STORY OF A MAN'S HEART.

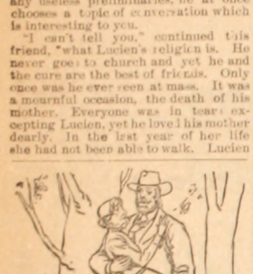
Written by Alexandre Dumas. English Adaptation by Emile Dufais.

CHAPTER I.

Lucien Barthelemy was what the world commonly calls an eccentric man. While he didn't affect to despise ordinary people, yet he seemed to have no desire to mingle with them, no doubt considering himself better company. So one of his friends said of him:

"I can't exactly say that his presence among us is depressing, yet the truth is we don't amuse ourselves so well when he is with us. He weighs upon our spirits. Not that he says anything unpleasant—far from it; but still, in spite of efforts to the contrary, we are not quite ourselves when Lucien is with us. His wine is always two-thirds water, he orders only one dish, he doesn't use tobacco in any form, he has an aversion to hunting—doesn't want to kill anything, he says. Nevertheless, he is not a bad fellow. He can laugh when he chooses, especially when there are any children about. He prefers their society, he puts himself on their level. Lack of confidence in himself? Oh, no; he is a graduate of the college of medicine, he has a wonderful knowledge of books, and always has a book thrust into one of his pockets, but never reads when in company, for he is a deep student of human nature, so much so that he seems to have been acquainted with every one in the world when he first came into it, and that he is merely meeting you again when you are first presented to him, for, without any useless preliminaries, he at once chooses a topic of conversation which is interesting to you.

"I can't tell you," continued this friend, "what Lucien's religion is. He never goes to church and yet he and the cure are the best of friends. Only once was he ever seen at mass. It was a mournful occasion, the death of his mother. Everyone was in tears except Lucien, yet he loved his mother dearly. In the last year of her life she had not been able to walk. Lucien



LUCIEN HAD CARRIED HER ABOUT.

had carried her about in the open air for hours every day. You know he is superbly built and has the strength of a giant, and had amused her as she lay in his arms like a child by telling her fairy and other stories with an arch grace and delicate pathos that would have made a publisher's fortune if the stories could have been taken down by a stenographer. At times she would fall asleep. Then he would lay her on a bench, sit down beside her and draw forth the ever-present book.

"His mother was a woman of strong character, and at her request her son gave her due notice of approaching death. The entire night preceding her dissolution Lucien sat alone by her bedside. This was as she desired. Everyone else was sent to bed.

"'To die,' murmured Madam Barthelemy, 'is not such a difficult thing to do, nor so agreeable a sight that it should be necessary to keep people awake simply because one is going to die under the same roof with them. I have need of no one but my son. I brought him into the world; it is quite natural that he should aid me in leaving it. I have no such claim upon the others.'

"I have often asked myself," said this friend, "what they talked about on that last night, which must have been a long one, and at the end of which Madam Barthelemy passed away gently, quietly, peacefully, without a pain or a pang, her son's hand clasped in hers. Nor the cure was not called in, but he had dined with Lucien the day previous at the bedside of the sick woman. When, a few weeks after, I spoke to Lucien in admiration of this beautiful passing away of his mother, he replied in a low voice:

"'Everyone can die in the same way; all that is necessary is to give five minutes' thought to death every day of one's life.'

"'And do you think that we shall meet again?' I asked.

"'There can be no doubt of it,' he replied.

"'Where, how, in what form?' I queried.

"'I don't know,' was his answer, 'and the reason why I don't know is because it is no affair of mine.'

"'Then why do you affirm that we shall meet again?'

"'Because I know we shall!' he said calmly.

"Lucien was one of those men who, while not arguing to the point, are none the less convincing.

"'Was it at all surprising,' continued this friend of Barthelemy's, 'that Lucien should have peculiar notions on the subject of marriage? I think not. Anyway he did have such notions. I have it from his own lips. Said he to me one day:

"'I want to impress upon your mind firmly that I am not one of those who think that in a civilization like ours a perpetual bonds should be laid upon a human being, no matter with what solemnity the contract may have been entered into. Fate has not the power to modify the past and man has no right to speak for the future. Legislatures support what they are set under its commercial transactions, but this cannot be so in moral compacts, subject as they are both to the variability of our ideas and our feelings. These compacts must be purely voluntary, and it is the soul's inalienable right to take possession of itself again when it discovers that, either under duress or undue influence, it surrendered unwisely. Marriage is purely a moral compact into which the man, generally speaking, goes knowingly, with full knowledge of what he is doing; but the woman, gropingly, blindly. In my opinion the man alone is entitled to be called a contracting party. When once the marriage has been solemnized,' continued Lucien, 'it devolves upon the man by every possible means to win over to him and incorporate into his existence this outside party of whom he often gets possession by surprise, by ruse, by deceit; and his own fault is it if he fails to accomplish this. Were having had perfect liberty so to do, he should before asking her to become his wife have made a close study of the young girl and given her up if he deemed her unfit for or unworthy of him. Let us hope that the time is close at hand when fathers and mothers will prepare their children differently from what they do now for this grand marriage act, so that the parties will know beforehand what a magnificent partnership they have it in their power to enter into by simply pronouncing the word yes. Civilization, I grieve to say, has not got so far as this yet. It will be necessary for women to learn many things which will be kept from them a long time yet. There will be no true marriage until choice on the part of both shall be absolutely free and there shall be full and complete knowledge in both of reciprocal rights and duties. Until that day comes there is but one court competent to pass upon this question, and that is conscience.'

"The reader will wonder at it when told that Lucien Barthelemy's forty-fifth birthday found him still unmarried. In the sunless atmosphere of his philosophy, resolution's cheek was pale and sickly looking, and 'I dare not' still waited upon 'I would;' but physically Lucien was in the very bloom of manhood, his broad shoulders carrying a magnificent head with a great wealth of curly brown hair thrown boldly back, while a full beard of a lighter tone ill concealed the placidity and sweetness of his smile. His forehead indicated spirituality as his straight eyebrows denoted firmness, energy, obduracy if necessary in opinions as in action; while his clear blue eyes, a porcelain blue, beamed with calorific influence and kindliness. This handsome face was set upon a chin of great beauty which like a pedestal imparted an air of dignity and self-control to it, and held it up, so to speak, for the admiring and sympathetic glances of the looker-on to rest upon. In spite of the few gray hairs which diligent search might have found in that thick fleece of brown, Lucien still looked the young man. In studying his hands, the skilled palmreader would have discovered unmistakable signs pointing to that union of imagination and will, of faith and reason, of love of the ideal and need of independence which is found in all men whose minds, whose consciences, whose souls are in open conflict with the world.

While yet in his forty-fifth year Lucien fell in love. What paragon of all beauty and excellence was it that was thus able, the first of all womankind, to attract the attention of the man of 45?

Largely from a sense of devotion to his mother's memory Lucien had been accustomed from time to time to pay a visit to various old friends of hers, among them the Duclos people, in good dreamstress and of considerable refinement. Madam Duclos had come from beyond the Pyrenees, and had all the beauty and grace of the Spanish woman. Their daughter, Madeleine, when a mere child, left the personal charm of the "big gentleman," as she called him, and play was abandoned and dolls hastily thrown aside to enjoy the privilege of sitting at his feet.

Barthelemy had the power of holding enchained the attention of any listener. It was marvelous. His words had coloring, suppleness, strength, elasticity; they could be sombre, gay, luminous, solemn; as his voice delivered them they affected the audience like a Beethoven symphony. With a slight stretch of the imagination one could fancy that he detected the wood and the brass and the strings with the necessary sordine to enable the speaker's mind to imprint its thoughts and ideas in relief upon this harmonic accompaniment. Lucien knew his power and delighted to exercise it; but upon no one was he more successful than upon Madeleine. The moment he opened his mouth she yielded to the fascination of his voice, sitting at his feet with her glorious dark eyes riveted upon his face as if a spell were upon her. There was manifestly a counter influence upon him, for his eye never quitted hers. It seemed as if, disdaining earthly embrace, he sought to enfold her in his breath, to enwrap her in his thoughts, to caress her with the sound of his voice.

It was Monsieur Duclos' custom to adjourn to the garden when the weather was fair, in order to enjoy coffee and dessert in the open air, and here, with his magnificent head reaching almost to the roses above him, with the dark-green of the bower sharpening the noble outlines of his face and heightening the almost woman-like delicacy of his coloring, Lucien, at Madeleine's request, was always ready to show the fertility of his fancy by inventing some quaint story in which everyday mamas and masters, fairy mothers and obedient spirits were brought into delightful contiguity. Madeleine never failed to reward the story-teller by setting half a dozen times upon his head a tea-cake. Any one listening to Lucien would recognize to its fullest extent the magic charm of the spoken voice, rare as it is beautiful.

One evening as he wrapped his arm around this child and drew her towards him he suddenly felt a deep blush mantling his face, and a strange tingling of his heart's action. Madeleine was no longer a child, she was a woman. Lucien's arm dropped by his side, and he drew away from her. He could not tell why, he only knew that he was all in a tremble and for the first time in his life his mind became suddenly clouded, his ideas grew dim and shadowy and his words slipped away from him.

In a few moments he rose and hurried away on some pretense or other, slinking out of his friend's house with a feeling of shame that both bewildered and terrified him. But she was beside him; she was following him; Lucien's voice was murmuring in his ear, her arm was about his neck; he could not escape her. No book was abstruse enough, no author profound enough to stay her steps, to stop her at the threshold of his library. She crossed it; she smiled upon him; she spoke to him in a voice of entrancing sweetness; she sat down; she made herself at home. He watched her, listened to her with mingled bliss and wonder. She was but the Madeleine of his imagination, but she was just as soft and gentle and lovable as the real flesh and blood Madeleine whom he had quitted in the bower of Duclos' garden a few hours before.

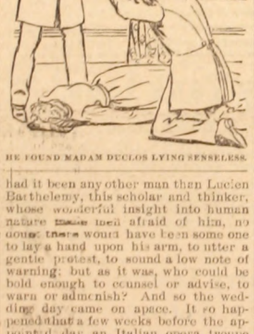
Monsieur and Madam Duclos were delighted with the discovery of Lucien's affection for their daughter. True, she was yet too young to marry, just verging as she was toward 16, but her beauty was unfolding like a flower, and while the steady increase carried joy to Lucien's heart it kept Madeleine's mother busy lengthening skirts and enlarging sleeves and corsages.

"But," laughed Madam Duclos, "Monsieur Lucien is such a sensible man, so unlike other men. He can easily wait a year for our dear child."

Madeleine was not tall, but her figure was pronounced by delightful roundness which has inspired more sudden fancies than real love, more songs than odes, more vaudevilles than dramas. At first glance one might have been inclined to use that rather vulgar but really technical term, dumpy. Very small and shapely hands and feet, black hair naturally wavy, black eyebrows almost meeting above the nose, which had the gentlest of upward tilts, like one of Pater's or Watteau's shepherdesses, large eyes gloriously deep and dark, with the bistre tone above them and the pearl tint below, cheeks rosy-red and teeth as white as July almonds—such was this child-woman. Place some red roses in those black tresses, wrap a lace mantle about that face, set a fan in motion in one of those hands and drape that round but flexible form with a shortened skirt and you would have an Andalusian, not that dark-skinned marchioness sung by De Musset, but that trim and lively Andalusian painted by Goya and set to music by Rossini.

Madeleine was the daughter of her mother. If you had gone far enough back you would have found one of her ancestors among the builders of the Alhambra, possibly even living beneath its roof. It was rich blood, therefore, of the color of melted coral which coursed through her veins. And yet a close observer would have noted the changes which the loss of the southern sun had wrought in this transplanted type.

"Can it be possible," asked many a friend of Lucien's upon hearing of his betrothal to Mademoiselle Duclos, "that he really intends to marry this child, this mere promise of a woman?" And



HE FOUND MADAM DUCLOS LYING SENSELESS.

had it been any other man than Lucien Barthelemy, this scholar and thinker, whose wonderful insight into human nature made men afraid of him, no doubt those words would have been some one to lay a hand upon his arm, to utter a gentle protest, to sound a low note of warning; but as it was, who could be bold enough to counsel or advise, to warn or admonish? And so the wedding day came on apace. It so happened that a few weeks before the appointed day an Italian opera troupe began a series of performances in the town. Madeleine was passionately fond of music, and with her grandmother's knowledge and consent, in fact sometimes in his company, she attended every representation. Lucien noted how the singing stirred her very soul and was gratified by the keen enjoyment she drew from it. The tenor singer, Angelo Liverno, a strikingly handsome young man, who had all the stage like an Apollo and sang with the ardent feeling of an Orpheus, soon became the rage of the town. Petted and feted by every one, and entertained by the best families, he set a hundred hearts aflame on his triumphal course, but seemed to take no hurt himself until he was presented to Madeleine. In an instant the two warm southern blood met, the two children of the southland met after many long years of separation.

One evening, when Lucien entered the home of his affianced, he found Madame Duclos lying senseless on the floor and her husband kneeling beside her, himself but little this side of dementia. Madeleine had eloped with Angelo Liverino!

CHAPTER II.

It had only struck 9 when Lucien had parted with Monsieur and Madame Duclos, and yet it was midnight when he presented himself at his apartments. Here were three whole hours absolutely cut out of his lifetime. During this space of time he had been dead to himself, and he only came back to life when his servant, in response to his knock, opened the door and called him by name. Then he remembered who he was and what had happened to him, and although these three hours had been cut out of his life, still they were not without effect upon him. His clothes were covered with dust and his feet so swollen that his boots had to be cut open to get them off. Manifestly he had walked many miles, for his strength, great as it was, was quite gone, staggered to a chair and asked for water. He was burning up with thirst. His servant begged for permission to summon a physician, but Lucian shook his head and directed him to go to bed. The man reluctantly obeyed after he had vainly tried to persuade his master to remove his clothes and go to rest first himself.

Nature is more merciful than men give her credit for. Like murderous blows, great agonies so dull sensibility that little pain is felt. The terrible hurt mercifully brings unconsciousness with it. Some such relief, heavy that the sufferer is crushed beneath the load. He can't even cry out, a chill almost of death steals over him. He is dead, for real death cannot be so horrible.

When Lucien's servant re-entered his room the next morning, he was startled to find his master sitting with his clothes on just as he had left him. He had not stirred from the chair into which he had fallen upon his return home after those three hours of mad pursuit, and then as the man drew the curtains aside and let the sun's rays into the room, he uttered a stifled cry of horror, for a few flecks of gray streaked that glorious head of hair—crown of strong and perfect manhood—was silvered over to its very roots. But gradually the paroxysm spent its force and like came to cure like when Lucien looked upon the terrible woe now nested in that little home and listened to the lamentations of the old couple so cruelly deserted.

Two days letters came from Madeleine, both to her parents and to Lucien, announcing her marriage to Angelo and promising to return home in a few months, when they had quieted down and had come to look upon her action in a calm and reasonable way, which, of course, was now impossible.

To Lucien she wrote as follows:

"Oh, Lucien, can you ever forgive your poor slave for thus deserting you? Ah, yes, I loved you, but I feared you, for, thought I, if his power is so great over me now, what will it be when I am his wife? You know what a wild and willful child I am. I could not bear the link of a chain, even though my love for my master was so great. I trembled when I pictured myself your wife. My woman's soul longed to try its wings, not to have them tied. Dear master, you are not weak and mortal; you would not be led by a woman. The world is so beautiful, and I have not seen it yet. Great and generous soul, bear with me. I could not be satisfied with being a listener to the wonderful things that happen to the maidens in your stories; I wanted to be one of the maidens myself. I tired of watching others dancing and feasting; I wanted to dance and feast myself. Comfort dear mother and father, oh, beloved master, with the music of your voice and the look of your noble countenance, and get over not feeling the loss of one who was not worthy of you."

Lucien read and reread this strange letter hour after hour, day after day. It had a two fold influence upon him, alternately depressing and exciting him, but in the end the feeling that took possession of his soul was a deep and indescribable indignation. To think that a woman whom he had loved with a devotion that went beyond thought should have been so ready to abandon him for such a vain and soulless creature, puffed up with the senseless admiration showered upon him by morbid-minded women. To think that this jack-a-dandy should have been so easily able to lure her away; that she should have been so ready to succumb to those manifestations of admiration which Liverino had dazzled at his female admirers in London, Paris, and St. Petersburg; that he should have been able to catch her very soul with the chaff of pretty phrases used by him in a thousand just such cases. Even by his friends Liverino was admitted to be stupid and vulgar, and yet she had found him worthy of her love. Lucien was filled with disgust at this pretty-faced minstrel; she had given up all the world for him, relinquished all other love for the love that an opera queen gets from the leading man. Faugh! And yet, strange to say, resolve a Lucien might to tear from his heart with disgust, he could not do it. The words of despised love, but he could not make it flow out in black and bitter lines. Had she ever pledged herself to him? In spite of her seeming willingness, in spite of the solemn compact entered into for her by her parents, had she really been transferred to him? Had any ear heard the divine acquiescence which was the blessing bird best loved upon the betrothal? How could a child like Madeleine be expected to know what fidelity meant when she had not learned what possession was?

"I was a man of 45," argued Lucien, "when I swore to cherish and protect her. For many years I had been a man of the world. I had complete knowledge of its social and moral responsibilities. I knew what I was doing. I was the only one betrothed."

But willing in the end as Lucien was to extend a full pardon to Madeleine, he could not bring himself to forgive Liverino, this corrupter of womankind, who made such light of despised love, of a gift which nature had bestowed upon him, who had lured Madeleine away by putting an evanescent glow into old and worn passion, by making her believe that she should be his Juliet, his Rosina, his Desdamona—not in mimic show, not in pleasing counterfeit, but in glorious reality.

"I shall follow him and kill him!" exclaimed Barthelemy, through his clenched teeth. "To let such a thief get away with his plunder would make me accessory after the fact."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE Shah of Persia has five sons and thirteen daughters. His three married sons have twenty-one children. The Persian year book mentions in the royal family three brothers and two sisters of the Shah, while the uncles, great-uncles and cousins number 140.

HE who gets into war, the classic, or in love, will not get out of it just when he pleases

WILSON BILL PASSED. WAS A GLORIOUS DAY.

ALL AMENDMENTS REJECTED BY DECIDED MAJORITIES.

Full Attendance and Great Interest Mark Proceedings—Silverites Discouraged Upon the First Ballot—Reed in a Gandy Suit—New Member.

How It Was Done.

Washington correspondence:

The temper of the House on the silver question was clearly shown Monday when the voting began upon the amendments contemplating different ratios of coinage, and the Sherman-law-repealing Wilson bill itself.

Following are the results:

	Yeas.	Nays.	Maj.
Ratio of 16 to 1	105	237	132
Ratio of 17 to 1	107	248	141
Ratio of 18 to 1	108	240	132
Ratio of 19 to 1	110	232	122
Ratio of 20 to 1	113	222	109
Bland-Allison act	186	111	75
Wilson repeal bill	240	109	131

Most of the members of the House were in their seats at 10 o'clock. The surrounding corridors and lobbies of the floor were also filled with a throng of people curious to know the outcome of the historical contest which has been going on within the chamber for fourteen days. Even those fortunate enough to become possessed of seats in comparative quiet found it impossible to maintain any degree of comfort, for the atmosphere was hot and muggy; heavy clouds lowered over the city; and there was no breath of air stirring.

The Leaders Appear.

The leaders of the House attracted attention as they came on the floor. Mr. Reed being particularly noticeable because of his suit of Kentucky jeans, enlivened by a red four-in-hand scarf. Gen. Tracey and Mr. Bland were busily engaged in conference with their lieutenants, preparing for the decisive count of votes. Lafe Pence, the enthusiastic populist from Colorado, earnestly assured Amos Cummings, of New York, that the end was not yet, despite the defeat of the advocates of free coinage. Maurice Cockrill did not appear until after the Speaker's gavel fell, but Messrs. Hatch, Rayner, and Tom L. Johnson, anti-silverites, buzzed and beamed with the anticipation of victory.

After the reading of the journal John M. Weber, of New York, who had not before taken his seat, appeared at the bar of the House on the arm of a colleague and was sworn in by the Speaker.

The resolution contained in the order of proceedings on the silver question was then read, it being Chairman Wilson's privilege to call upon free coinage at the present ratio of 16 to 1, the second for free coinage at the ratio of 17 to 1, the third at the ratio of 18 to 1, the fourth at the ratio of 19 to 1, and the other at the ratio of 20 to 1. The sixth question on the order of business for the revival of the Bland-Allison act of 1878, which was repealed by the Sherman law of 1890, and the last is on the Wilson bill to repeal the Sherman law in terms as follows:

So much of the act approved July 14, 1890, as directs the Secretary of the Treasury to purchase from time to time silver bullion to the aggregate amount of 4,500,000 ounces, or so much thereof as may be offered in each month at the market price thereof, not exceeding $1 for 371¼ grains of pure silver, and to issue in payment for such purchase treasury notes of the United States, be and the same is hereby repealed. But such repeal shall not impair nor in any manner affect the legal tender quality of the standard silver dollars heretofore coined, nor the faith and credit of the United States are hereby pledged to maintain the parity of the gold and silver coin of the United States at the present ratio or such other ratio as may be established by law.

Voting on Amendments.

The Wilson bill having been read, Mr. Bland offered his amendment—that of free coinage at a ratio of 16 to 1—and it was defeated by a vote of yeas 124, nays 226, amid applause from the anti-silver men, who had rallied one more majority than they expected.

Not nearly as much interest was taken in the second vote, which was on the ratio of 17 to 1. The decisive vote on the 16 to 1 ratio seemed to dishearten the silver men and in place of the attention which was paid to the first, was substituted a listlessness which spread throughout the hall. The ballot resulted in the defeat of the amendment by a vote of yeas, 107; nays, 248. The other amendments met a like vote. The other standards were defeated and the Wilson bill passed in regular order.

The members who stood by silver under the Bland-Allison act, but who finally voted for unconditional repeal were: Alderson (Dem., Black (Dem., Ga.) Brats (Dem.), Brookshire (Dem.), Bunn (Dem.), Conn (Dem.), Donovan (Dem.), Doolittle (Rep.), Edmunds (Dem.), Harris (Dem.), Hunton (Dem.), Hunter (Dem.), Lawson (Dem.), Lester (Dem.), Linton (Rep.), Marshall (Dem.), McCreary (Dem.), McMillin (Dem.), Meredith (Dem.), Montgomery (Dem.), Oates (Dem.), O'Ferrall (Dem.), Paschal (Dem.), Paynter (Dem.), Pendleton (Dem.), Post (Rep.), Price (Dem.), Richardson (Dem.), Ritchie (Dem.), Russell (Dem.), Stone (Dem.), Swanson (Dem.), Taylor (Dem.), Tucker (Dem.), Turpin (Dem.), Tyler (Dem.), Weadock (Dem.), Whiting (Dem.).

Engineering.

THE first society of civil engineers was formed in London, 1793.

CLEGG and Samuda, in 1838, patented the first pneumatic railroad.

THERE are many stone bridges in China dating from 1000 B. C.

IN 1847 all London houses were compelled to connect with sewers.

NEARLY 100 different machines have been invented for boring rock.

THE ideas of American bridge builders have been copied all over the world.

THERE are over seventy miles of tunnels cut in the solid rock of Gibraltar.

THE first large iron bridge in the world was built over the Severn in 1777.

PNEUMATIC tubes are now in use in most telegraphic and newspaper offices.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE was taken from Egypt to England in a vessel built round it.

THE central span of the St. Louis bridge is 520 feet, the side spans 515 feet each.

LEVEES were erected by the Babylonians and Egyptians, described by Herodotus.

THE famous bridge constructed by Queen Nitocris, at Babylon, and described by Diodorus, was five furlongs long.

CITIZENS OF ILLINOIS CAPTURE THE FAIR.

There by the Hundreds of Thousands to Glory in the Pride of the Prairie State—Everbody Who Attended Had a Rousing Old Time.

Jackson Park Was Crowded.

Illinois day, Thursday, at the World's Fair, was a revelation. While everyone expected that the attendance would surpass that of any day except the opening, no one ventured to predict the crowd that was present. The Prairie State did herself proud. All day Wednesday the regular incoming trains were crowded; and on Thursday, when the half-rate trains were running, both regular and excursion trains—the latter in three to five sections of ten to twelve cars each—were literally packed like sardines. They came from from all sections of the State. There was the husky farmer, the prosperous business man, and the brawny artisan from the northern and central portions, and the man with whiskers like a goat from Egypt, and all brought their families. Lines of transportation to the grounds swarmed with human beings like an apple tree with bees. The boats were fairly buried; and at the entrances to the grounds the silver streamed in as it had never come before, and the turnstiles clicked and registered as if the crowd would never cease. Inside, the boasted elbow-room was at a premium, especially at points of interest. Everybody was out for a time; and if he didn't have it, he will at least never come so close to it again.

There was no tiresome oratory, but there was lots of circus. Every few rods in any direction a brass band crashed and blared. Here and there, till everybody thought that the whole standing army was on the grounds, squads of the Illinois National Guard of 5,000 were marching to their rendezvous. The different parades of the day were forming, and people of every nation, earth, air and circus, flocked thither until it must have seemed to some of the visitors that the millennium had dawned.

The formal program began with the march of the people from Midway Plaisance. The State militia led at 8 a. m., and as they passed the natives from each village filed in on their camels, donkeys and Arabian horses. But there was no parading by those through the grounds. So far as the Illinois crowd was concerned, it simply marched to the Illinois Building and back. The concessionaires would not lose two or three hours of business in the middle of the day. Promptly at 11 o'clock there was a grand parade of the "Congress of Rough Riders," from Buffalo Bill's. This was headed by the Cowboy band. The parade of the Illinois troops returned to the State building at 12, headed by Gov. Altgeld in his capacity as Commander-in-chief. Here the Governor paused to review the troops. The festivities with the military department continued until late in the afternoon, and included an exhibition drill by Company C of the Third and the Springfield Cadets. At 2 o'clock an informal reception was held by the Governor. But the evening furnished the greatest sight. There was a fine display of fireworks from the lake east of Manufactures Building, the electric fountains were running, the search lights going. Wooded Island was illuminated, and gayly lighted craft floated about the waters of the lagoons. In the fireworks display in addition to the numerous novel effects furnished there were two special set pieces, one showing the facade of the Illinois State Building, 60 by 40 feet in size, containing 12,000 separate burning pieces, and the Lincoln Monument at Springfield, 40 by 40 feet, with 10,000 burning lances. "Old Glory" and the American eagle burned in the eastern sky. It was a fitting culmination to a grand day—one long to be remembered by the hosts of proud Illinoisans present.

CYCLONE AT GOTHAM.

Destructive Storm Sweeps Over the Atlantic Coast.

A hurricane struck the Atlantic coast the other night doing incalculable damage. It swept the coasts of Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York and New Jersey. The wind came from the no theast and attained a velocity of over seventy miles an hour at times and was accompanied by torrents of rain. Reports from towns and cities in the storm-swept districts tell of vessels and pleasure yachts being swept from their moorings and wrecked. No loss of life is reported. The streets in upper New York were flooded, while trees were torn up by the roots and hurled into the streets. Some of the streets of Brooklyn were impassable because of fallen trees and debris. At Bayonne, N. J., all but one of the vessels of the yacht club were driven ashore and destroyed. Many washouts are reported on the railroads. A washout at Mount Vernon, N. Y., caused the wreck of a New Haven and Hartford freight train. Telegraph and telephone wires are down. The storm left its mark over the whole region around New York within a sweep of fully one thousand miles. The rainfall, measuring 3.82 inches during twelve hours, is the heaviest that has ever been recorded by the New York signal man. Through the dragging of anchors in the North River, more that fifty cables of the Western Union Telegraph Company were torn, and are now lying useless on the bottom of the river.

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Special Attention given
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Terre Haute Road threaten to strike against the payment of wages in checks dated two weeks ahead of the pay day.

A. H. NELSON, manager of the Ogden Building and Savings Association, of Ogden, Utah, is wanted for embezzling $15,000. He has disappeared.