Sty "The Duchess." CHAPTER XII-CONTINUED. "Mr. Eyre? I'm not thinking of

"Of who then, darlin"?"
"Sir Ralph," faintly.
"Arrab, nonsense! sure you know he'll river hear of it!" says nurse, who, after all, in spite of her many good qualities, is frail.

"He will know; he shall know!" says her young mistress, springing to her

"EhP" Mrs. Driscoll regards her with apprehension; what does she mean now? "Sit down; you're tired, Miss Dulcie, dear," says she, with all the air of one trying to cajole an angry child.

I shall tell him?" says Dulcie with determination.

"Taix, you won't," says Mrs. Driscoil. "Tis mad ye are just now, but when morain' comes, an' I ve a talk at ye agin, ye'll know where yer right road lies."

"Oh, to-morrow,' says Dulcie with a groan; 'do you know he is coming to dinner to-morrow? Father asked him and-but perhaps he will get out of it now. He hates me; I know that; I've reasons for knowing it."

"Raysons!" There isn't a rayson in ye," says Mrs. Driscoll, with supreme contempt. "As if any one, with an eye that wasn't yours, couldn't see that he just delights in the sight o' ye. Why 'twas only vesterday I overheard

yer father sayin -"
"Oh. father!" impatiently. "Father
wants me to think as you do. By-thebye, Bridget," turning a frightened face to her nurse, "what of father? Where is he? what did he say? was he asking for me? is he very angry?"
"Wisha, me dear, he knows nothin'

"Nothing?" "Ne'er a ha'porth. By all the luck o' the world Micky Flynn took to fightin again this eventn' shortly afther you-wint for yer walk-and the divit's own thrade he made of it. It appears that he an' Danny Murphy wint t it tooth an' nail down in the village below, all about nothin' but village below. all about nothin but that ould ancient goose as Dunny sould to Mrs. Flynn for a shillin' (an' faix, between ourselves, Miss, it was—ould), an' Mickey let into his skin like mad, an' Danny is now lyin' kilt below in his cabin, wid his wife soreechin' over him like a burn't

"Not dead!" horror-stricken. 'Oh. no. me dear! just a rib or two: but 'twas a most marciful occurrence. You see, they slut for the masther at once, an' down he wint to Dan's house, an niver a word has he heard of your

in' in or out."

bein' in or out."

"Oh! says Dulcinea, with a long sigh of intense relief. So much will be spared her, at all events.

"I've had a grudge against Flynn for ten year," says Mrs. Driscoll. "He once promised to marry my sister's cousin's nephew by marriage, an' he niver got as far as the alther; but I forgive him now. He's done a good I forgive him now. He's done a good job for ve this night. And now, darlint, won't ye let me undhress ye. an' put ye to bed? You're worn out. can see it. An' a poached egg an' a cup o' tay, that'll be the revivin' of ye. I'll bring it up to ye whin yer undressed. Ye'll sleep alsy afther it."

CHAPTER AIII.

Left for repentance, none for pardon left?

"My life's a load." But in spite of the posched egg and nardly slept at all. There was half an hour here and there of broken slumber, in which uncom-fortable dreams had full sway, to the greater destroying of her peace when awakening from them; but beyond that she lay all night with open eyes, thinking unhappy things, and crying in wardly, with great longings for the

And at last it comes, reluctantly, as all winter mornings come, having no light of life to warm them. The sun for them lies dead. He may be there, somewhere, but his glory is denied them. A dull, cloudy, gray, taciturn day makes clear the window panes to Dulcinea—so silent, so devoid of sound is it, indeed, that one might almost think of nature as lying in hershroud.

A shroud typicall Outside all the world is swathed in a white sheet-the garb of death. During the night the soft flake: had fallen, silently, steadily, and now branch and leaf are laden with them. There had been sno be-fore but nothing like this. And still

"Through the hushed air the whitening shower descends.
At first thin, wavering, till at last the

fades Fall broad and white and fast, dimming

With a continual flow."

Dulcinea's first thought on seeing the day is that Anketell will not be come over to dinner. This should have caused' her relief; but to her surprise it causes her only a deepening of the depression that is weighing her down. Oh, he must come! He must! How can she live with this burden on her mind? She will confess all to him, will tell him everything: will open to him the way to rid him-self henorably of her -- to put an end to

his hated engagement. All day she wanders aimlessly from room to room, longing for, whilst dreading, the hour that sha'l tell her if he is or is not coming. Toward five o'clock she finds herself in the schoolroom once again, and sinking into a chair rests her elbows on her knees and lets her lovely, discons late face fall into her little chilly palms.

Five! If coming, he will be here in three-quarters of an hour. The snow is still falling, heavily, steadily. No one co ld go ont on such a night un-less compelled: and he—why, no doubt I e will be glad of the excuse to keep away. And yet something within her whispers he will come.

Three-quarters of an hour! It must be a great deal less than that now. Raising her eyes to the clock, she is astonished to lind it is only three minutes less. What on earth is the mat-ter with that old clock? She taps it— listens: no. it is going as methodically mever. Will a quarter to six ever

come? He is sure to arrive then, The McDermot dining always at six sharp. and being seriously annoyed if a guest is not on the spot some time before-hand. How often she and Ra-Sir Ralph had laughed over that little ec-

centricity of his.

A sound in the firelit room behind her makes her spring to her feet. Oh no! not yet! Not until she has grasped the back of the chair and has learned that the incomer is Andy, does she know that she is trembling from head to foot and that her lips have grown so cold—so horridly cold.

"My word! you're growing active in your old age." says Mr. McDermot, advancing cheerfully to the fire and poking it into a glorious blaze. "As pok ng it into a glorious blaze. "As a traveling acrobat you'd make your fortune. What makes you bounce out o' your chair like that? Guilty conscience, ch?" with a grin, "And I say! What a swell you are! Put on all that toggery to fascinate Anketell over again? I declare, Dulcie, you're the biggest flirt I ever met. You are hardly off with the new lover before hardly off with the new lover before you want to be on with the old."

"I don't want to be on wi h any-body," says Dulcinea, crimsoning with shame and indignation. "It's a hor-rid old gown, and you know it. You've seen it fifty times if once. If you've come here only to torment me-only to -to-make a fool of yourself, I hope you'll go away again."

"I merely" (pulling up his coat and preparing to warm himself properly at the fire) "made the remark.that you were distinctly good to look at. Now anyone who can manage to look well in a gown fifty times old must be a lovely girl indeed. See? It was a compliment, my dear girl; why, then, this ungrateful virulence?"

"Stuff!" says his cousin, with in-creasing ingratitude. The fact is, she had had something on her mind when dressing, something that led to a desire to look her best before Sir Ralph on this-last even ug. For that it would be his last as her fiance seems undoubted to her. It was an old gown she douned, a shabby little back gown; but the square in front showed a lovely neck that gleamed whiter and more lovely than the snow outside, and the soft, bare arms that feel at her side as she gazed at herself in the glass worked wonders with the ancient

Mr. McDermot, unmoved by her last remark, drops leisurely on to the fen-

"I say, Dulcie, how did you and he get on last evening?".
"About as badly as you can imag-

"Imagination is not my strong point," says Mr. McDermot, modestly, speaking the truth for once in his life. About ho v badly, now!

· Well. I have kno on him for twelve long months, and never, never in all that time was he so—so abominable to

"Abominable!" - angrily - "If

thought—"
"Oh, no!" shaking her charming head so that the firelight flickers head so that the firelight soft from her long lashes, to the little soft natural fluff of hair that blows across her forehead. "Not abom nab'e in that way. He was quite polite-hatefully polite; never speaking a word or smiling-or-

"How the deuce could you know whether he was smiling or not—the night was as black as soot?" "At first! Not after! I saw well

enough. And besides, his voice would tell you he wasn't smiling."
"I dare say it was you who wasn't smiling."

"Oh! of course you are sure to put

e of the combatants giving in.
"Never mind that," says he. "Do you mean to tell me he-was-wellvasn't like what a fellow engaged to you should be?"

'Oh no; indeed he wasn't!" (em phatically). "He was upon to housque. He—he quite ordered me to put my hands under the rug!"

"And you obeyed?" "Well-er-yes. I'- (shamefacedly) "I-he was so cross, I thought perhaps I had better."

"I can't understand it," says Andy wrinkling up his brows (these are so ow that it doesn't take a second to do it). "Dulcie!" (turning to her in a rather tragic way). "do you think you were right after all—that he was there, I mean? that he saw you and-and that other fellow?"

"No" (dejectedly). "Oh no" (hanging her pretty; head so low that even a Parneilite might feel sore for "The fact is, Andy, that he hates me.

"What?" "He hates me!" repeated she, with rising strength that is strong through its grief. "That's ail."

"And enough, too," says Mr. Me-ermot. "Only," drawing himself up. "I don't believe it."
"It's true for all that" (forlornly).

I've known it for a long time. After all." meditating, "why shouldn't he?"
"Why should he?" says Andy vigorously. "Why, look here; you're as nice a girl as I know anyway! Oh, go to the deuce!" says Mr. McDermot, as if addressing some imaginary person at the end of the room. 'D've think I can't see? I tell you this, Dulcie, he'll find it hard to get as good as

"Ah, Andy! what a dear you are!" says his cousin, and bursts out crying. "But I tell you it's true for all that." says she, sobbing. "He hates me—he does really, and when he comes tonight I shall tell him all about it, and set him free."

··Free! "Free from his engagement with me. You can't see as clearly as I do. Andy; and I know he will be delighted to get a chance of saying good-by to

"You mean to say that you are go ing to tell him?" Mr. McDermot i ing to tell him?" Mr. McDermot is gazing at her with distended eyes.
"Yes, just that. I can't live with this secret on my mind. And it is dishon-

orable too. Andy: you must see that. If he knew that I—that I—once even, once thought of-Oh!," miserably "it is very hard to say it. But you know. don't you?"

"Yes. I know." [TO BE CONTINUED.]

me forever."

It is often a nobler work to conquer a doubt than a redoubt.

THE FARM AND HOME.

METHODS OF CULTI-

The Great Value of Water-The Source of Color in Milk-Apple Tree Ash -Sowing Wheat - Farm

Notes, Home Hints.

VATING STRAWBERRIES.

Strawberries-Soil and Culture.

Mr. J. L. Farmer's paper on 'Strawberries-Culture and Results" contains many valuable points, writes O. W. Blacknall to the Country Gentleman. The recommendation to use potato fertilizer is a good one. potato fertilizer should be rich in potash, which is just what the strawberry needs. In fact I find that on most soils it is much harder to get enough potash than phosphoric acid, which is considered so essential to successful strawberry growing. As for ammonia, though of course essential for the best results, it is dangerous in ignorant hands. I have seen more than one promising crop converted into vines alone by the injudicious use of highly ammoniated manures. Yet if applied in broken doses, at intervals of several months, considerable ammonia is good and even necessary if well backed up by liberal quantities of potash and phosphoric acid. I have used to advantage 150 pounds nitrate soda per acre, in three applications; one in June as soon as the fields were picked and worked out; another late in September when the excess of rooted runners is thinned out, the object being to make those retained stocky; the third in early spring just before the plants awake from their long winter sleep. At each application the nitrate of soda was thoroughly mixed with a sufficiency of potash and phosphorus in its cheapest and most available form. What this form will be depends altogether on one's location. It may be kainit or ashes or muriate of potash for the potash; and either bone dust or acid phosphate for the phosphorus.

This mode of applying fertilizers at intervals Mr. Farmer has also recommended. But I should, after the June application, scatter it over a wider space than he does. In fall and spring I scatter it broadcast over the beds. If a little falls in the middle no harm is done. Strawberry roots run much farther than is supposed, and for big results every rootlet, no matter where it goes, must find all the food it can appropriate. The chief advantage of the fall application is that the fertilizing properties, thoroughly carried into the soil by winter rains, will be at hand when

the plants need them in spring. In general, the great desideratum for the strawberry at bearing time is water, water, still more water, for about 95 per cent of the berry is water pure and simple. A drouth in picking time cuts off the crop in proportion to its severity, from 25 to 75 per cent. To provide against this it is necessary to select the moistest soil to be had. Of course soggy. "drowned" land will not bring any-

thing except marsh grass and bull But the farther you come frogs. South the less of this you find, except in the low-lying swampy districts. me in the wrong, whether or no." A Neither do I consider underdraining very pretty quarrel is here spoiled by of nearly as much importance here as farther North.

> With us, one acre of low, black, moist land will, year by year, make more berries, better berries and earlier berries than one that is the least inclined to be thirsty. My profit is on an average three times as great from the former. I also find any disturbances of the roots in the spring, such as come from deep plowing or working to be harmful. The tax on heavily laden plants is so great that every root should be kept intact, to bring in all possible nutriment and moisture.

I am eighteen years old in straw-berry culture, and for eight years I have done nothing else. My crop ranges from twelve to twenty acres. My average yield up to date is some-thing over 3,000 quarts per acre. My largest yield was about 13,000 quarts from a scant acre and a quarter, which, after picking and selling expenses were paid, brought mo \$911. All the berries were shipped to New York. The cost of cultivation was, as near as I could calculate about \$100 per acre. This field was tilled with light cultivator till the last of July. After that no horse or plow was put in till after the crop was gathered the next year. What grass and weeds came were scraped out with weeding hoes. The fall and spring application of fertilizer was lightly chopped in by forked potato hoes, which penetrated not over one and one-half inches deep. This crop was made on land just bought the year before, and from which the owner had been getting twenty bushels of corn per acre. As may be supposed, the season of my big crop was exceedingly favorable. Yet I have done nearly as well on choice spots under favorable conditions. I will add that the field referred to had long been considered too wet for good crops of any kind, and that all my neighbors were loud in their predictions of failure when I paid \$225 for it to plant in strawberries. The high price was owing to its being in the

In all my experience with strawberries I have seen only one seasonthat of 1888-in which the low, moist field failed to do a great deal better than the others. During that picking season of four weeks it rained in torrents a large part of nearly every day or night. The fields stood in age the largest of my life-

slightly over 6,500 quarts per acre. As the weather was cool, berries carried well to New York, despite the wet condition in which they were unavoidably picked and shipped. And while most of my neighbors gave up the battle with the rain, and left their berries to rot in the miry fields, I held on, picked the last one I had, and netted fair prices for all.

That year proved the strawberry to be such a heavy drinker that I have never been afraid of rain or wet since. Nor did the low, moist lots seem to suffer a whit more from the rain than the others. As far as I could see, they were neither better nor worse.

The Source of Color in Milk.

Some people say it is this feed, and some that, which we think may be true to a certain extent. Others say that it is a characteristic of certain breeds, which we know is true of the Guernseys in a marked degree, and also true of certain cows of all breeds. But of one fact we are convinced, beyond all others that belong to the conditions that surround the cow, and that is, that sunlight has a great deal to do with the color in milk. All cows as a rule, give lighter colored butter in winter. Why? Well, for one reason, that they are shut up a large proportion of the time in dark stables. When it is desired to make veal of the fashionable white hue the calves are fattened in the dark. No doubt the hay and other roughage fed to cows in winter contains much less chlorophyl than does the green succulent grass of June. But it should be remembered that the condition of both the grass and the sunlight are in the height of perfection and efficiency in June. In winter both of these conditions are at the lowest ebb of efficiency. The farmer can do two things if he will, that will aid greatly in maintaining the yellow color of his butter in winter, even with common cows. That is to cut his hay early, so as to preserve as much of its greenness as possible. Next, put a liberal number of windows into his cow stable. If possible give the stable an eastern and southern exposure, but make it as light as possible. One can easily guard against the cold by the use of double windows. But little real earnest thinking has been expended on this question. Too many farmers think they are book notions. Everything is a book notion that they do not know. Some of these men will wake up one of these days. Indeed there is a lot of them that are waking up to the idea that they can get right valuable knowledge on the cow question from thinkers and observers who record their thoughts and observations in dairy papers and books. But we hope they will lighten up the dingy, dark, unhealthy old cow stable, whatever else they do.— Hoard's Dairyman.

Farm Notes.

Personal experience in feeding, if carefully done, rates at par all of the

Stock food must be nutritious as well as abundant to secure the best results.

One point in good farming is to so direct the animal products as to make them pay.

Stiff clay soils are often benefited by late fall plowing, the freezing and thawing helping to make it more fri-

There is nothing to lose and everything to gain by managing the manure so as to save it in the best condition.

Careful feeding produces a good growth and a healthy condition, and therein lies one secret of profitable farming. What may be termed the normal condition of all animals is more or

less affected by changes in the temperature. With care in the management, near-

ly or quite all farm products are worth more to feed out to stock on the farm than to sell. Do not feed fattening rations to

growing stock, or foods adapted to the growth of bone and muscle to fattening stock.

Home Hipts.

Cheap ornament is discarded in handsome bedroom sets for perfection of material.

A wall that is inclined to be damp may be made impervious to moisture by applying a varnish of one part shellac to two of naptha. The disagreeable odor soon departs and it is ready to be papered as soon as dry.

A handful of fine sand placed on a board to rub your flatiron on when ironing; also a piece of paper saturated with kerosene and the irons run over that after it has undergone the sand treatment, will make the process of ironing easier.

Dr. Hutchison recommends for the treatment of bleeding at the nose the plunging of the feet and hands of the patient in water as hot as can be borne. He says that the most rebellious cases have never resisted this mode of treatment.

Irons which have been heated steadily on the fire for a great length of time are of little use to the expert ironer, as they will not retain the heat. The temper is gone. For this reason, as soon as one is through with her flatirons, they should be taken off the stove and put away in some part of the closet set apart to keep them in.

Rubbing a tin teakettle with eloth saturated with coal oil will make it bright as new. To mend china take a very thick solution of gum arabic and water and stir into plaster of paris until the mixture bewater. On several days we picked in a driving rain, and on some days the brush to the fractured edges and downpour was so great that no picking could be done at all. The average could be done at all. The average could be done at all. renders it doubly valuable.

HOW A MOOSE WAS MILKED.

The Story of a Guide Who Supplied Four New York Nimrods in a Sad

Did you ever milk a moose? Of course you never did. That's eight. But this is the way it was done up in Maine once, according to the Lewiston Journal. Four New York sportsmen were in camp near Chamberlain Lake, and there was no milk in the outfit.

It was forty miles to the nearest house. Here was a predicament. The guide had seen a cow moose near by that day, and he didn't share the general dismay. That night he went out to a creek, and there he waited. Presently he saw the same moose make for a pool in the stream.

The animal sniffed the air a few times as she passed within a dozen paces of the hunter, but otherwise did not show signs of alarm. She was soon in the water. While the moose was disporting herself the guide left his position behind the bush and walked a few steps toward her and whenever she turned he would stand

perfectly motionless. By repeating this operation several times he managed to reach the edge of the lake without alarming the moose. As soon as the animal showed any signs of leaving the water the guide re treated a few steps. Once or twice did the moose raise her head and look at him, only, however, to resume her clumsy frolics. Presently the moose made toward the shore, and the guide concealed himself behind the bush again. At the edge of the lake the animal turned to take a last look and shake the spray from her nose. Then she advanced slowly up the sloping bank. When opposite the guide she sniffed something, stopped, and looked around.

In an instant he was by her side. Then he bent over and milked her as a man milks a cow. She stood quiet until he had finished his work. The next morning the camp had milk and from that time until to-day the guide is known as "the milkman."

BURIED IN A MINE.

An Escaped Miner Tells His Thrilling Experience.

was working very quietly, away back from the shaft of the mine, and all alone. My labors were interrupted by a dull, smothered roar that was followed by falling earth, and then I realized that I was penned in; that the mine was wrecked and that my life was worth very little. The noise soon died away and things were much as they were before. But a little dis-tance from my position the earth had fallen and blocked the path. I was at first overcome with fear. I imagined that I could hear my brains grinding in a tunnel. There I lost all consciousness. When I awoke again was somewhat more calm and began to move about. I crawled along over great banks of earth that had fallen for a distance of fully 100 feet, then I heard groans and I knew that I was near some injured miner. here my progress stopped, and I had to quit. A few hours later my light burned out and then my misery was

complete. "For eight days I remained quite near that one spot, hoping rainst hope for deliverance. It came ventually. I heard the sound of picks, and soon the glimmer of miners lamps shone through the various crevices. When an opening was made I crawled out, and I assure you that I gave thanks. Yes, that's why people say I look old now, when I am only 35, and that is why my hair is gray. But I assure you that an aged expression and gray hair are endur-able, but to starve to death in a mine is the awfulest and deadliest way to beat out a man's existence in world that I can conceive of."-St. Louis Post Dispatch.

WAITING FOR JIM ALLISON.

The Virginia Mountaineer Still Retains Some of His Old - Fashioned Plety. Down in the mountain regions of

Virginia," said a commercial traveler to an Indianapolis Journal man, "there still exists a good deal of the oldfashioned piety which prevailed in the days when it was customary to run a dagger into an obnoxious person's gizzard and then pray for the repose of his soul. I was traveling on horse-back, of course, through that region last summer, when I came across an old fellow half-hidden in the underbrush by the side of the road. He was brush by the side of the road. He was sitting so quiet, and his weather-beaten clothes so well matched the prevailing tints of the locality that I should have probably passed without seeing him if my horse hadn't shied. When he saw that he was discovered he stood up and looked at me for a moment or two without speaking. As moment or two without speaking. As he had a rifle that looked at that instant to be near seven feet long thrown across his arm I felt it my duty to be sociable. I said:

"Hunting?"
"No," said he, "I hain't. I'm a-waitin' fer Jim Allison to come this way, an' if the Lord is willin' I 'low to blow the top of his — head off."

Use of Trained Falcons, A Russian army officer has made

some very successful experiments in the training of falcons to carry dispatches, and general attention has been called to the possibilities of the use of this bird for messenger purposes in time of war. The falcons so trained carried messages from one garrison to another with very gratifying success. If the use of the birds is found to be really generally practicabie they will have many points of superiority over piceons for messenger purposes. They are much stronger, some of those so far tried carried a weight of four Russian pounds without hindrance to speed. A notunimportant consideration is that they are not likely to suffer from attacks of other birds. - New York Sun.

COSTLY BUTTO An Apparently Useless In Several Thousand De

matic Postal Tu ST. Louis, March 3.—It would but the campaign for the matter too hot to allow any of the to yield to the enervating Some idea of the interest in the campaign may be had statement of a manufacturer dates' buttons, who says that h ready made nearly a million of orders, and that he expectsm orders as soon as the no made. A million campain means a cost to the candidate thing more than \$50,000, as the by the wholesale cannot be be less than five cents apiece. To to the manufacturers is about button. All of the buttons in St. Louis by local engra

enamelers. Neither of the political connext month will be held in the tion Building. The party make made efforts to get it. not. President Cleveland wa ated in the larger of the two 1888, and the politicians con place a sort of mascot, but the men in control of the build-decided that hereafter they will the halls and naves entirely legitimate use. It would be too much trouble, too, for the tors getting ready for the fe move the elaborate displays vices which they are already ing, and which they would trust to the curiosity of the attendance on a political ga Some of the devices, departicularly for their effects, the men who have prepared attract people to view their effects. thousands of dollars and a touch might be extremely cost Postmaster Harlow is now

the plans to connect the main p with the new Union depot, whi be opened to traffic this year, by matic tubes. He will establish station at the depot, and by the matic service make it possible lated business man to drop hism the box at the central station for utes before the train for which tended starts, with the certain it will go without miscarriage. large cities the time is consul postal business by the delaysate the transmission of mail. Aller must be made for accidents to wagons and stoppages by street ades. The pneumatic tubes of with all that, and the calculation be made entirely on the time thandling the mail, as the but matter are shot a mile three tubes in a minute. The money by dispensing with the wagons clerks and the drivers about the be spent in equipping three ner stations for the rapidly grown

WEISSERT APPOINTS A

The Commander-in-Chief of the Announces His Staff.
MILWAUKEE, Wis., March 1nander-in-Chief Weissert of the

Army of the Republic yesters pointed the following aids-de-ca his staff: California-William T. S.

Calistoga. Illinois—R. H. Mead, Huntsvill Louisiana and Mississippi-Lewis, New Orleans.

Massachusetts—A. Luce, Bak O. D. Soule, Portland; Noah W. riah, Sanford; Josiah F. Day, Anson Crocker, Machias; Isra Spaulding, Richmond; James B gle, Lubec; John W. Caldwell. man Mills; George G. Downing.

Massachusetts - George H. Lynn; Allison M. Stickney, Minnesota — Joel Brigham, St. Missouri — Herman Puncke, St. Ne braska-John W. Bowen, Li New Hampshire-Alvin &

Alstead. New Jersey-John S. Shields ington (vice H. L. Hartshorn, department commander.)

Pennsylvania - Henry B. Philadelphia. Potomac-J. H. Jenks and ohnson, Washington, D. C. Rhode Island—William F. C.

Theodore E. Perry, Henry S. Providence. Wisconsin-E. F. Long, Black Falls.

TALMAGE DENIES IT Has No Intention of Resigning

NEW YORK, March 4—The that Dr. Talmage is about to from the Brooklyn Tabernack nied emphatically by the doctor self last night. He said that be ferred Brooklyn to any other cit place of residence, and did not to leave it. The Tabernad threatened by a most serious et but he hoped and believed the would be triumphantly overcome

Carter Harrison Nomin CHICAGO, Ill., March 2.—Carle rison was yesterday nominated democrats for mayor of Chicago ing a signal vietory over his proponent, Washington Hesing convention was called to order in Central Music hall A ballot was taken, the result Carter H. Harrison, 531; be Wild ger, 91; Hesing, 57. Harrison then declared the choice of the

cratic party. PARIS, March 1.—Leon Dust Boulangist deputy from the ment of Aisne, fought a due! day with M. Prosper Olivier List the well-known journalist at had even the depth of the depth had experience before both in and in imprisonment on account utterances. Dumonteil was for