CRUEL AS THE GRAVE,

The Secret of Dunraven Castle.

BY ANNIE ASHMORE,

Author of "Faithful Margaret," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

Kenmore was too delicately faithful to his young lady's dignity to betray his suspicions of the real depth and source of her sufferings; but his rancor against Edgar was all gone in the revulsion of feeling consequent upon recent occurrences. Even he could extract no more from his unwilling informant, Edgar told him the whole story of his accident and what followed.

Amazement and wrath burst forth from Kenmore as he learned the fact of Sircombe having known all the time what Edgar's fate was.

"The foul fiend's in the man!" muttered Kenmore, perfectly aghast. "Little I kent it was your life he coveted when I was rogue enough to clogue wi' him to row ye over to Scotland an' leave ye there!"

Edgar had fallen down an unknown distance and lay stunned for a long time. When he recovered his senses he found himself lying upon a bed of fine, deep sand, in a cell or cavern, whose walls of natural rock seemed to stretch aloft to a great height. He never could discover the opening through which he had fallen, which was no wonder, since Sircombe had blocked it up while he lay insensible, and besides it was far up beyond his reach.

As his faculties returned to him, he laughed at his adventure, thinking that Sircombe would arrive at any moment with a rescuing party, when he would return to Ulva with the news that he had discovered the dungeon of the southern bastion.

He investigated the cell as well as he could by torch; it was dry, sanded, and hermetically sealed by the wall of living rock.

As time passed and no one came to release him he began to feel uneasy, and wondered whether it was possible for Sircombe to lose the opening of the cavern, and to waste time in searching in a wrong direction.

This he could scarcely credit, so peculiar had been the appearance of the spot where they had halted; and his perplexity grew hourly, although it never entered his honorable soul that Sircombe had abandoned him to his fate. At last he set to work in bitter earnest to liberate himself. Round and round the base of the wall he went, scooping out the sand with his hand to find some possible egress, till at length he was rewarded. A former captive had hewn out a narrow tunnel through the thickness of the rock; and this tunnel Edgar found choked with sand. He cleared it out, and crawling through, he was in a narrow passage, which in its turn brought him to another cave, and here he lost himself in a maze of natural corridors and [illegible] which honeycombed the interior of the Cliff.

He spent much time and strength in wandering through the labyrinth, climbing narrow and rugged ascents, groping down dizzy and precipitous crevasses, where daylight never penetrated, though the atmosphere was dry and pure. At length he happened upon the tiny rivulet, a blessing indeed to the perishing man, and after drinking and bathing his fevered temples in the crystal wat r, he followed its capricious wanderings with infinite toil and patience, until it brought him to a dead wall behind which he heard the roaring of the sea. He was still making desperate efforts to find an outlet when the subdued sound of Kenmore's voice came to him.

All this Edgar told Kenmore in a few words, and not without painful excitement, for his sufferings had been frightful.

"And now, all that I ask is that I may get away unsuspected," said he in conclusion. "I have stern work to do before my enemy may know that I have escaped alive."

"Oh, sir, but will ye no tell the Lady Oolava—just her?" pleaded Kenmore; "she can keep faith, she's a true Dunraven!"

"But what right have I to burden her happy heart with my grim secrets?" said Edgar, thirsting for new assurance of her sorrow for his suppo ed fate.

"The burden's on her heart now," muttered Kenmore, sadly troubled between the fear of saying too much and of Edgar leaving Ulva pining under a false delusion.

"Oh, my man, don't tempt me!" groaned Edgar; "I'd give my life to see her sweet face before I go—but I dare not, honor forbids. See now, Kenmore, I'll tell you all. I adore your Lady Oolava; if I cannot win her for my wife, my life will be worthless to me. Now you shall know who it is who dares to look up to Lord Inchcape's daughter."

"Glind gindie us!" ejaculated the amazed Kenmore—"ye ken that!"

Edgar pulled out his pocket book and opened to a page where he had written in the cell, in fear of Sea-Wrecken, his farewell to life and Ulva; and he held toward Kenmore the signature.

"EDGAR ARDEN, OF INCHCAPE."

"The heir!" cried Kenmore, blanching. "Inchcape's ain next of kin! Lord rake! an' I've daured to hate an' mistrust ye."

"Never mind that now, my brave heart; it was all for love of Lady Ulva, and surely I should forgive that," said Edgar, fervently. "And now listen to me. I am going home to Inchcape, hoping to reconcile my lord with his guiltless lady. Hush! Attend. Mr. Sircombe has put himself in my power by this business, and I think I can wrest the truth, which will prove her innocence, from him, in the presence of Lord Inchcape."

Kenmore stared with rapturous admiration in the young man's face.

"I've just been an even-down ass!" said he. "To think that I wadna ken Arden of Inchcape when I fell against him! Lord! but ye'll be a braw pair!"

"Thank you!" cried Edgar, rapturously; "then you think I may hope?"

"Why not ask herself afore yo go?"

"Because an honest man would win her father's consent first," sighed Edgar. "What if Lord Inchcape should say that Ulva was not for me? Then I should be disturbed for nothing. Better far that she should never know who it was that loved and lost her."

He buried his fa e in his hands, for it was a bitter potion that honor pressed to his lips; and Kenmore began to feel a proud affection for the young man, and to own that he might even be worthy of beautiful Oolava.

Then Edgar carefully unfolded his scheme, instructing Kenmore in the part that he was to play. Above all, he cautioned him against betraying the secret of his rescue to anybody on Sleat-na-Vrecken, lest it might come to Sircombe's knowledge, and he should fly before Edgar had made his intended use of his fears.

Long he balanced in his mind the two alternatives, whether he would indeed leave his tender friends, the ladies of Dunraven, in cruel ignorance of his safety, or risk the success of his scheme by telling them through Kenmore. He afflicted them unspeakably to give them needless pain; yet, he feared that in spite of all warnings, their changed demeanor would betray the truth to Sircombe, who would be doubly watchful and suspicious in his guilty self-consciousness.

He was determined in the first alternative, namely, to leave them in ignorance of his safety—by the following considerations:

If his hopes on behalf of Lady Inchcape came to naught, and she was doomed never to be restored to her husband and home, then it would spare her much humiliation and distress if she never knew that her champion was Arden, the heir.

If Lord Inchcape refused to give him the hand of his daughter, it might be as well to spare her the painful knowledge of the black tragedy which had brushed so closely past her in Sircombe's attempted murder, as well as the embarrassing revelation that her would-be lover had presumed to conceal his identity from her.

"It's farewell, perhaps forever, sweet Ulva!" sighed he; "but though I leave you, I leave my heart with you, and I shall never go back again!"

Then Kenmore brought his own clever skiff to the little haven, and helped the young man in; and in the darkest hour before the dawn Edgar Arden sailed away from Sleat na-Vrecken, blessing it for his sweet love's sake.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE PLEASURES OF THE CHASE.

The Sporting Gazette of Salford advertised the meet of the hounds at Dorimant a few weeks afterwards.

Hal Crecy, being Master of the Fox Hunt for his county, and an ardent sportsman, was in his glory, and presided over the hunt breakfast, taken at daybreak in his hospitable hall, with the jolliest air imaginable.

Quite a party were staying in the house, and many came from distant points of the borough; not only masculine huntsmen graced the board, but many a dainty drawing-room queen was there, transformed into a dashing Diana, in business-like habits and hunting caps, their beauty shining out all the fairer for their severe plainness of costume.

Merrion Rae was splendid to day in her Lincoln green, heavily frogged across the elegant bust in military style, with her darkling glances and rich, red, laughing mouth; Auberon was by her side, clear eyed and radiant, as usual, and frankly amused with all her brilliant admirers.

Loveday was not present; she would join the company as they passed the Pavilion; she always went to the hunt under Squire Crecy's special care, and skimmed along by his side like a spiritualized shadow wherever he led.

Accrington was not present either; he had never intruded into Dorimant again; but he was the theme of conversation now, and every one seemed to have something interesting to say about him.

He was determined to be a power in Salford, said the gentlemen; there was no doubt about it, he meant to stand for the next election, he was setting everything in train, and with his wealth and push, his popularity and finesse, Edgar Arden was like to find him a tough antagonist. Could Inchcape know how hard he was working? He ought to summon his heir home to look after his interests; it would be an ugly disappointment to Inchcape if Arden was to lose the election.

Meanwhile the ladies were discussing the magnificence of Sheldrake Castle, which Colonel Accrington had purchased and was now fitting up for immediate occupation. They thought he only wanted a wife now to be perfect —a lady of rank who would play the lost ess successfully, and use her influence on the right side always—that was what Colonel Accrington must get at once.

And then some one sent a whisper round, which blanched Mrs. Crecy's cheek when it came to her, and she emphatically contradicted it.

"Oh, it's true, I assure you, whatever Mrs. Dellamere may give out," insisted a lady, laughing; "nobody could see the look in his eyes when they rest upon her, and not discover that the attache's inscrutable heart was taken captive at once. And he is furnishing a boudoir with perfect blossom colors, and has frescoed with nymphs and cupids sporting among the flowers—a love poem in paint; what does that portend?"

"A wife, perhaps, yet not that wife," returned Mrs. Crecy, anxiously.

"Peach-blossom and golden hair, and every nymph a Loveday!" whispered the gossip, with great zest; for it was generally guessed that Mrs Crecy and Mrs. Dellamere would have been well pleased to see their children marry.

As Mrs. Crecy turned away she met the earnest eyes of Auberon fixed ques tioningly upon her; he saw the trouble and longed to learn the cause An idea occurred to her; she would confide this miserable rumor to Auberon, and confess her knowledge of Accrington's baseness.

Auberon might save Loveday if she was in danger.

A few moments afterward the party broke up and scattered to their horses

Mrs. Crecy beckoned her son to follow her to her own room, and there, in a few hasty yet succinct words, she made him comprehend the character of Accrington, and Loveday's peril, should he really be trying to win her.

"I felt that he was base!" cried Auberon; "at the touch of his hand the blood in my veins seemed to shrink backward, and in the glance of his eye, however bland or smiling, an inscrutable spirit lurked behind the smile. Yet Loveday likes him "

Mrs. Crecy was silent; fain would she have read his mind about that sweet girl whom she had always pictured as her future daughter; but she would not ask a confidence which was not volunteered; and Auberon pondered silently.

"He will be at the hunt to-day, I hear," said he, at last. "I shall do my best for little Loveday, mother. How is it that Loveday can care for him? Is there no saving instinct, then, for pure women?"

"It must be a mistake," faltered Mrs. Crecy, with quivering lips; "save her, Auberon, oh, my boy, save her! you can."

He started, and flashed a keen glance at her; the suggestion seemed to come upon him like an electric shock. Soon a faint, very sweet smile crept about the corners of his mouth, and his eyes shone.

"I wonder if I really can?" said he, dreamily; "I would like to know."

A long bugle call sounded the summons for the start.

Mother and son kissed each other tenderly, and he bounded down stairs and out among the animated company. What a fine sight it was!

Beautiful equestriennes and their cavaliers, mounted on fiery horses, thundered along the avenue, followed by the dogs and their keepers; it was early yet; splendid hunting weather, for a faint south wind blew and the sky was cloudy, and as they streamed over the clean shaven champaign lawn outside the Dorimant gates, satisfaction was visible on every face.

The Pavilion reached, here came Loveday on her jet-black barb, which was passaging all down the drive with wicked grace, without, in the least disconcerting the accomplished little horsewoman on her back; and Mrs. Dellamere in her pony phaeton, with her companion by her side, as usual. Mrs. Dellamere always drove to the meet when the day hunted, and I saw her off at the squire's left hand. As she rolled through her own gate this morning, she flashed a searching glance around the company, and Auberon guessed that she was looking for Accrington. As the youth approached her, her eyes brightened; she shook hands with him warmly, and drew him closer, saying, in a low voice: "I see the Squire heads the hunt to-day; will you, then accept the care of Loveday and bring her safe back to me?"

Auberon promised, with sparkling eyes, and adroitly getting his horse beside Loveday's pretty "Ahmed," they rode away together.

There were many carriages in the train; even the aged Duchess of Carisbrooke was there, in spite of the barbarity of the hour, for the pious purpose of setting "that scoundrel, Accrington," to his day's work—namely, storming the heart of Lady Merrion Rae.

The whole assembly came to a halt on a gentle eminence, with the carriages on the road which wound round its base; and here they waited in the silence of death while the hounds were thrown into cover. The hunters sat like equestrian statues, only their eyes glancing with life, and Diamond breathing softly for the first ringing "View-halloo" from the huntsman's horn which would announce "the find."

Auberon looked from right to left at the two ladies nearest him; he scanned the dark, glowing beauty of Merrion Rae, subdued by love's consciousness to melting tenderness; and he lingered over little Loveday with her radiant, spirited head and witching mirth.

And again a strange shock thrilled through him, and his heart beat fast as he recalled his mother's words:

"Save her; you can."

Not a sign of Accrington yet.

"Will you keep by me, Loveday?" murmured Auberon, in the lowest of tones.

There was silence for a reply to words; she had turned toward him with a start and a keen look, when the expected signal sounded, the ringing halloo, a burst of baying from the dogs, and the wild "Tally-ho!" as the fox broke cover and away, with the whole field streaming after.

Loveday gave Auberon a brilliant, mocking smile, set her little teeth, and sped like an arrow with the best of them, scarcely heeding the presence of Auberon close beside her, in the delicious, mad excitement of the chase.

To her deep chagrin, Merrion Rae soon discovered that her hunter could not keep up with the pace, and that she must gradually fall behind. She was by far too sweet-tempered to fume or chafe, and as one by one the riders slid past her, she pulled out of the course, mounted a little hill, and watched through her field glass what direction the fox was taking. Suddenly her face brightened, and she swept away in a new direction; the fox had doubled on his pursuers, and was twisting in and out among the bushes, and by taking a cross cut she could fall in with her friends again.

As she emerged from a copse she saw Richard Accrington on a horse that far from her, coolly watching the hunt through his glass as he had done before him. She pursued her way without attracting his attention; that brief interview she had held with him had destroyed forever all chance of unconstrained intercourse between them, and the broad hints of her hostess, the duchess, that she intended to make a match of them, effectually kept them apart except when under her autocratic eye, when they played at cordiality in self-defense.

But that quick eye of Accrington's had noted the solitary rider long ago, and as she had gone far which came lightly swinging over the cradle hills to her side, with a world of gentle conciliation in his greeting.

She could not help admiring his fine appearance in the brilliant uniform of the hunt, as he manœuvred his fiery hunter with consummate skill, controlling its impatient efforts to break away and join in the mad race over hedge and ditch, with a turn of the firm right hand on the reins, all the while seemingly quite engrossed with the lady beside him. Having drawn from her the reason of her lagging behind, and condoled with her on her disappointment, he promised to stay by her until she had found more desirable company.

"Or until you find your golden-tressed Ariadne," retorted she, laughing and blushing superbly, for she entirely believed in what he had asserted concerning Auberon's preference for another than Loveday—for herself, she trembligly hoped.

He looked sad and depressed.

"I fear I am not to have that happiness to-day," said he, "unless you, my kind ally, help me to it. I see indications of interference, probably by that immortal, the Carisbrooke, who has long outlived the sympathies of humanity. I believe Miss Dellamere has been specially placed under guardianship for the day. I can perceive no other reason for young Crecy's close attendance."

The insinuation dropped like honey into Merrion's hurt; she had wondered somewhat shamedly that Auberon had allowed her to fall behind alone.

That was the explanation, the good, blundering old duchess had in some manner contrived it that Loveday should be placed in Auberon's special charge, so that Accrington should be forced to associate with herself. Her proud heart swelled with wrath, she would not be thrown at any man's feet so!

She was quite ready to respond in the right spirit when Accrington entreated her to give him her aid in winning Loveday for his companion for a short time. The idea of thrusting herself upon Auberon was humiliating, still she might manage to liberate Loveday without quite that, and at the worst, surely it would not be unmaidenly to claim his attention for a little while, for Loveday's sake, and knowing that Auberon loved herself.

She almost felt repaid for her consent, when Accrington took her hand with a lingering pressure, looking down at her with a deep glow in his eyes that showed how moved he was.

The pair halted on the crest of a rocky ridge which commanded a view of both the valleys.

The swift flight of the fox had thinned off the throng until only the crack hunters were in sight, spreading far and wide, each following as best he might the course of the hounds, which streamed along the grass-land in full view of the game, "like the white trail of a plume," in many parlance.

A pair of riders diverged from the course, and at a hail from Accrington came lightly ambling toward them.

They all met on the edge of a wooded glade, and stopped.

Loveday was in high spirits, Auberon quiet and resolute-looking.

"You won't be in at the death then?" said Merr on Rae, wonderingly. To win "the brush" was a very desirable triumph in her eyes, and Loveday's barb was quite equal to it

Loveday made a comical grimace, "Whisper it low; I've never been in at the death yet, and I don't mean to be," said she. "The meet is picturesque, the chase is glorious, and stirs up every heroic particle in the blood; but the finish is so pitiless that it would make me cry. I loathe such sport as looking on while a panting, helpless little brute gives up its life to a score of enemies, after running its cleverest, and affording them hours of exhilarating pleasure. That is heresy, I know!" she added, looking down timidly under the ardent gaze of Accrington, who had skillfully edged in between her and the other two, with a meaning look for Merrion.

He answered suitably, handing Loveday his glass meanwhile to view the field; and Merrion drew Auberon's attention entirely to herself, by dropping her whip with an ejaculation of dismay. Auberon was on the ground immediately; he handed her the bewildered toy, and was about to mount again when she said, capriciously: "Don't let us follow the hunt any further, since Loveday does not care for it; I would like to tread on this velvety moss with my own feet—your shoulder, please." And lightly leaning one hand on Auberon she lit like a bird on the ground by his side, and with a word of warning to her horse, ran to the moss-bank nearest, and knelt before it in ecstasies.

Auberon glanced round to see how Accrington was employed. Accrington was employed in pouring a swift whisper into Loveday's ear.

She turned her bright face, all its glee and joyance blanched out of it, and looked earnestly at Auberon, with a sorrowful widening of the eyes; then she tightened her reins, and next moment she and Accrington were riding away side by side, Accrington throwing back the carelessly spoken words, "A fair exchange is no robbery, Mr. Crecy; you have monopolized my lady and I shall carry off yours."

"Loveday!" called Auberon, amazedly. She turned in her saddle, forcing an arch smile.

"I shall be at home long before you will!" said she, and vanished among the trees.

"Come, dear Miss Rae, let me lift you to your saddle," said Auberon, looking strangely white and firm; "we must overtake them at once, for Mrs. Dellamere placed Loveday under my escort, and I dare not lose sight of her."

Merrion sprang up, laughing and rebellious.

"Follow her, if you please—I shall not venture to mar Col. Accrington's plans," she cried.

"I shall not leave you—and yet I must follow Loveday; it was a special trust," said the youth, insistently. "You will not prevent me from acting loyally, I am sure."

Incredulous still, she detained him yet a moment longer

"I do not prevent you, Mr. Crecy—do as you please; only do not ask me to intrude upon two people who have taken us off," she said, haughtily. His countenance filled with grief and reproach.

"Merrion, dear," said he, "to spare me future remorse, will you come with me and spoil that tete-a-tete?"

She saw that he was in earnest, and in burning humiliation she dropped all opposit on.

Accrington had deceived her then; Auberon did love Loveday, and the intrusion was when Merrion sought to come between them!

"I will do whatever you please," said she, in low, shamed tones; "I did not understand."

Lightly he swung her to the saddle, each touch of his hand sending a thrill through her, while she bitterly strove against the feeling; and not quite three minutes after Accrington and Loveday had started, they, too, were on their track.

Accrington had won the game by a ruse, simple and unscrupulous. The moment he saw Auberon engaged with Merrion he had whispered, with a meaning smile, to Loveday: "Evidently there is a quarrel to be made up here Shall we be indulgent to true lovers?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Kansas Wisdom.

JEALOUSY before marriage is a flattery that becomes a fierce quarrel after.

THERE are two sides to every question; the difficulty is in getting people to see yours.

AFTER a man and woman have been married five years, both claim to have been coaxed into it.

EVERY man in the world has an iron in the fire, and every other man is fighting for his place in the coals.

JAPAN threatens to outdo America in the essentials of civilization. A Jap named Takamine has discovered a process of distillation whereby he can get half a gallon more whisky out of a bushel of grain than has been possible under the old system.

DOM PEDRO IS NO MORE.

THE EX-EMPEROR DIES SUDDENLY IN PARIS.

Broken in Spirit by His Misfortunes, His End Is Hastened—He Longed to Die in Brazil—A Ruler Who Disliked Politics.

Brazil's Former Ruler Gone.

Dom Pedro, ex-Emperor of Brazil, is dead in Paris. The disease with which the ex-Emperor was afflicted was diabetes. It is said that the last connected words of Dom Pedro were an expression of his deep affection for Brazil and his regret that he could not go back there to die. His death will probably put an end forever to the attempts to revive the Brazilian Empire.

Dom Pedro was born in 1826, and was only 5 years old when, in 1831, his father, Dom Pedro I., abdicated in his favor and left Brazil. The boy was thus left quite alone in the world, and he felt himself still more isolated when, at 10 years of age, he heard of his father's death in Portugal.

His education was begun by the venerable Bishop of Chrysopolis, and by the famous Liberal leader, Andrada Sylva, who had been recalled from exile, where he was sent again by his ungrateful party. Dom Pedro, when 1 year old, lost his mother, Leopoldine, an Austrian archduchess, and a sister of Marie Louise, the second wife of Napoleon I.

The knowledge of many languages was but a small part of the scholarly acquirements of the dead monarch, who was as much of a savant as of an Emperor, and he had been elected, not on account of his title but as a reward for his numerous scientific works, a member of the famous Institute of France and most of the European academies.

The revolution in Brazil broke out on the 15th of November, 1889; two days later Dom Pedro was deposed, and forced to leave the country, since which time he has resided in Europe.

Dom Pedro was tall, robust, and of splendid bearing; his hair and beard had grown white prematurely. His blue eyes had a deep look, and his face, frank and open, inspired a great sympathy at the first glance. He spoke easily, and listened with polite interest.

ATTACKED WITH A BOMB.

Russell Sage Injured by a Dynamite Thrower, Who Is Himself Killed.

A madman attempted the life of Russell Sage at the risk of destroying himself, the great office building at 78 Broadway, New York, and more than two hundred person who worked within its walls. Hiram D. Wilson, the maniac, whose weapon appears to have been a simple dynamite bomb, accomplished his own death and the death of at least one other, inflicted wounds upon his intended victim among them, and partly wrecked the building. He himself was blown to pieces.

Hiram D. Wilson has been known as a dangerous, unbalanced person for fourteen years. He has been in three asylums several times, and has been released each time straightway to threaten the life of some one about whom his unsettled wits were busy. Russell Sage, as has been often told of him and other millionaires, is constantly getting letters from cranks of all descriptions, demanding great or small sums of money, and the demands are often accompanied by threats. Within the last month he has received four letters from one crank signing himself "J. D. Walsh." These letters have set forth that Mr. Walsh was on the eve of marriage with the widows of Alderman Monheimer and General Spinola, two of the holders of the disputed Standard Gas stock. Mr. Walsh said that in order that this marriage might be accomplished it was necessary that he have $1,200,000. He said that Mr. Sage or Mr. Gould, or both, must furnish this money or take the consequences.

On the afternoon of the explosion a shabbily dressed man had entered the office of Mr. Sage just as the latter was preparing to leave his desk to go to luncheon. The man had a package in his hand, and when Mr. Sage looked up the visitor held it above the millionaire's head.

"What do you want?" asked Mr. Sage, noting a wild look in the face of his visitor.

"Russell Sage," responded the man, "I want a million and a half dollars."

Mr. Sage at once knew that the man was insane, and rising from his chair, said:

"Oh, all right, I'll have to see about it and will let you know."

"No, I want it now," said the man, motioning Mr. Sage to stop. "If I don't get it," he continued, raising his voice so that people in the outer office could hear, "you will regret it. Will you give it to me?"

"No," said Mr. Sage, quietly, "not now; come after it some other time."

Mr. Sage had hardly spoken when the man raised the package he held in his hand above his head and saying: "Here goes," threw it to the floor, almost at the feet of the millionaire broker. There was instantly a tremendous explosion. When the relief party of police went to the scene they found the body of the man who threw the dynamite literally torn to pieces.

The explosion took place in the outer office, where the man had backed from Mr. Sage's private office in his efforts to keep the millionaire from getting away. A clerk who was in the outer office says the man stood almost in the doorway between the outer and inner offices when he threw the bomb. Just before he did so another man came into the outer office. The clerk thought he was a companion of the first. He said nothing, but he evidently knew the man who had demanded the money of Mr. Sage, for he nodded to him. The second man stood within three feet of the man with the bomb, and when the latter threw it to the floor he turned as if to run, but he only advanced a few feet when the explosion occurred. His body was found all stretched through a window leading from the outer office into a court, terribly mangled.

After the explosion, Mr. Sage, who fell to the floor of his office with a six feet of the man who had thrown the bomb, struggled to his feet and groped his way out into the passage. His head and face were dripping with blood. He was almost unconscious. Two men carried him down-stairs and across Broadway to a drug store. Wilson, the lunatic who threw the bomb, was killed, as was also R. F. Norton, Russell Sage's private secretary. Seven others were severely injured.

WAGES always appeal to man's hire nature.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

ILLINOIS INCIDENTS.

SOBER OR STARTLING, FAITHFULLY RECORDED.

Of Interest to Insurance Societies—Prevention of Typhoid Fever—The Forester Girls Captured—Anarchist Cases Postponed—Sensational Jacksonville Elopement—Sad Suicide.

Record of the Week.

H. I. HAMMOND'S general store and most of its contents were destroyed by fire at Bushnell, on the Big Four, together with the large hotel adjoining. Loss, $5,000.

JACKSONVILLE is interested in an elopement, in which the principal figures are David M. Stice, 45 years of age, and Miss Agnes Norris, a young girl, whose parents live at Virden.

THE wife of the late Capt. McKinney, of Cairo, who committed suicide a few weeks ago by shooting himself, was declared insane and placed in the asylum at Anna, but she eluded the guard and killed herself.

AT Jacksonville, the residence of Mrs. Sarah Capps was entered by burglars, and nearly $1,000 of booty secured. Four gold watches, a large amount of silverware, jewelry, etc., were taken. There is no clew to the thieves.

THE cases of the anarchists, Samuel Fielden and Michael Schwab, taken to the United States Supreme Court, have been postponed by the United States Supreme Court to Dec. 21 on account of the illness of Gen. Butler, counsel for the anarchists.

A MESSAGE received from the Sheriff of Cannon County, Tennessee, states that Caroline and Belle Forester have been arrested at Woodbury, that State. These are the girls who Nov. 2 assaulted their stepfather, John Morris, near Shawneetown, shooting him four times in the head, and then after pounding him leaving him for dead. Sheriff Sands left for the prisoners.

AT Quincy a case was decided in the Circuit Court which relates to fraternal insurance societies. Jacob Emerick was a member of Carthage Lodge of the Ancient Order of United Workmen, but was expelled for habitual drunkenness, and then ceased to pay his assessments. Shortly afterward he died and his widow demanded that the lodge pay the $2,000 insurance policy, claiming that his expulsion was illegal. In the first heasing the court ruled that habitual drunkenness was sufficient cause for expulsion, and in the last trial the decision based its case on the failure of deceased to pay his assessments after his expulsion. The case resulted in a verdict for the defendant.

ATTORNEY GENERAL STONE has returned from Washington, where he docketed in the Federal Court the suit of Iowa vs. Illinois to decide the boundary line at Keokuk. It has been decided by the Iowa Supreme Court that the State boundary lies in the center of the river bed, while the Illinois courts hold that the boundary is in the center of the natural steamboat channel, whether the channel lies in the middle of the river bed or not. Deep water lies very near the Iowa side, and under their State law the Illinois people claim taxes on by far the larger part of the bridge. The Iowa assessors have gone right on levying taxes on the bridge as far east as the middle of the river bed, and the consequence is that the company owning the bridge has been paying double taxes on a part of their property.

THE deepest interest prevails in Madison County, in the trial at Edwardsville of George Starkey, John Brown, and Jesse Wyatt, charged with the murder of Senator Daniel B. Gillham, at Upper Alton, two years ago. Over seventy talesmen were called before a jury could be secured. Finally the following were chosen: J. Schwartz, Collinsville; S. H. Culp, Upper Alton; Theodore Smith, Alton; John McCune, Edwardsville; Henry Hight, Alton; C. C. Hartmann, Grand Fork; Gustave Schmidt, Marine; William H. Stallings, Alhambra; William F. Whiteside, Troy; George A. Walls, New Douglas; John Huebner, Mitchell; Louis Fields, Hamel. An effort is made by certain Fourth gamblers to prove an alibi for Starkey but the Sheriff of Peoria was subpœnaed to tell of the character of the gamblers, and his report was anything but favorable to them. Besides, Wyatt declares, that while had no knowledge of the murder until he heard of it on the street, he did hear two shots fired while he was not far from Gillham's house, and that shortly after he met both Starkey and Brown. A farmer, Jos. Cooper, also established Starkey's presence in Upper Alton early on the morning of the murder.

At the preliminary hearing of McKibben, Lordan and Stacey, the alleged firebugs at Sandoval, Jordan was the first to be examined. He promptly entered a plea of guilty. He was then used as a witness against the other two, who pleaded not guilty. He made a number of new and sensational disclosures. The court, held in the skating rink, which is the largest building in the village and will accommodate 1,500 people, was crowded, many ladies being present. State's Attorney C. E. Jenning, Tom Merritt of Salem, and Judge Patteson of Centralia, conducted the prosecution, and W. D. Farthing, of Olney, is defending McKibben. Squire Lordan has given the names of several other members of the gang. He stated that they were a secret band sworn to take revenge against all whom they might hold a grudge. They have been in existence for one year, and have met secretly about twice a month. About one dozen men, some of whom like McKibben have heretofore borne good reputations, compose the gang. It has also been learned that the large hay barn and lumber business of Dr. E. L. Briscoe were on the list to be destroyed. The strictest order is preserved to prevent an outbreak which would result in a hanging. McKibben was placed under bonds in the sum of $3,000 which he failed to give. Rumors of lynching were frequently heard, and he was rushed off to jail under heavy guard.

COLUMBUS BOWES, held for horse-stealing, escaped from jail at Benton.

DR. F. W. REILLY, Secretary of the State Board of Health, issued a bulletin in relation to typhoid fever. Reports made to the board show that there had been a marked decrease in the disease at the close of November as compared with the opening of the month. It still exists, however, in many portions of the State. The prevalence of the disease is attributed to protracted drought and the consequent scarcity of water. The use of boiled water not known to be absolutely pure is recommended and the importance of disinfection is urged.