CRUEL AS THE GRAVE, OR The Secret of Dunraven Castle.

BY ANNIE ASHMORE,

Author of "Faithful Margaret," Etc., Etc

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

Miles Dellamere hulked at her side rubbing his hands and chuckling to see his defeated rival—a wretched little grizzled ape with the vanity and assumption of a clown.

Accrington bowed low and mockingly; then seized the unhappy lady's hand—raising it by the wedding-ring which he had between his finger and thumb—not even grasping her skin in his overwhelming scorn, and affecting to be admiring the lovely hand with a rough soldier's gallantry, he said in a tone perfectly audible to those who stood about:

"Madam, you promised this to me; shall I use my sword to secure my property? But faith! I believe you knew best—'twas not worth the giving." And with that he left her.

She never saw him again until she had been ten years a widow, when he came to Inchcape Fosse the summer Lord Inchcape's second wife was there.

Laura Dellamere was then an exquisitely preserved beauty of twenty-nine.

He amused himself by deceiving her as to his feelings, and left her heart-wrung with grief and shame.

He went abroad again, to the East this time; performed ably some special service for the Government, sold out and entered diplomatic service; and at last has returned to England, handsomely pensioned in recognition of his usefulness. He intends to make a home for himself in his own land; he is tired of exile, perhaps weary of sad memories of England, and eager to exorcise them by fresh and, perhaps, brighter experiences.

He had at first no settled plan; no preference of one spot above another; he was never a lover of his father's home, and will certainly not choose that locality for his future residence.

But Salford called him by its crowding memories—he resolved to pay a flying visit to it and look round upon the old faces, and perhaps hear a word or two about the old tragic romance. His uncle Archerfield would be his excuse, and would give him a bed. He had long known of Lord Inchcape's withdrawal from society, and his hermit existence; he had no fear of encountering him.

When nearing Salford he chanced to hear of the entertainment at Dorimant given in honor of the son; he smiled dryly as he thought of a certain unique curiosity he had packed into his case along with his sporting gear; although I fear he had intended it for a far different person—one whom it might be comfortable to conciliate—it would do excellently for young Crecy, and would be a graceful gift to a transcendental poet.

With this in his hands wherewith to purchase a favorable reception, he arrived at the Dorimant portal, was informed where the assembly were amusing themselves, and allowed to place his gift in a suitable manner among the grand array which already awaited young Auberon's acceptance.

Then he made his way into the theater, and was stunned by the presence of the one man above the earth whom he feared with a mortal dread—the one man who could call him liar.

From that brief encounter Accrington had emerged a different creature. He came to Salford a man without a purpose—he had found his purpose now—ay, with a vengeance!

A group of exquisites clustered around the ex-attache, each eager to renew or commence an acquaintance with one who, it was whispered in diplomatic circles, had risen to such importance abroad that he wielded no little influence at home.

In political England statecraft is for the most able to engage in, and those who succeed are men to be courted by the noblest of the land, for their hands hold the keys of office, and their good word sometimes is enough to secure the portfolio for the anxious candidate.

In conciliating Accrington, these men, younger sons of noble houses, and lords near the bottom of their exchequer, had an eye to the future, and paid him marked attention, conveniently smothering any suspicions they might have had of him from that passing glimpse of Inchcape's imperious disdain.

He was besieged with questions about his residence abroad, and his intentions for the future, all of which he answered with the discretion of the attache.

"And where do you quarter yourself?" asked Lucius Ilchester, a fashionable sporting man, near the end of his patrimony.

Accrington's smile was non-commital.

"With me," chuckled Archerfield, "unless I've been too late, and Hal Crecy's secured him."

"No, you're ahead of me; but let's leave it to himself," said the hospitable Crecy.

Accrington threw an involuntary glance toward the two great easy chairs in which Mrs. Crecy and Mrs. Dellamere had been sitting; and next instant had the mortification of perceiving old Archerfield's red face expand in a grin of extraordinary significance.

Every body hung expectantly upon his next utterance.

"By these mighty contortions of our doughty Triton's countenance, we may hope for something recherche," remarked Lucius Ilchester; "come, sir, relieve your mind—I shall protect you from the consequences."

The speaker was a slim, girlish, exquisite, with an air of elegant apathy; and the rear-admiral was a burly giant with a hoarse voice.

Stealing a glance at Accrington's frigid face, his uncle complied.

"Stow that, ye ribald crew," said he majestically; "ye should blush for the profligacy of your ideas. The expression which Luce presumes to describe by the offensive word 'hideous' was a spontaneous tribute to the power of the fair. I know that if there was any choice between my bachelor den and Dorimant with its fascinating hostess—not to speak of its proximity to a place called the Pavilion——"

"Oh, as for that, you are quite mistaken!" hastily interposed Accrington, his bright eyes emitting a flash which might well have intimidated the audacious jester. "I am scarcely a fit guest for ladies' silken boudoirs; I shall with all my heart accept your kindness, admiral, for a few days—thanking you all the same, squire, for your hospitable offer."

This matter arranged, the gentlemen joined the rest of the company, who were now strolling about the long suite of reception rooms.

Auberon's gifts were arranged in a pretty little cabinet-chamber, brilliantly illuminated and decked with flowers. Conspicuous among them was Colonel Accrington's offering.

This was a curious specimen of Japanese art—a small dais or stand, gold-lacquered and pearl-inlaid, supported by a beetling crag with ocean waves foaming around its base, wrought in glistening silver; and on the topmost pinnacle of the crag poised a stormy petrel cut out of mother-of-pearl, holding in its claws a rock-crystal ball as large as an apple, and polished to such a splendid luster that the eye could scarce endure to gaze upon it. A crystal drawer in the face of the stand held a handful of these same rock crystals, varying in size from a pea to a pigeon's egg, as round and lucid as drops of dew. An open fan of elaborate Japanese design and largest size was set up behind the silver rock, with an explanation of the whole work written upon it in golden fluid by a priest of a Bhuddist temple; for the rock-crystal occupies high ground in Japanese mythology.

As Crecy, Accrington and the others approached, they found Mrs. Crecy, with her son Auberon and Loveday Dellamere, standing before it lost in admiring wonder.

"Who could have sent such a superb gift?" Loveday was exclaiming. "It must have been a great traveler, for where could he have picked up such a curio except in Japan? It must have been a mystic, for who else would have thought of presenting to Auberon a number of men's souls to eke out his own? Traveler—mystic—and millionaire; who is all that, Mrs. Crecy?"

Mrs. Crecy did not answer; she looked disagreeably startled. Auberon was busy deciphering the inscription on the face, which, being written in Japanese Court-English, was somewhat obscure.

Accrington joined the group, a faint glow on his tawny cheek.

"Miss Dellamere has not quite forgotten Colonel Accrington, who used to teach her how to manage her fiery pony five years ago?" said he, with softest, gentlest courtesy.

She started, this pure-hearted, innocent girl, who knew no evil, and raised her winsome eyes fearlessly to his, wondering at the earnestness she saw there.

Gravely and kindly she gave him her hand—he was in no hurry to relinquish it. Colonel Accrington was feeling that, much as he had loved in the past, he had never met a woman whom to love would be such a triumph over the past, with all its failure and remorse. This girl was pure, joyous, and free; to win her whole love—what unmixed felicity! And how weary he was of remorse and of vindictive anger! For five years a grievous memory had isolated his heart from women—the barrier was removed when he met this radiant Loveday's winsome eyes and held her dainty hand.

"I shall marry this girl," he swore in his heart; and the fixed gaze of his black eyes awoke her feminine consciousness for the first time. She would think of him again.

She recalled his former visit to Salford rather dubiously; she owned that she used to feel profound awe toward him in those days, when he rode over from Inchcape Fosse to walk with her mamma and her in the gardens around their home. She was then a heedless spirit of twelve, bound up in her playmate Auberon, and very shy of the gallant officer who so often strode by without a glance at her.

"And you, Monsieur Auberon; have you any remembrance of me?" smiled Accrington, with unconscious condescension.

Auberon had little to say, his mild eyes were searching out the spirit of this dark being very seriously; he never felt more unresponsive.

Mrs. Crecy drew attention to the foreign bit of virtu before which they were standing.

"Am I mistaken in guessing Colonel Accrington to be the donor of this magnificent gift?" demanded she, haughtily.

He bowed with a humble and deprecating air.

"Madam, may you never know the melancholy of the exile," said he, in sad, mournful tones, which impressed Loveday like some heart-touching minor air. "There is no sorrow so subduing, so lingering. Then one learns the meaning of sleepless nights, when the whole heart turns back to England with inextinguishable regret, when the faces we have left behind us hover forever before our eyes, and the faults—the omissions we may have been guilty of—are repented of with strong crying and tears. In such a mood I entered a Bhuddist temple in Japan, and saw these flawless crystals—they called them jewels. 'Tis a wild conceit; may I rehearse it to these children?"

Who could resist him? His eyes were humid, his air was gentle and depressed; and nothing could be more wistfully sweet than the glance and the tone with which he named them "children."

Mrs. Crecy, utterly unimpressed, however, gave him the permission he sought by an impatient wave of the hand.

"It is part of the Japanese religion," said Accrington, delighted with the opportunity of posing before all Salford as the deeply interesting friend of the popular Mrs. Crecy, "to believe that a good man's spirit passes in death into a rock-crystal, the comparative purity of which depends upon the sanctity of the man's life. Thus, when a saint dies, and his body has been consumed (for they practice cremation), a rock crystal, perfectly flawless, is found in the ashes. That crystal is the saintly soul. The principal globe there is the cast-off soul of the illustrious Rin O, martyr and priest. The smaller stones in the drawer are the ghosts of a now extinct house; they were sold by the heir-at-law."

Loveday and Auberon were immensely amused with this odd conceit, and made several jests apropos of it.

Even the appearance of such amity between her family and Colonel Accrington was as vinegar to Mrs Crecy's teeth. Her frigid demeanor cost the Colonel decided anxiety; what if she should reject his gift in the presence of all these people?

"When I saw that flawless star," continued he, indicating the ball in the petrel's claws, "my homesick fancy went back to a place where I had seen several pure spirits—to Salford; and I thought, 'some day young Auberon will be twenty-one, or will celebrate his wedding day,' and I provided myself with this souvenir. My chance to present it came much sooner than I expected though."

Auberon, disturbed by his mother's repressed agitation, expressed his thanks more gracefully than effusively; but Loveday, charmed at all this appreciation of Auberon and its melancholy romance, beamed radiantly.

Suddenly Mrs. Crecy put an end to this scene by saying:

"Colonel Accrington, I request your attention for a few minutes; will you accompany me?"

He started, and looked amazedly at her. Was the lamb going to turn upon the lion? But he acquiesed blandly and offered his arm, which with a faint bow she declined. In silence they walked side by side through one salon after another until she had conducted him to the long picture gallery, which was not illuminated, and was therefore unoccupied. The pallid moonshine poured in through the long side window, and lay across the polished floor in bars of black shadows.

One portrait at the extreme end was completely framed with white roses; a silver lamp burned on a pedestal in front of it. This was Auberon's portrait; it had been decorated for the occasion by Loveday and her companion nymphs.

Mrs. Crecy led the way to this spot, and when they both stood within the the small circle of light she turned and faced her companion. Then he saw that the lamb had turned upon the lion. She was pale as her own white robe, and her gentle eyes glowed with the great wrath of her noble spirit.

"Sir, I make no preamble," said she sternly; "your conscience tells you what I have to ask you. Where is Engelonde Inchcape?"

Her accusing eyes pierced his very soul; her thrilling voice froze the blood in his veins. Overwhelmed, he gazed at her and could not speak.

"You came here five years ago and found Lord Inchcape and his young wife as happy in each other as perfect love could make them—when you left, you fled as a baffled wretch whose mad love had been scornfully repulsed. But you met them abroad not many months afterward—and Lord Inchcape returned without his wife—a ruined man. Richard Accrington, I ask you—where is Engelonde Inchcape?"

Her anger and grief tore at his heart-strings; the flood of tragic memories she had unloosed beat down all pride and brazen defiance; he buried his face in his hands with a groan of agony.

Engelonde Inchcape! How fair, how immaculate, how happy she had been when first he saw her! A new love for him? What blasphemy to hope it! No—no—no! Loveday Dellamere belonged to the honorable and good—not to guilty Richard Accrington!

"Ah! you have nothing to answer," Alice Crecy went on. "Nothing but shame and tears. And yet you dare to come back here, as if she had never been—as if you had quite forgotton her, and were ready for a fresh love!" Oh, what anguish lurked beneath those breaking tones! "For a moment I thought when I saw you to-night—'He has come back to vindicate her to her husband, remorse has driven him to make late reparation!' But no, you have only come to view the desolation of that once happy home; and to outface the two harmless women who suspect you, with the base effrontry of impunity."

He raised his face, all dazed and pale. "Is it possible that you thought all these years she was with me?" asked he slowly.

Mrs Crecy uttered a cry of repulsion.

"With you!" she echoed with indescribable scorn. "Never! I never doubted her. I knew her heart. Oh, she was a 'flawless soul' if ever such was on this earth. But I believed that her innocence had not saved her from her husband's jealous misconception; that you had traded on his jealousy until he believed her guilty, and repudiated her; she then fled in shame and despair from both husband and persecutor; and that you caused him to believe her with you ever since. Is not this true?"

"Madam, as God lives, the last time I ever beheld Lady Inchcape, I left her at her husband's side," said Accrington.

Mrs. Crecy scanned his face in wild incredulity.

"Is this possible?" she gasped. "How can I believe you? No, no, I cannot. She never came back to England. Oh, sir, I beseech you, confess it, is she not in hiding somewhere to which you could give us the clue?"

He turned from her bitterly.

"I know nothing of her," muttered he with white lips, "but I believe that she is dead."

CHAPTER V.

THE TWO WARNINGS.

"Kenmore, I tell you there's something on your mind—you can't deceive me. I read dissatisfaction in the very back of your neck as you bend there stubbornly grubbing away among your weeds. What's the matter, Kenmore?"

"Ye hae eagle-e'en, Lady Oolava, an' they can gaze at the sun, but can they see the pitfall that lies at your feet?"

Fair Ulva was in her flower-garden, watching the old Highlander as he raked the beds in the early morning; and Edgar Arden, lying in the stately guest-chamber above, with a square of the lozenge-paned window ajar for the healing salt breeze, heard the colloquy, and eagerly lent his ear to catch every sweet inflection of the maiden's voice.

For his fever was passed, he was convalescing finely, and his secret was yet his own. He had begged them to fetch his mate to his bedside in his first lucid moment that next morning, and Lady Dunraven having given orders that they should be left alone, Edgar was able to make such arrangements with the faithful, incurious fellow, that when he and his mate left Sleat-na-Vrecken for the mainland in the first fishing boat they could hail, nobody had heard any other name for their young master than "Captain Edgar," as they were wont to call him among themselves. As Kenmore had never deigned to make any enquiries concerning his employer while on board the Mergauser, and his saturnine air checked freedom of speech in his presence, he had no knowledge of Arden's identity with his revered Lord Inchcape's heir; so that upon his recovery he was quite unable to answer Director Sircombe's searching questions concerning the too young and personable stranger who had penetrated into my lady's seclusion.

Edgar had not seen Ulva in his room since the first night, but he had grown very familiar with her lovely voice as she talked or sung in the old tower garden, and had fed his eyes many, many times upon her maiden form as she flitted to and fro among her flowers, or in the broad stone balconies that ran under the second-story windows across the court from his own.

He rose now, hearing the voice he had come to thrill at as the dearest music on earth, and folding his invalid gown about his rather attenuated frame, tottered over to the window and threw himself upon the broad window seat, to see her, trembling with emotion as much as with weakness.

Oh, Ulva, beautiful Princess of the Sea! Each time he looks he deems her grown fairer, and his heart is less his own!

She was standing on the top step of an ancient sun-dial, carelessly dressed in a long, filmy white robe of many folds, with "angel sleeves," from which her exquisite arms stretched forth, offering crumbs to a cloud of sea-birds which had followed her up from the shore; whither it was evident she had gone for her morning bath, for her hair streamed over her dress in endless ripples, and her upraised face was fresh and rosy, and brimful of animation.

Old Kenmore, standing below her on the garden walk, leaning on his rake, with his broad bonnet in his hand, eyed her with a mixture of proud affection and dogged resolution.

"I see no pitfall at my feet, Kenmore," cried Ulva, looking at him wonderingly; "but I have noticed that ever since you came home you have not been like your own old self. What is vexing you, Kenmore? Not I, I hope?"

She tossed the last of her crumbs upon the broad slab at her feet, and was instantly the center of a fluttering, hustling, white-winged cloud of birds, who pecked and quarreled with each other quite confidingly. Ulva crossed her soft warm arms upon the gray lichened stone, and leaning there, showered all the gentle beauty of her eyes upon her old servant.

"It is not my Lady Oolava that could vex Kenmore," said he solemnly; "but the weird that is laid upon her—that will break his heart."

"Now, Kenmore!" she held up her finger with a laughing menace, "I know something supernatural is coming. You're going to prophesy bad fortune for me."

"God forbid!" exclaimed he, fervently. "An' the doom will pass if ye will but heed in time."

"Well, speak, Oracle, I listen."

"Laugh an ye will, my lady, I'm your own to laugh at—only heed the words I'll make bold to speak." He sunk his voice to a more impressive key, and drew himself up to a more imposing attitude. "It's not for naught that I've lived for eighty years within hearing of the voices of the sea. There's many a true word uttered by those who have hearkened to the waves. It has been said that whoever saves a man from drowning, that man will be his curse. 'Tis an old law, that, my lady, but well known to be a true one."

Ulva received this dark utterance with astonishment, and dawning indignation.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Not All Selfishness.

"We read a good deal about the 'hog,' as he is called, on railway trains," remarked an old traveler, "but there is one thing that I have noticed in my journeys that seems to me to deserve more attention than it receives. That is the regard that travelers show for the rights of others. I never go on a trip that I fail to notice it. It is the universal custom to recognize the right of a person to a seat if he or she has pre-empted it by leaving a valise or other property in it to indicate that it has been reserved, so to speak. In all my experience I never saw any one seize upon such a piece of baggage and eject it, and then sit down and occupy the seat. That seems to me to be really remarkable. And then how rarely does it happen that a passenger loses any baggage that he may have left unguarded in a seat. A man may go into the smoking car and remain an hour or more, and on his return he will find the property intact. At stations where there are eating houses, passengers get out by the score, reserving their seats with bags, overcoats, books, magazines, etc., and on coming back will find everything undisturbed. What would happen if a new-comer into a car should remove the traps from a seat and take possession of it? I don't know for I never saw a case of that kind, but I fancy that the public opinion of the other passengers would speedily make itself felt in an unmistakable manner. This regard for others' rights is one of the characteristics of American travelers that ought to be emphasized. I have seen numerous specimens of the genus 'hog,' and nobody can be more disgusted than I at the exhibition they make; but over against them I like to set the other quality of which I have spoken. There is a good deal of unselfishness in the world after all."—New York Tribune.

Care of an Invalid's Bed.

The care of an invalid's bed is apparently a very simple affair. But every invalid knows that few except professional nurses understand the art of changing the sheets in such a manner as to relieve rather than weary the patient. An exchange gives these directions, which are at once simple and practical: "After placing your invalid on one side of the bed, begin at the oppcsite side and roll the sheet its entire length in a tight, straight roll, until it reaches the side of the patient. The clean sheet, which should be aired and warmed, should now be put on and carefully turned under the mattress, the other half being also in a long tight roll.

"It is easy to pass these two soft rolls under the patient's body by taking first the top and then the bottom. The work should be done very slowly and without nervousness, else the patient will be weary. The old sheet, in its rolled form, is now slipped out of the bed, and the fresh one unrolled and tucked in smooth and straight. It is a good plan to secure it in place with safety pins, which prevent annoying wrinkles. The upper sheet is put on in the same way except, of course, it does not require the same position. And the patient has a nice, fresh bed, and has not become exhausted in the change."—New York Ledger.

THE ANGRY ATLANTIC.

STORMY PASSAGE OF THE LA CHAMPAGNE.

The Netherlands Steamer Edam Loses Her Propeller—Hoey Formally Resigns from the Adams Express Company—Cut Off by the Western Union.

Swept by Huge Waves.

The forward promenade deck rails and those on the upper bridge of the French steamer La Champagne were broken and twisted and the starboard side of the bridge itself was wrecked when the vessel reached New York late from Havre. Second Officer Bouche was suffering with severe bruises, and two of the crew were in the ship's hospital. One of the sailors had his ribs broken and another was suffering with an injured spine. It was all the result of a big wave which struck the steamship. La Champagne had just passed the Scilly Islands when it plunged into a succession of westerly gales, which buffeted the ship until after passing the banks of Newfoundland. It ran far south of the usual course, but caught the gales just the same.

The engines were running at reduced speed. All the passengers were kept below, every door was closed, hatches battened tight, and extra precautions taken for the safety of the vessel. It was making good weather when an enormous billow washed over the decks. Second Officer Bouche, who stood on the bridge, was knocked down and severely bruised. The great volume of water smashed the starboard bridge planking and two sailors on the spar deck below were thrown against the steel deckhouse with terrific force. They were carried to the ship's hospital. Next day another wave struck the ship, but little damage resulted. None of the passengers were injured. La Champagne kept steadily on its course despite the gales until it reached Sandy Hook.

William H. Van den Toorn, General Manager of the Netherlands American Line in New York, received a cable from the Edam's London agent confirming the dispatch of the vessel's disablement. According to the message the entire propeller, boss and all, dropped off. This, he said, was fortunate, as the vessel would steer better than if a broken screw was hanging to the shaft.

MR. HOEY'S RESIGNATION.

He Formally Quits the Adams Express Company—A Heavy Suit.

The following letter of resignation from John Hoey was received from Messrs. Root and Clark, his counsel, at New York:

To the Adams Express Company and Clarence A. Seward, Esq., Secretary of the Adams Express Company:

SIRS—After more than forty years of faithful service to the Adams Express Company I have been removed from office as President by a majority of the Board of Managers, and I am informed that large claims are about to be made against me in behalf of the company, based upon several alleged transactions. I have been grossly misrepresented as to these transactions, and I am prepared to maintain and shall maintain at the proper time and in the proper way the entire propriety and fairness of my conduct in regard to all of them. I invite a judicial determination of any claims which may be asserted against me in behalf of the company. If the proper tribunals shall say that I owe anything to the Adams Express I shall most cheerfully pay it. I find myself in the meantime placed in a position of antagonism to a majority of the board and to the official management of the company. It is manifest that under these circumstances and during such a controversy I cannot properly take part in the deliberations of the board, and I herewith tender my resignation of the office of manager. Very respectfully,

JOHN HOEY.

A bill was filed in the United States Circuit Court in Trenton, N. J., by the new President of the Adams Express Company against John Hoey, of Long Branch. It demands an accounting by Hoey for about $750,000 taken by him which belongs to the Adams Express Company. It is set forth that nearly all or part of this amount was spent to furnish, build, and equip the property known as Hollywood. The property is in the name of Mrs. Hoey, but the company claims that it was built with its money. There is a mortgage of $90,000 which was executed by Josephine Hoey to the Guarantee Trust Company of Philadelphia. It was paid off by a check of the Adams Express Company. This is alleged to be a breach of trust. The corporation asks the court to establish by decree how far the Adams Express Company is entitled to follow the money taken by Hoey and put into Hollywood, and asks for a lien on the property.

CUT OFF THE PRESS SERVICE.

The Western Union Telegraph Company Seeking Trouble with Other Corporations.

The Associated Press and the Western Union Telegraph Company have not been on good terms for some time, and the other night the telegraph company cut off the three leased wires on which the greater part of the Associated Press news has been received at New York. No notice had been given of the intention to stop service. General Manager William Henry Smith hurried over to the Postal Telegraph office. There he arranged to have the matter usually carried by the leased wires carried by the Postal lines. The matter usually carried over the Western Union general lines went as usual. The law forbids a telegraph company to refuse business offered for its general wires, no matter how badly it may desire to do so.

Of the three leased wires one carried the heavy Western business and two went to the South. On the Western wire were the offices at Cincinnati, Cleveland, Toledo, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, Milwaukee, St. Paul, and Minneapolis. On the Southern wire were Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Atlanta, and all the larger cities in that part of the country. These wires carried about 75,000 words. The uncontradicted story was that the difficulty grew out of a new arrangement which the Associated Press was about to make with the Bell Telephone Company.

In the year 1200, chimneys were scarcely known in England. One only was allowed in a religious house, one in a manor house and one in the great hall of a castle or lord's house; but in other houses the smoke found its way out as it could.

Of seventy-seven German chambers of commerce, forty-five have voted in favor of a national, and sixteen in favor of an international, exhibition in Berlin in 1895.

Love can be misunderstood, but never overestimated.

ILLINOIS INCIDENTS.

SOBER OR STARTLING, FAITHFULLY RECORDED.

Driven Crazy by Debt—Big Suit for Damages—Assessments in the State—Diphtheria in Fayette County—Bold Attempt at Jail-Breaking.

Suicide of Professor Stephenson.

At Quincy, Prof. J. R. Stephenson suicided by sending two bullets into his brain. It is believed he was suffering from temporary insanity. In 1885 he attempted to drown himself, but on entering the water he came to his senses. The Professor was the instructor of science and mathematics in the Franklin High School and was much respected. He was born at Denmark, near Burlington, where he formerly occupied the pulpit. The deed was committed in a ravine near the river, a secluded place. He was on his way to school when the spell came over him, and stepping into a hardware store he purchased a revolver and loading it ran at the top of his speed to the place where he shot himself. Injury to the brain from a fall when a boy is believed to have led to occasional fits of insanity.

At Illiopolis, Roland Birks, a wealthy gentlemen, aged 73 years, was married for the third time. The bride is Mrs. Rebecca Brady.

One of the foremost of Dewitt County's citizens, G. H. Kelly, died of consumption. He was serving his seventh term as Chairman of the Board of Supervisors.

J. T. Gideumb, who is wanted in Denton, Texas, to answer the charge of murder and arson, was arrested in Carmi, and placed in jail at Benton for safe-keeping until the authorities from Texas come after him.

In several townships in the eastern part of Fayette County diphtheria is prevailing to an alarming degree. A number of deaths have resulted and others are sick with the malady. All efforts to check the disease have proved unsuccessful.

Robert Mayfield left Saylor Springs, his friends thinking he had gone to the northern part of the State to visit relatives. Four days later he came home a raving maniac. Nobody knew where he had been. Financial troubles seem to be the cause.

J. F. Tellbuscher, of Quincy, brought suit against the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railway for $10,000 damages for injuries which he sustained in falling through the tracks over a culvert on his return from Chicago, where he had attended a meeting of the Executive Board of the State Liquor Dealers' Association.

While the net assessment of the capital stock of the corporations of the State is $383,216 less than that of last year, the assessment of tangible property and capital stock together has been increased $1,803,129. In 1890 the net capital stock was $6,956,909, and the tangible property assessment $9,057,615. In 1891 the new capital stock assessment is $6,273,693, and the tangible property assessment $11,493,960.

It is now lawful to kill quail in Illinois, and the country round Mascoutah has been overrun with hunters for the last few days. Every train brings crowds of hunters. There were a good many quail in that section a few weeks ago, but the fearful slaughter by hunters will, if kept up much longer, end in the extermination of the birds. Many farmers have put up notices, and are endeavoring to keep hunters off their farms.

Three murderers in the County Jail at Benton made a daring escape. The jailer thought they were locked up in their cells and attempted to set a bucket of water in the hall. The three were hid in a cell unlocked, and one of them sprang out and overpowered him, the rest following. They left the jail, and ran for about a mile before they were captured. Three others were in the jail, and but one locked up in a cell, but the other two did not try to escape.

A cancer eating at his vitals caused David A. Thompson, of Carrolltown to shoot himself.

Towns within 150 miles of Chicago are to have improved mail facilities in the near future.

William Hamilton, a young farmer living in Horse Prairie, was thrown from his horse and killed.

O. H. Struff, of Jacksonville, was expelled from the Anti-Horsethief Association at its meeting in Springfield.

Dr. Mayer T. Irwin, 74 years old, long ago a well-known physician, was instantly killed by a train at Chicago.

Wm. Ranks, of Fort Dodge, Iowa, was run over and killed while attempting to board a freight train at Effingham.

Mrs. Browning, wife of State Fish Commissioner George Browning, who was thrown from her buggy at Centralia, died from her injuries. She was 66 years of age.

At Cairo, Capt J. W. McKinney, of the transfer steamer W. H. Osborne, committed suicide by shooting himself through the brain. No cause is assigned. He leaves a widow and five children.

The Secretary of State of Illinois is preparing a bulletin containing information which will enable clerks of counties and towns to distinguish the heads of sparrows from those of other birds.

The Governor issued a warrant on the requisition of the Governor of Delaware for John Colvin, now under arrest in Chicago, and wanted in Kent County, Del., for obtaining money under false pretenses.

Mrs. Gen. Joseph T Torrence, one of the best-known society ladies in Chicago, was killed by being thrown from her cart. The horse became startled by the sudden passing of another, driven by a man who was speeding his animal.

Joseph C. Crump, President of the Harvard Bank, and one of the most prominent business men in that city, died at the age of 64 years. He had been president of the bank since it was founded in 1866. He was a prominent Mason, and his death is a severe loss.

At Shawneetown, fire destroyed the law office of Bartley & Son, who lost a portion of their law library; two frame business houses owned by Mr. Adams of Kansas City, the stables and out-houses of the Germania House, Sherer's merchant tailoring house, Fruett's livery stable, and a frame business house owned by Louis Gross. Bachman & Co.'s large grocery house was only saved by a fire wall; Goetzman Bros.' fine glass front on the opposite side of the street from the fire was badly broken. The furniture of the Germania House was thrown out and badly damaged. Loss about $10,000; insurance light.