A CHANCE FOR LIFE.

Mrs. Maybrick's Many Friends Will Leave No Stone Unturned in

THEIR EFFORTS TO SAVE HER.

Members of Parliament Take an Active Interest in the Case.

ASSISTANCE COMING FROM AMERICA.

The Condemned Woman Firmly Believes That She Will Never be Hanged.

Every effort is being made to induce the Home Secretary to interfere to prevent the execution of Mrs. Maybrick. A number of distinguished personages will appeal to him. New evidence in the case is being collected in New York and elsewhere.

LONDON, August 9.—In addition to the memorial to the Government in behalf of Mrs. Maybrick, which has been signed by most of the barristers and solicitors of the Liverpool circuit, and the petition which has been circulated among the merchants and brokers, Parliament itself has taken up the case of the condemned woman. A number of members of the House of Commons have decided to make a combined appeal to the Home Office for her reprieve.

Their action is based not only on the confusion in the medical testimony taken, but also on the peculiar behavior of the Judge, which has excited a ferment of indignation throughout the country. The foreman of the jury has been interviewed concerning the verdict which he and his fellow jurors so hastily brought in, and he showed no knowledge of the merits of the case, and to be possessed of only a confused notion of the evidence which had been presented in court.

A PECULIAR JUROR.

He did not know that Sir Charles Russell had offered in court to call witnesses who would prove that the statement made by the accused was perfectly true, and that Justice Stephen refused to hear this important testimony. He admitted that he would not be sorry if a reprieve were granted, notwithstanding his voice in favor of the verdict of murder. The general impression left by the interview is that the jurors allowed themselves to be swayed and biased by the grossly one-sided summing up of the Judge, and that they gave a hasty verdict without giving the case and the evidence any personal consideration.

Mrs. Maybrick is completely prostrated after the terrible strain of the trial, and is unable to see anybody but her mother and her counsel. To her mother Mrs. Maybrick said that but for the Judge's severe comments and lengthy allusion to the wicked immorality of which she had been guilty, and which she freely admits, the jury certainly would have acquitted her.

She continues to protest her innocence, and declares that but for her evil connection with Brierly and the prejudice occasioned against her in consequence of her infidelity to her husband, and to the Judge's strong references to this infidelity, the jury would never have found her guilty on the flimsy though no doubt suspicious facts related as evidence against her.

HER INWARD CONVICTIONS.

Mrs. Maybrick added that she had an inward conviction that she would not be hanged, for many who would remain friendly to her are making every effort to obtain a reprieve. It had, she considered, been conclusively proved by medical evidence of the most weighty description that her husband had not died from arsenical poisoning. She felt that *if the medical evidence alone* was placed before the Home Office authorities they would never indorse the sentence of the jury—a sentence which, despite her terror and anguish at the time, she knew perfectly well was not in accordance with the feeling of the general public. Not a single member of the jury was a Liverpool man. The foreman belonged to St. Helens, and all the other jurors were drawn in from the different parts of the country. No one had held any communication with them except the waiter who served them with their meals, and his conversation was entirely on business matters.

Mrs. Maybrick's two children have, since the commencement of the prosecution, been staying with friends of the family in the neighborhood of Aigbarth. They have been left in complete ignorance of the charge against their mother and have not even been told the cause of her absence, though, they knew their father was dead.

If the popular movement for commutation fails and the death sentence is carried out, the time for hanging rests solely with the Sheriff. It may be very soon. The law implicitly requires that three successive Sundays must intervene between the sentence of death and the day of execution.

SOME NEW EVIDENCE.

A dispatch from New York says: Rowe and Macklin, counsel for Mrs. Maybrick in this country, have cabled their London solicitors, asking if Home Secretary Matthews will consider new evidence, if furnished immediately. Mr. Macklin says they have considerable evidence to submit, corroborating Mrs. Maybrick's testimony, and also testimony as to her standing and character socially in this country.

He thinks that if this testimony was admitted and considered, it would change the aspect of the case to her favor. He exhibited this afternoon a photograph of Mrs. Maybrick, taken at the age of 20 years, showing a girl, handsome in face and figure with brown hair and large, expressive eyes.

"I have known Mrs. Maybrick," he said, "ever since she was 12 years old. She was a sensible, high-minded girl. In 1882 I accompanied her and her mother to the steamer Celtic, when they started for Europe. Charles Stewart Parnell and Mr. Maybrick both sailed on that vessel, and it was on this voyage that Mrs. Maybrick first met her husband. It seems a strange coincidence that Sir Charles Russell should have been counsel in both Mr. Parnell's and Mrs. Maybrick's cases."

VERY RARE INDEED.

Regarding the chance of interference with the sentence on the part of the Home Secretary, Mr. Macklin said:

"They have a curious law in England, providing that where an adverse decision is rendered in any but a murder case, an appeal can be taken to a higher court, and from that to the House of Lords; but when the case is murder the decision rendered by the jury is final, and the cases where the Judge's sentence has been overruled by the Home Secretary are very rare. Still I hope we can do something."

Mr. Macklin says the case is strangely similar to the Witter poisoning case, tried in Denver two years ago, with a verdict of acquittal. He has telegraphed for the records of that trial.

Blondin Makes a Rash Wager.

PARIS, August 9.—Blondin, the well-known rope-walker, has wagered $20,000 that he can walk on a cable from the top of the Eiffel Tower to the central dome of the Exhibition building in less than five minutes.

Spain Will Use Torpedoes.

MADRID, August 9.—It is officially stated that the Government will adopt submarine torpedo vessels for the Spanish navy, experiments with the system having been successful.

The Greek Idea Not Adopted.

VIENNA, August 9.—The Austrian Government, in reply to Greece's note on the Cretan question, admits the difficulties of the situation in Crete, but objects to the action proposed by Greece.

BOULANGER A BAD MAN.

A Very Long Array of Charges Made Against Him by the Government.

PARIS, August 9.—The trial of General Boulanger before the high court of the Senate was resumed to-day. The Procureur General, continuing his address, charged that General Boulanger had held a veritable political court at Clermont-Ferrand, when he was in command of the troops there. He had originated secret intrigues, electoral agitation and a system for corrupting officials. Notwithstanding these acts, he had written to the War Office disclaiming any connection with what had been done in his name. Here there were protests from the Senators belonging to the party of the Right. The Procureur General declared there were documents before the Court which clearly marked the downward path of General Boulanger from insubordination to intrigue, falsehood and conspiracy. The Government had also evidence to show that General Boulanger had tried to have conveyed to Prince Bismarck the information that he (Boulanger) only desired to be appointed Consul for life.

The Procureur General described the proceedings of the League of Patriots at Rochefort, and the initial steps of the attempt against the State, which commenced with the scene at the Lyons depot, when Boulanger started for Clermont-Ferrand, and continued until the Longchamp's review, when Boulanger was hiding in Paris awaiting the result of his manifesto. The Procureur's speech was received with many impatient cries of "adjourn, adjourn." The trial was finally adjourned.

BALFOUR'S DEFENSE.

He Claims That His Language in the House of Commons Was Justified.

LONDON, August 10.—Mr. Balfour, Chief Secretary for Ireland, has written a letter in justification of the language he used in Thursday's debate on the Irish estimate in the House of Commons. He gives extracts from the Kerry newspaper edited by Mr. Harrington, in which Magistrate Roche is referred to as "Bloody Balfour's wretched hireling," the police as "Cowardly renegades bribed to butcher the people" and "Uniformed hell-hounds delighting in savage work," and Colonel Turner and Mr. Balfour as "Brazen liars."

STANLEY SURELY SAFE.

He is Coming to the Coast With an Army and Plenty of Ivory.

ZANZIBAR, August 9.—Stanley is coming down the coast with Emin Pasha, 9,000 men and an enormous quantity of ivory. The exact date of his arrival is uncertain. The Germans are doing their utmost to create a disturbance here, and a rising against all Europeans is not only possible, but highly probable.

FLIRTATION BY MIRROR.

A Novel Method of Exchanging Tender Glances Discovered in Buffalo.

Buffalo Courier.]

A flirtation by the aid of a mirror seems like a novel idea, and yet this was the unique performance witnessed by the Arounder yesterday afternoon. They were standing in front of a soda fountain—drinking, of course—a youth, and a maiden. She was passing fair, shy, susceptible, and he, thoughtful, even on the dreamy order, impressionable perhaps, but withal a fair specimen of intellectual young manhood. It was not until they raised their glasses to their lips that they met each other's eyes in the large mirror above the fountain. She blushed and looked down into her glass, and he grew slightly crimson about the ears and looked out into the street. Presently they raised their glasses a second time, and having grown bolder, they looked a little longer each into the other's eyes and blushed a shade deeper. Then came another breathing spell. For their lives they dared not turn and look each other squarely in the face, but the glasses seemed to make matters a little safer at long range.

Finally he thought he would have another glass, it was such "excellent flavor," and she bless her sweet lips thought her glass was a trifle too sweet and asked the clerk if he wouldn't please put in a little more soda. By the druggist's clock they were just six minutes drinking their glasses of soda, and as she walked slowly down the street, tapping her parasol thoughtfully on the pavement, and he watched her dreamily from the druggist's door, the Arounder wondered if it was not possible for matches to be made at soda fountains as well as in heaven.

HONEST MR. BULLION.

An Example in Money-Getting Which He Wished His Son to Imitate.

Scottish American.]

Mr. Benjamin Bullion is a well-known broker, and he was giving his son a lecture the other day. "Noo, Johnnie," he said, solemnly and impressively, "mind whit I'm tellin' ye, ma son: abune a' things be honest; let naething drive ye frae the path o' virtue; nae temptation or hope o' gain lead ye frae the narrow way; tak' an example frae yer auld faither. For instance, the ither day a customer o' oors made a mistake in peyin' an account; instead o' gi'en' three thoosan' he owned me an' ma partner he gied me four. Well, whit dae ye think I did?"

"Paid it back," suggested his heir timidly.

"Hoots! havers," said Bullion, peevishly; "but I'll tell ye whit I did," he continued, in a self-satisfied tone; "ye ken I micht hae kept the haill extra thoosan' to masel'; but no, I gave five hunner o't to ma partner."

STRAWBERRIES AND SNOWBALLS.

Dr. Simons, of Colorado, Tells Where You Can Find Both.

Washington Post.]

Dr. Ollivier H. Simons, of Colorado, recently appointed Consul to Hong Kong, is in town getting instructions for his consulate. He comes from a region so near the timber line that Washington seems hot and oppressive.

"Whew!" he exclaimed last night, "let us get a breath of cool air. I don't like this much. You see, I live in sight of snow the year round. The timber line stretches out as plainly defined as the hair limit on a bald head. Above that line wild flowers grow almost up in the snow. So the oft told travelers tale of picking strawberries and making snowballs the same hour is literally true."

MAINTAINING A REPUTATION.

John A. Logan's Cutting Rebuke to a Man of Doubtful Veracity.

Washington Post.]

A gentleman who knew John A. Logan in Southern Illinois before the war tells us that on a certain occasion young Logan found it necessary to doubt the word of a man and told him so without any circumlocution.

"Don't you call me a liar, sir," said the man excitedly; "I have a reputation to maintain, and I mean to maintain it, sir."

"I know it," said Logan; "and you are maintaining it every time you tell a lie."

BURKE IS NOT GUILTY.

At Least That is the Plea He Enters on His Arraignment.

CHICAGO, August 9.—Martin Burke was brought before Judge Parker in the Criminal Court this afternoon, and plead not guilty to the charge of conspiracy with Daniel Coughlin, Patrick O'Sullivan and the others, jointly indicted with them to murder Dr. Cronin. This formality over, the prisoner was returned to the county jail.

BELVA A. LOCKWOOD, *in to-morrow's* DISPATCH, *gives a detailed description of the home life of France.*

DEMANDS HIS RIGHTS.

A Government Clerk in the New York Deputy Collector's Office

REFUSES TO GO WHEN FIRED OUT.

He Places Himself Under the Protection of the Civil Service Law.

HIS APPEAL TO HARRISON AND WINDOM

Being a Writer of Books, He Has a Sure Means of Revenge at Hand.

A clerk in the New York Deputy United States Collector's office writes Secretary Windom and President Harrison, objecting strenuously to his dismissal on political grounds, he being under civil service regulations. He writes books, and declares he will get even with the administration by means of his pen.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

NEW YORK, August 9.—P. C. MacCourt, of Deputy Collector Gano's liquidating division in the Custom House, said to-day that he was from the North of Ireland, where they never are at peace unless they're in a fight. Mr. MacCourt had received a letter from Secretary Windom, dismissing him from the service from August 15. He was appointed a messenger in 1885, and assigned to the Internal Revenue Bureau. Two years later he passed a civil service examination as a clerk, and last October he was transferred to the New York Custom House.

Mr. MacCourt says he was Rosa D'Erina's guardian and manager, and is the friend of Mrs. Parnell. He objects to his summary dismissal. He sent this letter to Secretary Windom, at Washington.

"I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of your favor of the 3d inst., only received this morning, and in which you inform me that my services as clerk in class E in the office of the Auditor of the Treasury for the Postoffice Department, will not be required from and after the 15th inst. I protest against this action of yours, as at once

ILLEGAL AND UNJUST,

because I am under the protection of the civil service law, of which your action is, in my opinion, and I think that of the public, a flagrant violation and unjust, because for the last four years I have been a faithful and diligent employe of the Treasury Department, earning from my chiefs the highest encomiums. Three of these years I did clerical duty for $70 a month, many among my Republican friends doing similar duty receiving double the salary under the protection of a Democratic administration. If I am to be a victim because of my Democratic principles, then sir, allow me to inform you that the hand that writes this will not fail to make a public example of those sworn to uphold the law, whose sacred majesty is violated in my humble person."

Mr. Maccourt says that he does not mean to be understood that he intends to slug anybody when he says "the hand that writes this will not fail to

MAKE A PUBLIC EXAMPLE

of those sworn to uphold the law, whose sacred majesty is violated in my humble person." Mr. MacCourt writes books with his hand, and through them he will get even if his request is not heeded. He also sent this letter to the President at Bar Harbor:

MR. PRESIDENT—As an Irish-American citizen, a race to whom you owe your election in this city and State, I appeal to you, as the executive of the nation, to protect me under the civil service law, from arbitrary dismissal by your Secretary of the Treasury. To-day Mr. Windom sent me a printed form, dismissing me from the Treasury Department, I being classified under the civil service, ann, therefore, I submit, not to be dismissed without cause. I have been four years in the service of the United States Government, two of those years doing clerical work at $70 per month in the assessment division of the Internal Revenue Department, for which my Republican friends doing clerical work received a double salary. In this office there were 26 clerks, I being the

ONLY DEMOCRATIC APPOINTEE,

and during the two years not one of those Republican appointees was removed under Mr. Cleveland's administration. I therefore appeal to you, Mr. President, as the head executive of the Government, to protect me in my rights, and to request your Secretary to have me placed on the roll of this custom house, where I have been in the liquidating division for the last nine months, and refer to my record as to how I have discharged my duty."

Neither Mr. McClelland, Acting Collector, nor Mr. Hunt, Private Secretary, knew of Mr. MacCourt's removal. The awful deed was done in Washington.

A SATISFIED SUCKER.

He Preferred Living in the Mud to Sizzling in a Frying Pan.

New York Herald.]

"Why don't you cultivate a little style?" asked a Trout of a Sucker whom he happened to meet. "Why do you insist on living in this mud hole and never visit the clear, cold springs? Limber up your body and hire somebody to get a section of a rainbow and sprinkle it over you. I would not live like you for anything, grubbing away all the time for a meal in the mud. Flies form a delicious diet. Just look at that beauty there which has just dropped on the water. Just watch me take him and then envy the life of a Trout."

Saying this, the Trout made a dash for the fly and seized it. But the fly had buried in it a steel hook, and on the hook was a line, and on the line a rod, and an angler held the rod. The Trout soon disappeared from the water, and the next noise he made was when he was sizzling over a fire.

"It may be nice enough to be a Trout," philosophized the Sucker, "but I would rather be a poor, despised Sucker, with no rainbow attachments, in a mud hole than a proud Trout in a frying pan."

LEGITIMATE EXAGGERATION.

Illustrated by a Neat Story of Charles Lamb and a Bore.

London Globe.]

Charles Lamb was wont to tell a charming story (of his own invention) about Coleridge. He chanced one day to meet the sage of Highgate, who as usual seized him by the button and burst into a flood of words. Lamb, who was pressed for time, quietly cut off the button, and resumed his way into the city. Returning some hours after he found Coleridge stationed on the self-same spot, with the button in his fingers, still pouring forth the torrent of his speech.

This fable is, according to our view, a model of artistic and legitimate exaggeration; it stamps, with the brevity which is the soul of wit, more forcibly upon the hearer's mind than could the most elaborate statement the figure of "the old man eloquent," bursting with exuberance of thought and language, and superlatively careless of his hearer.

One More Double Tragedy.

CHICAGO, August 9.—Christian F. Harder, a well-to-do German, shot his wife dead to-night and then suicided. The tragedy took place on the street after an altercation.

PARNELL, *his personal appearance, his friends and his mode of life form the theme of an article in to-morrow's* DISPATCH.

ROMANCE ON THE RIVER.

Charles Hendrickson, of Allegheny, Wedded at Ohio's Gretna Green—A Daybreak Marriage and a Bridal Tour to the East.

CINCINNATI, August 9.—A marriage under romantic circumstances was celebrated yesterday morning in that Gretna Green of the Ohio Valley—Aberdeen, Ohio. It was solemnized by that venerable and famous marrying Magistrate, 'Squire Beasley, whose services had been engaged in advance by the happy groom and blushing bride.

Mr. Charles A. Hendrickson and Miss Anna Hildebrand were the names of two passengers on the steamer Katie Stockdale, from up the river. Both were from Allegheny City, Pa. They are young people, handsome, cultured and apparently possessed of wealth.

Although in each other's society a great deal of the time on the trip, there was nothing about their actions that excited in the steamer's officers the slightest suspicion that the couple were journeying toward Aberdeen with matrimonial intentions. But so it was. They had heard of the fame of 'Squire Beasley, and were resolved that only he should make them man and wife.

It was still an hour before daybreak when the boat landed at Maysville, opposite Aberdeen. The colored porter who had been previously instructed and properly "tipped," awoke the young couple and guided their footsteps to the side of the vessel, where a small skiff lay moored. The porter also acted as oarsman, and under his skillful strokes the boat speedily reached the Ohio shore. On the bank of the river stood 'Squire Beasley, in response to the telegraphic summons he had received.

Day was just breaking when Miss Hildebrand and Mr. Hendrickson ranged themselves side by side and were made one. The ceremony over, they re-embarked, and the heavy fog lifting as they were nearly across the river, they discovered to their horror that the Stockdale had left the Maysville wharf, and was already steaming down the river. Shouting and waving their handkerchiefs, the attention of those on the boat was attracted. She was stopped, and the newly made man and wife were taken on board under a fire of questioning glances.

Last evening they arrived in this city, but left almost immediately again for a bridal tour in the East. A dispatch from Allegheny City states that Mr. Hendrickson is the foreman of a cigar factory in that city, and is quite well known. He left home last Monday, telling his people he was going to be married. His family know nothing of Miss Hildebrand, and can not say whether it is an elopement or not.

ONE OF THE PROFESH.

An Interview With a Zulu Who Hails From Indiana.

New York Sun.]

A middle-aged man with a satchel between his feet sat in front of a Canal street hotel the other evening when a pedestrian turned aside and accosted him with:

"Well, are you off?"

"Beg pardon, sir, but you have the advantage of me," replied the first.

"Well, well, but that's queer. We have been together four weeks."

"You—you are not——"

"I am Ka-bush-ky, the Zulu, who can't speak a word of English, and prefers raw meat to cooked. You are Tornado Tom, the celebrated scout and Indian slayer, and are modestly credited with having killed 37 Indians. We both exhibited from the same platform in the museum."

"Thunder! but so we did! Well, what's new?"

"Going home to Indiana to-morrow. The old man wants me to help him run the grocery, and I'm tired of the Zulu business. Too much sameness about it. Have to hold a pebble stone in my mouth to produce the guttural, and it wears on my teeth. Which way you going?"

"Back to Toronto. I'm tired of this cowboy business. Public asks too many questions. Fellers come in every day and want to see my scars. I've got Dakota, Kansas and Nebraska all mixed up in my geography, and somebody gets on to me every day for a deceiver. If I start out again it will be William Belding, the Australian murderer, who was sentenced to be hanged seven different times, but who finally proved his innocence."

"Well, Tornado, so long!"

"Ka-bush-ky, good-by, and may luck go with you."

A NEW USE FOR BIRCH BARK.

It Is Employed for Uniquely Ornamental Pictures for Parlor Walls.

New York Sun.]

To the many decorative uses to which the bark of the birch tree is nowadays put by amateurs of artistic taste the new and attractive device of employing the bark to make pictures has just been added. A whole collection of these novel pictures are now exhibited by an etching dealer in upper Broadway, and attract a great deal of attention from the promenaders of the thoroughfare.

The pictures are made by cutting out outline figures of animals and men and women and children and pasting them on black cardboard, and afterward filling out the other details of the picture with white lead. The combination produces a pleasing and striking silhouette effect. Different hues of the bark are employed in imparting contrasted color to the odd pictures. The series of pictures on exhibition indicate that the bark can be used to produce comic or purely artistic effects, according to the whim of the picture remaker. India ink is used to fill in minor details of the figures, like eyes, hair, buttons, or the trimmings of dresses.

The birch bark collection includes figures of pigs, horses, cows, dogs, children, pretty girls, negroes, coaches, farm yards, debating society folk, soldiers, sailors, angels, yachts, steamboats, everything in fact that is usually worked out with a pencil or a brush in ordinary sketches or paintings.

PAINTING THE TOWN RED.

Origin of a Phrase Which Soon Came Into General Use.

"Painting the town red," meaning to see the sights or have a lively and convivial time while seeing a town, had its origin with a theatrical advance agent. He went to a town, found his bills had not reached there, and had only a short time to get new ones. The only printing office there had red ink only with which to print them. He had to promise the printers and bill posters to treat them to get his work out after working hours. By these means he soon had the town in a blaze of red, making a conflagration of posters, and he and the printers and bill posters became hilariously drunk over the affair. The next morning the people were astonished at the display of red posters.

The paper wrote it up and the story spread and became celebrated. The agent in telling it said: "I took those fellows out and got them drunk, and we painted the town red." Since then the phrase has become general. It is not elegant, but it is forcible and has enough meaning in it, as drinking has a tendency to turn things red, to stay. It will become permanent.

CALL or send for plans, free, of those desirable suburban lots, at Aspinwall station, adjoining Sharpsburg.

W. A. HERRON & SONS, 80 Fourth ave.

au7,101,3,16,19

DIED.

McWILLIAMS—At her home in North Braddock, on Friday, August 9, 1889, at 11 o'clock A. M., MARY, wife of J. C. McWilliams, in her 28th year.

This funeral will occur on SUNDAY AFTERNOON, August 11, at 2 o'clock, when funeral services will be held. Friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend. 2

A FRONTIER ROMANCE, *by Frank lin Pele, entitled "Guests at Camp Nineteen," will be published in to-morrow's* DISPATCH.

ENJOYING HIS OUTING

Harrison Secures a Clear Conscience for Lunch by Granting

A RESPITE TO TWO MURDERERS.

This Was the Only State Affair Brought to His Attention.

QUITE AN EXTENSIVE TOUR PROPOSED.

The Blaines are Eager to Show Their Guest the Whole State of Maine.

The only official act of the President yesterday was the respiting of two murderers who were to have been hanged at Fort Smith, Ark. Mr. Harrison was invited out to luncheon, and participated in an enjoyable buckboard trip. An elaborate programme has been prepared for his entertainment.

BAR HARBOR, August 9.—President Harrison has begun his stay at Bar Harbor by respiting for three weeks two men who were to be hanged to-day in Arkansas for murder. When he crossed the threshold of the Blaine cottage last night he was handed a telegraphic statement that new and important evidence in the case of Jack Spaniard had been forwarded, and there was a suggestion by the Acting Attorney General that a respite be granted.

In view of the new evidence that is now said to exist a respite until August 30 was telegraphed last night. This morning another telegram reached the President from the United States Judge at Fort Smith, Ark., suggesting in order to avoid two executions in the same month, one to-day and one on the 30th, that a respite to the latter date should be granted to William Walker, who was also to have been hanged to-day. This suggestion was also adopted.

NO OTHER BUSINESS.

These have been the President's only official acts since he arrived in Bar Harbor. Dispatches and important letters are sent on from Washington, though, and a few letters addressed to the President here have been received, making his mail consist of perhaps a dozen letters. To these his private secretary attends.

Callers upon the President were quite numerous, though almost entirely consisting of summer residents of the place, but national affairs were a tabooed subject. Among them were Hon. John R. Thomas, of Illinois; Baron Rosen, the Russian Minister, and Captain Wilse, of the Minnesota. These visitors came at different hours in the day, but the President devoted much of his time to resting.

He had slept more hours in the previous night than in any night in three months, he said, and the result was that he felt much refreshed. His first step out of the cottage to-day was toward a buckboard, which was to take him to Otter's Nest, a pretty cottage four or five miles off, where a luncheon had been tendered him by Major Aulick Palmer.

QUITE A PARTY.

In the buckboard with him went Secretary and Mrs. Blaine, Congressman and Mrs. Lodge, Miss Blaine, Mr. Charles Howe, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Cummings, his Secretary, Walker Blaine and Mrs. P. Rollins Morse. The party had left Stanwood about noon. It drove to Major Palmer's cottage. Senator and Mrs. Hale came from Ellsworth in the morning.

The lunch tables were set on the lawn and under the trees, near the water and in view of the mountains. President Harrison stood upon the portico while he was introduced to the prominent summer residents of Bar Harbor and the residents of Ellsworth and other places to whom "at home" cards had been sent. Afterward lunch was served.

With eight exceptions all the guests were seated at tables on the lawn. The exceptions were President Harrison, Secretary and Mrs. Blaine, Senator and Mrs. Hale, Mrs. Palmer, the Turkish Minister, and Mrs. Lodge, who lunched in the dining room. Meanwhile the Bar Harbor band played.

AN ENJOYABLE AFTERNOON.

The President spent an enjoyable afternoon at this luncheon. By 4 o'clock he was at Stanwood again, and at 7:30 P. M. he made one of a private dinner party, which included Senator and Mrs. Hale, Mrs. Chandler, Mrs. Hale's mother, Mr. Chatel Howe, Mrs. Burton Harrison and Mrs. Patterson. This party numbered 14 in all.

To-morrow at 11:30 Secretary Blaine will take the President and a small party for a sail to Somes' Sound, on the Sappho. In the evening the Kebo Valley Club, of which Mr. Blaine is a member, will hold a reception in the President's honor.

For Sunday no definite arrangements have been made, but on Monday morning, after breakfast, the President will go to Ellsworth as the guest of Senator Hale. He will remain there till Tuesday, when he will return to Bar Harbor in time for lunch, and Tuesday afternoon he will probably witness the floral parade. Wednesday morning he will start for Bath, where he is to lunch with Arthur Sewall, and examine the shipping and Wednesday afternoon he will go to Manchester, N. H., spending the night with ex-Governor Cheney.

HE WILL KEEP MOVING.

Thursday morning he goes to Concord, where he will be received by the New Hampshire Governor and Legislature, and Thursday afternoon he will begin a quick return trip to Washington. If the arrangements made agree with the present intent he will reach Boston in time to take the train for Fall River Thursday evening and he will go on by Sound boat and by train to Washington and the White House, where he is expected Friday afternoon.

Mrs. Harrison, who is at Nantucket with her sister, may join her husband at Fall River if she does not return to Washington before them. The arrangements just outlined have been given the finishing touches since the President's arrival and it will be noticed that they include provisions for visiting Moosehead Lake, Poland's Spring or the Profile House.

A MYSTERY IN A TOMB.

A Wonderful White Vine That Suddenly Changed Into Ashes.

Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.]

For some years there were no deaths and the silence of the tomb was unbroken, save for the visits of loved ones who knelt without and offered a prayer for the dead or paid loving tribute to their virtues. At last death came once more. The good old grandmother bowed to the will of time and dear ones gathered to pay their last respects. The solemn procession wound its slow way to the cemetery.

The door of the vault moved heavily on its hinges as it swung back to receive its dead. A flood of golden sunlight filled the tomb, dispelling the gloom and revealing a strange sight. There, creeping along the walls and over the coffins, was a white vine. Pure and pearly it stood out in bold relief against the dark background and glistened in the sunlight. There was no mistaking the resemblance. It was almost a perfect urn.

But the wonder did not stop here. Curling further on, it formed a letter D, the family initial. Astonishment ceased not here. It was a triple mystery, and the climax was yet to be reached. The minister offered up the prayer: "Ashes to ashes and dust to dust." Those who were looking at the white vine saw it tremble, then it shook and fell in fragments, scattering over the coffins of the dead.

A Millinery Failure for $50,000.

LANCASTER, August 9.—Astriel Bros., of this city, the largest dealers in millinery in this county, have failed for $50,000. Assets equal to liabilities.

A BOLD MORMON.

He Says Joe Smith Will be Avenged—What Will Happen When Mormonism Overthrows the Government—Trouble in Tennessee.

NASHVILLE, August 9.—The Mormon trouble in Wilson county has been settled temporarily by the expulsion of one of the most active of the proselyting elders. The excitement, however, has by no means subsided, and the remaining elders are threatened with coats of tar and feathers if they, too, do not clear out. The elder who was driven from the county delivered an exordium Sunday. He told his sympathizers that the Mormons owned the country; that they were preparing to take it by force, and that the church was organizing an army for that purpose and to punish scoffers and non-believers with death. Said he:

"The blood of Joseph Smith must be avenged, and God commands us to overthrow this Government for its oppression of the Saints. The great wine press of his wrath has not yet been trodden. We are to tread it, and tread it we will until we have pressed out the last drop of blood and the national and personal existence of these accursed people."

One of his proselytes became alarmed at the excitement created in the Mormon community by these words, and reported them to Rev. John Barrett. The latter repeated them in the course of his sermon the same night, and read a letter from a lady in Kentucky, who had joined the Mormon Church, gone to Utah, become disgusted with the practices of the sect, apostatized and returned to her home. She denounced Mormonism as deceptive and rotten to the core, and the priests and many of the laymen as a set of scoundrels.

As a result of Rev. Mr. Barrett's vigorous denunciation the good citizens informed the elder who preached revolution that he must leave the community or expect the same treatment resorted to in Lewis county two years ago when several elders were killed. The elder went to-day and will not be permitted to return.

POWER OF THE PRESS.

How a Postal Clerk Who Advertised Secured a Wife.

CINCINNATI, August 9.—Guyon Roberts, then a railway postal clerk on a route running out of Independence, Kan., three years ago advertised in a Cincinnati paper for a lady correspondent. It was simply a desire for flirtation that prompted him. Among those who answered the advertisement was Miss Saxie Adair, daughter of Dr. G. W. Adair, a well-known dentist of Carlisle, Ky., and who also has a large practice in Paris, Ky., the family being among the very best in that Commonwealth. The correspondence was carried on with increasing ardor. Photographs were exchanged, and finally Miss Saxie wrote "Yes" in answer to a query as to whether she would take Guyon for better or worse.

That was two years ago, and until last Saturday the widely separated lovers, who had become such through the mails, had never met. At the Gibson House, in this city, a meeting was arranged, and they were not disappointed with each other. They renewed their vows, and last night quietly plighted their troth for good and for aye. The newly-united pair will leave in the morning for St. Louis. They will spend their honeymoon there, and then settle down in Judsonia, Ark., where Mr. Roberts, since the last national election, has established a real estate business.

GUESTS AT CAMP 19, *a romantic story of life on the frontiers of civilization, by Franklin Pele, will be published complete in to-morrow's* DISPATCH.

For the Family Wash; For House Cleaning done by mistress or servant; for china; glassware; fruit jars; nursing bottles; windows; silver; oil paintings; paint brushes; straw hats; wool hats; bead trimming; sinks; closets; wastes pipes, and a thousand other things—in fact, for anything washable—Use Pyle's Pearline.

Makes white goods whiter
Colored goods brighter Flannels softer
Paint last longer

Pearline means perfect cleanliness—quicker—better—with more ease and comfort than anything known; makes a saving all around—no soda-eaten holes in linen; no frayed edges; no buttons and strings rubbed off. Millions use it. Do you? 157 JAMES PYLE, New York.

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BELL'S

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HANDS UNINJURED.
CLOTHES PURE AND SWEET.
DISHES WASHED CLEAN.

THE GREAT WASHING POWDER.

BELL'S BUFFALO SOAP BEST SOAP —MADE—

FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS.

BOLDLY UPHOLDS POLYGAMY.

An Expounder and Defender of Mormon Doctrines in Canada.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

OTTAWA, August 9.—Mr. A. Maitland Stenhouse, the British Columbian Legislator, who has resigned his seat in the Assembly to join the Mormon colony, at Lethbridge, Northwest Territory, and comes forward as the champion of polygamy, and as an exponent and defender of the Mormon doctrines, will contest that constitutency at the coming general elections for the Dominion Parliament.

He says that polygamy will soon become one of the institutions of the territories, and believes that if properly represented in Parliament, many of the restrictions which now make polygamy illegal will be withdrawn, and the prejudices which now exist against the sect overcome. He says that only among the Latter-Day Saints are the rights of women fully recognized and admitted. His plan for reforming the marriage laws of the Dominion, he says, is the substitution of polygamy for monogamy. He lauds the intelligence and industry of the Mormon, and says that if the Mormon, like the Chinese, must go, monogamy, with its foul following of betrayals and worse will go also, and that very early, in the country.

Notwithstanding the efforts of the Government to prevent it, reports reaching here from the Northwest say, that the Mormons are not waiting for the Stenhouse legislation, but are openly practicing polygamy.

TRUE TO HER PROMISE.

A Dying Woman Recovers Just to Spite Her Husband.

Lewiston Journal.]

The chuckling and other symptoms of satisfaction led the Oxford county man to tell another story.

"A woman up our way was very sick," said he. "She grew worse and worse, and the doctor finally gave her up. She had fought a good fight for life, but at last made up her mind that she was going to die and said her parting words to her friends. Last of all she had a talk with her husband.

"'John,' said she, 'I'm going to leave you forever.'

"'Yes, Mirandy,' said he dropping a tear.

"'I ain't like some women, John. I want you to be happy and have a companion through life.'

"'Yes, Mirandy.'

"'Yes, I want you to marry again, and I've been thinking that one of Mr. Smith's girls would make you an excellent wife.'

"'Yes, Mirandy, I've been thinking of that same thing myself.'

"'You have, eh? you brute! You better wait till I'm gone before you pick out another wife! Oh, you wretch! Fixing your heart on another woman before your first wife's under ground! But you shan't have her! I'm going to get well just to spite you and Ann Smith!'

"The woman was true to her promise. To everybody's astonishment she recovered and lived to attend her husband's funeral."

AN UNPROMISING OUTLOOK.

A Little Girl's Sage Observation on the Subject of Matrimony.

New York Tribune.]

A little girl of Brooklyn has the misfortune to have a father of little ability and an aunt of little amiability. Contemplating these two, recently, she said to her mother:

"Mother, when I grow up will I have to marry a man like father, or be an old maid like Aunt Jane?"

The mother replied: "Yes, my dear." Then that thoughtful child said:

"What a hard time we poor women have, don't we, mother?"

BLAKELY HALL, *in to-morrow's* DISPATCH, *describes the trials and tribulations of a British matron in search of help.*

CUPOLA IRON WORKS.

A Patent Process for Making the Pig Metal.

MR. J. S. OURSLER TALKS.

The iron foundry of Messrs. Neal Bros. on Preble avenue, Allegheny, is one of the most interesting places of the kind in the city to visit, owing to the peculiar mode by which the pig iron is manufactured. It is known as the cupola process, and they have a patent of their own for making it. Mr. J. S. Oursler, of No. 20 Orchard street, Allegheny, is the engineer at the works, and to him the writer is indebted for the following interesting interview.

"I should judge it was between six and seven years ago," he said, "that I first noticed my trouble. At that time it seemed to be nothing more than a severe cold. Gradually it began to grow worse. My nostrils became clogged, and I seldom breathed through my nose. My head was all stopped up and I had much headache between and directly over the eyes. There was a buzzing and roaring sound in my ears, which finally became stopped up to such an extent as to interfere with my hearing. Oftentimes when asleep at night I would be awakened by a sharp report as of something bursting in my ear.

"This condition continued for a long time, and finally I went to a physician for treatment. He did me no good, and I tried others, but all with the same effect; I grew worse instead of better.

"A dry, hacking cough had been added to my troubles, and I was coughing continually. I could feel the mucous dropping back from my head into my throat, and I raised a great deal of phlegm in the mornings. At first it was a foam-white substance. But of late years it has been very thick and yellow, choking me when I raised it.

Mr. J. S. Oursler, 20 Orchard St., Allegheny.

"My eyes became very much inflamed and discharged a watery substance. My throat and the root of my tongue were always sore. My throat was ulcerated and my tongue highly inflamed.

"When I would get up from a chair I would be dizzy and weak. Sharp shooting pains would go through my chest and in the left side, extending to the shoulder blade. Frequently the pain would extend into the region of the stomach.

"I always slept soundly at night, but was never rested in the morning, feeling more tired than when I went to bed the night before. I could eat, but I did not relish my food.

"I found that I was losing flesh and steadily growing weaker, and it was when in the condition described above that I first heard of Drs. Copeland and Blair. I had tried so many physicians that I had lost faith, but determined to see them. They