessary, and resistance seemed to be useless, I went with them, wondering what would be the outcome of my adventure.

"In a moment the path widened, and I found myself in an open space among the trees where an old man sat behind an improvised table, surrounded by a lot of coolies armed with pikes and short swords. They started when they saw me and advanced with their pikes in a way not altogether pleasant, so that, with an instinctive effort, I broke the bamboo fastenings and was about to seize the man nearest to me by the throat. Just then it flashed across my mind that I had trespassed on one of the secret assemblies of the great rebel society they call the 'Heaven and Earth League,' and instantly I made one of the signs that seem to be common property among these fraternities throughout Asia. The pikes dropped as if by magic; some one handed me a cup of villainous tea, and with many bows I was led directly in front of the old man who presided over the meeting. You know I have always taken the deepest interest in the history and institutions of these peculiar orders. For once my studies served me in good stead; the old man inclined his head, I bowed slightly, and then, not caring to prolong the interview with such an impressive host, I turned to go; my two escorts, who appeared as very unprepossessing fellows, deferentially conducting me back by the same path nearly to where I had encountered them on the hillside.

"It is a curious order; a league of natives against their Tartar masters. It is said that its ramifications extend all over the empire, even to very high places. They keep up an organization and maintain old Chinese customs, of course at an enormous risk, for the Government punishes membership in the society by death; but they are devoted to each other by catias, and have an uncomfortable way of killing those who meddle with them."

"Herman," I said, when he had finished, "you know I have to do most of my traveling by you as proxy, but of late I've taken to exploring the city, dining at a West Side restaurant and thinking I am in France, or going down to Maiden Lane and eating *frijoles* and drinking Catalan, in lieu of a trip to Spain; and recently I've been investigating the Chinese quarter, and will you believe it? I think I've found a lodge of that very 'Heaven and Earth League,' right in the heart of this good Christian city. I remembered your penchant, and intended to propose that we should visit it."

"Good!" he replied. "Lunch with me at the 'Travelers,' and we will go this very day."

It was but a step to his club, and luncheon was soon despatched. We called a hansom and soon found ourselves on the borders of that vast foreign settlement, a city within a city, where Chinese, Poles and Italians have each their separate quarters. From here we went on foot up the narrow street that ascends to the seat of the Chinese colony. It was not long before we found the dingy house, well known to me from previous visits as the home of the Chinese secret order. The street door was ajar to give access to the many tenants in the building. Each floor as we ascended seemed to be divided into many small compartments, until we reached the fourth and last story, and entered the lodge room of the society. It was a large, airy place with square ebony tables and chairs arranged on either side, and at one end a shrine, with a grim picture of an idol, the Chinese god of war, it is said, within a richly carved and gilded frame. We found ourselves quite alone, but before we had completed our sur-

vey a very old man, with a square face and bleared eyes, hobbled out from a rear room. "I am the Master," he said, and in a quavering voice asked us our names and addresses, after which he stammered about and placed a few more sticks of incense before the idol, apparently lost in thought and indifferent to our presence. "Let me try to conjure him," said Herman, and crossing the hall he made some signal that, although it was lost to me, fixed the old man's attention and caused his whole manner to change. He clasped his hands together and bowed ceremoniously, and pointed to a closed door guarded by pictures of two tigers on the left of the shrine. Herman instantly rejoined me. "You must leave me here," he said, "I will explain when I see you again." In vain I protested. "Go," he insisted, "if you love me." I turned very unwillingly and my last glance showed that the old man had unlocked the door and was leading Herman into the inner room.

I went directly to my lodgings (I, too, was a bachelor then) with many misgivings and self-accusations at having left my friend, but I found a telegram that called me down into the country—it was when my aunt died—and when I returned—I remained until after the funeral—I found Herman's card, with a few scribbled lines, saying that he was off again, and read his name in the list of outgoing passengers.

It was late in the Summer before I heard from him again. He had come back rather unexpectedly and wanted me to dine with him at his uptown club on Fifth Avenue. "I haven't much to tell you," he wrote, "but I need your advice. Do not fail me."

I thought he looked a trifle worried as we took our seats in the pleasant dining-room overlooking the avenue. "Charters," he began, "I am tired of this wandering life. I want to settle down," and then, significantly, "there is another reason, but of that I can not speak at present." I grasped his hand, and in the way men have, we fell to talking the usual common places. "The voyage was uneventful, of course?" "No, there was a curious occurrence going over. We were sitting in the chart-room one morning after breakfast when the Captain came down with a long, sharp, murderous-looking knife. It was found concealed on a Chinaman whom the sailors discovered prowling about saloon on the deck at two bells. He must have been a stowaway who came out for something to eat, for there were no Chinese employed on the steamer. I went to see him where they had him in irons in a little cell, and I don't think I've ever seen a more villainous-looking chap in my life. The Captain gave me the knife as a souvenir. It was of some Eastern make and I brought it back to hang on the wall among my other trophies."

"What became of the man?" "I don't know. They said he slipped his irons when the steamer arrived at Liverpool and escaped."

"Now," I said, "what was the outcome of that night when I left you?"

Herman's face grew a shade paler. "Oh! nothing," he replied, "but, by the way, here is a slip of paper," taking a square of white tissue, covered with irregular hieroglyphs, from his pocket-book, that I found on the floor of my room just before I sailed. How it got there I don't know. As he leaned over to hand me the paper the carafe between us fell shattered as if some one had struck it a sharp blow. "I think we had better move out of this draft," Herman said; "see, it has cracked the glass." "More like a stray bullet," I thought, but said nothing. We withdrew to a more retired corner and finished our dinner almost in silence.

When we went into the smoking-room I examined the paper Herman had handed me. It bore a small red stamp as though it was an official document. "Herman," I said, "there is Snare, the secretary of the Philological Society. He knows all these Eastern tongues. Come over with me and I will see if he can't translate it for you."

The little man bowed profoundly when I introduced Herman. "You are something of a traveler," he said, in his usual urbane way. "I know your book on the 'Secret Institutions of the Mooris,' and a valuable work it is. What is this?"

He exchanged his glasses and pored in his owl-like way over the paper. "From what I can make out," he said at length, "it appears to be something in the nature of a death warrant—very curious, I dare say."

"Light another cigar," Herman said, "and come up with me to the billiard-room. I don't think my hand's unsteady, but I have some business to-night that may take a clear head and a firm hand." He played a superb game, and ran out almost before I had scored. "I am going down to that Chinese den to-night, Charles. It is full moon, and there is a meeting of the society. From certain little occurrences of late, I think I have some matters to settle with them." "I will go with you!" I exclaimed. "No," he said, "I am going alone." "Never!" I replied. "I deserted you once; this time I will remain with you. I am not blind. I see it all; that man with the knife; the broken glass; this paper. Your life is in peril. You must not go. Call on the police! Can a man be killed by as-

sassins here in this city, forewarned—knowing his danger?"

Herman smiled. "Of what use are the police? Have I a particle of evidence that would pass muster in a court of law? Do you think I could turn aside the vengeance of that great brotherhood? The assassins I do not fear, but I am not afraid to go openly to their meeting and defy them. It is simply a question of money. 'Charters,' he said, in a softer voice, 'you know I never used to care for life, but there is some one else now, and for her sake I am unwilling to throw my life away. Come with me if you choose. Whatever happens to me you are safe. Take this,' drawing a packet addressed in his clear, angular hand from his coat, 'and if the worst comes break the news as gently as you can for my sake.'

In a few moments we were walking down Broadway and along Park Row, bright with electric lights, and a little later were climbing the precipitous stairs that led to the lodge room. There was a man at the door who would have prevented our entering, but Herman brushed him aside and forced his way into the hall. He was right; there was a meeting of the lodge. Two large red candles flared before the shrine and a flood of mellow light shone through the doorway of the inner room, while two great globular lanterns threw strange, reticulated shadows over the hall and its occupants. The old man with bleared eyes sat behind a table in front of the shrine. He was dressed in a rich brocade gown and wore on his head a curious fantastic ornament. Incense was burning in a vase, and a short glittering sword lay on the table before him. The chairs on either side were occupied with motionless figures and in the rear there was a crowd of men who seemed filled with astonishment at our entrance.

Herman walked deliberately across the open space, I followed close behind, until he stood in front of the tribunal. Then drawing the paper from his pocket, he advanced directly to where the old man sat, thrust it in his face, and said, "What is the meaning of this foolery?" Two men with halberds stepped forward as if to strike him down, but Herman seized the short sword and cried, "Move one step, and your master is a dead man." The old man spoke a few words in Chinese and they retreated. "Now!" Herman said, "What do you want of me? I am here. Speak!"

"We are men of peace," the old man answered at last, in a hollow voice. "We know not the writing or what brings you here." Herman gave a quick, impatient gesture, and with his eyes riveted on the old man's made several passes of the sword over his head. The old man fell back as if in a trance. There was perfect silence for a moment. Then his lips moved, and in faint, broken tones he said, "It is written in our book that a stranger would come, who would come, who would give the sign. We cast the lots, and they said he must be sent to join the ghosts—Moy Sing Wong was appointed—the stranger lives—but Moy Sing has not returned."

While all seemed paralyzed with amazement and fear, Herman pushed me backwards towards the door. No one obstructed our way, and Herman, still carrying the sword, followed me down the dark stairs into the gloomy street. We went directly to his rooms. He rang for his man and ordered him to bar the shutters and doors and admit no one. "It is very late," he said, "You need rest." Can you call for me to-morrow at twelve? We will talk this strange business over. Here, take this," handing me a pistol, "but you have no need for fear. It is my affair. I will sleep now."

"Let me remain with you," I said. "No. It is better for you to go. Good night, old fellow. Remember to-morrow at twelve."

I slept but little that night, and punctually at the hour, without breakfast, for I could not eat, I went down to the old house in the square. Herman's man let me in. "Master is expecting you," he said. I went directly to his rooms. To my surprise the door was ajar. Herman sat in his easy chair bending over a little half-faded bunch of flowers. "Hello!" I cried. He did not move.

"Chautfair! Herman!" He did not answer. I touched him. He was dead. Front and on the floor, and in his breast stuck a knife with a curious head, from which fluttered a scrap of blood-stained paper. It was the death warrant of the league, the Society of Heaven and Earth.

#### With a Moral.

Mary had a little lamb, its fleece was white as snow; it ran away, one summer day, where lambs should never go. Then Mary sat her down and tears streamed from her eyes; she never found that little lamb—she did not advertise. Now, Mary had a brother Jim, who kept a country store; he sat him down and smoked his pipe and watched the open door. And as the people passed along, but did not stop to buy, Jim still sat down and blinked his sleepy, sleepy eyes. And so the sheriff closed him out, but still he lingered near, and Mary came to drop with him a sympathetic tear. "How is it, sister, that the other merchants here sell all their goods and pay their bills and thrive from year to year?" Remembering well her own bad luck, the little maid replied: "The other merchants get there, Jim, because they advertise."