Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 20, 1894.

The Emperor of China is not content with the respect shown him by his subjects, and recently issued the following peculiar order: "After bringing our sacrifice recently to the highest being, we heard upon our return to the palace, near the gate leading to the Imperial quarters, a rather loud noise caused by talking. This shows that the people have not the proper regard for the majesty of the ruler, and also that the officers of the bodyguard have failed to do their duty properly. The officers who were on post at the particular gate must be punished, therefore, by the Ministry of War. In the future, however, all officers, high or low, must see that a noise so improper shall not occur in our presence."

Dr. Salmon, Chief of the Bureau of Animal Industry in the Agricultural Department, said recently that there had not been any pleuro-pneumonia among cattle in the United States for more than two years, but that tuberculosis is to be found everywhere more or less. "It is not confined to any one locality," said Dr. Salmon, "nor is there an unusual prevalence of the disease. It has existed from time immemorial, but it can be lessened, and can probably be eradicated by adopting proper measures. It is a disease of the lungs among cattle and contagious, being communicated by germs. It is most prevalent in dairy cattle which are raised and kept under conditions where contagion can be easily communicated. The disease is more apt to spread among cattle kept in stables than among those in a pasture or on a ranch."

Mr. Mulock, a Liberal member of the Canadian House of Commons, made a sensation the other day by introducing a bill to cut down the salary of the Governor-General. He explained that when the salary of that official was first arranged it was fixed at $50,000. That was at the confederation. Since that time the expenses of the office have been continually increasing, until now they were out of all proportion to any services that it could possibly do to the country. He said that since the confederation in 1867 the office has cost the country $2,851,917, or about $114,076 a year, which was some $65,000 more than its maintenance had been rated at. He thought that the luxury of having a Governor-General came altogether too high. He said that he did not propose any change to go into effect before the expiration of the term of the present incumbent of the office, Lord Aderdeen.

The beet-sugar crop of 1893 was manufactured at seven factories, the largest being in California, and others in Nebraska, Utah and Virginia, the latter only recently established and with a production for the past year of only eighteen tons. The amount of capital invested in the seven factories is about $2,000,000. Tributary to these factories, under cultivation in beets are about 20,000 acres of land, the best of the California farms being rated at $200 an acre. The average yield of the lands was ten tons of beets to the acre, for which the farmers received, delivered at the factories, an average of $4.50 per ton. Apparently this is a profitable crop; but not only is fertile soil required, but high fertilization, and a great deal of hand culture; so that, on the whole, the crop is seldom heavy enough to be profitable except on fertile land which is too valuable for ordinary crops. These requirements, and the fact that sugar-beet cultivation must be in the line of scientific farming, if satisfactory results are to be reached, will always have a tendency to confine this branch of agriculture to certain favorable climatic or other localities and conditions.

Good Place for Them.

The Lawrenceville district of Pittsburg has made another exportation of Hungarians, Italians and Slavs to the cotton plantations of Texas. The crowd numbered 200, which makes 700 already sent from the one district alone, and the third exportation from Lawrenceville in three months.

THE OLD FOLKS.

BY MARY F. SCHUYLER.

Well, wife, I've been to the churchyard,
I'll own it made me sigh
To choose the little spot of ground
Where you and I must lie;
I made no 'lowance for the children,
For you know 'twould never do
For dainty forms like theirs to rest
By such as me and you!

Fate never was right kind to us,
But we raised the children well,
And gave them an education,
Though how I can hardly tell;
'Twas done by the sweat of our brows, wife,
By hard and honest toil;
You made your share at the spinning wheel,
And I mine from the soil.

This isn't what we reckoned on;
We never had no fears
But they would be the prop and staff
Of our declining years.
Yet the ones we left in the churchyard
Near the old home far away
Are far more comfort to our hearts
Than those we have to-day.

For Johnnie he's a lawyer now,
Lives in a palace grand;
Jennie married a millionaire
And went to a foreign land;
And Tommy's a city doctor
And drives his blooded grays—
You're sure he'd take the old folks in
Should we happen on his way?

'Tis hard to know they forget us
When we are old and ill,
When we were stepping stones for them
To the places they now fill;
They might speak a word of comfort,
E'en though they never give
A paltry dollar now and then,
To help the old folks live.

You say they are young and happy,
This much I'd like to know:
When we were young and happy
Did we treat our parents so?
Don't turn your patient eyes on me,
I didn't mean to scold;
(Sh[illegible] mother'll shield her child
[illegible] father's heart is cold.

Crying! You think I talk too hard?
Well, well, perhaps I may,
I know when I get started
I have too much to say;
Things might have been much worse with us,
For we have our house, you see,
And another in the churchyard
With room for you and me.

ELDORADO, Kans.

JANET LEE

—OR—

In the Shadow of the Gallows.

BY DAVID LOWRY.

CHAPTER XXI.

A TRUE LOVER.

Eight and forty hours had elapsed since Dorothea Lee and her daughter were cast into prison, and no one came to see them.

"Janet," said Dorothea Lee to her daughter, "it is the will of heaven we shall see your father no more. We are deserted by all others, and your father is kept from us."

"That can never be. 'Tis not like my father to be barred out. He would walk to Boston to free us—he would walk ten times that distance to see us. Have patience—all will be well. My father will not sit idle while they are bringing the rope to hang us."

Here Janet sighed deeply. Her mother looked at her lovingly, but said never a word. She knew Janet was thinking of her lover. Had she not talked to him in her sleep.

There was a voice at the door—the jailer's. He was questioning a visitor, who seemed to be irritated.

"There—there—can anything be plainer than that? Why, any one might read it with half an eye. 'Tis very plain—Thomas Danforth."

Then the door was opened hastily, and Arthur Proctor entered quickly. He uttered a cry as he beheld Dorothea Lee, as well he might. She looked ten years older than when he saw her in the meeting-house in Salem.

"Said I not we had friends, mother?" Janet asked as she gave her lover her hand, and looked on him with pride.

"Where is my husband, Arthur Proctor? Why did he not come with you?"

"He did not know I was coming. Besides, I think he has that on his mind which will occupy him till late to-morrow. Be not concerned on John Lee's account. He is doing all mortal can do. And I hope he will succeed. But there are other friends as well. Trust in us."

"And what say the people of Salem now, Arthur Proctor?" Dorothea Lee looked at him eagerly; she hung on his answer.

"There are some who do not know what to think—and many who are led like sheep that follow the bellwether. Not one has said aught of either of you that ought not be said in your presence. 'Tis true—the charge of murder is in the people's mouths—and you are considered as good as given over to the evil one by the foolish ones."

"When will we know what they will do with us?" Janet looked at her lover anxiously.

"It will be ended one way or other very soon. You misapprehend me," he added quickly, as Janet's countenance changed, and she grew deadly white, while her mother put her hand to her heart. "What I mean by one way or other is what you think. It is a matter I may not mention until I see you next. I will not say some one—'tis neither of you—will not hang, for I know—and others know a terrible deed has been done. Stay! be not alarmed—'tis not Martin Lee's crime. 'Tis more like he will be a free man—if he is alive. But it's that that puzzles the justices."

Here Arthur Proctor endeavored to assume a look of indifference, but he looked so intently at Janet Lee that she turned her face from him.

"No. There is no danger at this hour of any greater evil coming to you. Keep up good heart. I came to tell you this. Other news have I none. The air is full of rumors—false reports. The best women, and the best men, are suspected. The busybodies laugh one minute and shudder the next. To tell the truth, I think half the people are mad. But, thank the Providence that has us all in keeping, there are men in high place who are disposed to sift all stories, to stop the clamor, and to call on the people to consider where this will end unless greater care is displayed than has been. There is much sport over the case of Martha Carrier. And true it is, that the leaders—aye—the very foremost in the pulpit, as well as some judges—are blinder than the people they are leading."

"O! have a care, young man, how you give reign to your tongue!" exclaimed Dorothea Lee. "For less than that men and women are put in prison."

"I am mindful where I say it and to whom," Proctor answered. "But if all men hold their peace—if no man is brave enough to raise his voice—what is to become of the innocent and helpless women? It is the women, not the men, who suffer most. 'Tis women like you and Martha Carrier, whose lives are without reproach, who are the victims. Why do they not select the lewd? Aye, the leaders are making beds for themselves, Mistress Lee, that will burn and sting them. If they have the hearts of men—if they live to realize the awfulness of their responsibilities—'tis men like Cotton Mather who ought to go mad."

"O, do not say more! 'Tis death to speak ill of one like Cotton Mather.

Dorothea Lee wrung her hands, but Janet nodded her head approvingly.

"Nay, mother; rather let us thank God that there are those who see the terrible wrong done us. It is men like Cotton Mather who have wrought our neighbors up to this frenzy. All the crack-brains of the world could do no worse evil than has befallen Salem to-day. I like to hear him speak his mind. If he cannot say so much before the world, 'tis good to know there is one who feels the awful weight of the wrong the people over us are doing us and others like us. It is some comfort to know that the man I have promised to marry is not afraid to speak his mind."

"But the danger—the danger, Janet. Oh! it were much better he held his peace, lest he, too, be placed here beside us."

Arthur Proctor laughed.

"Fear not. There are those who would place me here, but it is not yet in their power. And I would be tame, indeed, if I did not hold myself in a manner that inspires others who may be less inclined to speak out, but who want a leader, to imitate me. If I had ten years more over my head! But a young man is no match for the graybeards! And yet, some of the oldest are on my side—aye, and you will soon see a turn."

"Pray God it come soon," said Dorothea Lee, earnestly.

"Amen," answered Arthur Proctor. "Is there aught you will say to me?"

He spoke to Dorothea Lee, but he looked at Janet. Dorothea Lee shook her head.

"I have naught to say."

"You need ask me nothing," said Janet, "unless it be to do us the favor to say to my father to be of stout heart, as we have been."

Then Janet, placing her arms around her mother, both shed tears freely, while Arthur Proctor turned his head aside. Once more he turned, as he heard the jailer approaching.

"Think, is there nothing—nothing you will trust me to keep for you? You have faith in me, surely?"

"Nothing. You know I have all confidence in you, Arthur," said Janet Lee, sadly.

"If you will not trust me——"

"We do. We could not trust human more than we both trust you," said Janet again, as she turned and looked at her lover; "and never was woman prouder of promised husband than I am of you."

Her lover advanced, took her hand in his own, bowed over it lowly with the reverence a knight of the olden time might have displayed, then turning slowly, bade the mother and daughter a good day, prayed the Almighty would preserve them, and slowly left them to weep again in each other's arms.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE WAGES OF SIN.

The events of the fortnight proved profitable to the innkeeper beyond all calculation.

In the first place, Daniel Meade had the sympathy of the people all along the coast from Weymouth to Gloucester, as far as the murder of his son could be carried in those slow-going days. The murder was told with bated breath by the fishermen and their wives along the coast. People traveled from Marblehead and Lynn to see the place where the murder was committed. The visitors were so numerous that the Globe Inn was rarely silent now. Grizzle Meade was as brisk, aye, brisker and livelier; she had more to say than when she was ten years younger.

On the other hand, the landlord of Globe Inn was gloomy and silent. The customers, seeing him standing silent, with gathered brows, and seeing his wife bustling about, nudged each other's elbows and whispered:

"See how the landlord takes it to heart."

"Aye, and see how his wife carries it off with a light outside."

"'Tis an awful thing to have a child murdered."

"Aye; but it's worse after he has just come home from the seas."

"The like was never known before."

"Aye; but there's many a penny coming in here now."

"A good—a fine thriving business it is."

And thus the gossips ran on as they drank their favorite liquor, and told stories of murder and rapine that made them afraid to leave the inn in the dark.

Meantime Grizzle Meade was rating her husband for permitting himself to become absent-minded before customers.

"Ah! Rouse yourself! Do you not see folks' eyes on you?"

"As well that as have your tongue on me."

"I'll keep it on till it blisters, an you don't move about and look after the people."

"There's a many people."

"What! Thou fool! Finding fault with the gold and silver coming into thy lap!"

"I'd like some quiet."

"And I want as much company as can come."

"Then want on, then."

"An I do, I'll not let you sleep on your feet. Dost not know 'twill set their wits to work?"

"I'd rather sleep all the time."

"An you don't have a care, you'll sleep sooner and longer than you wish. I've no mind to keep your company if you persist in your folly."

The landlord of Globe Inn at that turned and looked at his wife very deliberately.

"Aye; so he it. I'll not ask company; but, by [illegible], [illegible] in spite of all you can do."

From that moment the landlord of Globe Inn feared and distrusted his wife. Grizzle Meade from that hour suspected her husband. He no longer drank a mouthful of water that he did not bring himself. He toasted his own bread. No meat passed his lips until his wife partook of it.

One morning Grizzle Meade observed the innkeeper standing near the dresser. He had a knife in his hand. The other held a piece of cured ham. He spat out of his mouth a piece he had nibbled, and laid his knife down.

"Aye, man, is it not to your mind? I've seen the time you would have grudged me more than my share of such meat, and not so long ago either."

The landlord of Globe Inn looked at her.

"Is it not good enough? Then mayhap you will get us better. I found no ill with the meat. What ails it?"

Still her husband did not answer. Grizzle's temper was fast getting the better of her judgment.

"An you don't eat the meat, no other will come into the house till it's done. What is good enough for custom is plenty good for us. No one has said ill of the meat."

Still Daniel Meade preserved silence. But he looked steadily at Grizzle, until his wife, white with passion, strode past him, and, seizing the knife, cut a large piece of the meat and flung it on the pan, where it sputtered and was speedily cooked. Then she sat down and ate it heartily.

The first tinge of color that had shown itself in Daniel Meade's cheeks in weeks flushed his face as he turned away, while Grizzle's glance followed him contemptuously. All that day her glance followed him scornfully. He could not meet her eyes.

Now Grizzle Meade had proof that her husband feared her and was resolved she should not poison him if due caution could prevent it.

One evening, after the last customer left the inn, Daniel Meade sat in the tap-room alone. Grizzle Meade lay awake, wondering why Daniel did not go to bed. Heretofore he was glad to be alone, and sank into heavy sleep as soon as he was well in bed. What new fancy had he taken?

Grizzle rose quietly and stole noiselessly to the tap-room. Seeing the landlord sitting there gazing gloomily into the fire, Grizzle was suddenly seized with a trembling. Thus he sat and brooded before he prepared to kill the sailor. Was he planning her murder?

Grizzle steadied herself with an effort and returned as quietly as she came. But not to sleep. Sleep had departed from her eyelids. Never again was Grizzle Meade to enjoy the pleasure of undisturbed rest. She turned from side to side, listening for the sound of her husband's footsteps. At last the suspense became intolerable. And the dread—the horrible fear that suddenly possessed her was unbearable. She rose a second time, and sat on the side of her bed, thinking. Then she opened a closet door, stood on a bench, and reaching into the uppermost shelf, took out of the closet an Indian's tomahawk. It was captured in the wars with the Indians. It had been exhibited long in the tap-room, then was tossed away with other useless things on the uppermost shelf in the closet.

Grizzle lifted the tomahawk and placed it under the bedtick. Then she laid down again and courted sleep in vain. Once more she rose, and stole noiselessly to the tap-room.

Meantime the landlord had removed his shoes, an unusual thing. He always took them off at his bedside. Now he walked into the back room, and feeling his way in the dark to the only cupboard in the house, reached into the lower part of it, until his hand came in contact with a large handle. Then he closed the door softly and returned to the tap-room.

The thing he carried in his hand was a sickle. It had cut much grass, and was dull and somewhat rusty. The landlord felt its edge, and sighed wearily as he placed the sickle on a chair, and turned to the wall, where a great coat was hanging. He took the coat from the wall and placed it on the floor back of the door leading to the stairs. Then he went back of the cask of wine that screened the rum and gin, pulled out of the corner a large bearskin, and carried it likewise back of the door where the coat lay. He looked at the rum cask, at the gin, and the wine casks. He drew a glassful of rum and swallowed it quickly.

"Mayhap I may sleep now," said the landlord, as he walked again to the fire, took up the sickle he had placed on the chair, and was again going to the door, when he beheld his wife entering. He started back in affright.

"Monster! I have caught thee in the act! Wouldst murder me, too? You thought to find me sleeping."

At first the landlord could not find his voice. But he gathered strength to say:

"It never entered my mind."

"You would lie to me, holding the thing I see in your hand. Murder is in your heart, Daniel Meade, and in your face."

He caught her roughly as she spoke, and the tomahawk fell heavily on the floor. He picked it up quickly and turned it over in the light.

"Now who is the murderer? Did you steal in on me to deal me a blow like the Indians strike the sleepers? There!"

He pointed to the great-coat and bearskin.

"See! I was not sure how I might lie if I went with you. I was but going to fasten the door for security when you came in with this to brain me."

He tossed it back to her with an oath.

"Take it, and I'll keep this to defend myself with."

He pushed her out of the room and flung himself at full length on the floor, while Grizzle, trembling with fear, cowered on her bed, her hand clasping the Indian tomahawk that was thrust under her pillow.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MINIATURE OF ICONS.

The manufacture of ikons, the sacred images so universally venerated by orthodox Russians, is one of the largest household industries of central Russia, where 2,000,000 are turned out every year.

The "double" and "triple Uncle Tom" companies must look to their laurels. "Hamlet" was presented in Chicago the other night with nine melancholy Danes in the cast.

BREAD.

A Few Facts About a Somewhat Important Article of Food.

Styles change in bread as in everything else, and shapes that were more or less familiar ten years ago are now not made at all. Every baker tries to have something distinctive about his output, and almost every baker thinks his bread is the best. So everybody who buys baker's bread knows there is really a great difference in it in appearance and in taste. The housewife makes wheat bread of one kind of flour; the baker generally makes it of three—two brands of spring wheat flour and one of winter wheat, mixed, with the result of making a finer, whiter, smoother loaf. Bakers do not all agree as to the exact proportions in which these flours should be mixed.

Graham flour is made of the entire grain of the wheat ground up together; gluten flour of that part of the wheat grain which contains the gluten. Rye Graham flour is made of the entire grain of the rye; the rye flour used in the ordinary rye bread is usually mixed with wheat flour in proportions varying from a little wheat up to half wheat. Of the bread sold in American bakeries about 85 per cent. is wheat, the remaining 15 per cent. being divided about equally among Graham, rye and gluten. In Graham bakeries the proportion of rye bread sold is very much greater.

Bakers are all the time getting up new shapes in bread, and there can scarcely be said to be any absolutely standard form, though there are some that are practically so, the oblong, the round, the long round, French stick, Vienna stick, and Vienna loaf—there are now about fifteen shapes that are more or less commonly sold. And these breads are made of about as many different kinds of dough; for instance, there is a New England dough, a Vienna dough, and so on, each being composed of a different blend of materials and mixed and handled differently.

Perhaps as nearly standard as any of these shapes is the one known as New England; this is an oblong loaf with square corners. Almost all of these breads are made in different sizes; the New England is made in at least five, which are sold at 5 cents, 8 cents, 10 cents, 25 cents, and 30 cents; usually the 30-cent loaf is made to weigh a trifle more than three 10-cent loaves would weigh. The smallest sized New England loaf is the one most sold, as is the case with all breads made in sizes, but the 8-cent and 10-cent loaves are in large demand, and there is a steady sale for the loaves at 25 and 30 cents; the larger of the two big loaves is sometimes cut in two and sold in halves. The big loaves are sold to boarding houses, and to private families, also. Some folks like crust, and some like the inside; the big loves are especially desirable for those who like the inside; they have proportionately to weight less crust than the smaller loaves, and they can be so cut as to be served in almost any form that may be desired, with crust or without.

Breads for hotels and restaurants are generally made in special shapes. They use a shape corresponding to New England, and many restaurants that don't want so much crust take a bread that is made in loaves about eighteen inches in length, and not very wide, baked not separately, but laid close together, so that the loaves have crust on the ends only. Some hotels buy this kind of bread, but hotels generally use more French bread and Vienna sticks. Taking all the people together, old and young, it is probable that about three-quarters like their bread crusty.—[New York Sun.

How Hairpins Are Made.

Hairpins are made by automatic and very complicated machines. The coiled wire is put upon drums, and becomes straightened as it feeds itself to the machine. It passes along until it reaches two cutters, which point the ends at the same time that they cut it to the length required. This piece of wire then slips along the iron plate until it reaches a slot, through which it is pressed into the regular shape. The hairpins are then put into a pan and japanned, after which they are heated in an oven with a temperature of from 300 to 400 degrees.—[New York Dispatch.

Fishing by Electricity.

A very "taking" net has been devised, having a small incandescent lamp in the center. It is a cast net with a thin rubber tube on the outer edge, which is easily inflated from the shore or boat. The fish, attracted by the light, surround it and the pneumatic tube rising to the surface of the water, the fish are caught easily and without injury to the spawn, a most important result when such fish are needed for breeding purposes.—[Atlanta Constitution.

A large proportion of the rubies in the world comes from Siam.

The death rate largely exceeds the birth rate in France.

THE END OF THE STRIKE

Expected That Operations Will Resume To-Day.

Signed That 90 Per Cent. of the Miners Are Ready for Work—The Struggle, Which Lasted 50 Days, Will Entail a Loss of at Least $20,000,000.

PITTSBURG, June 18.—According to dispatches received from various points of the bituminous coal fields of western Pennsylvania, Ohio and parts of Illinois, indications are that fully 90 per cent. of the miners returned to work this morning under the Columbus scale of wages. The talk about a disagreement seems to have faded away, notwithstanding the utterances of President Adams, of the Hocking Valley miners, where most of the disconcert apparently centered.

If, as indications show, that a general resumption of work commences to-day, the supply of coal in this and other markets affected by the strike will be, within a short period, sufficient for all immediate wants.

This, the first general strike of the Miners' association, began April 21 and has continued without interruption to the present time. With an exception here and there the entire bituminous coal fields have been involved. Virginia, West Virginia, western Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois and Indiana, Iowa and a part of Missouri and Kentucky comprise the territory. The struggle was fiercest in western Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois. Conservative estimates place the number of men involved at 100,000. These men, according to the best obtainable information, earn on an average of $2.50 a day. The loss to the miners in wages for the, say fifty days' duration of the strike, makes the astounding total of $12,500,000.

That a number of the mine owners lost heavily is equally true, but it is more difficult to even approximate the loss. Naturally none of them will discuss their loss, though one was candid enough to say it had been heavy, and if the others similarly situated as himself lost as heavily the operators were out of pocket several million dollars.

Then again there is the cost to the state in general of maintaining order by the importation of troops and an increase of the civil forces in the several insurrectionary counties of the several states. Properly, too, the losses of manufacturing plants because of lack of fuel and those of the railroads and other locomotion must be included. This loss is represented in the increased price paid for coal, the advance being from $3.25 to $4.75 and $5 a ton. In all, then, upon the basis of an operator's figuring, the grand total loss as a result of the miners' strike for fifty days will not fall short of $20,000,000.

All Quiet in Ohio.

COLUMBUS, O., June 18.—Reports received here indicate a quiet day in the mining districts of the state. Gov. McKinley has issued an order calling home the Circleville, Portsmouth, Mount Sterling and Marion companies of the Fourteenth regiment.

Will Continue the Strike.

NEW PHILADELPHIA, O., June 18.—The miners of Barn Hill, Gosehen and Stone Creek have decided to remain out and continue the strike. Hundreds of miners are involved.

To Help Home Rule.

CHICAGO, June 18.—In response to an appeal from Justin McCarthy, leader of the Irish parliamentary party in the house of commons of Great Britain, prominent citizens of Chicago of Irish birth or home rule sympathies have organized a committee to obtain subscriptions to continue the parliamentary struggle for home rule. Nearly $5,000 have already been subscribed and enough more has been promised to bring the total to $10,000 before the money is sent to Mr. McCarthy.

The Crispi Assassination.

WASHINGTON, June 18.—Acting Secretary of State Ed Uhl has received a cablegram from Mr. MacVeagh, United States ambassador at Rome, stating that the unsuccessful attempt to assassinate Premier Crispi was made by a carpenter who came from Bologna for the purpose. The dispatch says there is no evidence that he had any accomplices, that Crispi's position is greatly strengthened and that the city is quiet.

Prendergast's Insanity Trial.

CHICAGO, June 18.—After two hours of argument Judge Payne decided that the courts had no power or authority to approve the stipulation entered into between counsel for the state and defence postponing the insanity trial of Prendergast, the murderer of Mayor Harrison, until November next and ordered that the case be peremptorily set for Wednesday morning next.

C. N. G. Encampment.

HARTFORD, Conn., June 18.—Adjutant-General Bradley issued orders for the encampment of the C. N. G. at Niantic, Conn., for eight days begining Saturday, August 11. The state will feed the troops as last year, charging the men one-half the cost, or $3.50 for the tour of duty.

Ratifies the Committee's Action.

PITTSBURG, June 18.—Seventy coal operators of the Pittsburg district met at the rooms of the Coal exchange and ratified the action of their committee at the Columbus (O.) conference. They decided to start their mills on Monday next.

Died of His Injuries.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., June 18.—William Cammack, who was stabbed by an unknown at Wappinger's Falls on Friday last, died of his injuries last evening. The stabbing was the result of a quarrel between two men. The murderer has been arrested.