

THE CENTENNIAL OF METHODISM.

Grand Representative Gathering at Baltimore—Yesterday's Proceedings.

A last (Wednesday) night's Baltimore despatch says: The Centennial Conference of Methodism assembled this morning at Mount Vernon Church, where a very large number of delegates were present and the church crowded to its utmost capacity.

Bishop Foster delivered the sermon, in the course of which he said: "We are here not to celebrate a victory, but to give our souls to God as a living sacrifice." The service was followed by prayer, after which Bishop Andrews announced that the title from which the session had been held was once the property of John Wesley.

At the afternoon session Rev. Dr. James Gardner, of Princeton, Canada, presided. Dr. D. J. Wilson, of New Jersey, read an essay on the work of the Christian Conference.

A TIGER AT LARGE

And Creates Great Havoc in a Hog Pen. A Dayton, O., despatch says: Between 12 and 1 o'clock yesterday morning William Lescher, a farmer living five miles from this city, was awakened by hearing a great noise in his hog pen.

Later—the strange animal that created such havoc in Farmer Lescher's hog pen this morning, and roused the whole section round about his farm, a Bengal tiger that escaped from S. H. Barrett's circus, now in this city.

HORRIBLE MURDER.

Grave Desecration Confessed by a Dying Man—Resurrection of the Corpse in the Dissecting Room.

A Springfield (Mass.) despatch says: A strange story comes from Egremont, among the Berkshire hills, and the town and surrounding villages are in a state of great excitement. The story runs that Estelle Newman, about 30 years old, died in Egremont in 1878, and was buried in the town cemetery and was forgotten.

AMERICAN FOOD PRODUCTS.

A Washington despatch says: The Department of Agriculture reports that the average price of corn is 36 1/2 cents, the highest being in Florida, 50 cents, the lowest in Nebraska, 18 cents. The average farm price of wheat is 65 cents a bushel against 91 cents last December.

All the Way from Chicago.

Jonas G. Lamson, an old Illinois farmer, whose home is a few miles outside of Chicago, passed through this city yesterday on his way to Washington. He has journeyed in a buggy since last May from Chicago to his old home in Lawrence, Mass., visiting his wife and children in the intervening time.

THE WOLF IN THE SHEEP'S CLOTHING.

St. Paul Globe: A gaunt, shambling wolf was making erratic circles on the prairie suddenly stopping, lifting his nose high above the grass, and sniffing the air in every direction.

THE WOLFEN BANQUET.

Alone on the Bleak Prairie and a Victim of the Horrible Fiasco.

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STRANGELY SHOT.

An Ontario Man Seriously Shot in a Window—His Room Mate Might Have Got into Trouble.

The Winnipeg Free Press says: About 10 o'clock on Saturday night an unfortunate accident occurred on room 46 of the Brunswick Hotel, which may yet result fatally. The victim was Wm. Rount, a young man about 25 years of age, who has been working all summer at Moose Jaw as head painter for the C. P. R.

THE HERIT TO RUSSIA.

How the Crown Prince Has Been Trained for His Future Work.

Grand Duke Nicholas was born May 18, 1868, at Czarskoe Selo (Czar's village), an imperial summer palace, fifteen miles south of St. Petersburg, says Edna Dean Proctor in "St. Nicholas."

TOO ON HIS TRAVELS.

The Remarkable Adventures of a French Count and his Money.

Most people in this neighborhood have heard or read of detective T. K. Wynn, of Niagara Falls, who has been instrumental in the capture of hundreds of criminals great and small attempting to cross the border.

HELL OFF A TRAPEZE.

Starting Sensation in the Royal Aquarium Theatre Last Night.

"Oh! Oh!" shrieked fifty five-hundred terrified voices last night in the Royal Aquarium Theatre as Orville, a trapeze performer, went flying headlong from his lofty aerial perch on the east side of the ceiling down at an angle and as swift as an arrow towards the floor on the west side of the hall.

PRAYER FOR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has sent to the Ardennes of Canterbury and Maidstone the following prayer for the safety of British soldiers and sailors.

O Almighty Lord God, King of all kings, and Governor of all things, that sittest in the throne judging right: We commend to Thy fatherly hand, O God, our soldiers and sailors, through perils of war are serving this nation, beseeching Thee to take into Thy own hand both them and the cause wherein their country sends them.

Stimulating Newspaper Circulation.

A novel way to increase the list of subscribers has just been adopted by a French contemporary—the GAZETTE. The proprietor of this journal, so we are told, undertakes to pay a sum of 5,000 francs to the deceased of any subscriber who may meet with his death on a railway or tramway, or by being run over by a vehicle in the street.

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THAT BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

CHAPTER I.

All the clocks of the great, thronged city chimed out the hour of midnight from their hoarse, brazen throats simultaneously, and as the last tremulous echo died away on the air, a human soul that had wasted its glorious talents, and squandered its heritage of genius in a reckless, dissipated life, was launched out on the great, shoreless tide of eternity.

And in the same moment of time a young, fair, innocent girl, the dead man's only child, was cast adrift, friendless and forlorn, upon the merces of the cold, hard world.

She fell, like one dead, by the bedside, and the death rattle which she uttered fell like a lightning bolt upon the slender form that had bent like a flower before the relentless blast of fate.

Her dead! She could scarcely realize that her fond, though erring father, the profound scholar, the erratic genius who had spent his whole life in the pursuit of knowledge, had left her in the world.

"A little beauty, if only she weren't so pale and tear-stained," was his mental comment. "I have brought Mr. Vane's article for the magazine. Can I have the money for it now?" she asked, falteringly.

"Very sorry, but the editor isn't in. You may leave the paper, and Mr. Vane can call for his money later in the day," replied the clerk, deprecatingly.

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THE INTERVIEW WITH THE STERN EDITOR.

No thought came to her that her first meeting with that august personage would be in a darker, more fateful hour than this.

The smart serving man who opened the door stared at her simply clad heroine in a dazed stupor. He could not recognize her apart from her fine dress.

"I wish to see Mr. Gordon, please," Laurel said, with quiet dignity. "Mr. Gordon is out, mem," was the disappointing reply.

"Where is he gone? When will he be back?" exclaimed Laurel in piteous disappointment. "He's gone into the country, and he won't be back until to-morrow night," was the concise reply.

"The day was warm, but the girl shivered as if the ground had been swept from beneath her feet by the blast of winter. An unconscious cry broke from her quivering lips, and she clasped her little hands tightly together.

"Oh, what shall I do now?" she moaned, despairingly. "I am Mr. Gordon's daughter. Is your business important?" she inquired with girlish curiosity.

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"All alone," Laurel echoed, drearily. "Then suddenly she caught Miss Gordon's hand, and covered it with tears and kisses. "You have been so kind and so noble to me, that I will do anything to ease your pain, Miss Gordon," she sobbed out gratefully.

CHAPTER II.

"Sit down and tell me what you want of me," she said gently, but with an impetuosity that was a great deal of a titillate to this beautiful stranger who looked and spoke so sweetly.

"She grasped the back of the chair tightly with both hands, and turned her dark, beseeching eyes on Miss Gordon's face. "I have brought Mr. Vane's manuscript for the magazine," she added. "He my papa—is dead," she added, with a rush of bitter tears, "and we are so poor I must have the money to pay for his funeral."

"I am sorry Mr. Vane is dead," she said. "He was a very gifted writer. Has he left you all alone, my poor girl?" with gentle compassion. "All alone," Laurel echoed, drearily.

"Then suddenly she caught Miss Gordon's hand, and covered it with tears and kisses. "You have been so kind and so noble to me, that I will do anything to ease your pain, Miss Gordon," she sobbed out gratefully. "Then she hurried away to bury her dead, little thinking in what way Beatrix Gordon would claim her promise."

CHAPTER III.

"Come in," said Laurel, faintly, in answer to the sharp rap at the door. "The cheap, plain furniture was over, and the orphan sat alone in the deepening twilight in the shabby little room, now invested with sombre dignity all its own since the presence of death had so lately been there.

"The door opened, and the woman from whom Mr. Vane had rented the two shabby little rooms entered abruptly. She was a coarse, hard-featured creature, devoid of sympathy or sensibility. She looked coldly at the girl who sat so miserably on the bed. "The rent's due to-day, Miss Vane," she said roughly. "Have you got the money to pay it?"

"I can't depend on it," she said uncertainly. "I've got to be pretty certain where my money's coming from before I rent my room." So out you go in the morning, and if you don't leave quietly I'll have your trunk lifted out on the sidewalk in a jiffy, so there!"

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BEATRIX GORDON.

"Will you come, Miss Vane?" asked the pretty maid, intelligently. "Yes," she answered, hopefully, and so went forth to her future. (To be continued.)

"Oh, what shall I do?" she moaned, tremblingly. "It were a thousand times better, papa, if I had died young," she said, with a coarse, significant chuckle. "Here's a young man asking for you, Miss Vane. P'raps he'll tell you how to make a honest living now your pa's dead," she said, with a coarse, significant chuckle.

"The young man had seated himself meanwhile, with the coolest self-possession, Laurel looked at him with her great, wistful, dark eyes. "What do you really mean what you say?" she inquired, a faint ring of hope in her dejected voice.

"Yes, I infer that your father has left you without means of support, and I wish to offer you a good situation," Mr. Powell replied, suavely, with a sparkle in his eyes. "The girl clasped her little hands impulsively together. Hope and fear struggled together on her fair young face.

"But I don't know how to do anything," she cried, ingenuously. "I have never been to school like other girls. I've always kept papa's rooms as neat as a pin, and made my own dresses, but I couldn't do anything like that well enough for any one else."

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NEWELL'S NONSENSE.

The Wolf Deception He Practised Upon Miss Whitney.

A Detroit despatch says: The bigamist Newbold's last pretence, the details of which have just come to light, show him to be a most brazen fraud. He represented to Miss Whitney that he was an English nobleman, with an income of £100,000 per year. He said the two women with whom he was living were his sisters, one being a widow with two children. He accounted for his then present appearance and occupation by saying that several years ago an intimate friend of his had died, leaving him a large fortune, which he had squandered, and he had been obliged to work for his living.

"The person is myself," he replied, in low, hoarse tones. "I have fallen in love with you, my beautiful little Laurel, and I want you to come and be my little fairy housekeeper. I will love and cherish you as the darling of my heart."

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