

SO THEY WERE NOT MARRIED.

There was a young maid in Fiji,
And in number her lovers were three;
But which she loved best
She needed a test
To tell her, so doubtful was she,
So she stirred up a cannibal war,
Till the whole land was reddened with
gore,
And young man No. 1
Got slain with a gun;
But her heart was as light as before.

So she knew that she didn't love him,
That her fancy was only a whim;
But still there were two,
Both eager to woo,
And still her love's eyesight was dim.
But young No. 2 in a fight
Was captured one terrible night,
And they made him the meat
At a cannibal treat;
And she found that her heart was still
light.

So she didn't love that one, she knew,
But she was still in doubt what to do,
For young man No. 3,
For all she could see,
Was no dearer than youth No. 2.
But her fears in due time were allayed,
For the enemy made a fierce raid,
And, with arrow points filled,
Her last lover was killed;
And she lived and she died an old maid.
—Somerville Journal.

THIEF ON THE SHIP.

"Mrs. Melhurst's compliments, sir, and would you please come down to her stateroom immediately?"

I had just shut myself into my little office on deck, having run through the ship's accounts before turning in that night. It is quite a mistake, by the way, to think that we pursers have no more onerous duties to perform when at sea than to watch over the passengers' comfort, read papers on Sunday and keep a store of nautical information at our finger-ends for the benefit of every curious voyager. Nowadays the pursers of a crack American liner—making, perhaps, a record passage of six days or so—has his work pretty well cut out for him during the entire voyage.

On the present occasion I had scarcely got my accounts fairly in hand when I was interrupted by a slight tap at the door. I arose at once and opened it, and there stood Mrs. Melhurst's Canadian maid, with flushed face and nervous, agitated manner.

"Is there anything wrong?" I asked, with some surprise, when she had delivered her message.

"There is, sir," she replied, hastily. "All I know—"

She was about to make some other statement, but pulled herself up suddenly, and tripped along the deck without another word.

I switched off the electric light, locked the door and hurried a way after her. When I got to Mrs. Melhurst's stateroom I saw at once that something had occurred to cause her serious anxiety. The berths, the couch and even the floors were littered with the contents of cabin trunks and hand bags. In the midst of the confusion stood the lady herself, looking decidedly perplexed and annoyed.

"This is very singular, Mr. Morse," she said, pointing to an empty jewel case which lay open on the upper berth. "My diamond ornaments are missing."

"You don't say so?" I exclaimed in sheer astonishment.

"I do say so," she replied, sharply. "You can see for yourself that they are gone."

"How did it happen?"

"I cannot possibly tell you. At dinner this evening I happened to mention to Mrs. Latimer that I had picked up a certain crescent-shaped brooch on the continent. She expressed a wish to see it. When the tables were cleared I came in here, took out the brooch and left the jewel case lying on the berth, but when I got back the case was empty."

"How long were you absent?"

"Not more than half an hour."

"You are sure you had the key in your possession all the time?"

"Positive. I never let it out of my hand while I was in the saloon."

I was totally staggered. I examined the lock carefully, but there was absolutely nothing to show that it had been tampered with. I could hit upon no better suggestion than that Mrs. Melhurst might possibly have mislaid the jewels somewhere. This had the sole effect of exasperating the lady to such a degree—for it seems that she had already searched every nook and corner in the cabin—that I was glad to beat a retreat in order to lay the matter before the captain.

I had just got to the head of the saloon stairs when I heard some one bounding up after me, three or four steps at a time. I turned and saw Mr. Carter—who, by the way, had made several voyages with us on previous occasions.

"I say, Mr. Morse," he said, taking me confidentially by the arm, "you've got some queer customers on board this trip."

"How so?"

"Why, some one's gone and walked off with my silver cigarette case, a couple of rings and a pair of gold—"

"The deuce!"

"Well, it looks uncommonly like as if the individual you refer to had a hand in the business, for I don't see how any ordinary mortal could get into a's cabin, with the door bolted on the inside, unless he managed to squeeze through the porthole."

"Tell me exactly what has happened."

"My dear fellow, how can I? It's enough to puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer! You see, I went to my stateroom after dinner—I can swear to that—and I remember slinging my cigarette case, rings and a pair of gold sleeve links on the upper berth. Then I put on my dressing gown, stretched myself upon the couch and had a downright good snooze. When I got up, about five min-

utes ago, I found my trinkets had vanished."

"For my word, things were beginning to look serious and no mistake! I lost no time in hunting up the captain and made him acquainted with the state of affairs. He was just as much puzzled as I was myself. The first thing next morning he sent a message to Mrs. Melhurst, requesting a private interview in his cabin on deck. He also signified his wish that I should be present. We both questioned the lady closely, but her replies did not tend to throw any light upon the singular occurrence.

Nevertheless we determined to keep a close watch upon the stateroom in future. It was pretty evident we had a "black sheep" on board—probably an old hand at the business. For the next few days we had no further complaints. The thief was evidently "lying low," waiting until tranquility was restored before making a fresh attempt. Meanwhile I kept my eyes open. I observed the little peculiarities of the different passengers, and took particular note of the manner in which they occupied their time.

On board ship when you find a man who shows a marked preference for his own society above that of the loungers on deck or habitués of the smokeroom, he is inclined to jump at the conclusion that he has some solid reasons for his exclusiveness. If, in addition to this, he happens to be of an uncommunicative disposition, with black hair and swarthy complexion, given to wearing a slouch hat and long coat—rightly or wrongly, you put him down as a decidedly suspicious character.

Now, we happened to have a passenger on board—a Brazilian named De Castro—who tallied in every way with this description. But for the fact that I had conclusive evidence to show he could not have been directly concerned in the robberies—for inquiries proved he had remained on deck the whole evening—he certainly would have been treated to a private interview in the captain's cabin. As it was, I was forced to conclude that black hair, swarthy complexion, slouch hat and cloak were quite compatible with a man's innocence.

Nothing further occurred to excite suspicion until the last day or two of the voyage. Then, one evening after dinner, word was brought to me that three other staterooms had been rifled in the same mysterious manner. Watches, jewelry and even money had disappeared, though in all three cases the passengers stoutly declared they had left their doors locked.

When the alarm reached me I happened to be standing in my desk office. I had in my hand twenty sovereigns, which I had just taken in exchange for American money to accommodate one of our passengers. I didn't wait to lock up the gold; I simply placed it on my desk, switched off the light and hurried away. I had no fear for the safety of the sovereigns, my door having a particularly intricate lock, in which I took good care to turn the key before leaving.

I remained below for an hour or so, investigating these fresh complaints, but, as in the other cases, I was utterly unable to make head or tail of them. Yexed and bewildered, I went back to my office, unlocked the door, turned on the light, and mechanically stretched out my hand to take the sovereigns from my desk. My hand closed upon nothing more solid than this air—my little pile of gold had vanished!

For a minute or two I stood there gazing blankly before me, so utterly confused and dismayed that I could scarcely bring my wits to bear upon the mysterious affair. Then I managed to pull myself together, and took a look around my little cabin. In the course of my observations my eye happened to rest upon the porthole, which stood wide open, the weather being oppressively hot.

I regarded the innocent looking porthole with the air of a veritable Sherlock Holmes. I went outside and thrust my arm in through the opening, but my hand did not reach within fully two yards of the desk. Still, it struck me as being the only way by which the thief could have got at the money, and I determined to put my theory to a practical test.

I hurried down into the saloon, where most of the passengers were congregated. As yet few of them were aware of the robberies, for we had kept the matter as secret as possible. I went straight up to a young American gentleman who I knew had a great many trinkets in his stateroom and was rather careless, too, in the way he left them lying about.

"Don't show any surprise," I whispered, glancing around at the other occupants of the saloon, "but might I ask whether your stateroom is locked?"

"It is."

"And the porthole open?"

"I should say so! I don't want to find the place as stuffy as the engine room when I go to turn in."

"Well, just pass me your key; I want to try a little experiment. Wait till I'm gone and then stroll up on deck. Let yourself be seen—on the lower deck particularly—but don't pay too close attention to anyone you may notice loitering there."

He fell in readily with my scheme. I went and shut myself in his stateroom, crouching down so that I could just keep an eye on the porthole over the top of the lower berth. I remained in that cramped position until my limbs ached, and I was half inclined to give it up as a bad job.

But, suddenly, as I glanced up at the porthole, my blood ran cold, and in all my life I never had such difficulty to keep down a yell. In the dim light I saw a long, thin, hairy arm thrust in through the opening. The next moment a small black hand had fastened upon

a leather case lying close to the window and withdrew it as quick as thought almost.

I sprang to my feet and bolted outside into the passage. I dashed up the saloon stairs and made for the lower deck. There, just about the spot where I judged the stateroom to be situated, I came face to face with the Brazilian, De Castro. In spite of the heat, he was wearing his long cloak with the deep cape, and had his eternal cigarette between his teeth. He looked at me with an air of frank surprise, and I looked at him with an air of profound suspicion.

Suddenly a happy thought flashed through my mind. I turned round and sprang down the saloon stairs, running full tilt against the chief steward, who was standing at the bottom.

"Get me a handful of nuts—quick!" I cried.

When he brought them I hurried back on deck. The Brazilian had moved away a little toward the stern. I went close up, stood right in front of him, and then began deliberately to crack the nuts.

He regarded me with a pitying sort of look, but I paid little attention to him. Presently I saw a corner of the cape drawn aside and behind a pair of small, gleaming eyes fixed greedily upon me.

It was enough. My suspicions were confirmed. I flung the rest of the nuts in the sea, and walking straight up to De Castro, said:

"I must ask you to accompany me to the captain's cabin."

"Vot you mean?" he asked, drawing back.

I was determined to stand no nonsense, and straightway took him by the shoulders. The moment I had my hands upon him I heard a vicious snarl under his cape; it was pulled suddenly aside and out flew a monkey.

The little brute went at me, tooth and nail. I saw the gleam of a knife, too, in the Brazilian's hand, but I let him have my fist straight between the eyes before he could use it, and he measured his length upon the deck.

The quartermaster came running up, and the rascal was dragged off to the captain's cabin. When searched there Mrs. Melhurst's diamonds, Mr. Carter's cigarette case and rings and a miscellaneous collection of other valuables were found upon him. In his stateroom we discovered a perforated box, apparently intended for the use of the monkey, who was evidently quite as accomplished as his master.—Cassell's Saturday Journal.

ORIGIN OF THE HUMAN RACE.

Some People Hold the Polar Regions Were Once Inhabited.

Believers in the Laplace theory of the origin of the sun and the planets are of the opinion that the original stock of the human race first came into existence at the poles of the earth and gradually moved out toward the equator. All believers in the nebular hypothesis are fast conforming their ideas to the belief that this earth was once a red-hot ball of fire, and that the human race came into existence as soon as a portion of the globe had cooled sufficiently to admit of their living upon it. The portion most likely to cool first was the poles, and the evidence deduced from this speculation is that upon which is founded the idea of the polar origin of the human family. On the above theory is explained the mysterious finding of the remains of tropical birds, beasts and plants far up in the polar regions. If it is really true that the poles were the first habitable spots on the earth's surface, and that they were rendered so by the globe first cooling at the spot least affected by sunshine, it must be true also that the polar regions are gradually encroaching upon the temperate and torrid zones. Who knows but that the centuries yet to come will fill the Indian ocean and the Gulf of Mexico with icebergs and keep the Nile and the Amazon frozen solidly throughout the year?—St. Louis Republic.

Curious Bank of England Notes.

No note, out of the fifty or sixty thousand now issued daily, is ever issued twice. If, as a depositor, you should draw any amount in notes at the bank and pay them back into your account ten minutes afterward, they would be canceled. So also any other notes received by you from any other bank in London are always new ones, crisp from the Bank of England presses of the day before. The signature is cut off immediately a note is paid in, and the cancellation department proceeds to file them in their regular order, taking notice and keeping account of all notes which have not been returned.

One of the curiosities of this department is a twenty-five pound note which was paid in after being out for 111 years. The bank note library is also here, with albums containing old bank notes of various large amounts, with the names of the noblemen for whom they were issued. There is also the million-pound bank note, a bit of paper which, in its day, was worth \$5,000,000, and was issued for convenience in closing an undertaking of unusual moment. The records of this department are of invaluable assistance in checking forgery, and the canceled notes, which are kept for a period of about five years before being burned, are constantly under examination by Scotland Yard detectives in search of stolen money, or other people whose notes have been lost. The strange stories of single notes which this department can furnish are many, and are ready-made plots for any number of romances, but they are too numerous to be told in this article.—McCulloch's Magazine.

In Memory of Von Moltke.

A Moltke stone is to be erected on the banks of the Baltic canal, thirty-three miles from the western entrance, on the spot where the old field marshal inspected the works in 1801.

HOMES HIGH IN THE AIR.

A LITTLE VILLAGE ON NEW YORK'S SKYSCRAPERS.

How the Janitors of the Big Downtown Office Buildings Live—Curious Residences in the Metropolis.

A thriving little village of one-story cottages has sprung up recently on lower Broadway, New York. Its population now numbers several hundreds.

These curious little homes, says the New York Journal, have been built upon the roofs of the sky-scraping buildings which line Broadway. Some of them are set exactly on a line of the pavements of Broadway, while others have been built a few feet behind near the front gardens. Many of these quiet homes rest on foundations some fifteen or twenty stories in height, and are consequently quite free from damp collars and similar complaints.

The highest homes in New York rent for a few dollars a month, which is very reasonable, considering the value of real estate on Broadway, on which they stand. They are inhabited by the janitors of the immense buildings which form the foundation of the modest cottages. Real estate on the lower end of Manhattan Island has grown so enormously valuable that even the roofs of twenty-story buildings cannot be allowed to go to waste.

These remarkable building sites are in many ways as desirable as any in the city. Vegetable and flower beds flourish on this Broadway real estate, and probably no other homes in the city get so much fresh air and sunlight.

The architecture in many of the small homesteads follows the style of the eighteen or twenty-story foundations on which they rest. In many cases the cottages have been constructed at a cost of many thousands of dollars. Some of them are built entirely of stone or terra-cotta or other valuable materials, and are elaborately decorated. The most picturesque of them all is located on the roof of the Produce Exchange Building. The roof itself is built of brick and terra-cotta, and is adorned with a beautiful tower at one corner, also built of terra-cotta, and profusely ornamented. Viewed from the street the tower looks no larger than a bandbox or chicken-coop. As a matter of fact, however, it is two stories and a half in height from the roof up, and contains half a dozen comfortable rooms.

This little mansion is occupied by the janitor of the building and his family of eight, not counting the dog. The roof of the building is carefully walled in by a high parapet. There are few houses in New York which can boast so large a front yard. It is nearly a block in length, and quite as bright in summer as any yard can be. House-keeping goes on up near the sky much the same as on the solid earth 200 feet below. The front yard is well supplied with clotheslines, on which the wash is regularly hung out to dry. The ground is covered with sand. There are no trees or grass growing there, to be sure, but there are several flower beds arranged in wooden boxes, which add a very pleasant touch of color to the whole.

A good-sized dog kennel stands beside the kitchen door, and its occupant is allowed to roam about the roof. The dog has very little to occupy his time, however, for there are no tramps up there to drive away from the premises and no wagons to run out and bark at.

The children who live in these high altitudes have carried their bicycles, wheelbarrows and other toys up with them, and have a playground all to themselves, which is not equalled by any millionaire's child's playground in the city. Just at present they are running up their sleds to enjoy the sledding in their playground on lower Broadway.

The interior of this cosy little cottage is furnished very simply and comfortably. On the first floor is a neat little kitchen, a dining room and a parlor. The neatly curtained windows of the little rooms command a magnificent view of houses and the harbor. In the little kitchen a tea-kettle sings away on a neatly blackened stove and a clock ticks quietly on the cupboard. In fact, the house is so far above Broadway that it is one of the quietest homes in the entire city, in spite of the rattle and roar of travel down below.

The house is heated by stoves, and the people who live there the year round say it is always comfortable. The windows and doors are built to stand the roughest weather which the exceedingly exposed position invites. It is never very hot up there, and often when the people on the pavements are sweltering with the heat, it is hard to keep one's hat on in the janitor's skyscraping front yard. There is nothing whatever to break the wind, and to a casual observer these building sites seem better fitted for weather bureaus than homesteads.

An Electric Cat.

Tony Rigdon, of Cincinnati, Ohio, has a cat named Maggie, which is an electric wonder. The animal is jet black all over, with the exception of a tiny white spot on the very tip of her tail. Maggie's fur will crisp and sparkle when you stroke it in the dark on a cold night, but almost any black cat will do the same. However, almost any black cat cannot do all that Maggie can.

Tony says it is the white tip of her tail that does the business, for if you touch the extremity of her caudal appendage day or night, winter or summer, it will give you a shock "that will knock you silly," as he expresses it. Maggie is herself well aware of her secret power, and in her scurrillages with other cats or a chance stray dog now and then she has but to brush her tail across her enemy, when she knocks him out completely.

In a fight with a big cat that strayed into Maggie's ballwick the other day the electric miss gave him such forceful and repeated shocks that poor Tom could not be revived thereafter. Tony has no end of fun watching his pet against customers.

A Retriever's Trick.

The following story is of a retriever dog belonging to the housekeeper of a newspaper office in the Strand:

"Rats are constantly caught on the premises, and the dog, fully aware of their habits, evinces such ability that his intelligence is quite worthy of record. Last Sunday he was heard barking loudly; calling for assistance. In the compositors' room, where there is a rat-hole in the floor. The dog had watched two fine rats come up through their hole, and immediately they were fairly away from their point of entry he rushed up and sat on the hole to cut off their means of retreat, barking forthwith for help. Nothing would induce him to budge till a board was brought and placed over the hole, when he started in pursuit, and soon dispatched the intruders. His master assured me that the dog originated this ingenious method of procedure, and that he had practiced it with like success on several occasions."

The short cape is a universal favorite on account of the ease with which it goes on over big sleeves.

INDIAN PLEASANTRIES.

How a Single Piegan Passed for Seventy.

"A member of the Canadian mounted police, Lieut. McDonough, told me," said Capt. Partelle, at the Officers' Club, "the following incident of a band of Crees and a solitary Piegan Indian, which is novel and interesting. It occurred about 100 miles from Fort Walsh. A band of Cree Indians woke up one snowy morning to find that about one dozen of their choicest ponies had been run off during the night. Pursuit was soon organized, and within a few hours a fresh trail was found in the snow. After following the trail some thirty miles it entered a river bottom and headed for a wooded island in the middle of the river.

"Smoke was seen rising from the trees, and an opening, which seemed to

be the mouth of a cave, appeared in plain view. Presently a single Indian, a Piegan, showed up in front of the opening. He was in war paint, and there was a dog at his heels. Pretty soon the dog scented the Crees, and began growling and barking. The Piegan looked up, glanced a moment about him, and then instantly entered the cave. In about ten seconds another Piegan came around the rocks and also went in; then another and another and another, there being but a few seconds between them. The Crees lay silently in the bushes watching and counting, until upward of fifty Piegans had come around the rocks and gone into the cave, and still they kept coming. What seemed remarkable was the fact that all these Indians were, to all appearances, exactly the same size, were dressed and painted alike, each carried a rifle, and, most remarkable, each seemed a little lame in the left foot, limping slightly.

"They were a gaudy crowd, and the Crees counted seventy of them. The superstitious Crees naturally concluded that the evil spirit had something to do with it, for there was no doubt that there were seventy Piegan Indians on the island who were exactly alike.

"So thoroughly were they filled with the idea that the devil was mixed up with the mystery that even when the reinforcements arrived, which was in a few hours, they were reluctant to attack the island. That night one Cree, less superstitious than the rest, crossed over to investigate. On approaching the supposed cave he was surprised to find it was no cave at all, but simply an opening leading some ten feet into the rock, where it made a turn and came out on the other side. It required, but a glance to understand what had seemed so mysterious before. There was but the remnant of a single campfire, the ponies were gone, and not an Indian was in sight. The apparent presence of sixty-nine other warriors was a sharp trick on the part of the Piegan warrior to deceive his enemies and gain time for his escape, which he accomplished in good shape.

"While it is true that most red men are ridiculously superstitious, and others again so stolid and indifferent that you might enter their presence with a brass band, throw hand springs before them, smile, weep, have convulsions, or do some other outrageous thing, and yet they will sit and look at you with a cold, reserved glance and disinterested eye; still, there are more who have the bump of humor pretty well developed, and are intense wags in their own way. The trader at Fort Berthold, on the upper Missouri, caught a Tartar one day.

"A Cree Indian had given him considerable annoyance by hanging around the store in a half-drunken condition, and was told that in case he was seen again with a bottle it would be taken away from him and thrown into the fire. A few days afterward the Indian appeared with a pint flask in his blanket, as usual. The trader was as good as his word, and demanded the bottle, which was given up without a word of protest, and then the redskin started for the door. The trader threw the flask into the stove, when bang! went the stove and out came the windows, the trader following. Had he stopped to investigate before throwing he would have found the flask contained gunpowder, not whiskey.

"Some of Coxe's foot tourists in Eastern Montana were badly sold last spring by a mischievous Crow Indian, who moved a sign on the road to Billings reading 'Six miles to Billings,' and stuck it up in a strange place. The weary Commonwealthers traveled six days and nights before they reached that town."

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THE RIVERS OF THE WORLD.

The Tigris is 1,150 miles long.
The Nile is only 290 miles long.
The world-famous Orontes is only 240 miles long.
The Zambezi, in South Africa, is 1,800 miles in length.
Slow rivers run at the rate of from three to eleven miles an hour.
Twelve crooks in the United States bear the name of the Rhine.
Every ancient city of note was located on or near the sea or a river.
The Ganges is 1,570 miles long, and drains an area of 750,000 square miles.
The Hudson River, from its mouth to the lakes, is 400 miles in length.
The Mississippi and its tributaries drain an area of 2,000,000 square miles.
The branches of the Mississippi have an aggregate length of 15,000 miles.
For over 1,200 miles the Nile does not receive a single tributary stream.
The River Jordan has its origin in one of the largest springs in the world.
In islands too small size to have rivers creeks are dignified by that name.
The Connecticut, the principal stream of New England, is 4.0 miles in length.
During a single flood of the Yang-tse-Kiang, in China, 600,000 persons were drowned.
The most expensive protective river works in Europe are at the mouth of the Danube.
The Rhine is only 900 miles long, but drains a territory nearly double the area of Texas.
The Irish, in Siberia, is 2,200 miles in length and drains 600,000 miles of territory.
The Nile, from its delta to the great lakes in Central Africa, is over 4,000 miles in length.
The Thames of England is 230 miles long. The river of the same name in Canada is 160.
There are twenty creeks in this country which have been dignified with the name of the Tiber.
The Columbia River of Canada is 1,400 miles in length. The stream of the same name in Oregon is 600.
The Arkansas River is 2,170 miles long, but at various points in its course is very thin for its length.
The Potomac River is only 200 miles long, and in its lower course is rather an estuary than a stream.
The British islands are better provided with rivers than any other country of the same size on the globe.

A DESPERADO LYNCHED.

His Body Riddled With Bullets After Killing a Postmaster.

Alex Jones, a colored desperado, boarded a passenger train at Keystone, W. Va. He was under the influence of whisky, very boisterous and quarrelsome. Conductor McCullough came through the car, and after demanding fare from Jones, advised him to be quiet. He became more incensed, and when an attempt was made to eject him, he pulled two revolvers from his belt and began firing promiscuously through the train, which was crowded with passengers. He emptied both revolvers and attempted to reload, but was overpowered by trainmen. When the smoke had cleared away and the excitement had abated, it was discovered that W. H. Strother, postmaster at Elkhorn, was shot through the abdomen. The wound resulted in almost instant death.

Conductor McCullough was shot in the side, but not seriously injured, and Peter Rice, a colored miner, was shot through the right breast, and probably fatally injured.

Jones was incarcerated in the Elkhorn jail to wait the arrival of a train by which to convey him to Huntington for safe keeping.

The train arrived at 2 A. M., and the officers and prisoners boarded it without molestation. Meanwhile a mob had been organized at Welch, 15 miles west of Keystone, and had marched to Hemphill, a small station one mile west of Welch. The train was flagged by a danger signal, and the mob, numbering 100 men, boarded it, and, at the point of Winchester, forced the officers to release the prisoner. They dragged Jones a short distance to a tree, where he was swung to a limb and his body riddled with bullets, the following note being attached:

"This deed was done for the purpose of example and warning. Beware!"

Some of the most prominent and influential citizens of this section composed the mob. Jones, it is alleged, had killed three men prior to his last offense. Excitement is at a high pitch. An effort was made by Jones' friends to rescue him from the angry mob, but it proved to be futile. W. H. Strother was one of the best known men in this section and had numerous friends. He had just succeeded Paul Fletcher, who was killed a short time ago, as postmaster at Elkhorn.

PARTITION OF TURKEY.

How a London Newspaper Says the Empire is to Be Divided.

The London Daily News printed a despatch from Vienna which asserts that news has been received there from Constantinople and Sebastopol which agrees that Russia has a fleet lying at Sebastopol and at Odessa, and that the Caucasian armies of Russia are being concentrated upon the Armenian frontiers in readiness to move next spring to realize the plans of Peter the Great for the partition of Turkey between the powers, Russia taking Armenia and Constantinople, France taking Syria and Palestine and England taking Egypt and the eastern shores of the Persian Gulf, the remainder of the Turkish empire to be divided among the other powers.

The Daily News has a despatch from Sebastopol which records that secret preparations are going forward there of shipping and of armaments for a volunteer fleet. It is the general belief there, this despatch affirms, that these preparations foreshadow some action in the spring.

The Chronicle recalled the success which attended President Jefferson's sending a fleet to Algiers, and advocates the great powers formally inviting the United States to send a fleet to Turkey.

"The mere sight of such a formidable display," said the Chronicle, "would suffice to bring the Sultan to his senses." If, however, action were needed, the Chronicle urges that the British fleet should co-operate.