

Every city official of Spring Hill, Kan., is a woman, and the New York Tribune alleges that the only reason why the men don't take to the woods is that there are none.

Kitasato, Koch's able Japanese pupil, who has gone back home on a snug allowance from his government of \$45,000 to get started and \$15,000 a year afterwards, is reported, by the Medical and Surgical Reporter, to be already treating consumption with remarkable success with tuberculin modified by himself.

The surplus of Argentine wheat thrown into the world's market continues to grow more and more formidable, writes the American Farmer. The latest reports put it at 56,000,000 bushels. In 1892 the entire wheat crop of South America was only 24,000,000 bushels, and the country imported instead of exporting grain.

The people of the Southern counties of Kentucky elected a Circuit Judge the other day. There was so much opposition to the choice of a bachelor for this responsible place and the voters made the most popular candidate, who was unmarried, promise to make good the deficiency as soon as possible. Now he is hunting around for a wife.

Whether Professor Garner succeeds in mastering the speech of the gorilla or not, his study of the animal that approaches most nearly to man will be sure, thinks the San Francisco Chronicle, to bring out many interesting and valuable facts. The brain of a gorilla which he brought back ought to show whether the animal is above the ordinary chimpanzee in intelligence.

The Irish language still lingers in the Bahamas among the mixed descendants of the Hibernian slaves banished by Cromwell to the West Indies. One can occasionally hear, it is said, black sailors in the London docks, who cannot speak a word of English, talking Irish to the old Irish applewomen whom they meet, and thus making themselves intelligible without a knowledge of the Saxon tongue.

While it is gratifying to the New York News to know that our great guns, according to late tests, are capable of sending deadly messengers into the interiors of the best foreign warships, it is to be hoped that their usefulness may never be demonstrated. Such shooting is expensive. A single shot of the new thirteen-inch gun costs seven hundred dollars. That is more than the average yearly expense account of a New York family.

The directory of the Manchester (England) ship canal has made a report, saying that it finds every reason to be satisfied with the progress made in the development of traffic during the time that the canal has been open. Steamers have arrived at Manchester from America, Africa, European ports and the east; and regular lines are in operation to the principal ports of the united kingdom. Vessels drawing 21 1/2 feet have passed through the canal, and soon vessels of deeper draught will be able to use it.

The Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions has sent to the King of Siam a beautifully inscribed set of resolutions thanking His Majesty for the very friendly attitude he has shown to the missionaries. The board dwells especially upon the favor the King has extended towards the mission schools, and expresses gratitude for the confidence placed in the missionaries, some of whom have been raised to positions of trust and responsibility. This is one of the very few instances in which a church has had occasion to express its thanks to a foreign power.

To Honor American Naval Officers. LONDON, May 7.—The United States cruiser Chicago is expected to arrive at Gravesend tomorrow. Lord Brassey, Earl Spencer and the other heads of the admiralty, together with several eminent naval and military officers, are arranging to give the flagship's officers a warm welcome. They intend to honor Admiral Erben and Captain Mahan with a public banquet in London.

JANET LEE

In the Shadow of the Gallows.

BY DAVID LOWRY.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued. Whereupon all listened attentively as he read from a book quoted every hour in the day by a people sorely perplexed, victims to doubt and gross superstitions. In a time of the greatest perplexity ever experienced by a sober-living, law-abiding community, horrible stories of witchcraft circulated. Nowhere was there so much fear and trembling as in Salem—nowhere in Massachusetts was there such dread and apprehension as in Salem, where John Lee's voice pleaded for light and wiser counsel, and the peace and goodwill that comes of understanding. His voice was tremulous at times as he read and commented upon the words of consolation forming the very fountain of Christianity. The sweet charity illustrated moved his wife and daughter deeply. The fervor of his spirit communicated itself to them, and when he closed the book, saying, "Let us pray," even Ann Bigger was subdued as she knelt.

At the time I write of—1692—when New England was convulsed with the delusion of witchcraft, there was a pond, known as Wilkins' Pond, near one of the hills familiar to the people of Salem, the site of Will's Hill opposite the town. This structure, fallen into disuse and decay, was now dreaded as much as though it were the abode of the evil one. Stories were told of strange sights witnessed between the old hut and Wilkins' Pond.

Some there were who proposed burning the hut, but no one had the courage to carry out this terrible resolve. It stood unharmed until the events I am relating caused the people to destroy it. They realized then that the hut was an evidence of their terrible superstition. The old hut had two openings, one near each end. It was built on a little ridge, or bench, forming an easy and natural path, but for all that, neither man nor woman nor animal approached it. Only the night birds and bats found shelter in it.

The events that succeeded the incidents related are closely connected with the old hut on Will's Hill that I have been thus particular in describing a locality which became the subject of much speculation and proved all potent in shaping the views of the superstitious.

CHAPTER IX. ON WILL'S HILL. The same evening that Arthur Proctor made his hurried visit to the house of John Lee, and a little while after her father concluded family worship, Janet Lee emerged stealthily from her father's house and walked away swiftly in the darkness. She walked directly to Will's Hill. At that time she paused and listened intently to assure herself that she was not followed. At last she reached the old hut; but, spite of her precautions, one followed her whose keen vision and cunning excelled his courage so far that, when he realized that he stood on the summit of Will's Hill, a cold sweat broke out on his face and hands.

"If it were not for Ann Bigger," said Ezra Easty to himself. A cricket chirping caused him to bound. He trembled and shook and peered about him. "I might have known better than to have followed Janet to this witches' revel. None but those who deal with witches come here, and if I return safe, never will I invite the anger of the witches again."

His teeth were chattering as he peered about him. "She came this way, but where has she gone?" The cricket chirped again and the spy trembled in mortal fear. "If I go back to Ann Bigger as I came, I'll never hear the end of it. She will never have done laughing at me for a week."

What! This! Robber! Stand back! "I am no robber, sir. I am but a poor apprentice, sir. I would not harm—"

"Where are your feet carrying you so fast?" "Tis a long story. I must not stop. I must go home at once."

"At least you can tell me where you have been?" "I come from the devil's own field—from Will's Hill—but nothing! not all the money in Salem could tempt me to go there again."

"Stay! I command you to stand where you are. I will have a word with the Marshal on this before you go to John Lee's again. If it is true—"

CHAPTER X. THE THUNDERBOLT. John Lee laid aside his book and looked at his wife, who was knitting beside the fire. Ann Bigger was folding a large patch for a quilt, apparently of a lively color, all the while, but the piece of cloth she held in her hands.

"In a little while, mother—I will not be long," answered Janet. Ann Bigger looked askance at her, and Janet looked squarely in the servant's face. Then Ann Bigger made a pretense of bustling about, Janet sat down and folded her hands in her lap.

"Nay, you but think so." "Are they all abed?" "Ezra is not in."

"I thought I stumbled against my wife while ago. I was not mistaken, Janet. I like him not."

"They have lost their hearts as well," said her lover gloomily. "They seem to have turned to stone."

"I have heard that, as I can prove easily." But Arthur pushed the Marshal aside, and boxed the apprentice's ears soundly.

"What did I tell you?" "The apprentice turned to the Marshal. 'Is she not bold?'"

"I was your own daughter Janet there, as Ann Bigger will prove. She saw her take them, and I followed her."

CHAPTER XI. THE PURSE. There was a goodly number in the Globe Inn. The inn was freshened up—it looked smarter. It was remarked that Daniel Meade was never as cheerful or even tempered as he was in the past.

Arthur Proctor raised a hand as though he would strike the Marshal, and then let it fall. He said to John Lee involuntarily raised his eyes to heaven, and his wife fainted dead away.

"I don't believe I'll bring trouble to no man. But I've heard my father, who fought the Indians, say this John Lee is a goodish sort of man. Now, I've been abroad these four years, where the bone and gristle of a man tells. How? Why, how then but when a man stands by his mates in a pinch, and my father told me John Lee was a man to stand by his mates through thick and thin."

"John Lee is not without friends," said Arthur Proctor, quietly, without looking at the sailor. The sailor whirled around quickly.

"Why, now, you are the plainest spoken man I have heard since I came ashore. Landlord, a forum for the man that dares answer a civil question without minding his words."

"What's your name, if an incurable wit?" "I'm a sailor."

"I'll be a sailor, if I can't get a better name."

AFTER 300 YEARS.

Rediscovery of Old Mines in Mexico Known to the Spaniards.

All New Mexico and Southern Colorado are excited over the rediscovery near Santa Fe, of rich gold mines that were worked by the Spaniards more than three centuries ago.

All the white men who knew the exact location of the mines were killed during the insurrection, when De Vargas reconquered Mexico in 1692 none of his men could find the mines.

The richest of the ancient mines were known to be in the vicinity of the Cochiti and Sandia pueblos, the present inhabitants of these villages are supposed to know the exact location of the old works.

The mines of Cochiti have been discovered, not with the assistance of Indians nor through traditional information, but by plain American prospecting.

The veins are true fissures in position along the slope of the Jemex mountains, parallel with the trend of the range. The rock gives high assays of gold and silver, and runs on average lots from eight-foot veins have returned \$150 a ton.

Of course the usual comparison with the Comstock is made, some times to the disparagement of the latter. The Cochiti Indians view with wonder and bewilderment the procession of prospectors through their ancient plaza and have not yet quite got it through their heads that their precautions to conceal the old Spanish mines have been in vain.

To See Men on Mars. "For \$50,000 I will undertake to construct a telescope with an objective ten feet in diameter, better in every respect in proportion than the forty-inch \$50,000 Yerkes telescope, and to finish it sooner. For a proportionately larger sum I will undertake to construct a telescope with an objective 100 feet in diameter, more efficient in proportion for every scientific purpose than the Lick or Yerkes telescope."

Mr. Gathman's scientific career has been something like that of Edison. That is, he has been dependent on his own resources and has been an all-around inventor.

But he has taken the greatest interest of all in optics and astronomy. He has had a telescope and has been a student of the heavens for fifteen years. Ten years ago he erected at his residence and placed in its dome a seven-inch telescope, with which he amused himself at spare moments.

Kelly's Naval Fleet Will Consist of 150 Flat-Bottom Boats.

Commonwealth Navy Yard Busy Constructing the Craft—One Mill Will Run All Night Getting Out the Lumber—Movements of the General Hands of Titicaca.

Three hundred of Kelly's men and a score of carpenters put the boats together, and masted them.

O'Donnell's Opinion of the Commonwealth and its Leaders. WASHINGTON, May 7.—Hugh O'Donnell, leader of the Homestead strike, accompanied Coxey's army on its march to Washington as a newspaper correspondent.

Wanted No Outside Preachers. WASHINGTON, Pa., May 7.—Col. Brown's army was quartered last night at a dancing pavilion in a beautiful grove, Galvin and his officers accepted the hospitality of the proprietor of the James hotel for bed and breakfast.

Deposited for Drunkenness. GRAND PLATEAU, Neb., May 7.—The Colorado industrial army is still camped on the march. Hudson, who succeeded Grayson in command of the division, has been deposited by his men on account of drunkenness.

Wife's Industrial Brigade. CHARLOTTE, N. J., May 7.—Fitzgerald's industrial delegation were the guests of the local labor party last night. They went to Plainfield to-day and then to Camden and New Brunswick.

Coal Famine in the West. Factories Closing Down and Others Will Follow. CHICAGO, Ill., May 7.—The coal famine is here cut off and the entire plant of the Glass company closed down.

Change at Coney Island. NEW YORK, May 7.—Brooklyn has assumed control of Coney Island and Gravesend. A good order prevailed at New York's popular summer resort Sunday.

Chicago Tribune.