CRUEL AS THE GRAVE,

or

The Secret of Dunraven Castle.

BY ANNIE ASHMORE,

Author of "Faithful Margaret," Etc., Etc

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

Loveday started and turned a pained look upon the pair,—truly it seemed like it! Her heart swelled bitterly: it was hard to find herself in Auberon's way,—to see that all this sweet, loving intimacy was but a lover's ruse to bring Miss Rae to terms!

She followed Accrington's guidance without a doubt; she felt as if she could never meet Auberon again.

Accrington knew every foot of the locality; five years ago he had spent many a day with his sporting companions beating those glades for game.

He did not at once disturb the painful reverie of his companion, but to take advantage of her preoccupation to lead her so many turns and twists that when at length she looked round, she felt completely at fault. Accrington confidently assured her that they were on the route for home, and drew her into a conversation with such tact that she gradually yielded herself to his influence, and listened, responded, and became interested, while time flew, and the miles stretched behind them.

Never had Richard Accrington exerted himself so earnestly; he was talking against time, and each half hour they lingered together—each sunny hour left behind them—was another link to the chain he was forging for the capture of Miss Dellamere!

He wooed her thoughts far from herself and her present surroundings, to follow him from land to land where he had been; when marvels might begin to pall upon her, he caught her anew with a pathetic version of his own history, specially adapted to attract her tender and innocent sympathies; she lent herself to his charm willingly, for her own thoughts were very bitter, and escape from them was welcome.

They reached the margin of a wide moor; not another human being was visible on all the broad expanse, only the bleak October sky lowered over it, and a low wind moaned across the heather.

Loveday looked around her with a shiver.

"I don't in the least know where we are," said she, blankly; "are you quite sure that you do?"

"Trust me, Miss Dellamere, you are quite safe," said Accrington, with a frank smile which almost reassured her; "no! don't look at your watch, I entreat you; let me take all care of you for this once; give me the delight of seeing that you have perfect faith in me."

"You treat the matter more seriously than it deserves," replied Loveday, somewhat startled; but she had no motive strong enough to bid her cross his mood, and slipped back her watch without glancing at it. However, as they crossed the moor, the only beings visible upon it, and her wandering eyes encountered not one familiar landmark, she began to own a secret uneasiness, and to chide herself for having left her friends so far behind as to be committed to such a prolonged tete-a-tete with the Colonel.

Accrington, observing the turn of her thoughts, gradually allowed the conversation to flag, and appeared to share her gravity, often turning in his saddle to watch the action of her mare for a minute at a time; and, indeed, she began to notice herself that both the animals seemed spent, and drooped their heads wearily.

At last Accrington said, with visibly assumed lightness:

"Will you allow me to have a look at your mare's hind shoe? To me she seems to wince at every step."

A chill misgiving swept over Loveday, a sudden shocked realization of her thoughtlessness and imprudence. Without a word she drew rein and dropped lightly to the ground without waiting for assistance.

"I begin to fear that it is later, and that we are farther from home than we imagine," said she anxiously, and again drew out her watch. One glance, and a cry of dismay burst from her—it was hours past the time when the hunters were expected to reassemble at Dorimant. Bewildered, angered, and distrustful, she moved apart from her companion, without heeding his exclamations of surprise; she felt as if his proximity stifled her.

An ordinary admirer might have suffered a pang of sorrow or mortification at such a movement on his lady's part whenever her hour of need came upon her, but the Colonel only glanced after her with a peculiar smile, and bent over Ahmed's hoof while he performed a slight operation with a dexterity worthy of a prestidigitator. He laid down the hoof with a look of ominous gloom.

"Come, Miss Dellamere, courage!" he cried, with affected cheerfulness, "there is nothing far wrong with Ahmed yet, but we must deal gently with her. A mere cut, which her shoe irritates; if we can reach a blacksmith in time, he can shift the shoe and preserve the wound from painful pressure. We cannot be far from the village of Blackrock, where we shall find help."

Loveday's crimsoning cheek and compressed lips showed her deep annoyance at such an adventure; how heartily she reproached herself for the ill-timed preoccupation of mind which had placed her in such an unwelcome situation! To be separated from the general company was bad enough, even had her cavalier been an old and trusted friend, approved by her mother; but to be cast upon the courtesies of Richard Accrington for long hours—to exhibit herself before the curious eyes of Blackrock with him for sole companion—was a mortification she could not endure.

"If we are near Blackrock, we are not five miles from home," said she coldly, "and I would infinitely prefer walking the whole way to making any stop. But since this mischance has befallen me in Colonel Accrington's company, I am sure he will not refuse to give me all the assistance I may ask of him."

Ac rington bowed, murmuring his devotion.

"Lend me your horse, then, and allow me to hasten home at once and send him back with a servant, who will attend to my poor Ahmed," said Loveday, with her innocent eyes on Accrington's impenetrable face, upon which an expression of the utmost regret instantly appeared.

"How can I disappoint you, Miss Dellamere!" exclaimed he; "yet I dare not risk your life up in this fever to brute, who has never carried a lady in his life. And alone! No, no, that plan will not do Ahmed may be able to take you home, with a little care; come, let me remount you; we must at least get out of this desolate place."

Loveday mounted her own animal without another word; but Accrington observed, with chagrin, that she would barely allow him to touch her, springing from his hand to her saddle with the merest touch on his shoulder to poise herself, and giving him a formal bow of acknowledgment.

They resumed the way, Accrington walking by her mare's head, and his own fine animal following with a docility which scarcely coincided with the character which his master had given him. In rapidly mounting impatience, Loveday watched the slow advance, while the sky darkened drearily, and the minutes sped; yet she dared not urge the pace, for now, indeed, she detected the lameness of her mare, which gradually increased with every step she took, until at last, when the spire of the long looked for village appeared in sight, she started and winced in agony whenever the wound foot touched the ground.

"I see that we must find relief for my poor Ahmed," said Loveday, tremulously, for her favorite's suffering trued her sorely, and she we comed the chance now which had seemed so intolerable before; the tears stood in her eyes, and she scarcely realized her own disagreeable position, and was in no mood to detect the artifices of her companion.

They approached still nearer to the village, and Accrington remounted his own horse for appearance sake; roused by the diversion Loveday, for the first time, gazed round her in search of familiar objects in the scene.

She had expected to see a rough little hamlet built under the shelter of a cliff; what she did see was a pretty village clustering about the banks of a wide flowing river.

She grew pale with astonishment—with rising anger.

"Colonel Accrington, this is not Blackrock, it is Silverstream!" she cried. "Why, we are twenty miles from home!"

Accrington uttered an exclamation of deep remorse; the expression of his well-tutored features terrified her.

"I've ruined her!" he muttered, but not so low but that she heard the words and quailed. "Oh, Miss Dellamere!" he cried, flinging himself again from his horse to seize her hands, reins and all, and press them impulsively, "how can you ever forgive me for this fatal mistake? I must have been dreaming—bewitched, to forget my path; I who thought that I knew every rod of land between Salford and Lynn! I was bewitched," he exclaimed, with a sudden change to mournful tenderness, while he fixed his strange compelling eyes on hers; "I was for once happy—all that I prized of earth was at my side. I forgot that we two had fellow-creatures! My poor child, I would have died to spare you a moment's annoyance—I have been the first to draw the world's suspicious eyes upon you!"

"Colonel Accrington, what do you mean?" she demanded, haughtily, wresting her hands from his grasp with a sudden fierce repulsion.

"I dare not—dare not insult you with a clearer explanation," said he; "oh, that I had resisted the too welcome spell which your presence cast over me, which made hours to fly as minutes, and thrust every thought of those juences out of my mind! But now, now—what can I say to this watching, sneering world? Who does not know that Richard Accrington loved Miss Dellamere——"

"Colonel Accrington!" interrupted Loveday with flashing eyes, and she would have left him had he not sprung to catch her bridle with a burst of grief and deprecation.

"Dear Miss Dellamere, I entreat you to be calm and to listen to me, for your own sake," he urged. "I dare not let you go in your defenseless innocence straight into the snare which slander will spread for your overthrow. You must take counsel; you must be saved at any cost."

"You insult me; I will not hear your disgraceful insinuations. Let me go at once," cried she, with indignation and incredulity, though a sickening apprehension lurked beneath, in spite of her defiance.

"Heaven knows that I would rather offer you my life-blood than an insult," returned Accrington. "It is a terrible necessity which I must perform, or else you will have cause to curse my cowardice your whole life long. Permit me, then, to speak. Am I not devoted to you, heart and soul? Through my inadvertence I have placed you in a cruel position. Slander will say that our flight was premeditated; no one will credit the simple truth. You will be made a mark for every jeering impertinence——"

"Silence!" exclaimed Loveday in burning humiliation; "how dare you apply such words to me? If I have been somewhat unfortunate in my adventures today, who shall presume to accuse me of imprudence?"

"Alas, poor innocent!" groaned Accrington in a tone of poignant grief, "how shall I screen her? What reparation shall I offer her for the wrong I have done her? You little know how evil are the thoughts of those who seem our friends, Miss Dellamere," resumed he, tenderly; "a simple impropriety like this of to day has often doomed the innocent to the suspicion and scorn of society."

"Oh, you are cruel! you have no pity!" faltered Loveday, suddenly bursting into an agony of tears, as her girlish sensibility at last succumbed to his repeated attacks and her fears overwhelmed her; "if you had been worthy of the trust you asked of me I should not have been in this false position now."

"I deserve your reproaches," said Accrington, humbly; "but not for venturing to show you the edge of the precipice upon which you are standing. This I am obliged to do to prevent you from committing yourself to the destruction which awaits you. For there is prevention."

He paused to allow her terrors to rack her into a mood for his purpose; she crushed back her agitation and endeavored to follow his meaning, her mute silence bidding him continue.

Accrington took one more took her reluctant hand in his, and fixed his fiery eyes upon her with such power, and in spite of the fierce repulsion she felt toward him the imperious power of will subdued her razing spirit to listen passively to that which he now was ready to say.

"Miss Dellamere," began he, with soft, respectful tenderness, "this not the time to descant upon my love for you; you have long seen it, and the future will prove its sincerity. In this, your hour of need, my love gives me a right to say to you, 'Make me your protector and you are safe from every whisper.' Accept me for your future husband, betroth yourself to me, and the world has nothing left to say."

For a few moments Loveday remained speech ess, returning her lover's passionate gaze with a look of fear and amazement: it seemed to her that he had suddenly opened a door through which she could see into a country, filled with shadowy forms of horror. A host of vague suspicions beset her; it needed not the passing memory of Auberon to make her shrink back from this man as if he had been a serpent

"I do not ask your answer now," Accrington hastened to add, as he saw the stern refusal on her lips "but think of what I have said; think of how much depends upon your decision; and, above all, realize the fact that I am your loyal friend, whatever may befall. And now I shall conduct you to a place where you may take some rest while I attend to your mare."

Without giving her a chance to utter a dissenting word he hurried her forward to the pretty rustic village inn, and the prospect of being relieved from his presence for even a short time went far to reconcile her to the dreaded necessity of appearing before the public in the company of Colonel Accrington.

Content to leave Ahmed for the present, sin e deprived of her horse, she would be complete y in his power, he murmured a few last tender reassurances and they were before the "Silverstream Arms," the cynosure of all the admiring loungers about the inn court.

The landlord advanced to receive his distinguished company, and Accrington spoke coudly, for the benefit of the curious listeners:

"Can this lady obtain a private room for a short time, while her pony's hurt hoof is being examined? We have been detained behind our party by the accident and wish to follow them as soon as possible."

The portly landlady instantly appeared to take care of the young lady, and Accrington presented his hand to assist Loveday to dismount, but she, coldly waving him aside, rode to the mounting block and alighted unassisted, vanishing with the woman with a formal bow to her escort. When he turned from watching the departure, mortified, he was just in time to see an ostler in the act of extracting a sharp flint from the unlucky Ahmed's hoof.

"If ye had cast half a glance ye would have seen it yourself, master," grinned the man, holding it up for inspection; "it's a wonder the poor brute walked a step."

Accrington impatiently hurried him off with the horses, casting a nervous look toward the open window near. Doubtless he feared that Miss Dellamere would be needlessly pained if she overheard the cause of her favorite's sufferings.

His whole object now was to spin out the time till it would be too late for Loveday to take the road for such a long journey that night. He had proposed her betrothal to him; he meant to propose an elopement now; he was ready for it. His whole day had been governed by that intention.

Having eaten some tea to Miss Dellamere and refreshed himself, he quietly locked the stable door upon the two horses and walked away to perfect some arrangements. This business took him to the river bank, to a boat-house of which he possessed the key. Having unlocked this place, he launched a beautiful little skiff with lay within, rowed it along the stream until it came under the inn, and, concealing it under a clump of trees, he returned to request an interview with Miss Dellamere.

He had delayed to the last minute he dared. He was now ready to prove to Loveday that her only safety lay in marrying him at once.

The landlord met him with a very puzzled face.

"Your lady's been wanting to start off by herself, sir. She wasn't for waiting a minute after you went," said he.

"Indeed?" muttered Accrington, scowling with mortification. "Well, you didn't let her go without me, I hope?"

"Oh, no, sir, surely not, since you were to be right back again. I believe you took the stable key with you anyhow, didn't you, sir? Though of course I didn't say so to her."

"I like my horses to eat in peace," said the Colonel, coldly, handing back the key and a guinea with it. "You gave some decent excuse, I suppose, for not fetching round her mare?"

"Trust me for that, sir; both horses was off to the blacksmith's getting their shoes looked to. She then wanted to hire a team with a driver, but I put her off till you should come, sir."

"Very good: you have done right," said Accrington; but this continued resistance was unexpected and chafed him much.

The honest landlord, supposing that he had stumbled upon a pretty lovers' quarrel, went on to narrate that the lady asked particularly after her horses hurt, and also to narrate that the lady asked particularly after her horses hurt, and also to ask if there was any one that it was a mere pebble in the hoof and that the animal would be as fit for the road as ever after a feed.

"Worse and worse," thought Accrington; "this bungling fool has made her independent of me, if she has the courage to shake me off; perhaps she even suspects—pshaw! nothing venture nothing win!"

He strode to her room and knocked; she instantly opened, but he did not walk in as he expected, for she held the door open a little way and looked out with a white, rather fierce face.

"I've come for your answer, dear," he said, gently; "let me in, won't you?" He smiled at her, as if amused, but his heart was chilled.

"No, you must not come in," said she, quickly. "You must go away and let me get home by myself."

"Oh, Loveday!" he mournfully exclaimed.

"Yes! yes! I must go home to mamma—I will!" she burst out with fiery imperiousness. "How could you bribe these people to detain me against my will?"

"My poor child! you have chafed yourself into a fever," murmured he, tenderly, "and are allowing miserable suspicions to enter your mind. You shall go home, my precious girl, this very moment; come, your ill ghost wish is law to me, even though it breaks my heart."

Surprised at this complete submission and rather ashamed of the ugly suspicions which had been torturing her, she came forth with downcast eyes and stood beside him.

"You will let me go quite by myself?" said she, slowly.

"Assuredly, since it is your wish."

"And not even follow me at a distance, but stay here?"

"I shall not vex you by one sight of my hated face, my only love!"

"It—it is not that I hate you," she faltered humbly, "but that I—oh, if only I had not come!" she burst out with a sob.

"Hush! Appearances!" he whispered, earnestly; "the people here know nothing whatever, and think nothing."

This assurance went far toward calming the sensitive young creature, who had been, as Accrington suspected, chafing herself into a fever of wild fancies, among them the thought that the inn people were in collusion with Accrington to detain her there. She had only one burning desire now, and that was to flee to her mother for protect on and concealment from the scoffing, sneering world. Poor, frightened thing! she was in no condition to plan wisely, and was about to make a journey of twenty miles along roads traversed by all sorts of people, shaking off the protecting presence of her one friend. She did not even ask for a servant to ride behind her, lest she might be detained a few minutes longer. And when she thought she had outwitted Accrington's cousent to her wild scheme, she was grateful to him.

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[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The One Thing Needful.

The Real Estate Agent—Now this house is complete in every detail. Even the laundry is perfect, with stationary tubs, etc.

Von Bibjulus—Never mind about the wash tubs. What I want is a stationary key-hole in the front door.

If the New York politicians would quit their wrangling over the question of "Who killed the Fair" and go to work building the Grant monument relief would come to a weary public. In the meantime the Fair is the liveliest sort of an institution.

WEALTH IN ORCHIDS.

The Importation of These Aristocrats of the Flower World.

Very few realize the amount of money invested in the orchids, the aristocrats of the flowery world, and though they have been attracting widespread interest for the past dozen years, the general public may not be acquainted with the fact that millions of dollars are involved in the magnificent collections of these plants. Cargoes of bulbs and roots from all parts of the world are annually imported, which are readily disposed to the flower-loving public for sums ranging from $1 up to the thousands.

One rare bulb from the forests of Mexico, Brazil or India will frequently sell for the price of a grand diamond ring, and occasionally a small fortune is represented by half a dozen poor-looking bulbs that a street boy would kick aside with his foot if found in his way. The great floriculturists of this country and Europe employ orchid hunters to explore the woods and jungles of every known country for some rare specimen of these plants, and thousands of dollars go annually to pay the expenses of these trips into unknown lands. Danger, death and sickness of every conceivable kind threaten the hunters, but despite these they penetrate to the most dangerous wilds to find their plants.

The species of orchids now number between 6,000 and 7,000, about half of which have been brought into cultivation, and they are recognized by the best botanists about 334 genera. The great number of these species occur in the tropics, but many species grow in cool temperature, and a very few in the frigid zones. Many exotic species are cultivated, and they are among the most desirable plants for horticulturists.

Not many can explain what an orchid is, for they show almost every conceivable variation in form and color, and marking of the flowers, and the habits of the plants are almost as diverse. Some define them as air plants, but the larger portion are not; some define them as parasitic plants, but very few specimens are parasites, others know them by their bulb-like roots, and yet many of them do not have such roots, while still others suppose that they are peculiar to tropical climates, but many are natives of Canada. Many species of orchids are leafless, while others have numerous thick and stiff leaves. Numbers of them live on the trunks of trees in their native tropical forests and obtain nourishment from the air. Some live upon decaying matter, while many others are parasites, drawing their nourishment from live plants. In our Northern woods some of the species live upon the roots of trees.

Compound Interest.

Some years ago a man entered a savings bank in St. Louis, with a somewhat diffident air, and looked inquiringly about him as one not quite positive of his bearings. He scrutinized the building closely, looked about the interior, and presently found his way to the cashier's desk.

"There used to be a bank here in the old times," he said, "called the Boatmen's Savings Institution. I suppose it is dead long ago; this bank, of course, has nothing to do with it."

"It is the same bank," replied the cashier, only the name is a little changed."

"Ah!" exclaimed the stranger, with surprise.

"Well, when the old institution started, I was one of the first depositors, but I put in only $100. I reckon after so many ups and downs, that I must have been wiped out long ago."

"Who are you?" the cashier asked, "and what is your name?"

"My name is Jefferies—"

"Thomas Jefferies?"

"Yes: they called me Tom then."

"Where have you been, Mr. Jefferies, these long years, and why haven't you written us?"

"In California, and, of course, I thought the $100 was a dead duck, and it's only your sign that called me in now."

"Well, Mr. Jefferies," said the cashier, taking down and opening a great folio, "if you have been idle, your $100 has not; here it is. Your check on this bank to-day is good for $7,875. You have only to get some one to prove your identity and we will pay it over."

His Habits Betrayed Him.

A theft has just been brought home to a man by means of an egg. Some days ago M. Douet, pottery manufacturer, living in the Rue Goudon, Paris, was disagreeably surprised on returning from the theater with his family to find that his house had been ransacked, almost all the furniture destroyed and a sum 6,000f. in gold and notes stolen. The next morning he put M. Siadoux, Commissary of Police, in possession of these facts, who thereupon proceeded to the spot and opened an inquiry. In the course of his search he found a broken egg, from which the white only appeared to have been sucked. He brought the circumstance to the notice of M. Douet, who then remembered that a carter named Delbars whom he had dismissed for dirty habits, was accustomed to eat eggs in that way. They arrested him along with his brother. When questioned as to how they had spent their time on the night of the robbery, they were embarrassed, and finally confessed that they had broken into M. Douet's house for motives of revenge.—Gaingnani Messenger.

INTERVIEWER—You began life as a clerk, did you not? Merchant—No, sir; I began life as a king I was the first baby.

AROUND A GREAT STATE.

BRIEF COMPILATION OF ILLINOIS NEWS.

Shocking Deaths on the Rail—Starkey and Brown Sentenced to Thirty Years' Imprisonment for the Murder of Ex-Senator Gillham—Sparrow War.

From Far and Near.

MAYOR KNOLES, of Jacksonville, was arrested for malfeasance in office.

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

J. P. JEFFERSON, of Ramsey, and Miss Sharp, of Vera, were married at the latter place.

JOHN HELMER, an engineer employed by the Transfer Association, was crushed to death under his own engine at Chicago.

DR. T. A. WAKELY, of Jacksonville, was elected President of the Capital District Methodist Society, organized at Springfield.

ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-SEVEN building and loan associations in Illinois have total assets of $15,053,635, and loans aggregating $14,392,978.

MORE than 2,000 English sparrows have been killed by the boys of Springfield, but there is no apparent decrease in the number of the birds.

AT Quincy while crossing the track ahead of an engine, Thomas Lehan, an old railroader, stumbled, and falling across the rail his body was cut in two. He was 68 years of age and leaves a large family.

AROUND Mascoutah the war inaugurated upon the English sparrow in Illinois, December 1, continues unabated. The two cents bounty paid for each bird's head is a great stimulant for the hunters.

GOV. FIFER, who has been sick for two weeks, is reported as improving. He is still unable to be at his office, but manages to transact all necessary executive business by having it brought to his room at the mans on.

AT Homewood, Mrs. Mary Witt, Mrs. Mary Gottschalk and her infant daughter were killed by a "Big Four" express train. They stepped off a track on which a freight was approaching, in front of the express.

THE illness of W. K. Mackey, superintendent of the Jacksonville divis on of the Chicago & Alton Railroad, has assumed a serious phase. He is suffering from typhoid pneumonia, and but little hope is entertained of his recovery.

A FREIGHT and construction train on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad collided at Mountain Glen. Engineer Flippen, a laborer named Miller, and an unknown man were killed, two were fatally and eight seriously injured. The construction train was running on the freight's time.

AT Edwardsville, the jury in the case against George Starkey and John Brown, for the murder of ex-Senator D. B. Gillham, returned a verdict of guilty, and fixing their punishment at thirty years in the penentiary. The jury had been out three days and a half. One of the jurors was in favor of acquitting the defendants, but finally he weakened. As Wyatt had become a witness for the State his trial was deferred until the next term.

A WELL-DRESSED stranger walked into the office of the Illinois Glass Works in Alton and asked for the millionaire proprietor, William Elliott Smith. He was not in, and the man was asked what he wanted. He replied to Charles Levis that he wanted $1,000,000. Mr. Levis said he had not that much change on hand, but would give him all he had, and seizing the stranger by the nape of the neck and the seat of the pants, he threw him out of the door. The well directed and judiciously administered kicks caused the stranger to change his mind as to wanting the money and he took his painful departure.

THE case of Patrick Boyle, charged with the murder of John Muench, near the town of Nameoki, Madison County, August 12 last, was concluded in the County Circuit Court at Edwardsville, the jury bringing in a verdict of guilty, affixing the death penalty. Boyle and Muench were together tramping through the country. Stopping at Nameoki they drank together, Muench paying for the drinks. They had not proceeded far on their way after leaving the saloon when, stepping behind his companion, according to the story declared evidence as to his fate, but is only maintains his innocence.

MRS. ANNIE CUSHMAN, aged 70, was killed by a Wabash engine at Decatur.

AN Epworth League meeting was held at Nunda. Charles E. Piper, President of the Chicago District League; H. V. Holt, President of the Rock River Conference League; and the Rev. W. C. Spencer, D. D., of Philadelphia, delivered addresses. Miss Frank Baker lectured under the auspices of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. The next session will be held at Marengo next April.

THE Fayette County wild man hunt came off, fully one hundred citizens of Louisville and Vandalia participating in the drive. The round-up was made in the vicinity of Watsonford, near the shanty which is supposed to be the domicile of the wild man. The party hunted over an area of ground about four miles in circumference, but failed to sight him. It is now thought the scare is bogus.

DR. DAVID H. PARKER, one of the best-known surgeons in Southern Illinois, committed suicide at Cairo. Frank Parker, Judge Boyer, and State's Attorney Butler were in an adjoining room when the deed was committed, and, hurrying at the sound of the shot, found him sitting on the side of the bed with the blood pouring from the wound, and in an instant he fell back dead. The ball passed clear through the body and struck the wall behind the bed.

THE coal miners' strike at Rentchler was declared off, the men returning to work at the old schedule of wages.

CERTAIN health authorities in the Missi-sippi Valley having charged that small-pox had been recently introduced into Memphis, Tenn., from Cairo, the Secretary of the State Board of Health has made an investigation which demonstrates the charge to be wholly without foundation. Not only has there been no case of small-pox in Cairo this year, but there has been none since the spring of 1886. There is not known to be a case of this disease anywhere within the State at this time.