AN UNCONSCIOUS CRIME.

A Story Written for This Paper by William Westall.

CHAPTER IV.

The morning was fair and myself in high spirits, for I was going to see Miss de Souza, and I inferred from her brother's silence on the subject that his fears and mine touching Delmar's supposed designs were proving groundless. True, my friends were going away, but they liked Paris so well that I felt sure they would soon return.

I started at 10, a world too soon, but by loitering on the way and making a few detours I contrived to arrive at my destination not many minutes before the appointed time. After exchanging bonjours with the porters and Mme. Mijoux, the landlady, I went up stairs. My friends' rooms were on the first floor, en suite. Delmar's bedroom was on the second floor (No. 56).

The de Souzas were waiting for me, and as I went Marie rang the bell for breakfast. She looked as bright and happy as usual, but her brother was pale and heavy-eyed and complained of headache. His sister suggested that a walk would do him good and proposed a stroll in the Bois, a proposal to which I a sented gladly and de Souza with seeming hesitation.

So soon as breakfast was over Marie went to her room to put on her things.

Two minutes afterwards there came a knock at the door, followed by Mme. Mijoux, looking flurried and anxious.

"Pardon me for intruding on you, M. de Souza. But M. Delmar—I am very much concerned about him—and you are his friend, and I want your advice as to what I should do."

"My advice will be quite at your service, Mme. Mijoux, when I know what has happened. I suppose something has happened."

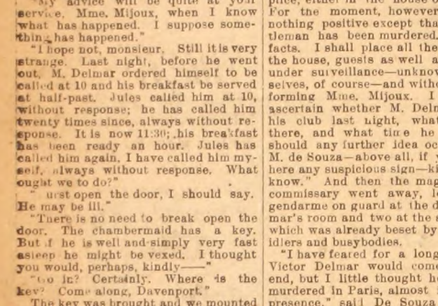
"I hope not, monsieur. Still it is very strange. Last night, before he went out, M. Delmar ordered himself to be called at 10 and his breakfast be served at half-past. Jules called him at 10, without response; he has called him twenty times since, always without response. It is now 11:30; his breakfast has been ready an hour. Jules has called him again. I have called him myself, always without response. What ought we to do?"

"Just open the door, I should say. He may be ill."

"There is no need to break open the door. The chambermaid has a key. But if he is well and simply very fast asleep he might be vexed. I thought you would, perhaps, kindly—"

"To in? Certainly. Where is the key? Come along, Davenport."

The key was brought and we mounted



"MY GOD, LOOK AT THAT."

to the next floor. Before attempting to open the door we knocked vigorously and shouted our loudest.

"Something wrong here," said de Souza as he put the key in the lock.

We went into the room together, leaving the landlady, Jules and the chambermaid in the corridor.

"Why, he is fast asleep still. Wake up, old man. My God, look at that!" Then I saw that the bed-clothes were smeared with blood, and a thick pool of it was coagulated on the carpet.

"He has either been murdered or broken a blood vessel," added de Souza, bending over the body. "At any rate, he is dead."

"Suicide, perhaps."

"No. The wound is there between the shoulders. It is a case of murder. Don't disturb anything. Jules, go to the nearest police station and tell them what has happened—go running. Nobody must go in until the police come," locking the door and putting the key in his pocket.

"Murder in my house! Oh, mon Dieu! mon Dieu! I shall be ruined," cried Mme. Mijoux, wringing her hands. "What shall I do? What shall I do?"

Here Miss de Souza came up, looking much more frightened than grieved, I was glad to see. After telling her that it was really true Delmar had been murdered, her brother advised her to return to their own apartments, which she did promptly.

Presently a commissary of police and two gendarmes arrived, followed after a short interval by a juge d'instruction and a surgeon. The magistrate, aided by the surgeon, drew up a process verbal, and questioned everybody who could throw light on the affair. De Souza told all he knew, which was very little, no more, in fact, than I knew myself. Mme. Mijoux and the chambermaid knew nothing. The night porter, who should have been an important witness, was just as ignorant. M. Delmar went out at 7 on the previous night, but at what time he returned the man could not tell. He slept in an alcove, near the front door, which he opened with a cord to any of the guests who rang the bell and gave his name. But as he had acquired the habit of performing this duty automatically, and invariably fell asleep again the next minute, he could give no information as to the murdered man's return.

The position of the body and the nature of the wound left no doubt that Delmar had been killed while he slept—in the opinion of the surgeon, about 3 or 4 o'clock—with a long-bladed, sharp-pointed knife.

Save for a few pieces of silver, the victim's pockets were empty. His watch was under the pillow. The door had been locked, of course, from the outside, and the key taken away.

When the *proces verbal* had been drawn up, and the preliminary investigations completed, the *juge d'instruction*, to whom de Souza was well known, asked him what he thought of the affair.

"Obviously a case of murder; its motive robbery; possibly revenge."

"Revenge! Ah, you know something of the victim's antecedents then?"

"I have no doubt," said de Souza, after telling the magistrate what he knew of Delmar, and mentioning the latter's visits to the Club and his skill as a gambler, "I have no doubt that he went to the Club last night and won as usual. In that case, and you can easily find out whether I am right, is it not at least conceivable that his antagonist followed him here, and with one stroke of the knife retrieved his losses and avenged his defeat? Ruined gamblers don't stop at trifles or some one unknown outsider, who knew that Delmar was in the habit of going home with money in his pocket, may have done the deed. Another supposition that suggests itself is that the murderer is an inmate of this house."

"At any rate, he must well know the ways of the house and the situation of M. Delmar's room."

"Knowledge easily obtained by inquiring at the office and passing a night in the house as guest."

"And about the door? It was opened with a key."

"That would be easy. The lock is not complicated, and who knows that Delmar did not leave his key outside? I know I often leave mine outside."

"It is possible, and the chambermaid has, of course, a duplicate."

"This is no woman's work. M. le Juge."

"But the woman may have an accomplice, either in the house or out of it. For the moment, however, we know nothing positive except that this gentleman has been murdered. We want facts. I shall place all the inmates of the house, guests as well as servants, under surveillance—unknown to themselves, of course—and without even informing Mme. Mijoux. I shall also ascertain whether M. Delmar was at his club last night, what happened there, and what time he left. And should any further idea occur to you, M. de Souza, above all, if you observe here any suspicious sign—kindly let me know." And then the magistrate and commissary went away, leaving one gendarme on guard at the door of Delmar's room and two at the street door, which was already beset by a crowd of idlers and busybodies.

"I have feared for a long time that Victor Delmar would come to a bad end, but I little thought he would be murdered in Paris, almost in my own presence," said De Souza pensively. "He was not a good man, but that is no reason why I should not use every effort to bring the murderer to justice. It is an interesting case, too, and I shall not be surprised—— You remember our conversation at the Cafe Anglais. I have a feeling that this will be added to the long list of undetected crimes. But I must go and cable to New Orleans."

While de Souza went to the telegraph office I went to the Chanticleer office and wrote a long and, as I flattered myself a vivid account of the murder, which caused even a greater sensation than the murder in the Rue de Bac, and proved a perfect godsend to the paper, for owing to my personal knowledge of the paper, my visit to the club, and my familiarity with the scene of the crime, we were able to give fuller details and more thrilling "word pictures" than any of our contemporaries.

CHAPTER V.

Inquiries made at the Club confirmed de Souza's surmise that Delmar was there on the night of the murder. He had gambled, won, and gone home, as usual, about three o'clock. But though Delmar was not liked, and it was supposed that he did not always play fair, there was nothing to show that any member of the club was privy to the murder. The last man with whom he had played cards, and from whom he had won the most money, could account for every minute of his time, from Delmar's departure to the discovery of the crime.

The night porter, the head waiter, and the chambermaid were arrested and examined; but, as there was not a particle of evidence against them, and they made no damaging admissions, all were released after a short detention. Wherefore, to O'Yea's chagrin, the boom did not last long. There was nothing to keep it going, and except by the police and a few others the "Crime of the Hotel Mijoux" was soon forgotten. Among the few others was Mme. Mijoux. Several of her visitors left, and though the room in which Delmar died was one of the best in the house no one would have it at any price.

"Why don't you come and live here?" said de Souza to me one day. "I wish you would."

"I wish I could. Unfortunately, I cannot afford to."

"Yes, you can, if you are not superstitious. Are you?

"The idea of a sub-editor being superstitious!"

"Well, I have spoken to Mme. Mijoux, and if you will occupy Delmar's room for two months she will let you have it for nothing, and give you a good breakfast every morning into the bargain."

"Pour encourager les autres, I suppose?"

"Exactly. She thinks you will bring her la bonne chance" (good luck).

"All right. It's a bargain."

"When will you come?"

"To-night."

And I did, and the arrangements suited me to a T. It was a great saving, an important consideration in those days. I was also nearer to my work, and I saw Marie and her brother every day and dined with them at least once a week.

Shortly after I took up my quarters at the Mijoux she asked me whether I was not afraid of sleeping in "that dreadful room."

"Not the least. Why should I be?"

"Well, I know I should be. Of course, you are always careful to lock your door."

"I never lock my door on principle. I knew a man who always locked himself in his room. One night he was roused by a cry of fire, but the lock being hampered he could not get out, so had to drop from the window, thereby sustaining injuries that crippled him for life. Besides, I regard number fifty-six (Delmar's old room) as the safest in Paris. Who ever heard of two murders being committed in the same room within a few months? Its associations are a better protection than all the bolts and bars."

"I dare say you are right. It sounds very sensible. All the same, do you never feel nervous?"

"Never, and I sleep like a top."

"Well, I would not spend a night in that room—sleep would be out of the question—with the door unlocked for all Paris."

It was quite true. I did sleep soundly, but that night—probably from the effect of supping with O'Yea, Hertz and some other pressman, I slept badly. After dozing one hour and lying awake two, I rose, wound up the blind and looked out. It was light of moon, but the light was occasionally obscured by a drifting cloud. All was quiet in the street and the house. I was turning round with the intention of going to bed again and wooing sleep once more, when I thought I heard the door creak.

I listen intently. There can be no question about it. The door does creak, and I fancy I see it move.

Slipping into a dark corner between the bed and door, I await developments.

Slowly, slowly, the door is pushed open, and a shrouded and hooded figure glides noiselessly into the room and makes towards the bed. In the robber's right hand gleams a knife.

As he stoops to see where to strike I spring from my hiding place, dash the weapon from his hand and hurl him on the bed. The next moment, for he is too much surprised to struggle, I have him by the throat and on his back. Just then the moon emerges from behind a cloud, pouring a flood of light into the room, and in the ghastly face and terrified eyes of the midnight murderer I recognized the features of—my friend.

"You, de Souza!" and surprised in my turn, I relaxed my grasp and let him rise.

"Davenport! Davenport! You here! Why—what are you doing in my room? Why this violence?" he asks in a hoarse whisper.

"Violence! In your room! What do you mean? Are you mad? This is my room and you came here to kill me. Here is your knife" (picking it up from the floor). "Only a minute ago I dashed it from your hand as you were in the very act of striking."

"Oh, my God, what an escape for both of us! As He is my witness, Davenport, I knew not what I did. The last thing I remember before I found myself in sweet grass I was falling asleep in my own room. I am—I must be—a somnambulist. I have suspected it for seve al days, but I had no idea it went to this fearful extent. You yourself proved my susceptibility to hypnotism. Somnambulism is the same thing; and yes, there can be no doubt of it—I am the murderer of Victor Delmar."

"You! Impossible! You are raving!"

"I wish I were. I fear, however, that it is only too true. The other night I left a half-written letter on my desk. In the morning I found it finished, signed, addressed and stamped. I had fallen into the hypnotic condition and done it unconsciously and unconsciously. For years I have studied the psychology of crime and played the part of criminal investigator and amateur detective. I have considered cases—actual and imaginary—from every point of view. Without the remotest intention of committing crime, I have imagined how crimes might be committed without detection. I have had crime on the brain. My own psychological state became abnormal. You remember the conversation at the Cafe Anglais and how troubled I was about Delmar; he was always on my mind—and I killed him, killed him while we both slept. And there is the only solution to the mystery. And now I have been repeating the past—reconstructing the crime, as the French say. Thank God you were awake, Davenport. Yes, thank God. Will you denounce me to the police? You may if you like."

"Denounce you! Betray my friend! Good heavens, what do you take me for? Besides, there is no proof that you did kill Delmar. It is pure surmise. And how about the money? His pockets were rifled."

"I suppose I took the money to make the police believe that robbery was the motive—and hid it away somewhere. At any rate I have seen nothing of it."

"I think you are wrong after all, de Souza. I don't believe. Anyhow, this must be put a stop to. You might go sleep-walking into some other body's room."

"You are quite right. I shall go to the Alps, live in the open air and reinvigorate my overstrained nervous system. I shall also discontinue the study of crime and take up some saner and nobler pursuit. Meanwhile, I must ask you to lock me in my room every night. You will not tell Marie?"

"Of course not."

"And now, dear friend, I want to ask you a very delicate question. All I am wrong I know you will pardon me, for it is prompted solely by a desire for your happiness. I have thought sometimes that you admire my sister."

"More, de Souza, I love her. You have asked me the question and I answer frankly; but I admit as frankly that it is the merest midsummer madness for a poor devil of a subeditor, with 75 francs a week, to think of love and marriage."

"I thought as much. But you needn't let any scruple of that sort stand in the way. Marie has an ample fortune and I am her sole guardian."

* * * * *

As touching my courtship I will only say that for once the course of true love ran smooth. A month later we were married in Switzerland. Philip was with us, for until he was radically cured of his somnambulism I was determined not to lose sight of him.

A few days after the wedding De Souza took me to his room—we were staying at Grindelwald. His writing-desk lay open on the table.

"I have been looking for some papers," he said, "which I put away ever so long ago and could not remember where. While I was looking I bethought me of a secret drawer in this desk, the very existence of which I had forgotten. I found my papers—and something else. See here!"

With that he opened the drawer, and I saw lying there side by side a bundle of bank notes, and a key with a copper label marked "No. 56."

[THE END.]

Man Sleeps Twenty Out of Fifty Years.

By the time a man reaches his fiftieth birthday he has passed 6,000 days or nearly twenty years in sleep. No marvel that a fellow sometimes rubs his head and wonders "where on earth the time has gone to?" Or, more correctly, under the new regime, "what it has been at!"

OLD SOL'S WARM RAYS

THEY FALL ON PEOPLE IN VARIOUS LOCALITIES.

High Temperature Causes Great Discomfort in Chicago and at the Fair—Electrical Storms and Cyclones Reported—Crops Are Greatly Damaged.

Scorching Weather.

THURSDAY morning Old Sol got up and made immediate preparations to cook the earth and all those who could not afford to wear seersucker coats and straw hats. He had played a hot game the previous day, but he didn't like the appearance of the silvery column in the thermometer. It was not enough to suit his taste, and he set out Thursday to pour such sweltering rays downward that poor humanity gasped and fainted from the effects of the heat. In Chicago the mercury climbed to 92 degrees up in the Auditorium tower, but that was the coolest spot in the city. Down on the streets the thermometer showed 97 degrees in the shade, and no one dared to calculate what the heat was where there was no shade. The sun beat down upon the shining pavements and radiated heat from the hot stones. Plate glass windows and white walls reflected the glare upon the heads of the hurrying crowds. Men with cork helmets and men with high hats suffered alike, and the summer girl with mulle sleeves complained as much as the apple woman with a heavy shawl.

There was a breeze. It was sandladen and hot. At every street corner the wind swept the dirt from the pavements and hurled it into the eyes of wayfarers, begiming moist faces and blinding the vision of sight-seers. Strangers in the city suffered the most. Men stopped in the middle of the street to clean the grit out of their eyes, regardless of cable trains and noonday traffic. Street etiquette was forgotten. Stylish men were seen coatless, hatless and breathless. Several people dropped exhausted by the intense heat, and the patrol and ambulance wagons were in frequent demand. Popular report made it the hottest day in six years, though the statistics were against that idea. The sun went down, but the heat remained, and not until near midnight did relief come. A severe thunderstorm then reduced the temperature several degrees.

Hot Everywhere.

From telegraphic reports the extremely warm weather seems to be pretty general throughout the country. Severe electrical storms are reported in many places. At Kalamazoo lightning struck in ten places, including the First Presbyterian Church. Wheat, which is being harvested in Michigan, was laid low in many fields by hail and cornfields prostrated, and fruit is also badly damaged. Cyclones visited Waterloo, Iowa, Elmwood, Neb., and other points, and great destruction to crops is the result. The mercury at Milwaukee reached 95 in the shade. Three cases of sunstroke are reported there, one of which was fatal. The thermometer registered 94 degrees at Des Moines, 98 at Indianapolis, and 102 at Knoxville, Tenn.

CONDITION OF CROPS.

Reports on Spring Wheat, Corn, Oats, Potatoes and Pastures.

In its crop report this week the Farmer's Review says that very little spring wheat is being raised in Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Michigan, Kentucky, Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska. The few counties where it is raised in the latter States give a very indifferent report. Of these Nebraska sends in the greater number of reports. There the greater number report the condition as poor. In some localities the crop was seen to be doing so badly that it was plowed up and the ground planted to corn. Some counties report a complete failure. In Iowa spring wheat is doing well, two-thirds of the correspondents reporting good, and the rest fair. In Wisconsin the crop averages about fair, which means less than a full crop. It is making rapid growth and in some counties is ready to head out. Dry weather is the cause of the low average. In Minnesota the condition is also the result of drouth. In Dakota half report condition bad; the rest of the reports are equally divided between fair and good.

OATS.—Oats are in condition about the same as corn in the States of Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Kentucky, Michigan, Missouri, Iowa, and Wisconsin. In Kansas most of the oats have been cut. In about half the counties the yield is good. In the rest the yield is poor, the crop having been cut short by rust in the milk stage of the oats. In Nebraska the condition is generally poor, and some fields have been plowed up.

POTATOES.—Potatoes are promising well in Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Michigan, Kentucky, Missouri, Iowa, Wisconsin and Dakota. In Kansas most of the reports are favorable, but some give fair and poor. In Nebraska the reports are about evenly divided between good, fair, poor. Rain is needed for the development of the crop. Potato bugs are doing some damage.

PASTURES.—Pastures are good in most of the States. In Nebraska they only average fair on account of drouth. In Minnesota the grass is so dry in many townships that the farmers are fearful of a destructive fire being accidentally started. In nearly all of the States a few counties report pastures dried up. The general condition is, however, good.

WILLIAM COLLINS, charged with defrauding the Missouri Pacific Railroad by keeping fictitious names on the pay roll, was bound over at Omaha, Neb., to the District Court.

U. S. MARTIN, a young man of Greensburg, Ind., is under a cloud, caused by his too free use of bank checks. His case will be investigated by a grand jury.

THE death sentence of Wm. Hartley, of Shelby County, Tenn., who was convicted of murder, has been commuted to life imprisonment.

SUNDAY CLOSING OF THE FAIR.

The Action of the Directory Was Practically Unanimous.

The World's Fair will be closed Sundays during the remainder of the Fair period. Such is the decision of the Board of Directors, declared by the emphatic vote of 24 to 4. When it became apparent by actual admissions that the general public did not care for Sunday opening, that it required the attendance of over 16,000 employes to wait upon the pleasure of about 40,000 visitors, the question was considered purely from a business point of view and it was decided that "the interests of the public are not promoted by keeping the Exposition open on each and every day of the week," and that the gates should be closed. The sole reason for closing the Fair Sundays is a financial one, as Director Hutchinson stated. The directors found that the people did not want it open and would not attend Sundays, and so they closed.

The closing resolution tells the whole story and sweeps with it the promise to repay the United States the amounts received from the souvenir coin appropriation. The resolution reads as follows:

Whereas, The Board of Directors heretofore, to wit, on May 16, 1893, adopted certain resolutions providing for the opening of the Exposition on Sundays in response to requests from persons and organizations representing a large majority of the public as well as stockholders of this corporation, and also in accordance with a resolution adopted by the City Council of the city of Chicago, representing the financial interests of said city in said Exposition to the amount of $5,000,000; and,

Whereas, Said action of the Board has been sustained by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, and the right and power of the Board of Directors to control the physical administration of the Exposition by such and as well as other days of the week has been upheld by the final decree of said court; and,

Whereas, It now appears from the actual admissions that the general public do not manifest a desire that said Exposition should be kept open to the public each day of the week, and it further appearing that if the Exposition is kept open Sunday it will require the attendance of more than 16,000 laboring men and women, the employes of the Exposition, and others, including the curators and clerks of the exhibitors, and which persons said authorities can give its own employes one day of rest each week it seems impracticable for the exhibitors and others to provide such day of rest for their own clerks and employes; and

Whereas, It further appears that the number of laboring men and women whose services will be necessarily required to keep the Exposition open Sunday is disproportionate to the number of visitors on said days, and therefore the interests of the public are not promoted by keeping the Exposition open on each and every day of the week; now, therefore, be it

Resolved, That all the said resolution so adopted the 16th day of May, 1893, and the amendments to the rule relative thereto adopted said day, are and except the prices of admissions, be and the same are hereby rescinded, to take effect after the 16th inst.

ARMY BILL PASSED.

The Measure Forced Through the Reichstag Amid Exciting Scenes.

According to cable advices the army bill was forced through the German Reichstag amid scenes unparalleled. The speeches were rancorous; the opposition bitter and unyielding; the excitement intense. The Emperor himself was in the parliament house and was fuming with unbridled rage because his royal pleasure was not acceded to with more celerity. The Government had hoped that the final passage of the Emperor's pet measure would be merely formal, and that the Reichstag would close in time to enable the swaggering war lord and his ministers to congratulate each other at their luncheon over their great triumph. But they were mistaken. The enemies of the bill fought to the very last and exhausted every means to harry the Emperor and his advisers.

The passage of the bill is an event of much importance. Aside from the dramatic interest which attaches to the Emperor's victory, and the humiliating concessions made to the foreign and church elements in order to muster a majority, the new law has other aspects of interest. The demand for its passage was based on the ground that seemingly sincere representations that German security demanded it. Without this law, which gives more men for the army, it was claimed that Germany would not remain first in her military resources. It was broadly asserted that without it she would slip backward, outstripped in the race, and become second in importance as a European power.

If the Government view is correct Germany will now step to the front with renewed strength and greater resources. At the same time watchful rivals, guarding their own interests, will measure the new strength of the German army and take measures to outdo it. Thus the race will continue as it has for years, on until, financially exhausted, overtaxed, burdened with military service, the people will become impatient and will inaugurate—perhaps in blood—a new order of things. Or, perhaps, the dream of peaceable disarmament of the great powers may be realized.

Young Baptists Cheer.

The convention of Baptist Young People, in session at Indianapolis, went wild when the announcement was made that the World's Fair gates were to be closed on Sunday. They were engaged in prayer meeting at the time, and shouted and cheered until they were hoarse. The morning session was entirely occupied with the discussion of missionary topics, and the afternoon was devoted to a symposium upon the lesser federation of the union. At 4 o'clock thirty State and provincial rallies were held in various parts of the city, where matters pertaining to the State federations were discussed. The Board of managers announced that Toronto had been chosen as the place for next year's convention.

CONGRESSMAN W. C. BRECKENRIDGE, of Kentucky, is to marry Mrs. Scott-Wing, of Louisville, widow of the ex-minister to Peru, in August. He was recently reported engaged to Miss Madeline Pollard.

SECRETARY MORTON proposes to save public money by causing packers to pay the costs incident to the inspection of meats.

FRIENDS and foes of militarism in Germany rejoice that the empire is freed from depressing uncertainty by passage of the army bill.

WHILE attempting to save his drowning son John Vick, of Detroit, was dragged down and both men perished.

TRUSTEES of the De Pauw University in Indiana fear that bequests may fall $1,000,000 short of calculations.

THOMAS SEATON, of Bolivar, Pa., was bitten by a copperhead snake, and physicians despair of his life.

DEATH ON THE GRADE.

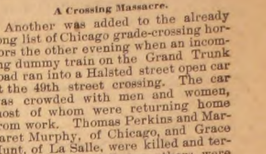
THREE PEOPLE ARE KILLED AND TEN INJURED.

Locomotive of the Grand Trunk's New York Express Crashes Into a Crowded Street Car at a Chicago Crossing—Train Men Promptly Arrested.

A Crossing Massacre.

Another was added to the already long list of Chicago grade-crossing horrors the other evening when an incoming dummy train on the Grand Trunk road ran into a Halsted street open car at the 40th street crossing. The car was crowded with men and women, most of whom were returning home from work. Thomas Perkins and Margaret Murphy, of Chicago, and Grace Hunt, of La Salle, were killed and terribly mangled, while ten others were seriously hurt.

The street car was south bound. There were forty-six passengers on board, many of whom were standing on the footboards and others between the seats. The car was in charge of Conductor Frank Barnett and Driver Charles Statuecker. When it reached 40th street there was a long freight train passing west. There is a network of tracks at this crossing and the street car men have always looked on it as a dangerous point. When the freight train had passed, however, and the gates were raised by the towerman, George Barnett, it was taken as a signal that the crossing was clear and Statuecker whipped up his horses and started across the tracks. At the same time



THE CRASH AT THE CROSSING.

Conductor Barnett, who had gone ahead of his car, motioned to the driver to come on. The approaching passenger train was concealed behind the outgoing freight train. Barnett in the watch tower saw the passenger train and realized that a collision was imminent. He at once lowered the gates, but he was too late, for the street car was already on the tracks and the passenger was only a few feet distant. The latter was running at a lively rate of speed and crashed into the side of the car, which was turned around and then thrown thirty feet through the air.

Few of the passengers had any warning of the accident. Those on the footboard nearest the passenger train saw it coming and jumped in time to save themselves from injury and perhaps death. But the majority of those on board were carried with the demolished car and they fell to the ground together, many injured and others dead. The car, broken into many pieces, buried those who had been riding in it, and, as the passenger train plunged ahead, there were cries of agony from the victims under the wreck. The dead were at once taken to the county morgue and the injured were placed in carriages and driven away. The passenger train was in charge of Conductor John Kern, Engineer E. W. Jones and Fireman James Campbell. Both engineer and fireman, together with the conductor and driver of the street car and the gateman, were placed under arrest. Many who were on the car said that the accident would never have occurred had the watchman and conductor of the horse car attended closely to duty. Severe censure was heard against Conductor Barnett. As he ran ahead to see if the way was clear he went only to the first track, it is said. Here he could plainly see the freight pulling out to the west, and amid the din of whistling locomotives he could not hear the warning signals of the approaching passenger engine. The latter train was on the second track, and had Barnett gone ten feet farther, eye-witnesses say, he could have seen the danger.

Mob Attacks an Alliance Meeting.

A large attended meeting of the Pope County Alliance at Cove, Ark., was broken up by a mob and a rainstorm of bullets was fired over the heads of the crowd. John T. Miller, a member of the last Arkansas Legislature, was addressing the meeting at the time. The report states at the first fire from the enemy every man in the crowd stampeded. Mrs. Ida Duncan, however, had the presence of mind to mount a box and call to the fleeing men to stand their ground, even in the face of death. But the men kept on running, leaving Miller alone to hold the fort alone. James Webb was hit in the eye with a stone. Efforts are being made to arrest the assailants.

Notes of Current Events.

STARR and Wilson have been landed in jail at Fort Smith, Ark., after a narrow escape from a mob.

THE North American Saengerbund decided to hold the next saengerfest in Pittsburg in July, 1896.

FOUR French war ships are now at the mouth of the Meinam, called there by the trouble with Siam.

JOHN POWELL, living at St. Johns, while working in a wheatfield, was instantly killed by lightning.

COMMANDER LYONS, of the Monongahela, has been found at fault in the collision with the Speranza.

E. P. JOHNSON and Miss Mary Gresham, of Lexington, eloped to Jeffersonville, Ind., and were married.

MEMBERS of the Citizens' Insurance Company of Cincinnati started to move for parts unknown, but were caught.

THE Norwegian bark Norma has arrived at Grosse Isle from Rio Janeiro, Capt. Markussen, his son, and the steward of the ship died during the voyage from yellow fever.

FOURTEEN saloon-keepers doing business on a strip known as "No Man's Land," near Dubuque, have been bound over in the sum of $500 each for violating prohibitory laws.

JOHN A. LOMBARD, 50 years old, manager of the Hero Fruit Company, which was involved in the failure of Spring Garden National Bank, committed suicide at Philadelphia by cutting his throat.