# TAKING TO THE NEW GIRL

## A Story Written for This Paper, by Emma V. Sheridan.

CHAPTER IV.

THE END.

"Rosa, won't you come out with me in my boat? You have never let me row you once since you have been here." Madge spoke almost tearfully.

"Yes, if you like."

Rosa had made up her mind that Ralf might think better of her if she treated Madge a little more kindly, and having overreached herself a little in her statements to Madge, she felt it as well to take every possible means to make good her words. Virtue isn't always its own reward. They had gone not so very far when the boat began to take water. Neither of them noticed it for sometime. Finally the water lifted the footboard a little.

"Don't be frightened, Rosa," Madge urged. "It isn't anything much. We can run in at one of the islands and get baled out."

The leak proved a bad one.

"I am afraid it won't do—not with two in," Madge said, ruefully.

"Leave me, do! How I wish I had not come!"

"We could borrow one of these big things here if only there was some one to ask."

"Are you sure there is no one in the house?"

"Doesn't look much like it. I can go up and see, though."

"Oh, do and hurry! I am getting frightened. The sun is going down, too!"

Madge hastened up to the shore to the house in sight. There was no one there.

"Go up to the top of the hill," called Rosa. "I'm so afraid to stay."

"There is nothing on the other side of the hill, I know," Madge objected. "Let us wait. Some one will surely come."

But some one did not come.

"I shall go crazy with fright," moaned Rosa. "Oh, do see if there is no house on the other side! You don't know why I am so frightened."

"Indeed, I don't, but I will go if you like. I know all these islands, you know, and these fisher huts are the only houses on this one."

It was a stiff climb to the top of the hill. The evening had turned swiftly chill as the sun went down, and a sharp wind blew cold in Madge's face as she gained the hill.

"There is a place," she called back, and started swiftly down the other side. It was a queer place, and about it hung the repellant air of desolation, Madge knocked briskly. Then she knocked again. At this the door

A MAN STOOD BEFORE HER.

opened suddenly and silently and a man stood before her, mute and menacing.

"I beg your pardon," Madge managed to say, "but I——" He certainly was an awful-looking old man. His eyes rolled towards her, but he made no sound. "I am sorry to trouble you," went on Madge, stoutly, though somehow the words stuck as she spoke, "but you see my boat has sprung a leak, a bad one, and I have to ask you to lend me a—a boat."

The man shook his head, and made as if to shut the door.

"Oh, you must! you must! I will pay you, if you want."

Again he made a gesture of dissent, and this time a hoarse and disconcerting sound came from his throat.

"And I will bring it back to-night, I will indeed! Mine is safe for one, but I must take my friend back, only a little way it is—Red Sands—I will come back to-night and bring back your boat. Oh, please don't refuse me!"

"To-night?" His voice was harsh and strange. In spite of herself Madge felt her blood run cold, but she managed to say: "To-night." A dreadful grin overspread the man's face. The gesture he made was almost a threat. Madge waited for no more but, trembling in every limb, she fled.

"Well, what luck?" Rosa questioned.

"Oh, such a dreadful man! But we can have the boat. He was awful!"

"How?" cried Rosa, sharply.

"I have to bring it back to-night. He was so queer! All soppy-skinned and yellow——"

"What!" shrieked Rosa.

"Yes. Do help some. Rosa. I can't move it myself. I didn't dare ask him to come and help; he was so cross and strange."

"Oh, hurry!"

"I never knew such a man lived here. His beard was——"

"Scraggly! Oh, come, come!"

"Yes, scraggly is just the right word, and such eyes—gleaming and——"

But Rosa was crying hard and trembling. At last they got off. It was a hard row; the boat was a great tub and the oars heavy and uneven. She almost gave up. Why not let the old thing go over. She could swim out of it safe, and who would blame her about Rosa; Rosa, who sat there trembling and moaning and wishing "Ralf were here." Madge set her teeth over the wicked thought that would rise. Ralf must love her, thought she, and for his sake—for his sake. She rowed on.

"You are not going back," protested Rosa, weakly.

"Of course I am going back," said Madge, and started.

Rosa crept guiltily into the house. "It isn't my fault; it isn't my fault," she kept saying.

"You were not at dinner," said Ralf. "N-"

"Nor Miss Madge."

"No."

"Where is she?"

"How should I know?"

"You were together, I thought?"

"What of that?"

"Your manner is strange, you are feverish—what is it?"

Here Rosa broke down. "Oh, Ralf, Madge has gone to haunted island. She should have been back long ago."

A few fierce quick words and Ralf understood. His face grew gray.

"What are you going to do?" moaned Rosa.

"Make the shallows or die trying," he answered through his teeth. A moment after his horse set the road to echoing.

Madge rowed hard. Her hands were blistered and her arms aching. The moon shone brightly now. As she slowly neared her former landing it seemed to her that her boat was fastened from the "run." A word about the "run." From the rough landing place a bridge of two planks was carried out on a rickety and high framework to the channel. Fishermen could thus get in at any tide. The bridge was not two planks all the way; the middle length of it was only one plank wide. It seemed downright cruel that her boat should thus have been changed from the shore mooring at which she had left it. It was just about midway the center length of the bridge, too. Madge had the choice of rowing to the shore and from the landing making her way to the center of the bridge, or of stopping at the water end of the bridge, leaving her borrowed boat there, and walking the length of the bridge to shore, taking up the boat as she went. At least this plan involved the least rowing.

Madge wearily made her way to the ladder that hung from the end of the planking, fastened the terrible old tub that had brought her, and prepared to climb the ladder. Somehow, it all seemed dreadfully lonely and ghostly, the rounds of the ladder were clammy and wet, the seaweed made them slippery, the stillness almost seemed to shriek, the moonlight wavered on the water as if alive. A long white hand reached in front of her. She looked up, her blood thickening a little. The face of the old man, from whom she had had her grudging permission to take a boat, hung over her from the plank above.

"Ah, thank you," said Madge, quaveringly, "I can get up better without help, thank you. I wish you had not moved the boat, though, I——"

She was up now dizzily balanced on the slender planking, and in need sadly of a steadying hand. The old man was gone! Gone! Ahead of her stretched the silent length of bridge, the moonlight brought every stick and stone into clear view along the shore! A recent footfall upon the slender boards of the bridge must have set them to trembling. They were motionless! Only silence, desolation and the moonlit night were there. Yet she had seen him. She had seen him, his face yellow in the moonlight, his beard straggling down the ladder, his long dreadful hand had been within reach. Madge turned faint. Then she shut her teeth.

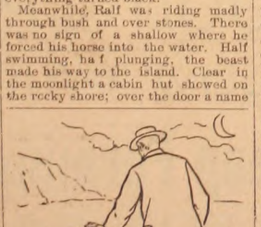
"Nonsense! If he isn't here now he wasn't here at all, of course. I have got to get that boat, and I have no time to faint." Madge spoke aloud, and the sound of her own voice gave her courage. She began the journey along the plank. A few feet from the water end the whole bridge began to swing with each step. She seemed in mid-air; the water far below glinted and ran with the tide. It seemed to carry her with it. She thought of turning back, but it was easier to go on than to turn. She stood still and slipped off her little slippers. It would be easier to keep a steady foothold without the heels. Now the double planks were passed, and the single one hung before her. Its own weight made it bend down at the middle. Her first step set it to swaying under her feet. She stretched her hands out on either side for balance, and her shadow lay upon the water, a dreadful, threatening thing below her.

"I can't stand it anymore," she sobbed to herself, her breath catching.

She was sure some one followed her. Who! What! What could be behind her? She felt the plank rise and fall under a step not her own. A hand grasped her arm. A long white hand—the hand that had reached to her on the ladder, the hand of the old fisherman! Madge threw up her arms and fell heavily. The dreadful yellow face peering down at her as she struggled in the water. She caught the gleam of its dead eyes.

"Ralf! Ralf!" she cried, and then everything turned black.

Meanwhile, Ralf was riding madly through bush and over stones. There was no sign of a shallow where he forced his horse into the water. Half swimming, half plunging, the beast made his way to the island. Clear in the moonlight a cabin hut showed on the rocky shore; over the door a name



"MADGE! MADGE!"

hung—"The Raven." Ralf urged his half-maddened horse past, up and over the hill. "Madge! Madge, darling!" No sound. Out on the water her little boat was moored to the run. Beyond, at the end, was another craft. He ran along the boards.

"Madge! Madge! Sweetheart!" His foot struck her little slippers. In an instant he understood it all. A gleam of ribbon showed in the water. He plunged in.

"Once more," he prayed hoarsely, "let me save her."

It was Madge, poor Madge, half drowned and unconscious, caught by the painter of her little boat. All wet and lifeless as she was, he lifted her on to his horse. The tide was running out fast, the shallow would be easier now. Again over the hill, down past the ghostly hut he forced his plunging horse. This time an old man with soppy-yellow skin and gleaming eyes strode out to bar the way. Ralf drove his heels into the horse's sides. The animal with a shrill scream of terror reared forward into the water.

Ralf could never tell how the rest of it happened. But he saved her. Then after awhile, when the shock and fright were all over, he asked her again what he had been too gentle and kind to ask when she came to life in his arms while they rode through the woods home that night.

"Will you be my wife, Madge?"

She looked up from her sick chair. "Rosa——"

"You said you would love me, darling, if I took to the new girl, and I tried it, dear—did—did it work?"

[THE END.]

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### Retaliating Musically.

When the composer of the "Barber of Seville" was quite a young man, the manager of the San Mose Theater at Venice became seriously annoyed with him in consequence of his having engaged to write for another Venetian theater—the Venice—and treated him with so much incivility that Rossini determined to be revenged on him.

The manager, moreover, had been malicious enough to give Rossini a libretto so utterly ridiculous that to make it the basis of a tolerable opera was out of the question. Rossini, however, was bound to set it to music, and, in default of doing so, would have been required to pay damages. In this difficulty he resolved at once to fulfill his engagement, and to take his revenge upon the manager by setting the absurd libretto to music which transcended it in absurdity.

His score was, as one of his biographers describes it, "ludicrous, grotesque, extravagant to the last degree of caricature." The bass had to sing at the top of his voice, and only the very lowest notes of the prima donna were called into requisition. One singer, whose appearance was always the signal for laughter, had to deliver a flue-drawn sentimental melody. Another artist, who could not sing at all, had a very difficult air assigned to him, which, that none of his faults might pass unperceived, was accompanied pianissimo by a pizzicato of violins.

The orchestra itself was enriched by the introduction of instruments previously unknown. In one movement the musicians, at the beginning of each bar, had to strike the tin shade of the candles in front of them, when the sound of these new "instruments of percussion," instead of pleasing the audience, so irritated them that the audacious innovator, loudly hissed and hooted, found it prudent to make his escape from the theater.

### A Mere Matter of Punctuation.

An ingenious experiment was once devised to save a prisoner charged with robbery in the criminal court at Dublin. The principal thing that appeared in evidence against him was a confession, alleged to have been made by him at the police office and taken down in writing by a police officer, and the following passage was read from it:

Magnan said he never robbed but twice Said it was Crawford.

This, it will be observed, has no mark of the writer's having any notion of punctuation, but the meaning he attached to it was that

Magnan said he never robbed but twice; Said it was Crawford.

Mr. O'Gorman, the counsel for the prisoner, begged to look at the paper. He perused it and rather astonished the peace officer by asserting that so far from proving the man's guilt, it clearly established his innocence. "This," said the learned gentleman, "is the fair and obvious reading of the sentence:

"Magnan said he never robbed;
But twice said it was Crawford."

This interpretation had its effect on the jury and the man was acquitted.

### Atlantic Cables.

Eleven Atlantic cables in all have been successfully laid, and the first two are dead or lost. Of the nine cables, only four are in really good order, the other five being old and having little chance of continued life. The average life of a cable is only ten years. One of the nine was laid in 1869, another in 1873, a third in 1874, a fourth is the cable of 1866 repaired in 1880, while a fifth was laid in 1875. The more recent are the French (Pouyer Quertier) cable of 1879, the two new Gould and the Bennett and Mackey cables.

The oldest company, the Anglo-American, is the owner of the four oldest cables: including the patched one of 1880. Three of these it laid, while the cable of 1869 was laid by the French company, and came to the Anglo-American when it absorbed that company. These four old cables are represented by a capital of $12,582,550, preferred 6 per cent shares, a like amount of deferred shares, and $9,834,900 of ordinary shares—in all, $35,000,000. Their total length is 12,319 miles, and the capital is, therefore, $2,765 per mile.

THE first horse cars in New York were run along the Bowery in 1833. Now there are nineteen street railroads in that city, using 2,000 cars and 20,000 horses, and carrying 225,000,000 passengers annually.

## FIGHTING PRAIRIE FIRES.

### Tactics Used by the Dwellers on the Great Western Plains.

Prairie fires are among the greatest evils of the vast plains of the West and every year many thousand dollars worth of property is destroyed, while lives are occasionally sacrificed. These fires are often easily subdued when the wind is light, but when a strong wind or a tempest rages human power can hardly stay their ravages. The spectacle, then, of seas of flame flashing over the prairie is one terribly sublime.

The plains people, knowing the danger of these fires, use precautionary measures. Those dwelling in the more exposed districts plow what are known as "fire guards" around their houses, barns, stacks of hay, grain bins, and, if thought necessary, even around the entire farm. These "fire guards" may be from six to eight rods wide. The ground thus plowed will usually give protection against a prairie fire. But in wind storm, the flames leap the "fire guards," streams and what on ordinary occasions would be insurmountable barriers. When, therefore, the plowed fire guards fail, it becomes a literal war of extermination between man and the flames.

The tactics of man are simple. He fights fire with fire, and just as in a city conflagration the fireman blow up and destroy buildings to keep the flames from spreading and to check their onward progress, the plains people burn and destroy the grass nearest them. They set fire, of course, only to grass growing on the side of the plowed ground nearest the advancing flames. Although the wind may be against it, this fire, not being at first very great, cannot cross the guard, and will burn against the wind until it meets the prairie blaze, which must then cease in that direction, as there is nothing left for it to consume. These flame-fighting measures, however, are often taken too late to save life and property. Sometimes the prairie fire surrounds a town that has water works, the firemen get ready their hose, attach it to hydrants and stand as a last reserve against the oncoming foe. Men, and often women, go far beyond and attempt to check the flames before the use of the fire department becomes a necessity. Barrels of water are often hauled to the edge of the fire, and the men, dipping brooms, gunny sacks, swabs, or old clothing into the saving liquid, pound and beat the flames—an effective expedient when the grass is low. These great fires have many advantages in their warfare with man. The heat is intense and the smoke stifles. Hair and beard are singed. The farmer must sometimes retreat to put out the flames on his own garments.

### The Criminal Eye.

Eyes are the most certain revealers of the criminal nature. Many an expert detective tells a criminal by just one glance—not at him, but from him. The criminal eye varies greatly in setting, but not so much in color. Sometimes it is deeply placed in the head as if it tried to hide, fearing the result of its own involuntary revelation. Sometimes it is bulgy, protrusive like a frog's and heavy lidded. Such eyes, taken in connection with some other signs, denote treachery, lechery, loquacity, mendacity, and general cruelty, with just enough cowardice to prevent the criminal from doing murder except insidiously or through others.

Of the criminal eye there are many remarkable anecdotes. The murderer Francesconi had little about him to indicate the ferocity that ambushed in his breast. His forehead was high and smooth, his beard was plentiful. To most people he rendered himself rather companionable, by a certain cheap facetiousness that often masquerades as wit, and on account of his social quality Francesconi's conceit was tolerated, and his huge egotism did not have its full chance to repel people. But years before his crime, a young girl—afterwards the Countess della Rocca—who had never left home and who lacked experience of life, recoiled from him violently when introduced, and refused to endure his presence. When questioned why she behaved thus towards one who stood so high socially, she answered: "If that man has not already murdered people, he will do so." This girlish prophecy very soon came true, and when Lombroso inquired by what sign she had foretold, she replied, "The eyes—I saw him in his eyes."—Donahoe's Magazine.

### The Power to Resist.

Some one has tersely said, "A man is frequently known by the company he keeps out of." How often this is the case! We do not all possess the power of resistance of evil in an equal degree, for the reason that the same things do not tempt all alike. Of two brothers, one was wild and fast and fell many times, the other a model of exemplary behaviour, with little patience for his brother's many failures. He could not understand his brother's weakness, for he himself had none, a fact upon which he prided himself. But what was there for him to be proud of? They simply were endowed with different proclivities. Self-confessed he stood as a man who felt no temptations. Where then was his virtue in following out the bent of his true nature? The intimate friends of the other knew but too well that every fall represented many a resistance of evil, and while they could but grieve for one, rejoiced over the many and still hoped on for a final complete triumph over an evil nature. Truly he was to be judged by the companions he did not keep when every impulse was drawing him in that direction.

THE trouble is a pointer sometimes points in the wrong direction.

## RAIN ALONE CAN SAVE.

### WISCONSIN FIRES SWEEP NORTHWARD WITH DIRE EFFECTS.

### Ashland and the Surrounding Towns Now Besieged—Settlers Flocking In from All Directions, Fleeing for Their Lives—High Winds Fan the Flames.

### New Danger Center.

Pray for rain is the hopeless cry throughout Northern Wisconsin as the forest flames continue to devour everything before them. Settlers are coming into Ashland from all directions, running for their lives. At noon Sunday the people were called from worship by fire alarms. The cinders and smoke became almost blinding all over the city. Over 1,000 volunteers were added to the fire department to fight the flames, which rushed in on the city from the Odanah Indian Reservation. At 3 o'clock there was a wild cry of despair among the people living near the Milwaukee, Lake Shore and Western Railroad shops. The waterworks

WISCONSIN'S FIRE-SWEPT COUNTIES.

had given out and there was no water. The chemical engines were brought, but it was useless to try to stop the flames, as a high gale of wind was blowing. There are but a very few wells in the city. The coal shops caught fire and the plucky engineers soon had the thirty dead locomotives fired up and running all rolling stock to the lake front. Household goods have been burned, and over 100 families are already homeless. The sight was almost obscured by the heavy clouds of smoke and cinders. Twenty men were overcome in fighting the flames and taken to the hospital. The timber and vegetation is like straw. No rain has fallen since July 10. Three families near Marengo have perished. There was no help to go to them. At Parishville the large iron plant burned. A large number of women and children who had rushed to the lake front were only saved by a desperate effort with patrol wagons.

The fire is the same that has been raging further south all week. Settlers arriving have pitiful stories to tell and are being cared for by those who still have houses. One man named Egstrom was driven crazy by the loss of his wife and family of two children. His hair and eyelashes and clothes were burned from his body when discovered.

### Covers Two Hundred Square Miles.

As near as can be estimated the fire now covers 200 square miles and is sweeping north. The damage to standing pine will be very heavy and approximates not less than $5,000,000. A woman and baby, supposed to be the wife of a settler, were picked up in an insensible condition near White River road. The child died soon after arriving. The mother is in a delirium, and it is supposed that her husband perished in the Odanah Reservation. Indians are camping on a raft in Bad River and are hemmed in with an archway of flames. All communication with Ashland was cut off from surrounding small towns. It is impossible to give details of holocausts and losses, but if rain does not soon come the death list will run up into the hundreds.

Fierce fires are raging between Iron River and Superior, and a great deal of damage to timber, railroad property and the property of homesteaders has been done. The trains on the Northern Pacific and Duluth, South Shore and Atlantic Railways were preceded by hand cars loaded with section men to repair the tracks for the trains to pass. Several bridges along the Northern Pacific have been destroyed and homesteaders in many cases have been entirely burned out.

Milwaukee has been enveloped in smoke from the forest fires. About the towns within the burning district citizens are fighting the fires day and night to prevent the flames from reaching within the limits. The fires appear to be the worst along the line of the Wisconsin Central Railway. Through Wisconsin Central trains between Chicago and Minneapolis are running over the Omaha Road between Eau Claire and Marshfield on account of the burning of a bridge. The forest fires which are causing such widespread destruction through Wisconsin and the upper end of the Lower Michigan Peninsula have covered the lake with a thick pall of smoke and navigation has become decidedly dangerous. A half dozen wrecks have occurred the last few days, and the captains of incoming boats report that the smoke is becoming steadily worse.

### Currencies Condensed.

BENEDICT MALON, the Socialist author, died in Paris.

JULIUS BERNSTEIN, a New York importer, has failed.

FIRE at Shell City, Nev., destroyed a number of buildings.

THE Cleveland lumber firm of Cartwright & Co. failed for $100,000.

SYLVIA GERRISH, the comic opera actress, is critically ill in New York.

OFFICERS of the cruiser Chicago were handsomely entertained at Havre, France.

## RECOVERED THE BOOTY.

### Short Work Made of the Mesaba Range Robbers.

The whole of the $70,000 taken by the Mesaba Range, Mich., train robbers has been recovered. When the robbers had secured their booty they were smart enough to know that it was impossible successfully to secrete the gold anywhere on the Keweenaw Peninsula. It was equally dangerous to keep it on their persons. One of the gang went to Houghton, dressed as a miner, and for a consideration of 50 cents, it is said, induced a baggageman to check his trunk through. It is not known that the baggageman was aware of the contents of the trunk, but a special train soon followed with officers, and the booty was overtaken on the road quite a distance from Houghton. Liberty, a fireman on the Duluth Road, was arrested on suspicion of being a party to the conspiracy. He made every effort to get away, but without avail. Another fireman on the road is also in custody.

The other men now under arrest for the daring train robbery are John King, the Cornish wrestler; Jack Chellew, said to be the keeper of a disreputable place in Lahpeming; John Kehoe, a Red Jacket saloon-keeper; John Quinlan, and a stranger named Butler from Marquette. A strong clew is that some women saw a horse tied near the scene of the robbery that tallied with the description of a horse hired by King earlier in the day. In addition, Chellew, King, and Kehoe left Hancock early in the morning and returned to town from the direction of the robbery shortly after it was committed.

The robbery was one of the slickest jobs in the annals of criminal history.

The robbers knew that $30,000 furnished by the Superior Savings Bank, of Hancock, and $40,000 furnished by the First National Bank, of Houghton, was on the express car, designed for the payment of Calumet and Hecla miners. If they had been still wiser they could have obtained $40,000 more, which a messenger from the First National at Hancock, carried in a hand-satchel.

Boston is about five miles south of Calumet. It is a flag station. When the engineer, Nick Schuler, saw a man vigorously signaling from the depot platform, he stopped the train as a matter of course. Scarcely had he done so when the supposed agent went inside, donned a mask and in a jiffy jumped into the cab, drawing his revolver and bringing a shot in the air. Then he told the engineer to stand aside. He would run the "d——d machine."

The fireman, thinking an escaped lunatic was on board, ran along the side of the locomotive, but three shots in uncomfortable proximity to his head led him to stop in his mad career and return to the cab.

All this time Messenger D. W. Hogan sat in the express car making out bills. The door was suddenly broken down by a sledge, falling with a crash, and when the startled man found himself looking into the barrels of an ugly bulldog revolver he didn't stop to argue. His hands soon pointed heavenward, while a man extracted his revolver from a pocket and told him to produce his key.

Hogan made a feint. This didn't go. The key was produced instanter, and the robbers departed with the swag. Meanwhile the baggageman, who sat in another part of the car, was disconsolately studying the barrels of another gun.

Two shots were fired by the robbers when they left the car. This was a signal to start the train again. The highwayman with the boodle waved his hands derisively at the now frightened passengers as the train moved away. So little time was taken up with the work that the train was but five minutes late when it reached Calumet. Only then were the robbers' masks and also the express messenger's revolver. These were afterwards found. The men probably were anxious to leave nothing on their persons to incriminate them.

It now transpires that the robbers had prepared to derail the train, but hadn't time to complete the job or were disturbed.

### Telegraphic Clicks.

THE Lehigh Company passed its dividend.

A DESTRUCTIVE hail-storm visited the vicinity of Ada, Minn.

THE United States warship Yankton has arrived at Valparaiso, Chili.

MCCLURE, the train robber, escaped from the Nebraska penitentiary.

FATHER J. J. CONNOLLY, of St. Louis, has been made Vicar General of that diocese.

CONTRACTOR L. M. LOSS fell down the hatchway of a scow at Alton, Ill., and was killed.

THE New York Casino Theater has been leased by Canary & Lederer for $38,000 a year.

THE Western Union Telegraph Company has declared a quarterly dividend of 1½ per cent.

DAVID J. MACKEY has been elected president of the Evansville & Terre Haute Railroad.

THE Ceylon Planters' Tea Company failed at New York. The company has $1,000,000 capital.

SCHWEINFURTH, who calls himself the modern Christ, has started a milk route at Rockford, Ill.

ALBERT MASON, of Columbus, O., city meat inspector, was thrown from his buggy by a runaway and killed.

AS A result of an old feud at Benton, Ala., James Miller shot and killed E. E. Curtis. Both were prominent merchants.

DURING a drunken quarrel among some prisoners at Pittsburg William Cunningham, 40 years old, was fatally kicked.

A BOAT from the sealing schooner Arctic was lost in Behring sea and six men perished. The Walter L. Rich left a boat and three men.

SAMUEL LAMB, ex-Sheriff of the Indiana Supreme Court, and for several years in the United States detective service, dropped dead at Richmond, Ind.

THE Moore & Smith Lumber Company, the King's River Lumber Company and the Port Discovery Mill Company failed at San Francisco, owing $600,000.

CHARLES DE LESSEPS, sentenced to a term in prison for connection with the Panama Canal frauds, has been released, the courts having set aside his sentence.