

According to La Prensa, a Buenos Ayres newspaper, a new land has been discovered in the Antarctic Ocean.

JANET LEE

In the Shadow of the Gallows.

BY DAVID LOWRY.

Stanley Waterloo, the newspaper man who is now devoting himself almost entirely to authorship, has recently beaten the record in a book for publication.

In studying the statistics of manufactures just issued by the census bureau what strikes one most forcibly, observes W. E. Curtis in the Chicago Record, is the consolidation of interests.

It is unfortunate that the census officials did not make their estimate by quantities instead of by values. It is also noticeable that while the productive capacities of the United States have increased more than 100 per cent during the last ten years, the population has increased only about 25 per cent.

The cable intimates that Henry Irving is soon to be knighted. It is said he, Sir Henry will have a small banquet in our English...

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued. Fate for once seemed kind to Grizzle Meade. Even as she spoke, her husband, looking out of the door after Giles Ellis, saw Indian Joe walking along the road.

"I see Ju-ee-no now. He has had overmuch rum, and he is going the wrong way. He should be going into the next out of Salem."

"Do you see any lazy devils, Joe?" The Indian looked up with drunken gravity at Daniel Meade.

"I don't believe it!" exclaimed the land-lord. "What sort of a man was he?" "Peace, Daniel. Pay no attention to him, Joe. You did see some one kill the sheep?"

"Tell to others that Martin Lee killed his sheep, but confess to me you saw Giles Ellis do it. He put this fine story in your mouth."

"I tell truth. You tell I tell truth. Giles he kill us—kill all us. He kill me if I not tell Martin Lee kill sheep. I some long by Winslow's. See Giles Ellis. Wonder what he do. Ju-ee-no hide behind big stone. See Giles-Ellie go in field. Catch sheep. Take out big knife. Cut their throats so."

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"I tell all the same. 'Aye, and see you do not carry a hair in your beard, or you will be a murderer.'"

The Indian looked at his own face, and saw that it was pale as a sheet. He would speak no more. He tried to keep his head down, but his eyes were fixed on the face of Giles Ellis, who now looked like a murderer, turned his face toward Salem, and hid him in the bushes.

CHAPTER XVIII. INDIAN JOE'S AWFUL EXPERIENCE. Although Indian Joe's face was towards Salem, he was pointing in the right direction, he was not sure he was right.

Now he remembered his meeting with Giles Ellis. He remembered how Giles had spurred him into a recital of the scene he had witnessed, and reminded him the crime was to be laid on Martin Lee.

Still the eye moved, the creature's legs moved, he felt it came nearer. Indian Joe listened, he placed his hand to his ear, and craned his neck forward in the darkness.

The monster with eight legs was four men. Indian Joe could see their outlines quite plainly now. He did not care for anything but the monster that reappeared; that had fixed its eye on him again.

Now he could see the monster's legs plainly. He counted them. Eight legs. They moved in the strangest way. Sometimes they seemed to be but a single leg. Then they separated in twos and fours; then they seemed to walk off in pairs.

Now the man emerged from the bowels of the earth and brought with him another, clad in white. Ju-ee-no could see the others reaching down, grasping the figure in white, and lifting it out of the earth. Ju-ee-no moved nearer. He heard voices; his curiosity near him to a point where he could see and hear.

When he regained consciousness all was silent. The events of the past hour seemed a dream, but Indian Joe felt he had a dream. He got up with difficulty, looked about him in the dark, and seeing what he conceived was the outline of a house near at hand, he walked slowly and silently away.

On state occasions the Prince of Wales is said to take off his hat on an average of seven hundred times an hour. This gives him plenty of opportunity to talk through it.

CHAPTER XIX. THE LIBERAL ELEMENT IN THE CHURCH. Liberal Element Organize to Fight. Containing Their Declaration Sent Out—It Aims at Discipline in the Better Church Faith in the Book of Short Creed.

NEW YORK, June 4.—A morning paper contains the following: The liberal aggressive and radical of the best of this week national sort will be the liberal element in the church. The liberal element in the church is to be in sympathy with the leaders of the church.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. A trying situation—The clock strikes twelve. It is seldom difficult to appear natural when you have no desire to please.—Puck.

There is plenty of room at the top, but there isn't enough for one-third of the people who think they ought to be there.—Puck.

Speaking of bereavement, Jones firms that no death ever affected so sadly as that of his wife's first band.—Salem Gazette.

A woman's idea of loyalty is to her best silverware to a neighbor giving a party, and say not when she hears it praised.—Athol News.

Willy Wilt—"Do you know, I have quite a literary bent. Demmitt—"All right, my boy, you'll be worse than he on an and he'll be broke."—Puck.

Housekeeper—"Are you sure this tea isn't half copperas?" (concealingly)—"We couldn't sell copperas at the extremely low price we charge for this tea."—New York Weekly.

Teacher—"Now, Johnny, what tell us this? Suppose your mother told you to come home at five and you did not go; what would be doing?" Johnny—"I don't know whether it would be swinging playin' baseball."—Chicago Ocean.

On Fire and Sinking at Sea. PHILADELPHIA, June 4.—A story of fire on an over-laden sailing vessel, with the life and the rescue of passengers and crew, was reported by Captain Stearns of the Atlantic Trident line steamer, who, on April 16, the Donau while the outward passage from Philadelphia, was a sailing vessel with smoke issuing from the main hatch and her distress flags flying. The burning vessel proved to be the French schooner Jacmel, with eight crew and a crew of 30 men, all told. She was lowered and put to the sea by the British ship, the masted vessel was discovered to be not only on fire, but heaving badly, her pumps being unable to keep her free. Despite the water she held the fire was gaining and she was helpless to stay it. The fire had discovered three nights before and the crew were exhausted through their efforts to save the craft. One man, Wilbandenberg, the second mate, had succeeded in escaping.

Atlanta Starts on Her Long Trip. ATLANTA, June 4.—The steam yacht Atlanta, the finest looking yacht afloat on the coast of white paint, passed the city at 3 p. m. on her long trip across the pond to witness the races in which the representative, the Vigilant, will try to beat all opponents. The Stars and Stripes were flying from the tall mast and the marine observatory and the Atlanta cleared the point of the city and headed for the single world of the host. This was responded from the yacht craft and a second signal, a 4. M. meaning "good-bye," was hoisted. Atlanta also answered this and sped on her course.

Dismissed a Murderer After Acquittal. NEW YORK, June 4.—A special from New York, says: William Turner has been acquitted of the charge of murdering a young girl. It was alleged that Turner shot the girl because she had a position in a factory which Turner desired for himself. As Turner was walking from the factory, he saw the girl, and shot her. He was acquitted because the girl had not been identified.

Another Negro Lynched. HARTFORD, Conn., June 3.—Hardy Gill, who was taken from the jail in Lanesboro, Mass., after midnight by a party of twelve men and carried away about midnight, was lynched. Two of those who accompanied Gill were shot. A mortal wound was inflicted on Gill by the party.