to entering the bedroom of the deceased with Dr. Arrowsmith, and to the examination he had made of it. There he had found the jewel box opened, its contents abstracted, and the watch gone. He could find nothing else disarranged in the room, or any trace whatever that would give a clew as to the identity of the murderer. He then looked out of the window with Dr. Arrowsmith and saw by a few leaves lying on the ground, and by marks upon the bark of the ivy, that someone had got up or down.

Dr. Arrowsmith had suggested that he should take up his post there, and not allow anyone to approach, as a careful search might show footsteps or other marks that would be obliterated were people allowed to approach the window. When Captain Hendricks came they examined the ground together. They could find no signs of footsteps, but at a distance of some ten yards, at the foot of the wall, they found a torn glove, and this he produced.

"You have no reason in connecting this with the case in any way, I suppose, Constable?" the Coroner asked, as the glove was laid on the table before him." "It might have been lying there some time, I suppose?"

"It might, sir."

It was a dogskin glove stitched with red, with three lines of black and red stitching down the back. While the glove was produced and examined by the jury, Ronald Mervyn was talking in whispers to some friends standing round him.

"I wish to draw your attention," Lieutenant Gulston said in a low tone to Captain Hendricks, "that Captain Mervyn is at this moment holding in his hand a glove that in point of color exactly matches that on the table; they are both a lighter color than usual." The Chief Constable glanced at the gloves and then whispered to the Coroner. The latter started, and then said, "Captain Mervyn, would you kindly hand me the glove you have in your hand. It is suggested to me that its color closely resembles that of the glove on the table." Mervyn, who had not been listening to the last part of the Constable's evidence, turned round upon being spoken to.

"My glove, yes, here it is if you want it. What do you want it for?" The Coroner took the glove and laid it by the other. Color and stitching matched exactly; there could be no doubt but that they were a pair. A smothered exclamation broke from almost every man in the room.

"What is it?" Ronald Mervyn asked.

"The Constable has just testified, Captain Mervyn, that he found this glove a few feet from the window of the deceased. No doubt you can account for its being there, but until the matter is explained it has, of course, a somewhat serious aspect, coupled with the evidence of Lieutenant Gulston."

Again Ronald Mervyn whitened to the hair.

"Do I understand, sir," he said, in a low voice, "that I am accused of the murder of my cousin?"

"No one is at present accused," the Coroner said, quietly. "We are only taking the evidence of all who know anything about this matter. I have no doubt whatever that you will be able to explain the matter perfectly, and to prove that it was physically impossible that you could have had any connection whatever with it."

Ronald Mervyn passed his hand across his forehead.

"Perhaps," the Coroner continued, "if you have the fellow of the glove now handed to me in your pocket, you will kindly produce it, as that will, of course, put an end to this part of the subject."

"I cannot," Ronald Mervyn answered. "I found as I was starting to come out this morning that one of my gloves was missing, and I may say at once that I have no doubt that the other glove is the one I lost: though how it can have got near the place where it was found I cannot explain."

The men standing near fell back a little. The evidence given by Mr. Gulston had surprised them, but had scarcely affected their opinion of their neighbor, but this strong piece of confirmatory evidence gave a terrible shock to their confidence in him.

Mr. Carne was next called. He testified to being summoned while dressing by the cries of the servants, and to having found his sister lying dead.

"Now, Mr. Carne," the Coroner said, "you have heard the evidence of Lieutenant Gulston as to a quarrel that appears to have taken place on the afternoon before this sad event between your sister and Captain Mervyn. It seems from what he said that you also overheard a portion of it."

"I beg to state that I attach no importance to this," Reginald Carne said, "and I absolutely refuse to give any credence to the supposition that my cousin, Captain Mervyn, was in any way instrumental in the death of my sister."

"We all think that, Mr. Carne, but at the same time I must beg you to say what you know about the matter."

"I know very little about it," Reginald Carne said, quietly. "I was about to enter the drawing room, where I knew my cousin and my sister were, and I certainly heard his voice raised loudly. I opened the door quietly, as is my way, and was about to enter, when I heard words that showed me that the quarrel was somewhat serious. I felt that I had better leave them alone, and therefore quietly closed the door again. A few seconds later Lieutenant Gulston rushed in from the front door, and was about to enter when I stopped him. Seeing that it was a mere family wrangle, it was better that no third person should interfere in it, especially as I myself was at hand, ready to do so if necessary, which I was sure it was not."

"But what were the words that you overheard, Mr. Carne?"

Reginald Carne hesitated. "I do not think they were of any consequence," he said. "I am sure they were spoken on the heat of the moment, and meant nothing."

"That is for us to judge, Mr. Carne. I must thank you to give them to us as nearly as you can recollect."

"He said then," Reginald Carne said, reluctantly, "'I swear you shall never marry this sailor or anyone else, whatever I may have to do to prevent it.' That was all I heard."

"Do you suppose the allusion was to Lieutenant Gulston?"

"I thought so at the time, and that was one of the reasons why I did not wish him to enter. I thought by my cousin's tone that did Lieutenant Gulston enter at that moment an assault might take place."

"What happened after the Lieutenant, in compliance with your request, left you?"

"I waited a minute or two and then went in. My sister was alone. She was naturally much vexed at what had taken place."

"Will you tell me exactly what she said?"

Again Reginald Carne hesitated.

"I really don't think," he said, after a pause, "that my sister meant what she said. She was indignant and excited, and I don't think that her words could be taken as evidence."

"The jury will make all allowances, Mr. Carne. I have to ask you to tell them the words."

"I cannot tell you the precise words," he said, "for she spoke for some little time. She began by saying that she had been grossly insulted by her cousin, and that she must insist that he did not enter the house again, for if he did she would certainly leave it. She said he was mad with passion; that he was in such a state that she did not feel her life was safe with him. I am sure, gentlemen, she did not at all mean what she said, but she was in a passion herself and would, I am sure, when she was cool, have spoken very differently."

There was a deep silence in the room. At last the Coroner said:

"Just two more questions, Mr. Carne, and then we have done. Captain Mervyn, you say, had left the room when you entered it. Is there any other door to the drawing room than that at which you were standing?"

"No, sir, there is no other door; the window was wide open, and as it is only three feet from the ground, I have no doubt he went out that way. I heard him gallop off a minute or two later, so that he must have run straight round to the stables."

"In going from the drawing-room window to the stables, would he pass under the window of your sister's room?"

"No," Reginald replied. "That is quite the other side of the house."

"Then, in fact, the glove that was found there could not have been accidentally dropped on his way from the drawing room to the stable?"

"It could not," Reginald Carne admitted, reluctantly.

"Thank you; if none of the jury wish to ask you any question, that is all we shall require at present."

The jury shook their heads. They were altogether too horrified at the turn matters were taking to think of any questions to the point. The Chief Constable then called the gardener, who testified that he had swept the lawn on the afternoon of the day the murder was committed, and that had a glove been lying at that time on the spot where it was discovered he must have noticed it.

When the man had done, Captain Hendricks intimated that that was all the evidence that he had at present to call.

"Now, Captain Mervyn," the Coroner said, "you will have an opportunity of explaining this matter, and, no doubt, will be able to tell us where you were at the time Miss Carne met her death, and to produce witnesses who will at once set this mysterious affair, as far as you are concerned, at rest."

Ronald Mervyn made a step forward. He was still very pale, but the look of anger with which he had first heard the evidence against him had passed, and his face was grave and quiet.

"I admit, sir, he began in a steady voice, "the whole facts that have been testified. I acknowledge that on that afternoon I had a serious quarrel with my cousin, Margaret Carne. The subject is a painful one to touch upon, but I am compelled to do so. I had almost from boyhood regarded her as my future wife. There was a boy and girl understanding between us to that effect, and although no formal engagement had taken place, she had never said anything to lead me to believe that she had changed her mind on the subject; and I think I may say that in both of our families it was considered probable that at some time or other we should be married.

"On that afternoon I spoke sharply to her—I admit that—as to her receiving the attentions of another man; and upon her denying altogether my right to speak to her on such a subject, and repudiating the idea of any engagement between us, I certainly, I admit it with the greatest grief, lost my temper. Unfortunately I had been from a child given to occasional fits of passion. It is long since I have done so, but upon this occasion the suddenness of the shock, and the bitterness of my disappointment, carried me beyond myself, and I admit that I used the words that Lieutenant Guiston has repeated to you. But I declare that I had no idea whatever, even at that moment, of making any personal threat against her. What was in my mind was to endeavor in some way or other to prevent her marrying another man."

Here he paused for a minute. So far the effect of his words had been most favorable, and as he stopped, his friends breathed more easily, and the jury furtively nodded to each other with an air of relief.

"As to the glove," Ronald Mervyn went on, deliberately, "I cannot account for its being in the place where it was found. I certainly had both gloves on when I rode over here, how I lost it, or where I lost it, I am wholly unable to say. I may also add that I admit that I went direct from the drawing room to the stable, and did not pass round the side of the house where the glove was found." He again paused. "As to where I was between 1 o'clock and 2:30 the next morning, I can give you no evidence whatever." A gasp of dismay broke from almost every one in the room.

"It was becoming dark when I mounted my horse," he said, "and I rode straight away; it is my custom, as my fellow-officers will tell you, when I am out of spirits, or anything has upset me, to ride away for hours until the fit has left me, and I have sometimes been out all night. It was so on this occasion. I mounted and rode away. I cannot say which road I took, for when I ride upon such occasions, I am absorbed in my thoughts and my horse goes where he will. Of myself, I do not know exactly at what hour I got home, but I asked the stable man, who took my horse, next morning, and he said the clock over the stable gate had just struck 3:30 when I rode in. I do not know that I have anything more to say."

The silence was almost oppressive for a minute or two after he had finished, and then the Coroner said: "The room will now be cleared of all except the jury."

The public trooped out in silence. Each man looked in his neighbor's face to see what he thought, but no one ventured upon a word until they had gone through the hall and out into the garden. Then they broke up in little knots, and began in low tones to discuss the scene in the dining room. The shock given by the news of the murder of Miss Carne was scarcely greater than that which had now been caused by the proceedings before the Coroner. A greater part of those present at the inquest were personal friends of the Carnes, together with three or four farmers having large holdings under them. Very few of the villagers were present, it being felt that although, no doubt, every one had a right to admission to the inquest, it was not for folks at Carnesford to thrust themselves into the affairs of the family at the Hold.

Ronald Mervyn had, like the rest, left the room when it was cleared. As he went out into the garden, two or three of his friends were about to speak to him, but he turned off with a wave of the hand, and paced up and down the front of the house, walking slowly, with his head bent.

"This is a horribly awkward business for Mervyn," one of the young men, who would have spoken to him, said. "Of course Mervyn is innocent; still it is most unfortunate that he can't prove where he was."

"Most unfortunate," another repeated. "Then there's that affair of the glove and the quarrel. Things look very awkward, I must say. Of course, I don't believe for a moment Mervyn did it, because we know him, but I don't know what view a jury of strangers might take of it.

Two or three of the others were silent. There was present in their minds the story of the Hold, and the admitted fact of insanity in the family of Ronald Mervyn, which was in close connection with the Carnes. Had it been anyone else they, too, would have disbelieved the possibility of Ronald Mervyn having murdered Margaret Carne. As it was, they doubted; there had been other murders in the history of the Carnes. But no one gave utterance to these thoughts; they were all friends or acquaintances of the Mervyn family. Ronald might yet be able to clear himself completely. At any rate, at present no one was inclined to admit that there could be any doubt of his innocence.

"Well, what do you think, Doctor, now?" Lieutenant Gulston asked his friend, as, separated from the rest, they strolled across the garden.

"I don't quite know what to think," Dr. Mackenzie said, after a pause.

"No?" Gulston said, in surprise; "why it seems to me as clear as the sun at noon-day. What I heard seemed very conclusive. Now there is the confirmation of the finding of the glove, and this cock and bull story of his riding about for hours and not knowing where he was."

"Yes, I give due weight to these things," the doctor said, after another pause, "and admit that they constitute formidable circumstantial evidence. I can't account for the glove being found there. I admit that is certainly an awkward fact to get over. The ride I regard as unfortunate rather than damnatory, especially if, as he says, his fellow officers can prove that at times, when upset, he was in the habit of going off for hours on horseback."

"But who else could have done it, Mackenzie? You see the evidence of the doctor went to show that she was murdered when asleep; no common burglar would have taken life needlessly, and have run the risk of hanging; but the whole thing points to the fact that it was done out of revenge or out of ill feeling of some sort, and has it not been shown that there is not a soul in the world except Mervyn who had a shadow of ill feeling against her?"

"No, that has not been shown," the doctor said, quietly. "No one was her enemy, so far as the witnesses who were asked, knew; but that is a very different thing; it's a very difficult thing to prove that anyone in the world has no enemies. Miss Carne may have had some; some servant may have been discharged upon her complaint, she may have given deep offense to some one or other. There is never any saying."

"Of course that is possible," said the Lieutenant again, "but the evidence all goes against one man, who is known to have an enmity against her, and who has, to say the least of it, a taint of insanity in his blood. What are the grounds on which you doubt?"

"Principally his own statement, Gulston. I watched him narrowly from the time that you gave your evidence, and I own that my impression is that he is innocent. I give every weight to your evidence and that afforded by the glove, and to his being unable to prove where he was; and yet, alike from his face, his manner, and the tone of his voice, I do not think that he is capable of murder."

No other words were spoken for some time, then the Lieutenant asked:

"Do you think that an insane person could commit a crime of this kind and have no memory of it in their saner moments?"

"That is a difficult question, Gulston. I do believe that a person in a sudden paroxysm of madness might commit a murder and upon his recovery be perfectly unconscious of it; but I do not for a moment believe that a madman sufficiently sane to act with the cunning here shown in the mode of obtaining access, by the quiet stealthiness in which the victim was killed while in her sleep, and by the attempt to divert suspicion by the abstraction of the trinkets, would lose all memory of his action afterward. If Captain Mervyn did this thing, I am sure he would be conscious of it, and I am convinced, as I said, that he is not conscious."

"What will the jury think?" the Lieutenant asked, after a long pause.

"I think they are sure to return a verdict against him. A Coroner's jury are not supposed to go into the reason of the thing; they are simply to declare whether there is prima facie evidence connecting anyone with a crime; such evidence as is sufficient to justify them in coming to a conclusion that it should at any rate be further examined into. It's a very different thing with a jury at a trial; they have the whole of the evidence that can be obtained before them. They have all the light that can be thrown on the question by the counsel on both sides, and the assistance of the summing up of the Judge, and have then to decide if the guilt of the man is absolutely proven A Coroner's jury is not supposed to go into the whole merits of the case, and their finding means no more than the decision of a magistrate to commit a prisoner for trial. I think the Coroner will tell the jury that in this case such evidence as there is before them points to the fact that Captain Mervyn committed this murder, and that it will be their duty to find such a verdict as will insure the case being further gone into."

"Most of the jury are tenants of the Carnes," Gulston said; "two or three of them I know are, for I met them at the inn when I was over here fishing. They will scarcely like to find against a relation of the family."

"I don't suppose they will," the doctor argued, "but at the same time the Coroner will not improbably point out to them that their verdict will simply lead to further investigation of the case, and that even for Captain Mervyn's own sake it is desirable that this should take place, for that the matter could not possibly rest here. Were they to acquit him, I imagine the chief constable would at once arrest him and bring him before a magistrate, who, upon hearing a repetition of the evidence given to-day, would have no choice but to commit him for trial."

"I suppose they would do that, anyhow?" Lieutenant Gulston said.

"Not necessarily. I fancy a man can be tried upon the finding of a Coroner's jury as well as upon that of a magistrate. Perhaps, however, if the Coroner's jury finds against him he may be formally brought up before the magistrate, and a portion of the evidence heard, sufficient to justify them in committing him for trial. See, people are going into the house again. Probably they have thrown the door open, and the jury are going to give their finding. I don't think we need go in."

(*To be Continued Next Saturday.*)

EDISON'S LATEST INVENTION.

It is Intended to Prevent Incandescents From Bursting.

A patent has just been issued to Thomas A. Edison, of Llewellyn Park, N. J., for the construction of incandescent electric lamps, wherein the transportation of carbon particles from the filament to the glass will be entirely prevented. This is accomplished by coating the inner surface of the globe with a conducting material, that is, a thin, transparent, adhesive semi-liquid conducting film. The substance with which the glass is coated is melted phosphoric anhydride, containing just enough water to make it run over the glass. This is a transparent, gummy substance and does not give off its water or any gases at the temperature to which the globe is raised in the use of the lamp.

A piece of glass inclosing a piece of iron is placed in the globe, together with a piece of phosphoric anhydride, and the proper amount of water added to the latter by means of a narrow glass tube passed through the exhaust tube of the lamp. This patent is said to be a very valuable one, and the invention is entirely new.

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We have on hand two very fine upright pianos, only slightly used. These we will close out at very low figures, $200 and $225. If you want an excellent upright at a very low figure now is your opportunity. Come soon, as they will certainly be disposed of in a day or two. MELLOR & HOENE, 77 Fifth avenue.

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SEND for complete catalogue and price list to Max Klein. MWS

EDGAR FAWCETT'S *great American romance, "A Dead Man's Vengeance," will be published complete in to-morrow's* DISPATCH. *Be sure to read it.*

THE ARTIST, MILLET.

Scarred by Adversity and Tortured on the Eve of Triumph.

HE STARVES IN HIS POOR HOME,

And, Half Mad, With His Dead Wife in His Arms, Fame Comes to Him.

HE SPURNS IT AS A WORTHLESS BAUBLE

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

The recent purchase by the French Government of Millet's famous work, "The Angelus," at the enormous price of $110,000 and the consequent prominence thereby given to the artist, makes any information of his early life and struggles of undoubted interest.

The "Angelus," from which the famous painting takes its name, is a prayer to the Virgin instituted by Pope Urban II. To begin with the words, "Angelus Domini nuntravit Maria" ("The angel of the Lord announced to Mary"). Then follows the salutation of Gabriel, "Ava Maria," etc. The prayer contains three verses and is recited three times a day, at 6 A. M., 12 M. and 6 P. M. at the sound of a bell called the Angelus.

Longfellow thus refers to it in his exquisite poem of "Evangeline:"

"Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus sounded."

Jean Francois Millet was born October 4, 1814, in the hamlet of Gruchy, near Greville, France, of humble parentage. As a painter of French peasant life he stands without a peer, and it is a question if France ever produced an artist of greater merit in any line. As a boy, Millet worked in his father's fields, a farm laborer. His first inspiration was through the Bible, an old illustrated copy of which by some means fell into his hands, and his leisure moments were passed in reproducing his favorite pictures on the barn walls, the floor of his garret, or on the sandy roads of the country as he passed to and from his work. His father, like the majority of the peasantry of the day, was bitterly opposed to his son deviating from the beaten track.

GRATIFIED AMBITION.

A farmer he had been born and a farmer he wanted him to remain. In consequence he did all in his power to discourage the boy's taste for drawing. It was only through the earnest intercession of the village cure that he permitted Millet to go to Paris and study what he termed "infernal nonsense." The boy's holiday was a brief one. He had scarcely settled down to his work when his father died, and through a sense of duty he relinquished his loved studies and returned to the farm.

After some time, however, he returned to Paris and married a sweet woman on whom he lavished all the love of his artist nature. She was his idol, his inspiration, his life. For her he labored night and day to win that fame that came too late. The first years of his married life were fraught with the most wretched poverty and continual sacrifice, to which the death of his wife, under the most pathetic circumstances was a fitting climax. His pictures, probably some of the best he ever executed, would not sell. What they were will never be known, as being short of canvas he painted out one subject to make room for another continually. For a while he painted portraits for 10 francs ($2), but one day even this miserable labor was denied him. Another painter had been found, so wretched that he would do the work for half the sum. In his desperation Millet engaged with the railroad company as a common porter. At this he labored for weeks, rising at daylight he painted during the early hours on the now famous "Milkmaid," a place for which had been promised him in the Salon of that year, and on the sale of which he had placed all his hopes. At last the picture was finished and hung. His wife, who had been slowly but surely sinking, now failed entirely, and the last franc was paid to a physician who, after ordering impossibilities, departed without one thought of the misery he left behind him.

STARVED AND UNHAPPY GENIUS.

The unhappy artist now sold his easel, his brushes and his only coat for a few francs, which he expended for medicine and food for his wife. For three days he scarcely tasted food, and left his bedside only to go to the salon in the hope that the picture had been sold and he might secure a small sum on account.

In vain, however. Picture after picture of other artists were decorated with that magic talisman, "Sold:" but still his remained unmarked, unbid for.

He heard his work praised time and time again. The connoisseurs of Europe pointed out its excellences to each other, and commented favorably thereon, but still no one bought—and the starving artist counted the days until the close of the exhibition, when his last hope would be gone. At last the fatal day arrived. His wife was sinking fast and Millet himself could scarcely stand with hunger and exhaustion. Every salable article had been disposed of. Not a mouthful of food remained for the sick woman. Staggering down stairs, Millet went to the nearest street corner, and with hat in hand, stood, and actually begged from the passers-by. Again and again was he refused, and still he did not forsake his post, until finally one brute struck him, called him a drunkard and threatened to have him arrested. Fearing that if he was imprisoned his wife would die alone, he returned to his wretched lodging, and holding the emaciated form of her he loved best on earth in his arms, he, with burning eyes,

WATCHED HER SLOWLY DIE,

and knew that he could do nothing to aid or relieve her. Again and again in his agony he kissed the precious eyes and lips that smiled so lovingly at his caresses, until finally, with a faint pressure of the hand and a murmur Ed, "Goodby, Sweetheart," she settled back and he knew that the woman who had brightened his home and shared his poverty without a sigh had ceased to suffer and he was alone. Closer he pressed her to his breast and for hours he sat there unconscious of his surroundings, until visitors and neighbors, alarmed that their repeated knocking had received no answer, broke in the door and found him in that position.

The "Milkmaid" had been sold and a delegate from the Salon dispatched with a 500 franc note on account. The messenger shook him by the shoulder, whispered his good luck and pressed the note into his hand.

For a moment he did not seem to comprehend; then, with an imprecation, he sprang to his feet, tore the note into shreds and stamped upon them with insane rage and cursed them all. Then, with a groan of agony, as tired nature gave away, he fell senseless across the body of his wife.

Millet was conveyed to a hospital, where for weeks he hovered between life and death, but finally life conquered and he was discharged cured. And although he afterward married again, he never forgot the sweet woman who shared his youth, and not one of his former pictures but what bears in some way a resemblance of her loved personality. MORTON.

Loss of a Valuable Basket.

A lady coming up from Chartiers yesterday left her basket, by mistake, on board the ferry boat William Thaw. The basket had in it, besides a basket's ordinary contents, the lady's pocketbook, containing $80. When she missed the valued basket and returned to the ferry to seek it, it was not there. The lady notified Chief Brown of her loss.

BEECHAM'S Pills cure bilious and nervous ills PEARS' Soap secures a beautiful complexion

IRISH FAIRS, *with their humors and of a letter to* THE SUNDAY DISPATCH *from Edgar L. Wakeman, our traveling commissioner.*

BEAVER RESURRECTED.

Railways Projected and Streets Being Widened and Beautified—Another Blacksmith Shop Coming.

It begins to look as though the saints in Beaver will not much longer enjoy their rest. The spirit of progress has been hovering over the place for some years seeking a foothold, and at last it seems to have gotten it, and the people who a few years ago protested against the establishment of a second blacksmith shop, as unnecessary and calculated to smoke the town, must either get out of the way or be run over.

Mr. Charles Somers and others lately conceived the idea that it was possible to cover the beautiful plateau below the town with houses, and in less than a month they disposed of 78 lots. They are large, and for years, at least, there will be no crowding, and the prospect afforded is one of the finest conceivable. A natural park of ten acres, well wooded, is reserved for a breathing spot.

That section is already an important railway center, and promises to become a greater one soon, and its development is of as much importance to this city as to the towns around the mouth of the Beaver. It is said that Senator Quay has promised to turn over every stone in the search for advantages in the way of river improvement, and the people are confident that he can accomplish all he proposes.

A company has a charter for a railway to connect Rochester with the Pittsburg and Western Railway. It is called the Rochester, Beaver Falls and Western Railway Company, and is supposed to be under the wing of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. It is to start at Rochester and connect with the Pittsburg and Western a short distance back of Rock Point. There is also a charter for a railway from Beaver Falls to Vanport, the village just below Beaver, and one for a road from Wheeling to Vanport, which is also supposed to be a Baltimore and Ohio enterprise and intended as a link in a trunk line. An electric railway is also under consideration to connect Vanport with the terminus of the horse railway now running between New Brighton and Beaver Falls. The horse road has proven a paying venture, and it is thought that electric power will pay still better.

Heretofore the people of Beaver have seemed to think that "beauty unadorned" could not be improved upon; but now it is proposed, and the proposition is being carried into effect, to have the 100-foot-wide streets converted into parks. A roadway 40 feet wide is to be left in the center, and on each side of it a paved footway of 12 feet. This leaves a strip on each side of the sidewalks of 18 feet, which is to be planted with trees and otherwise embellished. In a short time, it is said, there will be no fences in the town to mar the effect of the adornment, and in most places lots will be graded to conform to the new order of things.

Nowhere in the country is the project for digging the canal to Lake Erie received with more favor than in the State of Beaver; but its importance extends equally to all the district of which this city is the center.

THE MONEY IS ALL RIGHT.

Messrs. Scott and Miller Explain What the $1,700,000 Includes—It Covers Expenditures and Appropriations.

The rather indefinite statement coming from the State Flood Commission that about $1,700,000 had already been expended for relief in Johnstown and vicinity was considered somewhat startling by many people.

Messrs. Scott, Marvin and Miller, of the commission, soon explained to a reporter what the statement meant. Mr. Scott said: "No official report of the commission has yet been made. I cannot, therefore, speak exactly, but I think this amount covers both the expenditures and appropriations made for the flood sufferers in this State. I make up the sum approximately in this manner: expenditures in Pittsburg, $250,000; expenditures in Philadelphia, $200,000; from the State, $500,000; appropriation to the Conemaugh valley by the State, $500,000, making $1,700,000 altogether. I overheard Governor Beaver make such an estimate, but it was a mere guess and not official.

"The executive work of the commission is done at Harrisburg, by Mr. Kramer, a most competent accountant. Mayor Fitler and Mr. Marvin are the purchasing agents for the sections of the State in which they live. All bills are carefully audited and approved by the Commission before they are paid. So far as I know vouchers are kept of all the expenditures, and none of the funds have gone astray.

The depositories are Drexel & Co., a banking house in Harrisburg and W. R. Thompson & Co.

"Philadelphia a few days ago handed over to the commission $500,000, and Pittsburg has promised to do the same with her contribution.

Mr. Reuben Miller said: "I have no doubt that every dollar can be properly accounted for. All the commission asks is for the people to have a little patience. My impression is that the $1,700,000 covers what has been expended in the State for relief since the flood. In Pittsburg $762,000 have been collected up to date; $240,000 have been expended for various items, leaving a balance of $522,000 for distribution among the sufferers. We expect to receive back $127,000 from the State, which was spent in buying tools and removing debris. It is impossible now to give a full and detailed statement of expenditures."

Mr. Marvin was angry that only portions of the statement were published. If the full report had been made public no such false impression could have been started. He thought there was a disposition on the part of certain people to slap the Governor's face on every occasion. The money, he said, was all right, and would be properly distributed.

SYMPATHY IN AUSTRALIA.

The Fund Raised in Australia for the Johnstown Sufferers.

The following letter, which is self-explanatory, has been received at this office:

UNITED STATES CONSULATE,
BRISBANE, QUEENSLAND,
AUSTRALIA, June 10, 1889.

It is with extreme gratification that I am able to send you a report of a monster gathering held in this city last night, the occasion being a lecture delivered by the Rev. G. D. Buchanan, presently the minister of the Wickham Terrace Presbyterian Church, of this city, and a graduate of the Western Theological Seminary, of Allegheny City. His subject was "The Great American Disaster, with Reminiscences of Johnstown and the Conemaugh Valley." It was the largest gathering of the kind ever held in our city, and the expression of sympathy for the sufferers was most marked. A collection was taken in aid of the fund which has been initiated for the survivors. The first day has amounted to nearly $1,000.

I trust I may be able to remit a much larger amount by the next month. The Fisk Jubilee Singers at present on a visit to Brisbane willingly rendered their services at the meeting. Will you kindly let the people of the United States know through the colums of your journal that the people of this colony have the deepest sympathy for the sufferers through this awful disaster, which sympathy I shall be able to express by next mail in a practical and substantial manner.

Meantime, I have the honor to be,
Your obedient servant,
GEORGE HARRIS,
United States Consular Agent.

LOCAL ITEMS, LIMITED.

Incidents of a Day in Two Cities Condensed for Ready Reading.

JOHN NEGLEY was knocked down by a runaway team corner of State alley and Fifth avenue yesterday. His collar bone was broken.

THOMAS LOWRY, Justice of the Peace at Braddock, yesterday committed Dennis Sullivan to jail without bail, for a hearing. He is charged by Peter Barnett with burglary.

Two watches of gold and silver were stolen from Mrs. Ditmer's residence, No. 2905 Penn avenue, at 10 o'clock Thursday night. The lady was sitting on the door step at the time.

YESTERDAY John Lamb, William Patton, John Quinn and Eugene Carroll were committed to jail in default of $500 bail each, by Alderman McKenna, for trial at court, charged with larceny from Daniel Koehne.

COOPER'S BONDSMEN.

The New Philadelphia Collector Could Get Them in Dozens.

ONE MAN WANTS A MONOPOLY

But the Law Will Not Have it and the Honors Are Divided.

HE WILL NOT SNUB MR. M'MANES

PHILADELPHIA, July 12.—Senator Cooper qualified as Collector of the Port of Philadelphia at 11 A. M. yesterday, just after sending his resignation as Senator to Governor Beaver. A large company of politicians witnessed the brief ceremony and the taking of the oath. Among them were Senator Penrose, President pro tem of the Senate, and Revenue Collector Martin.

Out of the many who offered to go on the bond, Collector Cooper selected six, four of whom are residents of his own county of Delaware, one Philadelphia and one of Mauch Chunk, Carbon county. They are: Samuel A. Crozer, the millionaire manufacturer of Upland, Delaware county; General William Lilly, the millionaire banker of Mauch Chunk; Captain Isaac Johnson, W. Y. Hoopes and Samuel W. Hawley, all of Collector Cooper's own town of Media, and ex-City Treasurer Joseph J. Martin, of Philadelphia.

The amount of the bond under the law is $100,000, but the bondsmen are required to justify in twice that amount. General Lilly offered to go on the collector's bond for the entire amount of $200,000, but the law requiring more than one bondsman, the sterling Republican from Mauch Chunk could not have his wish gratified. He signed, therefore, for $100,000, and Samuel A. Crozer for $100,000. The other four were permitted to sign the bond for an amount in excess of what was required of $140,000, making the total amount $340,000. Among those who were present, willing to go on the bond, were Charles A. Porter, Dr. L. S. Filbert, Thomas B. McAvoy and John W. Woodside.

A DINNER TO HIS BONDSMEN.

After Collector Cooper had qualified he took his bondsmen and a few friends, including Senator Penrose, Representative John M. Scott, Charles A. Porter and Thomas B. McAvoy, Special Deputy Ingham and Commissioner Bell to the Lafayette Hotel, where a dinner had been prepared for them at the new Collector's instructions in one of the private parlors. The Collector had previously made his arrangements to go to Washington on the 4 o'clock train to see the Secretary of the Treasury and file his bond. He arrived at the Lafayette with his party about 12:30 o'clock, where they were met by Mr. Maltby and Superintendent Baker, and the new official warmly congratulated. They sat down to dinner about 1 o'clock.

They were not long alone. The word having got out that Collector Cooper was at the Lafayette his friends soon began streaming in to congratulate him. Among the first arrivals were Congressmen Harmer and O'Neill, Hamilton Disston, Internal Revenue Collector Martin, David H. Lane and Magistrate South.

All the local leaders who called on the Collector expect to get their share of the appointments under him. It is not likely that the Delaware county leader's new position as the dispenser of Government patronage in this city will have the effect of adding to the factional warfare that has already begun in the local party organization. Collector Cooper goes into the Custom House in a conciliatory spirit. He has no old scores to settle. He believes in strengthening the party and not in disrupting it.

NO FOE TO M'MANES.

He was asked yesterday if he would make any anti-McManes appointments. The Collector gave his questioner a look and said, with emphasis: "There will be no appointments made by me against Mr. McManes or against anybody else. I do not recognize any anti-McManes or anti-anybody else in the recommendation or application of persons for places. What I expect to do is to give as good service as is possible in the Custom House, and as a party man I hope to see the Republican party harmonious and united. We all have the common good of the party at heart."

"Then," persisted the questioner, "you will not join in the factional fight against James McManes?"

"Mr. McManes' friends are my friends," said Collector Cooper, "and vice versa. I do not see any reason why there should be any factional fighting, and I know of no anti-McManes movement."

The Collector returned from Washington this afternoon. Mr. Ingham, his special deputy, spent some time at the Custom House yesterday familiarizing himself with the duties of the place. The Collector's private secretary, Representative C. Wesley Thomas, came to the city to-day from the seashore and met Mr. Ingham, and the two were at the Custom House together for some time.

"After a careful and impartial test of

BLOOKER'S DUTCH COCOA,

I am convinced that it is the CHOICEST, PUREST and BEST Cocoa in the market. I can conscientiously recommend it to all Physicians in preference to any other." MRS. S. T. ROBER, Principal Phila. Cooking School.

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A Remarkable Experience.

MR. H. ROBERTSON SAVED FROM AN UNTIMELY DEATH.

Mr. H. Robertson, a native of Scotland, but who has been a resident of this country for several years, has been a victim of kidney disease with the following symptoms: He had a heavy dragging pain across the small of his back, extending from one side to the other, and a bloated, dropsical condition of the bowels, high colored urine, and he noticed that sometimes it contained a reddish, brick-colored sediment, and at other times the sediment was of a lightish color. He noticed that he felt very tired in the morning, and as he gradually grew weaker, his stomach became affected. His appetite became poor, and he was constantly annoyed with sour eructations of gas from his stomach after eating, and on account of the kidneys not performing their function properly, his blood became charged with rheumatic poison, so that he had much pain about his shoulders and different parts of his body. As he became more emaciated, he began to cough, and he felt much tightness and weight across his lungs. In speaking of the matter one day, he said:

"I doctored with the best doctors I could hear of, but was fast getting worse. I became melancholy and thought I could not live. Finally I began treatment with the physicians of the Polypathic Medical Institute, who are specialists for chronic diseases, and although confined to the bed when I commenced their treatment, my improvement was very rapid, and I have been entirely cured by these physicians, and I gladly sign my name. H. ROBERTSON."

Anyone wishing to call upon Mr. Robertson, or write him with reference to his case, can have his full address by calling at THE POLYPATHIC INSTITUTE, 420 Penn ave. Office hours, 10 to 11:30 A. M., 1 to 4 and 6 to 8 P. M. Sundays, 1 to 4 P. M. Consultation free. je24-D

Pears' Soap
(Scented and Unscented)
SECURES A
BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.
OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

A SOUTHERN LEAGUER

A Pittsburg Player Who Played in Southern Teams.

INTERVIEW WITH A BASS SINGER

Among baseball players and the enthusiastic readers of baseball columns, Mr. Louis Kensinger's name is a familiar one. A successful amateur player in Pittsburg, his first professional engagements as pitcher were in the Southern League, where his "curve" was effective and his work more than satisfactory. Obliged to give up ball playing, he returned to his home in Pittsburg, and has since been living at 3912 Woolslayer, near the corner of Thirty-ninth street and Penn avenue. It was here that the writer found him.

"Yes," said Mr. Kensin