THE TALE OF A HAT;

Or, Josh Merritt's Mania—Written for This Paper.

BY JULES VERNE.

CHAPTER I.

Early in September, 1884, a group of homeward-bound Americans stood on the deck of one of the White Star steamers waving a last adieu to English shores. To judge from the easy-going familiarity which they displayed in entering into conversation with each other and in exchanging opinions as to the probable length of the voyage home, one might have supposed that they were all old friends; but far from it. Up to that time they had been the completest strangers in the world, with one exception, however, for two of the group were mother and son, Mrs. Hetty Waldron and her only child, Captain Harry Waldron, U. S. A. Although in only his twenty-first year, the young West-Pointer had won a pair of captain's shoulder straps for a signal bravery in a desperate struggle with the Apaches, the Indians being ten to his one. Captain Harry, however, had been severely wounded and was now returning home from a six months' leave, quite to himself again. A glance at the lady beside him would have satisfied any one as to the source of the Captain's magnificent figure. Mrs. Waldron was a singularly handsome woman, only a shade the other side of 40, tall, graceful, and of distinguished-looking, she, too, seemed born to command. In fact, she had passed her whole life among military men, and had taken on the very color and character of her habitat. Following her husband—likewise an army officer—about from post to post on the plains, she had learned, like him, to face danger without flinching, and not only to draw a revolver and lift a rifle, but to use either of them when occasion required, and, as far as horsemanship went, she thought no more of a fifty-mile gallop over a rough country, through canyons and fords, than a city woman does of a three-mile canter in the park.

"I don't think he's an American," said Captain Harry as his mother pointed out an eccentric-looking man, who, wrapped in his rug, was reclining in a steamer chair near the group, but who, it was quite evident, was not paying the slightest heed to the animated conversation.

"And yet he has a Chinese servant," observed Mrs. Waldron, as she drew her son's attention that individual, a man of about 35, yellow as a lemon and shaped like one of the squat vases of his country. He looked quite fat enough to be a three-buttoned mandarin as he sat there on the bench with a painfully sleepy expression on his face.

Unless all signs failed, the stolid gentleman wrapped in the steamer rug was a son of Albion, British to the tips of his nails, tall, thin, bony to a degree almost fitting him to be a model for a class in osteology. According as you looked at him, he was either all neck, all body, or all legs. This specimen of the Anglo-Saxon race was possibly somewhat past 50, and stood six feet several inches above the level of the sea. A full beard of an indescribable yellow, a head of hair of the same hue, a pair of small, deep set, lynx-like eyes, a nose with little or no swell at the nostrils, of great length, and curved like a hawk's beak, and a cranium upon which any one with the merest smattering of phrenology might have detected the bumps of unqualified monomania and extreme pertinacity—such were, crudely outlined, the head and front of the man in the steamer chair, a personality which would have delighted the soul of any genial caricaturist. The man's attire was like unto that of the international English cut and style—a double-visor cap, a waistcoat buttoned up to his chin, a jacket with twenty pockets, trousers of the checkerboard pattern, high gaiters with nickel buttons, the soles of his shoes studded with nails, and a gray-and-blue duster which kept wound tightly around his body as if desirous of accentuating his bony build. Who was this eccentric-looking individual? No one knew. One thing was certain, however—he had never been seen on board the Germanic before that day, the steward, who had supposed to know everything, could only say that he was an Englishman booked for New York, that his name was Joshua Merritt, which he signed Josh Merritt, that he hailed from Liverpool, and that he was accompanied by his body servant, Gin-Ghi, or Gin-Ghi Fo, a subject of the Emperor of the Celestial Empire. The moment the steamer had got under headway Merritt had ordered Gin-Ghi to arrange his chair on the sunny side of the vessel and had not budged till 4, when the lunch bell rang. Back he came at 4:30, disappearing again at 7 to go to dinner, and returning to his post after an hour's absence. His attitudes and movements were strikingly like those of a manikin. He was never seen to turn his eyes to the right or left, but kept them fixed in the direction the steamer was taking, as if he were dreaming of the great western world soon to rise before him. At 10 o'clock to the minute he arose and betook himself to his state-room, with a gait so balanced and even that the roll of the vessel was powerless to affect it.

The next morning Josh Merritt was back in his place again in exactly the same attitude, the same pose, even the skirts of his duster twisted into the same wrinkles as on the day before, while Gin-Ghi was seated near him with the same pained expression of ennui and tedium on his smooth, round yellow face.

For Captain Harry the card-room had no charms, and as he looked about him for someone to chat with, his eyes fell upon Mr. Joshua Merritt of Liverpool stretched to his full length in his steamer chair. Judge of the young officer's surprise as he halted alongside the gentleman from Liverpool to hear the latter pipe out in a shrill tone, "Captain Harry Waldron, of the United States army, I believe?"

"The same, at your service, sir," stammered Waldron.

"The son of the late Colonel Hastings Waldron, U. S. A.," squeaked Merritt.

"Yes, sir," gasped Harry, I see that you are acquainted——"

"Oh, yes—your father—great Indian fighter—with Custer on the Little Big Horn—Custer ought to have taken his advice—yes, that's so—your mother is a wonderful woman—yes, that's so. I've had a loss, too——" and here this bit of human machinery seemed to suddenly run down.

"Daughter or wife?" timidly suggested Capt. Harry, hoping to start it up again.

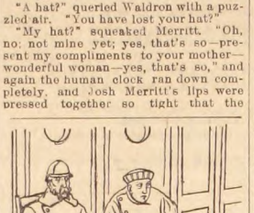
"Oh, no—never married—that's so—if I had lost my wife I wouldn't be looking for her—that's so——"

"Then you are searching for——"

"A hat!"

"A hat?" queried Waldron with a puzzled air. "You have lost your hat?"

"My hat?" squeaked Merritt. "Oh, no; not mine yet; yes, that's so—present my compliments to your mother—wonderful woman—yes, that's so," and again the human clock ran down completely, and Josh Merritt's lips were pressed together so tight that the



"HE WAS NEVER SEEN TO TURN HIS EYES"

young captain took the hint and walked away.

"Is he a lunatic or is he shamming?" muttered Harry to himself, as he looked about in search of his mother, to whom he made known the astonishing fact that this eccentric tourist was well acquainted with their family.

The Germanic was well on her way across the Atlantic before the truth leaked out that the eccentric Englishman in the gray-white duster was no less a personage than Mr. Joshua Merritt, the retired Liverpool lock manufacturer, worth a cool £1,000,000 sterling. At once there was a flutter among the women, young and old, and the human talking machine was kept busy squeaking out in excruciating monotony the sole phrase which it seemed capable of uttering—"That's so; yes, that's so; that's so; yes, that's so."

Mr. Waldron had not abandoned all idea of taking a second husband, only he must be rich, very rich, so that Harry might resign from the army and they be enabled to settle down in gay and frivolous New York, the Paris of the new world. Mr. Merritt filled the bill exactly. What harm did he do—contented by dot? As for his checker-board trousers, high gaiters, etc., once hers she would soon make another man of him.

But although it was only too evident that the heart of the machine man felt the warmth of this radiant soul, yet he stood firm, or rather sat firm in his steamer chair. Once he so far forgot himself as to invite the "wonderful woman" to sit down beside him. Gin-Ghi was asleep. The moon was full. The supreme moment seemed to have arrived. After an almost endless string of "Yes, that's so's," Mrs. Waldron succeeded in dragging in the remark that nothing was more beautiful than a moonlight night at sea. "Yes, that's so! Yes, that's so!" squeaked Mr. Merritt, "but I would like it better," he added after a pause, "if the man in the moon only wore a hat—yes, that's so, that's so!" he repeated slowly over and over, and then the clock-work came to a dead standstill. The man of $5,000,000 and Gin-Ghi, his factotum, were both sound asleep.

CHAPTER II.

No one drew a muscle as Mr. Joshua Merritt, closely followed by Gin-Ghi, loaded like a pack mule with valises, hat boxes, canes and umbrellas, strode into the corridor of the Brevoort House, and approaching the desk, set down in a bold, staff hand the words: "Josh Merritt and man servant, Liverpool." People are accustomed to curious types in a cosmopolitan city like New York, and to eccentric Englishmen in particular at the Brevoort. The rich manufacturer had softened a little bit in taking leave of Mrs. Waldron on the wharf and had actually invited mother and son to visit him in England the next year. Mrs. Waldron was delighted.

And now comes the question: What was this strange pair—one hailing from the extremity of Asia and the other from the extremity of Europe—doing in New York? Where were they bound? How did it happen that they should be racing around the world together, the one footing the bills, the other doing the work? If we listen to their conversation, possibly it may all come out. But, first and foremost, a brief word concerning the Celestial in the service of the Anglo-Saxon. This son of the Orient had not laid aside his national garb. He still wore the chemise (tethan chaol), the tunic (ma coual), the robe (haol) buttoned on the side, and the loose trousers with cloth belt. His name was Gin-Ghi, and he deserved it, for it signified "lazy man," and such he was, if there ever was one. Neither work nor danger seemed to quicken his pace. If ten steps were required to execute a commission, it went undone; if twenty were necessary to escape danger, he took his chances. The wonder is that Merritt's stock of patience did not finally become exhausted. But the truth is, the Englishman had become accustomed to Gin-Ghi's peculiarities, and he now liked him for his defects.

When his orders were not executed he executed them himself. This simplified matters. It was quite possible that the day was not far distant when he would set on Gin-Ghi's body servant. No doubt the Chinaman was inclined to think so, and to his mind it would only be a fair turn about. In the meantime, while waiting for this piece of good luck, Gin-Ghi was obliged to follow his master wherever the sweet will of that eccentric personage dictated. On this point Josh Merritt brooked no remonstrance. He would not hesitate to carry the Chinaman's trunk on his shoulders rather than leave Gin-Ghi behind when a train or steamer was about to start. So willy-nilly, the "lazy man" was forced to look step with the Englishman and even up things by sleeping all he could during the journey. In this way the pair had accompanied each other for thousands of miles in the old and new worlds, and, as a result of this continuous locomotion, they now found themselves in the great metropolis of the Western hemisphere.

"Yes, that's so, that's so," grumbled Merritt in his beard; "I suppose that you have everything ready?"

It is hard to say why he put this question to Gin-Ghi, since he himself had done all the packing with his own hands; but he never failed to ask the ques tion on principle.

"Ready ten thousand times over," replied the Chinaman, who had not been able to rid himself of the style of phraseology current among the children of the Flowery Kingdom.

"Our valises?"

"Are locked and strapped."

"Our firearms?"

"Are in most excellent condition, O, man of all perfections."

"And our supply of provisions?"

"It was you, O, Master Josh, who took the receipts from the hands of the express agent. But I don't see why this laying in a supply of provisions is necessary, since if we continue this globe-trotting it is a mere question of time when we shall be eaten up ourselves."

"Eaten up, Gin-Ghi? O, yes, that's so, that's so. Then you expect to be eaten up, do you?"

"Yes, sooner or later, Master Josh. Six months ago we came very near ending our existence in the stomach of a cannibal. I especially."

"You, Gin-Ghi, my faithful servitor?"

"Yes, for the very reason that I'm fat, while you, oh man of all perfections, are very lean, so these people would not hesitate to pick me out."

"Pick you out? Oh, yes, that's so, that's so."

"And, moreover," continued Gin-Ghi, "I'm informed that cannibals are particularly fond of a yellow Chinaman, whose flesh, on account of his feeding upon rice and vegetables, has a very delicate flavor."

"Yes, that's so, that's so," replied Merritt dryly, "and for that reason I have always contented to smoke a great deal, for you know the anthropophagi don't like the flesh of a smoker."

"But, thank heaven!" murmured Gin-Ghi, rolling up his little eyes as well as their oblique position would permit, "the North American Indian is not a man-eater."

"Yes, that's so, that's so," put in Josh Merritt with an almost imperceptible chuckle, "but they are adepts in scalping, and nothing affords them more pleasure than to find a nice long scalp lock a ready braided for them."

"Ay ya! Ay ya!" broke out Gin-Ghi, rending up and inspiring the air through his pig-tail queue. "And all this peril for a single hat, when the world is full of hats! O, when I think of this the tears trickle upon my yellow cheeks like raindrops upon golden chrysanthemums,"

"And when shall you get through this trickling?" demanded Joshua, knitting his eyebrows sternly.

"But this hat you are searching for, Master Josh, when you find it, it will be in shreds and tatters."

"Yes, that's so, that's so; but I've heard enough, Gin-Ghi—more than enough. Any unbidden talk should be left for any other. If you disobey me I'll have you bastinadoed, fifty blows of a rattan on the soles of your feet."

"We are not in China, Master Josh."

"I'll take away your rations"

"Good; that'll reduce my flesh."

"I'll have your queue cut off close to your head."

"Cut off my queue?" gasped Gin-Ghi. "I'll stop your allowance of tobacco!"

"The god Fo will not refuse me protection."

"It won't do you a bit of good. Yes, that's so!"

But this last threat of Merritt's was not without its effect. Gin-Ghi's manner suddenly changed, and, courtesying most obsequiously, he professed the utmost respect for the man of all perfections.

CHAPTER III.

But what hat was this thus mysteriously referred to, and why was Joshua Merritt passing his whole life hunting after a hat? This man of many eccentricities, as has been said, was an Englishman from Liverpool, one of those harmless monomaniacs who are not met with solely in the United Kingdom, for who has not fallen in with them on the banks of the Loire, the Elbe, the Danube, and the Scheldt, as well as in the region washed by the Thames, the Clyde, or the Liverpool. His eccentricities as a collector had made him wealthy Joshua Merritt a well-known man in Lancaster and adjoining counties. He was not one of those ordinary collectors whose souls are satisfied with engravings, books, objects of art or antiquity which they spend life and fortune hunting for. Oh, no; his grand passion was hats—a great museum of historical headgear.

Joshua Merritt had already laid most of the globe under requisition in his search after valuable additions to his collection of hats, and now that he had, for the time being at least, by personal efforts or by means of agents and correspondents, exhausted the stocks of Europe, Asia and Africa, and, to a degree, those of the two Americas and Oceanica, the thought had come to him of pushing his searches into the far West of the United States territory. He had a special reason for so doing—a reason that would not have seemed very weighty to any one else, but which to him was very important. His studies of the aborigines had made known to him the fact that the North American Indian had a great love, nay, almost a passion, for the discarded silk hats of their civilized brethren, no matter in what state of dilapidation they might be; that very year a crop of these silk hats was harvested in the East and shipped to this Western market. Therefore was it that Mr. Merritt felt quite sure of striking something rare and valuable on this trip. But, independent of this general notion, the great collector had something special in view. To tell the truth, he was oppressed by a fixed notion, a day nightmare, which threatened to make complete his partial insanity. Some way or other, only known to himself, he had come upon the trace of a certain hat, which would add great fame to his collection. What it was, who had made it, and whether it had decked the head of prince, burgher, or peasant, Joshua had thus far kept to himself. Suffice it to say that after a long and tedious hunt, during which he had followed up a dozen trails only to be thrown off the scent in the end, he had struck the right one and run his game to cover. To speak plainly, he was now convinced that this hat decked the head of some Indian chief in the far West, and he was determined to buy it at whatever price the red man might set upon it, or to steal it if the chief refused to sell.

Although Gin-Ghi took good care not to quicken his movements in the least—for why should he when his master's hands were so much bigger and stronger than his?—yet everything was in readiness at the appointed hour, and the strangely assorted pair was soon moving westward at the rate of almost a mile a minute. Gin-Ghi awoke after they had been under way for six hours, but a glance at his face warned him that it would be dangerous to rouse Master Josh from his fit of deep thought, so he dropped off to sleep again.

But the time has come when the reader can be no longer trifled with. He is entitled to know something about this mysterious silk hat, which with its limp and flapping brim beckoned Joshua Merritt on and ever onward toward the setting sun. This hat once rested upon an imperial brow, for it was once the property of Napoleon III., Emperor of the French. Why, exclaims the astonished reader, that would not be such a wonderful addition to the Merritt museum, for su ely during the nineteen years of the Emperor's reign it would not have been a very difficult matter to obtain a silk hat once worn by him. Paris must be full of them. One moment, impatient reader, this was a particular silk hat worn by Napoleon III. while he was still merely Prince Louis. It sheltered his head the morning of his unfortunate attempt to seize the Empire of Strasburg. He had it on his head when he escaped to America. He wore it during his brief sojourn in New York City, when he had lodgings in East Houston street and upon the eve of his return to Europe at the call of his dying mother, Queen Hortense, he gave it to his friend Mr. Smith. Is there any wonder that Joshua Merritt yearned to

"THE STRANGELY ASSORTED PAIR WAS SOON MOVING WESTWARD"

possess this historical silk hat given by a prince, soon to become an emperor, to Mr. Smith? But what Mr. Smith? Who was Mr. Smith? What did Mr. Smith do with the hat?

To all these questions no satisfactory answers can be given. The reader, if he be an intelligent man, must surely know that money, patience and perseverance make up a strong team. Josh Merritt had all three. For twenty years he had had his mental eye on this hat. Was he about to be rewarded for these years of sleepless vigilance, of untiring endeavor?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Living Net.

At Tetuila, one of the islands of Oceanica, M. Aylic Marin witnessed a peculiar method of fishing. The scene, as he describes it, is picturesque and interesting. The costume of the natives of Tetuila is a kind of short tunic of sea-weed or leaves. They powder the hair white with chalk, and wear wreaths of gardenias or red hibiscus on their heads and around their necks. The warriors, unlike the men of peace, powder their hair red. As their locks are very long, they have quite a terrible appearance.

At a signal all the inhabitants of the village assembled on the seashore. There were about two hundred persons. They plunged into the water, each carrying a branch of the cocoa palm.

At a given distance from the shore they turned toward it, and formed a compact half circle, each one holding his palm branch perpendicularly in the water, thus forming a kind of scine. The leader of the party gave a signal, and this living net approached the shore gradually, in perfect order, driving before it a multitude of fishes. Surrounded by this living wall, and caught in the cocoa palm branches, many of the fishes were cast on the sand by the waves and others were killed with sticks.

The women gathered up the fishes in baskets. Some were at once taken to the cabin of the chief of the village, and some were cooked for M. Marin over hot coals, and given to him without seasoning, but with bananas and cocoanut milk to complete the meal.

One of the most wonderful discoveries in science recently, says the American Machinist, is the fact that a beam of light produces sound. A sunlight beam is thrown through a lens on a glass vessel that contains lamp-black, colored silk, worsted or other substances. A disk having slits or openings cut in it is made to revolve swiftly in this beam of light so as to cut it up, thus making alternate flashes of light and shadow. On putting the ear to the glass vessel strange sounds are heard so long as the flashing beam is falling on the vessel.

The Wrong Time.—Mother—No wonder you catch cold. Every night you kick all the covers off. Why do you do it? Little Boy— I don't know, mamma. You'll have to ask me when I'm asleep.—Good News.

"Our taycher says that ivery man should thry to get to the top," says little Micky Dolan. "Throw for the taycher," responded Micky's father, "unless yez happen to be startin' to dig a well."—Washington Star.

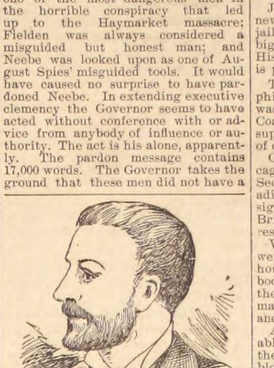
REDS TURNED LOOSE.

ANARCHISTS ARE PARDONED BY GOV. ALTGELD.

Fielden, Schwab and Neebe Doff Their Prison Garb and Walk Free from Joliet —The Governor Scores the Presiding Judge, Jury and Detectives.

Shed Their Stripes.

The Chicago anarchists, Schwab, Fielden and Neebe, have been pardoned out of the Joliet Penitentiary by Gov. Altgeld. The news of the pardon caused the most profound surprise at Joliet, according to a dispatch, but it is said to have been anticipated in Chicago by the friends of the imprisoned men. Schwab, according to MICHAEL SCHWAB. the Joliet correspondent, has been looked upon as one of the most dangerous men in the horrible conspiracy that led up to the Haymarket massacre; Fielden was always considered a misguided but honest man; and Neebe was looked upon as one of Augustus Spies' misguided tools. It would have caused no surprise to have pardoned Neebe. In extending executive clemency the Governor seems to have acted without conference with or advice from anybody of influence or authority. The act is his alone, apparently. The pardon message contains 17,000 words. The Governor takes the ground that these men did not have a



GOV. ALTGELD.

fair trial and that the court was prejudiced. He scores Judge Gary and Chief of Police Bonfield severely.

Schwab, Fielden and Neebe were sentenced to State's prison on the charge of complicity in the Haymarket massacre on the night of May 4, 1886.

The details of the trial are too well remembered to demand recounting. Spies, Fielden, Parsons, Fischer, Lingg, Schwab and Engel were sentenced to death and Neebe, whom many thought innocent, to fifteen years in the penitentiary. The case was carried up and fought with great desperation in the Supreme Court of Illinois by the prisoners' lawyers, but SAMUEL FIELDEN. the court finally adjudged the verdict correct in law and the sentence of the court was carried out in respect to Spies, Parsons, Fischer, Engel and Neebe. Louis Lingg killed himself horribly with a fulminating cap in the jail on the day preceding that set for the hanging.

A determined attempt to secure a commutation of sentence was made before the execution. It was joined in by many, especially in behalf of Parsons, who was well known and popular, and it might have been granted if that wild fellow had consented to recant in his faith. But he refused to do so, and Gov. Oglesby was obdurate in refusing to grant a commutation to any who did not weaken. Spies, worn as his friends say by long confinement, consented to admit his error, but Oglesby, considering him the leader, would give him no mercy. Fielden and Schwab made terms and sentence was cut down to life imprisonment. Spies, Parsons, Fischer and Engel were hanged from the same gibbet in the north corridor of the jail in Chicago, on Nov. 11, 1887. They were buried on Nov. 13 in Waldheim Cemetery, where a monument in their memory has just been unveiled. The others were quickly taken to Joliet Penitentiary.

OSCAR W. NEEBE.

For the last three or four years strong efforts have been made to secure their pardon, and an amnesty association was formed in Chicago, which has worked unceasingly to this end. Many petitions were presented to Gov. Fifer during his term of office praying for executive clemency in the case of these men, but he refused to listen to the appeals.

Unveiled Their Monument.

Sunday afternoon, in Waldheim Cemetery, near Chicago, a stately monument to the memory of Spies, Parsons, Fischer, Engel, and Lingg, the executed anarchists, was unveiled. It rested on the same spot which marked their several graves. President Schmidinger, of the society which erected the monument, delivered an address, reciting matters of interest in connection with the movement. About 3,000 persons witnessed the ceremony. The monument was draped in the red which the organization so fondly clings to as an emblem of its order, and the men, women, and children who were grouped around the monument were red in profusion and talked of "martyrs to the cause of human rights."

Paymaster General Stewart has completed the statement of the expenditures of the Columbian naval review. The total expense of the review was $76,800 and the appropriation was $350,000, leaving a balance of $273,200, of which $250,000 will be covered into the Treasury, leaving the department a balance of $23,000 to meet any contingent expenses which may be reported later.

The Turner & Seymour hardware factory at Torrenton, Conn., burned with a loss of $85,000.

ALL OVER THE STATE.

ILLINOIS NEWS CONCISELY CONDENSED.

An Olney Citizen Kills a Tough Who Bullied Him—Mount Vernon Breathes Easier —Governor Altgeld's Vetoes—Quincy Suffers from a Severe Storm.

From Far and Near.

At Hillsboro, James Brush, of Carbondale, and Miss Blanche Brown were married.

The dishonorable discharge of Private Fred T. Barrett, Company G, Second Infantry, has been revoked.

The body of an infant, with every appearance of having been murdered, was found under a Jacksonville culvert.

W. H. Ashlock, H. H. Ashlock, H. C. Ashlock, Jacob G. Hunt, W. M. Stell, and V. O. Ranney, all residing near Carollton, were arrested on the sensational charge of disturbing a grave.

James Ferguson Pritchard, a newspaper reporter, who has been in jail at Belleville for three months for bigamy, has been released on bonds. His appeal from a sentence of one year is pending.

The body of John Cashle, of Memphis, Tenn., who was aged 37 years, was found in a pond at the Consolidated Coal Company's mines at Breeze. It is supposed he committed suicide in a fit of despondency.

Col. Harris A. Wheeler, of Chicago, late brigadier commander of the Second Regiment, was appointed Brigadier General by Gov. Altgeld and assigned to the command of the First Brigade, to succeed Gen. Fitz-Simons, resigned.

When Mrs. John Fury, of Chicago, went to the barn in the rear of her house she was horrified to find the dead body of her husband suspended from the roof by a rope. Fury was a salesman by occupation and leaves a widow and four children.

A wind and rain storm did considerable damage at Quincy. The wall of the residence of Henry Krosch was blown in and fell on his two boys, who were in bed asleep. They were buried under the debris, but not hurt. Much grain was blown down and trees suffered.

The Board of Directors of the Mount Vernon Car Manufacturing Company unanimously adopted a resolution to submit the question of an increase of the capital stock of the concern $50,000 to a vote of the stockholders. This effectually disposes of all rumors of a contemplated removal.

The Governor has issued requisitions on the Governor of Kentucky for James Thornton, wanted in Chicago for larceny; on the Governor of California for John H. Glaser, wanted in Chicago for embezzlement, and on the Governor of New York for Maud Hania, alias Blodgett, alias Arlington, wanted in Chicago for arson.

About 7:30 o'clock Thursday evening Henderson Bullard shot and killed Henan Franklin, a local tough and bully, on Main street, at Olney. The murderer gave himself up and is now in jail. The reason he gave was that for some time past Franklin has been abusing him, and Thursday knocked Bullard down twice and threatened to whip him on sight. This became unbearable to Bullard, who is a man of slight build, and he procured a shotgun and loaded it. When he met Franklin, who was sitting on a box, he walked out into the street about thirty feet from him and ordered him to stand up. Franklin told him to shoot, when Bullard took deliberate aim and fired. Franklin fell and died in a few minutes.

Gov. Altgeld vetoed the bill which provides that insurance companies shall pay the owner of a building in case it is totally destroyed by fire the full amount of the policy without regard to the value of the building destroyed. The Governor also vetoed the bill enlarging the Anna and Central Insane Asylums, giving as a reason that more and less unwieldy institutions were needed. The total amounts appropriated by the Legislature for each of the institutions named were as follows:

Elgin Insane Hospital	$384,450
Kankakee Insane Hospital	672,100
Jacksonville Insane Hospital	372,000
Anna Insane Hospital	299,350
Asylum for Insane Criminals	70,000
Deaf and Dumb Asylum	219,500
Blind Asylum	110,000
Feeble-minded Asylum	113,653
Soldiers' Orphans' Home	115,600
Eye and Ear Infirmary, Chicago	75,000
Soldiers' Home, Quincy	275,000
New Reform School for Girls	130,000

Fred Arn, a freight engineer on the Big Four, slipped and fell off his engine and was killed at New Mound City.

Members of the Illinois State Board have named the 24 as "Illinois Day." Special efforts will be made to make this one of the best days of the Exposition season.

James H. Paddock, of Springfield, was appointed a member of the State Board of Live Stock Commissioners. It is thought that he will be made secretary of the board.

The Illinois Weather Service, in its crop bulletin, says: The temperature has been about normal in the extreme northern counties of the State, while in the other counties it averaged from 2 to 5 degrees daily above. The percentage of sun has been in excess of a seasonable amount. The rainfall has been much below a seasonable average. Wheat has made considerable progress during the week. It is maturing rapidly, and in some of the southern counties will be harvested during the coming week. In some localities scab and rust are reported. Rye is reported an average yield. Meadows and pastures remain generally in excellent condition. The worms are still working in the meadows in some localities. Potatoes promise a good yield. Oats is still reported in fine condition, but in some sections is making a rank growth. The reports indicate that the yield will be above the average.

Joseph Hood, a wealthy resident of Adams County, was killed at his home at Payson by falling out of a cherry tree. He struck on his head. The skull was fractured and he died while being carried into the house. He was 65 years old.

The two little sons of Frank Freeman, a farmer who resides about ten miles northeast of Springfield, were drowned in the well on their father's premises. It is not known how the accident occurred. The children were 5 and 6 years of age respectively. They were motherless, which accounts for their being along at the house.