BALTIMORE'S EXPOSITION.

$5,000,000 to Be Spent in Getting It Up and 6,000,000 People Expected.

Baltimore, Aug. 8.—Maj. Frederick Backett, who has been selected as general manager of the Baltimore Centennial exposition to be held in 1897, stated that this exposition will be the greatest ever held in this country, excepting the centennial of Philadelphia and the Chicago world's fair. It is expected that outside of all expenditures by private corporations or individuals at least $5,000,000 will be expended upon the fair. The detailed report of the proposed schedule of expenses shows a total of nearly $2,500,000 for buildings and improvements to grounds.

While the exposition will be national and international in scope, large exhibits from foreign countries being expected, it is proposed to supplement the work of Atlanta's southern exposition by the most comprehensive displays of southern resources and of southern manufactured products ever gathered of any section. Arrangements will be made for special state buildings and displays with a view to presenting to the world a panorama of the whole south.

Owing to Baltimore's locality, midway between the south and the north, it has every advantage for making such an exposition a meeting place for the people of both sections, and it is expected that on a conservative basis an attendance of 6,000,000 can be counted upon.

MURDER IN A LOVER'S HEART.

Suicide After Killing Two Women and Fatally Wounding a Third.

Des Moines, Ia., Aug. 8.—The little village of Chariton, near here, this morning, was the scene of a horrible tragedy. At 10:30 o'clock W. D. Jenkins, night baggageman of the Burlington road at that place, entered the home of his betrothed, Miss Julia Murphy, and after a bitter quarrel drew a revolver and shot her. He then turned on her sister, Mrs. Josie Towns, and fired a bullet into her, killing her almost instantly. Mrs. Murphy, mother of the girls, rushed int' the room only to meet with a bullet from the revolver held by the apparently insane man. Her injury is such that the physicians have little hope of her life.

Jenkins then turned the weapon on himself and fired a bullet into his brain. He died an hour later. Jenkins had been drinking for several days and it is evident the tragedy was the outcome of a quarrel between he and Miss Murphy over his intoxicated condition. The women were highly respected and in good circumstances.

BIKE RECORDS BROKEN.

The Tandem Time Cut Down Four-Fifths of a Second.

Ripon, Wis., Aug. 8.—The world's tandem record of 1:59 4-5 for one mile, held by Cutter and Porter of Waltham, Mass., was to-day smashed four-fifths of a second by F. J. Titus and L. D. Obanne at the closing of the state meet of the Wisconsin division League of American Wheelmen and National Circuit races. In addition, E. C. Bald of Buffalo, lowered the mile record, flying start, of the state to 2:02.

Democrats to Support Weaver.

Council Bluffs, Ia., Aug. 8.—The democratic convention for the Fourth congressional district this afternoon decided not to place a candidate in nomination, but instead, by an overwhelming vote, indorsed Gen. James B. Weaver, the populist candidate.

Nominated by Independents.

York, Neb., Aug. 8.—Judge W. L. Stark of Aurora was nominated for congress by the independent convention of the Fourth congressional district to-day.

IN A COLORED CEMETERY.

The Sexton Discourses on the Habits of His Patrons.

From the Chicago Times.

A curious custom is still observed in an old negro burying ground at Washington, D. C.—that of placing upon the graves of departed friends and relatives the articles most enjoyed or used by them while living, and the bottles containing the residuum of the medicines that were administered during the last illness.

The Mount Zion graveyard, as it is called, lies in the shadow of the beautiful Oak Hill cemetery, on Georgetown Heights. Both are charmingly situated on rising ground overlooking Rock creek at its most picturesque point. Separated only by a short stretch of land and a high board fence, the two "silent cities" present the most vivid contrast imaginable.

On one side are soft, green lawns, flowering shrubs, graveled walks, and magnificent monuments; on the other, a rank growth of grass and weeds, worm-eaten and discolored wooden headboards, and instead of flowers a miscellaneous jumble of toys, ornaments, tools, etc. But Mount Zion has its own peculiar charm and its patrons are unique in the belief that the things used by the departed during life are needed by them in the land of shadows.

The old, white-haired sexton, in his quaint dialect, gives many amusing obituaries and explains the significance of certain articles that litter the mounds.

HANDY FOR THE SPIRITS.

The idea of the negroes in placing them in the cemetery, is that they may be within easy reach of the spirits, whom they confidently believe revisit the scenes of their sufferings. If they find familiar objects on their graves they confine their manifestations to the cemetery—if not, they haunt the families who have neglected to provide them.

One grave has, instead of a monument, a large wooden hobby-horse, buried to its haunches in the ground. It marked—so the sexton said—the last resting place of Mr. "Johnsing," who, while living, was the driver of an express wagon. He was extremely fond of his horse, and his widow, who was obliged to sell it, used some of the proceeds to buy a wooden one. A complete set of harness was provided also, and "eebery night he hitches and onhitches dat hoss, an' den goes back an' lies down again quiet. Ef he didn't have dat to ockerpy 'im, he'd haunt de ol' woman."

Often one grave is made to serve for an entire family. One of the most pretentious monuments in the cemetery—a plain marble slab—had carved upon its surface the name of Andrew Jordan and his four children—Erastus, Sophia, Andrew, and Washington. "Oh course," said the sexton, commenting on the practice, "I has to dig de first grave deeper, but it's eckernomical and sosherble in de end."

Most of the inscriptions are real curiosities. With few exceptions they are painted roughly in black on white wooden tablets. Few of them bear any date whatever, and in the majority of cases names are not given in full. Nearly all of them were composed and printed by the sexton himself, who modestly deplored the fact that he was not as handy as he might be, but the look of pride with which he regarded his handiwork belied the sincerity of his words.

On the grave of a little boy—Grover Hancock Van Clief—a high chair and a toy wheelbarrow stands guard. He had been a special pet of the old sexton, and the grass waving over him showed evidences of cultivation in striking contrast to the tangled, neglected growth on either side. The sexton admitted that these objects often disappeared from the graveyard, but, scorning the idea that there was any one mean enough to steal from "dead folks," asserted that it was a sign that the spirits were never coming back again, and so had taken them to "glory."

The medicine bottles, accompanied in most instances by a glass and spoon, were, he said, placed upon the graves that they might be "finished up."

AUNT CHLOE'S LAST ABODE.

The old man called attention to the grave of "Aunt Chloe Brown," whom he apostrophized as a "reg'lar terror." On its surface is a large palm leaf fan. It seems that "Aunt Clo" "used ter git up in meetin' an' talk an' pray louder'n anybody else an' den go home an' cut up lively." The chief bone of contention with her was that the rest of the family would insist on eating twice a day. She usually terminated the family repasts when, in her opinion, they lasted long enough by routing the feasters with a broomstick.

One day while chasing her husband, "who was the patientest nigger alive," she caught her foot in her dress and fell, striking her temple on a sharp stone. When they picked her up she was dead.

"I put de fan on her grave," said the old sexton, finishing his recital, "'cause of eber anyone went to de hot place she did, certain shore, an' she'll find it refreshin' when she comes back in de night."

A grave in which her evidently took much pride has arrayed around the mound a toy fence. Inside the inclosure so formed a wooden soldier stands like a sentinel at either end. In front of each soldier is a row of smaller ones, and in the center of the mound three bottles are pressed into the earth.

"Lize Lundy" sleeps peacefully in an obscure corner under a pasteboard bandbox. "Lize was a good woman," said the sexton, "and earned a nice livin' enuff to die comfor'ble on a-makin' dresses."

She liked to dress well herself, also, and had a regular passion for bonnets. Nearly every week she went to church with a new one, and as often bestowed her disregard one upon a less fortunate friend in order to make room in her hat box for the latest.

When she died her sister put the last bonnet Lize bought in the cherished bandbox, together with a small handglass with which she used to view herself, and placed them on the grave. All but the box disappeared long ago, which fact serves only to strengthen the belief of the sexton that they were just the things most desired by the spirit of Lize Lundy.

One grave, marked only with the single word "Cecelier," was kept in perpetual bloom by means of two immense rose bushes, all made of waxed paper.

A TERROR IN THE CAMP.

Great Squirming on the Front Seats, but It Wasn't Caused by Religion.

From the Philadelphia Record.

Pitman Grove, N. J., Aug. 5.—Down by the shores of Alcyon lake, the camp ground's newest attraction, there have sat ever since the camp opened a bevy of summer girls. Their costumes were bewitchingly cool looking, their laughter contagious and their presence lent added charm to the beauties of the smooth, picturesque body of water down in the woods, on the east side of the famous grove. They sat along the sloping shores, reading novels or listening to the swish of oars, as they watched the boats glide across the bosom of the lake. They lolled about in graceful poses and permitted young men to whisper nothings to them as they wielded their fans. Now it is all changed. The pretty girls don't sit by the lake anymore. They eye it askance, shudder, whisper to each other, laugh and avoid the vicinity as a singed cat keeps away from the fire.

This marked change came through what approached the dimensions of a general panic in the famous old camp-meeting grounds. The meetings had progressed for two days, and had begun to assume the fervor and interest for which Pitman Grove is so famous throughout the land, when one evening a great commotion arose. A pretty girl in a batiste dress so fidgeted and squirmed in one of the front rows that a good sister was sure she was "feeling the spirit." The good sister touched the pretty girl on the shoulder and murmured encouragingly in her ear. The pretty girl gave one shriek and fled from the auditorium. She made straight for her mother's cottage, and rumor has it that as soon as she reached her room she gave herself over to a devoted and industrious scratch.

Meantime other pretty girls and some not so pretty, had gone through the same motions in the auditorium meeting, and had fled precipitately. The good dames and the devoted brethren were sorely perplexed. They ascribed it all to the rebellious spirit engendered by the devil, and fervid prayers were offered for the misguided young women. That night, when the meeting closed, amid more turbulence than the good people cared to see repeated, the actions of the dozen or more young women passed from lip to lip and there was much marveling over their mysterious behavior. Next morning none of the offenders were to be seen, but toward dusk of the next evening one of them ventured out of her cottage, and over by Fourth avenue she ran across another.

"Oh, Jennie," exclaimed one.

"Oh, May," exclaimed Jennie.

In concert they shrieked "Ticks!"

Then there were condolences, and as the two sauntered on, they sought out sequestered spots, and after carefully looking all around, each bent over and went through many mysterious motions. That same night all the other girls who had aroused such commotion in the meeting met as by appointment, and after first expressions of horror and dismay, they shouted "Ticks!"

Then it was learned that the girls had been in the habit of spending considerable time down by the shores of Alcyon Lake. This is an abiding place of sand-ticks, a species of bug that is harder to get rid of than a country cousin in winter. The sand-tick is industrious, digs under the flesh, and has to be cut out. The pass-word at Pitman Grove is "Ticks!"

He Had His Boy Coached.

From the Philadelphia Times.

A well-known Philadelphian, who in his youth was given a little to sport, has a particularly nice boy, who is very spirited. At school he suffered very much, up to a few months ago, from bigger boys, who abused and "pounded" him. Enjoining the lad to the strictest secrecy, the father employed a retired pugilist, a little bit of a fellow, and had him give the boy lessons several times a week in boxing. At odd moments he practised with the boy himself. Finally the lad, with that assurance and sense of prowess which comes under such circumstances, wanted to be let loose, but the father held him back until he felt perfectly satisfied. Not long ago, just as the school was about to close, he told his son to go ahead. An opportunity soon presented itself, and it would be hard to describe the sensation that followed when the young whipper-snapper who had been taking thumps for a year or two, sailed in and laid out completely two of the biggest braggarts in the school.