

HAZEN S. PINGREE IS DEAD

Former Governor of Michigan Dies in London.

SON IS AT HIS BEDSIDE.

Death Comes Peacefully and Without a Message to the Ones at Home—End of a Notable Career—Mrs. Pingree Notified.

H. S. Pingree, former governor of Michigan, died at London, Eng., Tuesday night at 11:35. His son was the only one present at the time. The attending doctor left Mr. Pingree's bedside at about 11:15, promising to return shortly. H. S. Pingree, Jr., who had been watching at his father's side for four days and who had not removed his clothes during that time, noticed a sudden change in his father's condition. He had hardly reached the patient's bedside when his father died peacefully, without warning and without speaking one word. Young Pingree wired his mother and his uncle in the United States not to go to London. Mrs. Pingree and her daughter received the sad news at New York City, and returned to Detroit. The body will be

Ex-Minister Shoots Friend.
Dr. J. G. Jessup, a dentist, was shot and fatally wounded at Berkeley, Cal., by the Rev. Charles Adams, formerly an Episcopal minister. It is stated that Adams' daughter called Jessup by telephone and asked him to come to her home and prevent her father from whipping her. When Jessup arrived at the Adams house and remonstrated with him Adams drew a revolver and shot the dentist through the breast. Adams is in jail and Jessup is dying. The Rev. Charles G. Adams, who shot and wounded, probably fatally, Dr. J. G. Jessup, is well known throughout the East. He was born about fifty years ago in Delaware county, N. Y. He held the pastorate of St. Mark's Chapel in New York City, also of the Church of the Incarnation in the same city. He also filled pulpits in Fremont and Cincinnati, O.

Rebels Refuse to Submit.
Advices received from Colombia say the rebels refuse to lay down their arms owing to the ill-treatment of political prisoners by government officers. Prominent prisoners are paraded through the principal towns. As a warning to liberal sympathizers and in view of the recrudescence of rebel activity in the interior the Colombian government has purchased the steamer Darien to be used as a gunboat.

MISS FIFIELD STILL MISSING.

No Trace Has Yet Been Found of the Jamesville Girl.

Chicago, June 24.—No trace has yet been found of Helen Fifield, the 19-year-old girl who mysteriously disappeared from her home at Jamesville, Wis., early Thursday morning, and who is believed to be in this city in hiding, or possibly in distress or detention. The young woman, who is the daughter of a wealthy merchant of Jamesville, left her home before daylight Thursday and was only partially clad at the time. Two brothers of the missing girl and H. R. King have been in the city for two days and are confident that the girl is still in Chicago. The only cause given for her disappearance by her anxious friends is that Miss Fifield, who was subject to somnambulism, was not in her right mind when she disappeared. The young woman arrived in Chicago early Thursday forenoon and went to a small hotel at Washington and Franklin streets. She remained there only a few hours, however, and, after securing some clothing, she again disappeared. Dr. G. W. Fifield, a relative of the missing girl, says he believes that her mind has been upset by studying Christian Science.

OLD WORLD AT ST. LOUIS FAIR

Foreign Governments Taking Great Interest in Exposition.

St. Louis, Mo., June 24.—The foreign relations and publicity committees of the Louisiana Purchase exposition company held important sessions today. They are rapidly shaping the work of the great exposition. Foreign governments are already aroused to the importance of the fair. A meeting of the press and publicity committees was attended in full. The chief topic of interest related to the work which will be done by Mr. Jose de Olivares at Buffalo. The representatives of the Louisiana Purchase exposition company goes to Buffalo in a number of capacities. Not only will he take charge of the building which the company is having erected, but he will push the work of carrying information to foreign countries in the matter of press and publicity, as he will do with regard to foreign relations.

THE OBITUARY RECORD.

Civil War Veteran Dies.
New York, June 24.—Brevet Brigadier General Robert Nugent died at his home in Brooklyn of cancer of the throat and stomach, originating from wounds received at the battle of Fredericksburg.

Dies at Age of 98.
Pana, Ill., June 24.—Mrs. Charlotte P. Little, aged ninety-eight years, the oldest resident of Christian county, died here. She had been a resident of Christian county for fifty years.

Willis W. Metcalfe Dies.
Oswego, N. Y., June 24.—Willis W. Metcalfe, widely known on New York newspapers, died in his native town, aged thirty-three years, from Bright's disease.

Gen. Molleux Is Hopeful.
New York, June 24.—Gen. Edward B. Molleux has returned to his home in Brooklyn from Buffalo, where he attended the hearing before the Court of Appeals on the application for a new trial for his son, Roland B. Molleux. In an interview he said: "From my own impressions, as well as from the views expressed by prominent lawyers who attended the hearing, I am led to believe that the powerful and logical presentation of Mr. Milburn of the legal objections to the manner in which my son's conviction was obtained carried great weight with the judges of the court."
He expressed the belief that the Court of Appeals would grant a new trial for his son.

No Satoris Wedding.
New York, June 24.—According to a dispatch from London to the World among the paid announcements in the Morning Post of London today appeared this notice: "The marriage between Miss Vivian Sartoris and Mr. Archibald Balfour will not take place. London society is mystified. Miss Sartoris, who is a grand-daughter of Gen. U. S. Grant, is well known in London, and Mr. Balfour is a cousin of Arthur Balfour, the statesman."

Fight Buffalo Gas Monopoly.
Buffalo, June 24.—Buffalo's aldermen have taken up cudgels against the natural gas monopoly. A committee will report to the council Monday in favor of an ordinance fixing the price of natural gas at 27½ cents a thousand cubic feet. This decision is the result of the price every few months on the alleged false plea that the gas supply is diminishing.

Fast Trip to White Horse.
Victoria, B. C., June 24.—The steamer Cottage City, which arrived last night, brought ten passengers from Dawson who came up the river on the steamer Dawson, which made a record trip to White Horse and was the first steamer to make the trip through. She arrived in three days and thirteen hours, clipping two hours off last year's record.

Texas Legislature Called.
Austin, Tex., June 24.—Governor Sayres issued a proclamation this morning calling the legislature together in extraordinary session on August 6, to redistrict the state.

Under the last census Texas is entitled to three new congressmen.

Choate in Good Health.
London, June 24.—Mr. Choate, the United States ambassador, who has been suffering from a cold, returned to his office today in perfect health.

EIGHT DIE IN A CYCLONE

Four Others Are Reported Fatally Hurt.

FULL REPORTS NOT YET IN.

Violent Storm on the Keyapaha River Near Naper, Neb., Almost Wipes Out Two Families—Houses Literally Reduced to Kindling Wood.

Naper, Neb., June 24.—Eight dead and four fatally injured, all members of two families, were left in the path of a cyclone which swept along the Keyapaha river, five miles south of here, at 6 o'clock p. m. So destructive was the visitation that the houses of the victims were literally reduced to kindling wood. It is feared that when full reports from the stricken district are received the list of sufferers will be increased. The names of the known dead follow: Clara Anderson, aged 8; Grace Anderson, aged 7; Jacob Greening, aged 40; Jacob Greening, Jr., aged 2; John Greening, aged 4; Margaret Greening, aged 4; Mary Greening, aged 9; Mrs. Jacob Greening. The fatally injured in the two families are: Bertha Anderson, aged 10; Mrs. August Anderson, Theodore Anderson, aged 12; Grace Greening, aged 14. August Anderson, husband and father, was the only one in the two families to escape unscathed, and this solely because he was away from the house. The storm cloud appeared about 5 o'clock and traveled down the river. It seemed to rise up and skip some houses and then scoop down and demolish everything in its path. The cyclone was preceded by a severe hailstorm, stones falling that measured ten inches in circumference. All communication with the outside world is cut off, and it is impossible to learn what damage the storm did along the Keyapaha river, west of where the two stricken families lived.

Remarry After Forty Years.

St. Louis, June 24.—F. M. Pierce and Mrs. Nancy Bowditch were married today for the second time. They were first married at Brookston, Ind., in 1856, when he was 23 and she 17 years old. At the opening of the civil war Pierce enlisted and never returned. His wife heard that he was dead and went to Kansas and then to California, married again and raised a family. Pierce says that it was late in 1865 when he returned to the old home, after a long siege of illness, to find his wife gone. She was dead. He then remarried in East St. Louis. Several months ago the couple met in East St. Louis, and as she was a widow and he a widower, they immediately decided to re-marry.

From Stock Ticker to Death.

New York, June 24.—Emil Tredelius, fifty-five years old, is dying in the J. Hood Wright hospital, a victim of the wild speculation that swept over the country and terminated with the panic caused by the fight for the control of the Northern Pacific railroad. Tredelius lost his entire fortune in the panic and has since lived on the bounty of his children. This so wounded his pride that he has often threatened to commit suicide, and he has put his threat into execution. While sitting on a bench in Central Park, he fired three bullets into the right temple. There is no hope for his recovery.

Diver Finds Relics of '76.

Burlington, Vt., June 24.—J. G. Falcon, a diver, has visited the spot where the schooner Royal Savage, commanded by Gen. Benedict Arnold, was sunk in 1776 by the British. He found three gun carriages and about 30 cannon balls and shot. Two of the former will be sent to the Smithsonian institution at Washington and the other has been given to the city of Burlington. The relics were discovered in about 30 feet of water. The carriages are made of wood and iron, the former having been petrified.

Messenger Thwarts Department Clerk.

Washington, D. C., June 24.—John McQuade, a messenger in the War Department, enraged because he suspected Appointment Clerk Francis Ford of reporting him to the Secretary for drunkenness and causing him to be laid off three days, attacked Ford in the corridors of the building with his fists. Ford was so badly beaten that he had to be removed to his home. McQuade was ejected from the building.

Uncle Sam Has Prison Ship.

Norfolk, Va., June 24.—Owing to the overcrowded condition of the naval prisons at Boston, New York and Mare Island the government has ordered that the United States collier Southery, now here, be transformed into a prison ship, so that naval prisoners may be sent to Norfolk from different stations and detained until they can be admitted to either New York or Boston prison.

Asks Writ of Habeas Corpus.

Kansas City, Mo., June 24.—Release on a writ of habeas corpus was asked by Auditor Harder of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company. He is constructively in jail for refusing to show the grand jury certain warrants which it believes will aid in ferreting out the jury bribers. The grand jury has not yet succeeded in serving a witness subpoena on P. A. Valentine of Chicago, a heavy stockholder in the company.

Ruling Favors Shirtwaists.

St. Louis, Mo., June 24.—The Circuit Court ruled that jurors, witnesses will be permitted to wear shirtwaists in court during the heated terms.

HUNTING MAHOGANY TREES.

This is a Difficult Calling and Brings Good Wages.

The mahogany hunter is the most important and best paid laborer in the Central and South American service, for upon his skill and activity largely depends the success of the season. The trees do not grow in groups, but are scattered promiscuously through the forest and hidden in the dense growth of underbrush, vines and creepers, and it requires skillful and experienced woodsmen to find them. To fell a large mahogany tree is one day's task for two men. On account of the enormous spurs which project from the trunk at its base, scaffolds are erected and the tree cut off above these prouberances, which leaves a stump from 10 to 15 feet high, thus wasting the best part of the tree. After trimming the tree of its branches it is hauled by means of a crude truck with oxen as motive power, to the bank of the river. There the logs are collected and made ready for the floods. On the longest rivers these begin in June and July and on others in October and November. The logs are turned adrift and when they reach tidewater are caught by means of booms. From the boom the logs are taken to the "embarcadero" and prepared for shipment. A tree makes from two to five logs, measuring ten to eighteen feet in length and from twenty to twenty-four inches in diameter after being hewed. There is a great range in the value of mahogany lumber. The poor grade of short stock may sell as low as 50 cents for 1,000 feet, while fancy material, used in the manufacture of tops of counters, may be worth \$3.50 for 1,000 feet, or even higher. Previous to the war in Cuba much mahogany was shipped from the island to the United States, and the trade has been reviving within the last two years. The finest quality from this source is called the "San Jago" and is used in the manufacture of fancy furniture and for the interior work of houses. The price of this variety, made on an inch basis, ranges from \$140 to \$165 for 1,000 feet.—New York Press.

WHAT BECOMES OF CORKS.

After They Have Served First Purpose They Go to Renovator.

"What becomes of the pins?" is an old and unanswered question, but "What becomes of the corks?" admits of a pretty complete reply, says the New York Evening Post. Cork is one of the most indispensable articles, yet, useful as it is, and harmless as it appears, it is made a means of danger to health by trade competition. Not that anything noxious occurs in the original growth of preparation for market of the corkwood, or even in the process of charring the surface and closing the pores by extreme heat, which is said to give the elasticity and flexibility known in the trade as "nerve." When it comes on the market it is without any deleterious qualities. It is after the cork, in its finished state, has served its purpose in the neck of a bottle that it begins its degenerate course. A cork once drawn and the bottle and contents disposed of is thrown away generally as waste, especially in private houses, though in the liquor trade they are often preserved for sale to itinerant dealers, who purchase them for a trifle. Those which are thrown away gravitate to the ash and garbage barrel, the dump or the gutter and possibly the sewer. From those odorous and offensive receptacles, as well as from behind the bar, they eventually reach the bag of the peddling collector and are all placed in one mass to undergo the process of so-called "cleaning," which makes them appear to the untrained eye as good as new and prepares them for sale to the economical bottler of wines, liquors, pickles or what not, who has a strong eye to the main chance. The corks look all right and secure the bottle as well as new and clean ones would, so, even if there is a little poison or worse in them, what does it matter? thinks the careful dealer. Nothing will really clean them, but they can be whitened or bleached by the action of a powerful acid and this is what is done.

Elephant Does the Ploughing.

Near Roney's Point, West Virginia, may be seen the unusual spectacle of an elephant attached to a plow and doing other heavy farm work. The elephant is the property of John Cahill and was bought at an auction sale of a small circus which disbanded at Martin's Ferry last summer. Cahill's idea was to start a show of his own, but when he took the animal home to the place his father decided that a beast the size of an elephant could not remain on the farm and be fed unless it paid for its board with labor. So the elephant was harnessed and tried at the plough. It was found that he could turn more ground than a big team of horses, and when it came to hauling logs he could pull a load which a team of horses was unable to budge. Meanwhile the elephant eats little more than a horse and does many times the work of one, and withal is gentle and docile and gives little trouble. Young Cahill has given up the idea of starting a circus and will keep the pachyderm on the farm.

Christianity Wants Sunny People.

Christianity wants nothing so much in the world as sunny people, and the old are hungrier for love than for bread, and the oil of joy is very cheap, and if you can help the poor on with a garment of praise it will be better for them than blankets.—Henry Drummond.

Almost every profane word is a prayer.

Mildred Trevanion

BY THE DUCHESS.

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

"You should not hit a man when he is down," he said, reproachfully. "I don't think you will be long down," returned Blount with an encouraging nod that somehow made Denzil's heart beat high, though he did not dare to take the words in their under meaning. "And now I must be off. No, thank you, my dear—I can not stay to dinner; I have so many things to attend to before seven. But tell Sir George I will look him up again in the morning. And give my love to the girls; and tell Mildred that I know, and she knows, there is but one man in the world can ever make her happy."

He looked kindly at Denzil as he spoke, but the latter would not accept the insinuation conveyed in his words. Mrs. Younge, however, noticed both the glance and the significant tone, and a light broke in upon her. When Lady Caroline had followed Dick Blount out of the room she went over and knelt down by her son. "Denzil," she said, lovingly, "I know it all now. But am I never to speak of it?"

And he answered as he kissed her: "Do not let us ever mention it again—there's a darling mother!" But all that night Mrs. Younge gazed at the girl and wondered, pondering many things and blaming, woman-like, yet feeling in her heart the while that the choice her son had made was indeed a perfect one. After this Denzil made rapid strides toward recovery, growing stronger, gayer and more like the Denzil they had known in the first days of their acquaintance than he had been for some time before his illness. He could now walk from room to room and take long drives, though Stubbler still insisted on some hours in the day being spent on the sofa. Miss Trevanion Denzil saw daily, though seldom alone—and who shall say how much this conducted toward the renewing of his strength?

It wanted but a fortnight of Charlie's wedding day, and Denzil, who was feeling a little tired, and was anxious to attain perfect health before the event came off—having promised to attend in the character of "best man"—was lying on the lounge in the library when Mildred came in. "I did not know you were in from your drive," she said. There was less constraint between them now than there had ever been. "Did you enjoy it?"

"Very much indeed." "So you ought," she said. "Could there be a more beautiful day?" She threw up the low window as she spoke and leaned out. "The air reminds me of summer, and the flowers are becoming quite plentiful, instead of being sought longingly one by one."

"Yes," returned Denzil, vaguely, thinking all the time what an exquisite picture she made, framed in by the window and its wreaths of hanging ivy. "By the bye, did you like the bunch I gathered for you this morning? See—there they are over there."

"Were they for me?" asked Denzil, looking pleased. "I did not flatter myself that they were."
"Well, yes, I think they were chiefly meant for you," returned Mildred, carelessly. "Invalids are supposed to get every choice thing going—are they not?—though indeed you can scarcely come under that head now."

She threw down the window again, and came back toward the center of the room. "Mildred," said Denzil suddenly—he had risen on her first entering, and stood leaning against the chimney-piece—"there is something connected with my illness, a dream it must have been, that, whenever I see you, preys upon my mind. May I tell it to you? The vivid impression it made might perhaps leave me if I did."

"Of course you may," answered Mildred, growing a shade paler. "Come over here then and sit down; I can not speak to you so far away." She approached the hearth rug and stood there. "I will warm my hands while you tell me," she said, determined that, should it prove to be what she half-dreaded to hear, he should not see her face during the recital.

"Well, then," he began, "I thought that, as I lay in bed one evening, the door opened, and you came into the room, and, walking softly over to my bedside, stood there very sorrowfully looking down upon me. We were alone, I think—passing his hand in a puzzled manner over his forehead, as though endeavoring vainly to recollect something—"at least I can remember no one else but us two, and it seemed to me that presently you began to cry and stooped over me, whispering something, I forget what, and I took your hands like this"—sitting the action to the word—"and then some figures came toward us, but I waved them back, holding you tightly all the time; and—here he paused, his eyes fixed earnestly upon the opposite wall, as though there he saw reacting all that was struggling for clearness in his brain—"and I asked you to do something for me then—something that would aid my recovery more than all the doctor's stuff—and you—"

"No, no, I did not!" cried Mildred, vehemently, unable longer to restrain her fear of his next words, and trying passionately to withdraw her hands. "Yes, you did!" exclaimed Denzil, excitedly; "I know it now. It was not fancy—how could I ever think it was?—it was reality. Oh, Mildred, you kissed me."
"How dare you?" cried Miss Trevanion, bursting into tears. "You know I did not; it is untrue—a fevered dream—anything but the truth."
"Do you say that?" he said, releasing her. "Of course, then, it was mere imagination. Forgive me; I should not have said it, but the remembrance of it haunts me night and day. This room, too, fosters all memories. Here for the first time I told you how I loved you; and here, too, you refused me, letting me see how wild and unfounded had been my hope that you also loved me in return. Do you remember?"

"Yes, yes, I remember," Mildred answered, faintly, turning her face away.
"Over there"—pointing to a distant couch—"we met again, after weeks of separation and oblivion—since you say that past thought of mine was but a dream—and I felt when you entered the room how unyielding a thing is love. You see this place is fraught with pain to me, and yet I like it. I like to sit here and think, and picture to myself those old scenes again, only giving them a kinder ending."
"Do you still care to recall them?" she asked in a low, broken voice. "I shall always care to recall anything connected with you," he answered, simply; then—"Did I ever thank you, Mildred, for coming to my assistance on that last hunting day? I think not. I have no recollection of all that occurred, but they told me how good to me you were."
"It was the very commonest humanity," she said.
"Of course that was all. You would have done the same for anyone. I know that. Still I am grateful to you." Then suddenly, "Why did you break off with Lyndon?"

"You have asked me that question before," she said.
"I know I have, and I know also how rude a question it is to ask; and still I cannot help wishing to learn the answer. Will you tell me?"