A FIGHT FOR A CHILD;

Or, a Case in Solomon's Court. Written for This Paper by Jules Verne.

CHAPTER I.

The day express on the Union Pacific was behind time. It was due at Sacramento at 4 p. m., but it now looked as if it would be nearly 5 before it would reach that city. Like a huge town on wheels it had climbed to the top of the Sierras and went thundering down into the peaceful valley of the Sacramento with its wheat fields as yellow as gold. Suddenly an axle breaks, there is a quick succession of sharp crackling sounds followed by a terrible crash. Then come the shrill scream of escaping steam and the heart-rending shrieks of the injured passengers. Many are taken out alive from the ruin only to die in the hands of their rescuers. Among them are Jasper Faircamp and his little son, an only child. One Robert Faircamp had been among the Argonauts of '49. Blessed with a constitution of iron and a will to match, he was not slow to make his way in this land of magnificent possibilities. His upward course was as steady as it was rapid. Petty trader, storekeeper, merchant, banker, at the end of five years he had already amassed a considerable fortune. Convinced of the future value of the outlying sand hills of San Francisco, he invested largely in this property, then held for a mere song. This was the secret of the immense fortune left by the pioneer to his two sons, Jasper and Thaddeus. With his inheritance Jasper took from his father all the latter's strength of character and application to business. To Thaddeus, however, nothing seemed to come with the money save a desire to get rid of it. A wild life and an uncontrollable love of speculation united to strip the younger brother of his handsome fortune before he had turned his thirty-fifth year. Again and again did it become necessary for Jasper to intervene to save Thad, as he was commonly called, from absolute penury and once even from the walls of the penitentiary. But still the brother's affection for Thad held good—so good that when death overtook him that fair autumn day on the slopes of the Sierras amid the wheat fields of the Sacramento valley, and the seals of his last will and testament were broken, it was found to contain the following clause:

"Recognizing the fact that it is entirely due to the extraordinary industry and business sagacity of my father, Robert Faircamp, one of the pioneer settlers of this State, that I am possessed of the fortune disposed of by this will, and being extremely desirous that the name of Faircamp should continue to be an honored and influential one, it is my will and I so order and direct that in case of my decease, leaving no male issue, that one-half of my property shall go to and vest in the eldest son of my brother Thaddeus, his heirs and assigns forever; in default of such issue, then the entirety to go to and vest in my beloved wife Helen."

This sudden and terrible taking off of husband and child effected the complete devastation of Helen Faircamp's

MRS. FAIRCAMP SPRANG FROM HER CHAIR.

mind. Never of a rugged build, she faded under the awful visitation like a flower stricken by a pitiless blast. At the outset her insanity was characterized by violent outbursts in which she attempted in the wildest consternation to flee from the danger of a rapidly approaching railway train that seemed about to crush her to pieces beneath its wheels and tracks of steel; but gradually all these inclinations to violence disappeared and her lunacy developed into that unbroken silence, mournful indifference and loss of memory which characterize that form of mental aberration designated as sub-acute mania. Under the plea that the sea air of San Francisco was too severe for Jasper's widow, Thaddeus and his wife easily caused her removal to their home in the outskirts of Oakland, a large rambling and dreary habitation completely shut in from the world by lofty hedges and impenetrable clumps of trees and shrubbery. It was not such a place as in the world's opinion should have been chosen for the retreat of a young woman suffering from melancholia, but the world was forced to admit that Jasper's widow was in the very best of hands and that if any treatment could possibly win her back to reason again, she would find it under the roof of her husband's brother. But one thing the world was interested in was that who should the vast Faircamp estate ever be divided by the birth of a son to the brother who until now had been so assiduous in his efforts to scatter the gold heaped up by his father, the hard-working and provident pioneer?

The world had not long to wait, for about eight months after the admission of the will to probate, Mr. and Mrs. Thaddeus Faircamp gave notice through the public prints of both cities of the birth to them of a son to whom, in perpetuation of the fame of the sturdy and honest pioneer, the name of Robert was given. In spite of Thad Faircamp's unsavory reputation, the world was glad to know that the vast estate was to be divided, for, after all, Thad must needs be satisfied with wasting the income of this half. He would have no power to touch the principal.

With the rounding up of another year came another piece of intelligence concerning the Faircamp family. Thad was in trouble again and this time there was no brother to rush to his assistance. It was alleged in various quarters that by the skillful manipulation of bogus mining claims he had succeeded in obtaining considerable sums of money, and that so flagrant had been his dealings that his only safety lay in flight. This was the course he chose, and he disappeared from the city, together with his wife and child.

His brother's widow was placed in an institution for the care of the insane and Colonel Barstow, the family attorney, duly notified by Thad of his action consequent upon his compulsory departure from the State. Under proper scientific treatment Mrs. Jasper Faircamp was not slow to recover both mental and physical health. She awoke as from a dream to be told of the birth of the needful heir to effect a division of her husband's estate, of her brother-in-law's illegal moneyed transactions and his enforced departure from his wife and child. She did not regret it. She had always dreaded Thad's influence upon her husband, and hence there had never been any love lost between them.

Mrs. Jasper Faircamp was still a handsome woman, and a few months after the birth of Robert she left company with a sister, with the intent of being absent for a term of years. Her brother-in-law and his family passed utterly from her mind. In her letters to Colonel Barstow she never once asked whether they had ever been heard from, and if so, in what part of the world they were sojourning. They were quite as good as dead to her.

CHAPTER II.

It would soon be ten years since the day express in its mad haste to make up lost time had leaped to its destruction in the valley of the Sacramento. Mrs. Jasper Faircamp had in this long interval made but one visit to America. But now came a call from Colonel Barstow, so urgent that she set out at once upon receipt of the cablegram, which read as follows: "Imperative that you should return to San Francisco at once. Rely unhesitatingly upon my judgment. Barstow."

In a little less than two weeks the Colonel was seen to extend an extremely cordial welcome to a tall and distinguished-looking lady at his office on Montgomery street. It was Mrs. Jasper Faircamp, whose eyes were eloquent with entreaty to make known to her as quickly as possible the reason for this unceremonious recall. Her former guardian, for such he had been before her marriage, motioned her to a seat.

"My dear Helen," he began in a tone of voice which seemed strikingly solemn to Mrs. Faircamp, "I have within a few months made a strange, a very strange discovery, namely, that your brother-in-law never committed any of the frauds of which he confessed himself guilty, and on account of which he fled the country."

Colonel Barstow's client could only fix her beautiful eyes upon the speaker with a dazed and almost shamefaced expression at her utter inability to comprehend the meaning of his words.

The lawyer proceeded: "This fact taken together with others, especially the mysterious way in which you were imprisoned in Thad's house at Oakland for several months after the loss of your mind, and the many absurd reasons assigned by him for denying me the privilege of seeing with my own eyes what effect your loss of reason was having upon your general health, set me to thinking."

Helen Faircamp could only continue to watch the movement of the lawyer's lips with the same strained and puzzled look upon her face.

"But my thoughts, Helen," resumed Barstow, "were so disordered, disconnected and altogether chaotic that nothing came of my thinking except a mere suspicion—until two weeks ago, the very day I sent you the cablegram. That morning it suddenly occurred to me that I had been so startled or shall I say perplexed by the peculiar change in your appearance when Thad at last unlocked your prison doors and let you out into the world again, that I was upon the point of making known to you my suspicions at that time."

"Well, Colonel—what do you mean?" almost gasped Mrs. Faircamp, the color flying from her cheeks and her lips parting.

"I mean, Helen," replied the lawyer, with dramatic gravity, "that I believe you to be the mother of that child known as Robert Faircamp; that you gave birth to it during the period of your insanity, and that the Faircamp estate has been most wrongfully, iniquitously defrauded in law."

Mrs. Faircamp sprang from her chair as if she had suddenly caught sight of a viper lying at her feet coiled to strike.

"The wretches! The wretches!" she exclaimed in a tone of loathing. "Merciful heaven, what a blind, weak, trusting creature I have been! Now it all comes back to me—my own wonder at the change you refer to, my mysterious and unaccountable feelings upon awaking from that terrible dream. Yes, yes; you're right, Colonel. I am the mother of that child, and God forgive me for being so blind, so weak, so unwomanly. But, Colonel, it is not too late yet to right this infamous wrong. Where are these wretches? Let us hunt them down at any cost."

"Calm yourself, my dear Helen," said the lawyer, with a kindly look gathering in his gentle gray eyes. "By a strange coincidence I learned of their whereabouts at the very time I discovered that there never had been any reason for Thad's fleeing the country."

"And where are they?" asked Mrs. Faircamp breathlessly.

"Somewhere in Eastern Australia," answered Barstow, "where Thad is the owner of an extensive sheep ranch, and the devil has looked after his own, for Thad has prospered in business. He has become a veritable robber baron, if I may so express it, full of reckless daring and the boon companion and fit associate of the worst characters of the Australian bush."

"I care not how great a robber he is or how bold and reckless he has become," cried Helen Faircamp, straightening herself up to her full height. "I'll face him in his den and hurl a mother's scorn and indignation at his head. I don't fear him, I never did, and as an open and acknowledged foe I shall not now; besides, have I not a champion as brave as he, a man never taught to spell the word impossible?"

"And who is he, Helen?" inquired Barstow, with an air of amused inquisitiveness.

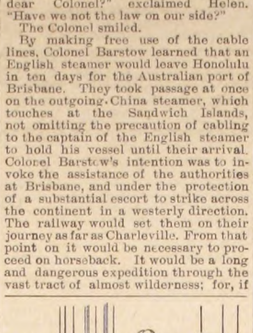
"None other than Col. Heber Barstow," exclaimed Helen, laying her daintily gloved hand confidingly in the lawyer's soft aristocratic palm.

The Colonel blushed.

"What should we be afraid of, my dear Colonel?" exclaimed Helen. "Have we not the law on our side?"

The Colonel smiled.

By making the use of the cable lines, Colonel Barstow learned that an English steamer would leave Honolulu in ten days for the Australian port of Brisbane. They took passage at once on the outgoing China steamer, which touches at the Sandwich Islands, not omitting the precaution of cabling to the captain of the English steamer to hold his vessel until their arrival. Colonel Barstow's intention was to invoke the assistance of the authorities at Brisbane, and under the protection of a substantial escort to strike across the continent in a westerly direction. The railway would set them on their journey as far as Charleville. From that point on it would be necessary to proceed on horseback. It would be a long and dangerous expedition through the vast tract of almost wilderness; for, if



JIM TERRILL STARTED BACK.

the lawyer's information was correct, Thad's ranch was located somewhere beyond the head waters of Lake Eyre, to the north of Macumber River, and was known as Waldeck Hill. Here in fancied security, with a retinue of servants and hangers-on, Thad lived a life of wonderful fascination for him. Looking down from his veritable baronial hall, he could sweep the valley for fifty miles. It was impossible for friend or foe to approach Waldeck Hill without his knowledge.

At Brisbane, Colonel Barstow, like a good soldier that he was, resolved to place no reliance whatever upon his own knowledge of this mysterious continent. He at once proceeded to engage the services of Captain Jim Terrill, one of the most noted scouts of the day, and to authorize him to engage men and purchase horses and provisions.

"Thad will never surrender alive," said Captain Jim, with a chuckle; "take my word for it, sir."

"I'm regularly armed with a warrant for his arrest," said Barstow, quietly, "and the commandant of the black police on the Cooper River has been ordered to place his whole force at my command."

Captain Jim merely nodded his head approvingly. "But there's one thing to be guarded against," he said.

"What's that, Captain?" asked the Colonel.

"Why, to keep Thad from killing the child through spite."

A suppressed cry of terror burst upon them. It was Helen Faircamp who had entered the room.

Jim Terrill started back with an exclamation of wonderment. "There's no mistake in your theory, sir!" cried the scout, as he stood with his eyes riveted upon Helen's face. "That boy which Thad and his wife claim to be theirs is the perfect image, line for line, of that lady."

"You hear, Helen!" exclaimed the lawyer, with a gleam of triumph in his gray eyes, "I knew I could not be wrong."

Helen Faircamp's heart was too full for words.

"Come, Captain Jim," added the lawyer, "let's get off at the very earliest moment possible. God knows I hesitated as long as I could before cutting the Faircamp estate in two halves. They must be joined again!"

"Amen," cried Jasper's widow with clasped hands and uplifted gaze.

It would have been well if this expedition in search of the heir to the Faircamp millions could have delayed its start for five or six months. During the winter the fatigues of such a journey would have been much more bearable. The slight degree of cold would have been far preferable to the extreme heat, often one hundred in the shade. But Helen Faircamp would listen to no postponement, and the little caravan set out under the command of Captain Jim Terrill.

Barstow was astounded to find this wilderness traversed by well-constructed telegraph lines.

"In the outset," said Captain Jim, "the authorities had great trouble in protecting the lines from destruction at the hands of the natives, but the happy thought came to the engineer in charge to attach fine wires to several of these native chiefs and to let them feel the effects of a series of heavy electrical shocks. After this there was no further destruction of either poles or wires.

"For days the trail lay through magnificent forests, the trees of which lifted their branches to the extraordinary height of two hundred feet, and, although coming as Barstow did from the land of the gigantic sequoias, he could not refrain from admiring these grand specimens of vegetable growth. One thing that attracted his attention was the complete absence of underbrush in the vast forests, so that a wagon could be driven in any direction, and there arose no necessity for beaten or cleared ways. Helen asked for an explanation of what she termed the painted spots on the gum trees.

"What you call paint, madam," replied Captain Jim, "is the natural color. The bark of these trees changes in color as the season advances or draws to an end. Some of them, you perceive, are white, others pink, others red, and look, the trunks of some are striped with blue bands or variegated with yellow spots."

As the country grew more and more arid, Captain Jim was observed to be making a close study of the actions of the horned cattle harnessed to the provision wagons. The wonderful instinct of these animals enables them to fix with great precision the direction necessary to take in order to reach water, and man has only to follow the dumb brute to come upon the spring. In other ways, too, the instinct of these animals proves serviceable to the travelers in the Australian bush, and Colonel Barstow and Helen, who were riding together, were not a little surprised to see the leading team of oxen come to a sudden halt one morning. In spite of the cries and lashings of the drivers the animals refused to advance a step.

"This is not a matter of ill temper or unwillingness to do their work," said Captain Jim to Barstow, at the same time calling out to the drivers to urge the beasts no more. "Either," continued the scout, "there are Indians concealed in the bush, near us, or else we have struck one of their trails, and the oxen have caught the scent and refuse to move forward."

"What is the cause of their dislike or dread of the natives?" asked Helen.

"It's something that is hard to explain," answered Captain Jim, "but it is a fact, nevertheless. My opinion is that the first oxen which were imported into Australia were cruelly treated by the Indians to such a degree that an aversion to the natives has been transmitted to the descendants of these cattle. This inherited recollection has become, in fact, an instinctive dread of a natural enemy."

Whether this conduct of the cattle was, as the scout explained it, a case of transmitted aversion or not, the drivers were absolutely unable, either by harsh means or gentle, to induce the startled beasts to budge from their tracks.

Under the direction of Captain Jim the drivers proceeded to unharness the oxen, turn them so that their backs be to the trail, and then, by means of vigorous goading, to force them to go backwards until they had passed over the Indian trail, after which they were again hitched to the provision wagons and the little caravan was allowed to take its own direction. As Captain Jim had predicted, it was a northerly one, and after a few days' longer march the loud bellowing of the cattle and joyful whinnying of the horses announced the fact that their keen nostrils had scented the presence of water, possibly now four or five miles distant. The scout was quite positive that it would prove to be the Macumber River, and such was the case. In less than two hours the little party reached a clearing and Captain Jim called Barstow's attention to a silver thread winding through the valley below them. It could only be seen when the rays of the morning sun fell upon it, but the scout had got his bearings.

"It's the Macumber, Colonel," said he, musingly, as he sat with his glass to his eye and then raising his right hand and pointing to a sugar loaf mountain away off to the northward, its cleared sides dimly visible in the morning haze, he added: "And that's Waldeck Hill!"

Helen Faircamp felt a strange sensation about her heart as she caught these words, and it seemed to her as if the air had suddenly lost its power to satisfy life fully, but it was not fear—far from it—for her cheeks reddened and she cried out almost joyfully:

"Waldeck Hill, Captain? Thank heaven we are soon to come face to face with these wretches!"

A halt of several hours was made on the banks of the Macumber in order that the exhausted cattle and horses might thoroughly refresh themselves. Then the watchful scout, having received the reports of his men whom he kept constantly thrown out, picket-fashion, gave the order to move. In two days at the very latest the party would reach Waldeck Hill. The first day was absolutely uneventful. The road lay now across a vast stretch of plain, level as the sea, whose arid surface now and then was split or rent into cracks or fissures of greater or less width. The heat was excessive and the air almost unbreathable from the clouds of fine dust which seemed to sift down from the very sky. On the morning of the second day a dull, low rumbling sound reached the trained ear of the scout. Into whose hands Barstow had placed his own and another's life still dearer to him.

At once Terrill ordered the provision wagons to be driven into one of the gulches already spoken of, and the cattle to be unhitched. Again the distant rumbling, low and indistinct like the first mutterings of a rising storm came, floating along on the heavy and motionless atmosphere. This time it was heard by Barstow and Helen. The preparations to shelter the cattle under the low bluff, imagined that a violent thunder-storm was about to break upon their heads, and yet why should the cattle be unhitched and, still more incomprehensible, why should their drivers compel them to lie down close under the shelter of the bluff? Helen betrayed her daze inquiringly upon the Colonel's face.

"Did you hear that low, distant roar?" she asked.

"Yes," replied Barstow; "and I should say that a wind or rain storm is about to burst upon us, for every instant it grows louder and louder."

"It sounds more like the roar of breakers on a ragged shore," remarked Helen raising her glass and sweeping the distant sky, which, in spite of the Colonel's prediction, still remained to glow, clear and untroubled, with that metallic glare so common to it. As Captain Jim was now urging his men to hasten and complete their preparations, and all the while the distant rumble continued to swell in volume of sound as if a giant band were sweeping with greater and greater force upon the keys of some gigantic organ, Barstow's fears took definite form, and his mind was seized with a dread that their lives were about to be jeopardized by some terrific cloud-burst, which, driven by the rising wind, might deluge these plains and sweep every living creature before it like dry fagots on the turbulent bosom of a spring freshet.

And yet, so perfect was his confidence in the scout's skill to protect them against any such imminent danger, that he quietly dismounted and having lifted Helen from her horse, gently but quickly, at Terrill's bidding, constrained the two horses to drop upon their haunches, and then lie completely down, but not until the saddles had been uncinched and placed archwise over the animals' heads—now extended on the ground, so as to protect their eyes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ILLINOIS INCIDENTS.

SOBER OR STARTLING, FAITHFULLY RECORDED.

Deplorable Church Row at Sterling—Illinoisans Likely to Rue Spokane Investments—Bold Work of Chicago Robbers—Fish Warden Buck's Mad Act at Elgin.

Religious Warfare at Sterling.

There is in Sterling a bitter war between factions of the Evangelical Church, each claiming possession of the church property. The other morning every member of the family of Rev. H. H. Thoreen, the minister in possession of the parsonage, became suddenly and violently ill, one or two being yet in a critical condition. Physicians pronounce it arsenic poison, supposed to have been obtained in water from the well. No services will be held until the mystery of the poisoning is solved.

Shot and Killed His Wife.

Fish Warden Fred Buck shot and instantly killed his wife, Julia Swan Buck, Saturday afternoon at Elgin. Buck surrendered to the City Marshal. He threw down a revolver, on examination found to be a very active official. He is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac N. Buck, of Elgin, who are prominent in the Methodist Episcopal Church. The senior Buck has been engaged in the manufacture of a patent lantern at Griffith, Ind. Years ago he was a detective. Another son, older than Fred, committed suicide a few years ago in Elgin. The dead woman was a daughter of Mrs. Hannah Swan and sister of Theodore F. Swan, proprietor of a large department store in Elgin. He has been a prominent merchant of Elgin for nearly thirty years. The deceased was about thirty years of age and the divorced wife of Arthur Hawkins, brother of Cashier Andrew Hawkins, of the First National Bank of Elgin. Both families are prominent, and while the marriage of Buck and his wife was not thought particularly compatible the tragedy has created a great sensation.

"Hands Up, Everybody!"

Four men went into the saloon of Burns & Verhoven, Chicago, at ten o'clock on Sunday night and robbed everybody in the place. Half a dozen men were standing at the bar and fifteen or twenty were seated at the tables. Two of the robbers entered at the front door and the other two came in from the rear. They all had revolvers. "Throw up your hands," warned one of the thieves, "and submit. The first man that makes a false move will be shot full of holes!" Two of the robbers did the searching, while their companions covered those in the saloon with revolvers. Watches, scarf pins, and money were taken by the thieves, and they made their escape.

Spokane Has Fallen Behind.

Many Illinois capitalists have money invested in real estate at Spokane, Wash. Private advices have been received at Decatur from Spokane showing a bad state of affairs in that city. The total debt of the city is $2,204,000, and the debt per capita is $76, or $380 per family. The gross interest charges are $119,000, or $4 per capita. Public work is at a stand till, values have greatly depreciated, and in the Toulouse country, where the crops have been a failure, farmers have banded, refusing to pay their debts, stating that they will first try to save their property by force if necessary, and pay bills next year after harvest.

Record of the Week.

At Jerseyville Francis Murphy opened a crusade against intemperance.

Mrs Wm. Rightsell was found dead in her home in Fairbury from heart disease.

Sangamon County has voted 150 acres of land and $50,000 cash to secure the permanent State fair.

Mrs. C. G. Bronson, a resident of Rockford for over forty years, died as the result of a fall, aged 87 years.

Patrick Quirk, of Springfield, was lost in the "Devil's Caldron," at the foot of the falls at Spokane, Wash.

Reports of officers of the Grand Lodge of Illinois, I. O. O. F., show the society to be in a flourishing condition.

George R. Ramsey, City Attorney for Mount Carmel, has been appointed Master in Chancery for Wabash County.

At Springfield John Boyer, 80 years old, was instantly killed by a Big Four freight while between two cars lighting his pipe.

Lewis Barker, a Springfield boy, shot and killed Charley Willis, a playmate, while initiating him into a youthful society.

At Mount Carmel, James Blackburn was awarded $800 damages for injuries received some months ago by falling on a defective crossing.

The Illinois and Indiana Road may be prosecuted for running trains at greater speed than prescribed by the State Commissioners.

An unknown man from Hinsdale, Mich., fell from a freight train at Naperville, and had both legs and one arm cut off, dying soon after. He was about 35 years old.

The general store of J. M. Hollenbeck at Flatiron, in which was kept the postoffice, was robbed of $100 and valuable papers. The postoffice was robbed of all its stamps.

J. W. Newman, a farmer living near Fairfield, heard a noise in his poultry yard and fired upon two intruders. He found the dead body of Charles Hooper, a neighbor, upon his doorstep.

Peter J. C. Marion, confined in the St. Clair County jail, charged with the Voudrie murder, became violently ill and was removed to the hospital.

John Frederick Sr., a German farmer, while on his way to Fairbury, was fatally injured by being thrown from his wagon, his horses running away.

Francis Agnew, ex-Sheriff of Cook County, and a member of the contracting firm of Agnew & Co., was seriously and perhaps fatally injured. He was struck by a cable train and dragged nearly twenty feet, receiving many bad bruises and cuts.

Bloomington is terrorized by the exploits of sandbaggers.

Reuben Serfass, a resident of Freeport since 1852, died, aged 68.

John Wand has been ordained to the priesthood in the Catholic diocese of Alton.

At Decatur Mrs. Polly C. Brown, mother of Hon. John A. Brown, died, aged 86 years.

Secretary Scott of the State Board of Health was notified of a case of smallpox at Hulls.

Grand Ridge was wiped out by a $30,000 fire. It is supposed to be the work of a tramp.

Twin babies were found packed in a valise by a curious depot policeman at East St. Louis.

Charles Andrews, opera company owner and manager, was killed by a train at Morrison.

Sparks from a locomotive set fire to the Harsh-Brooks elevator at Chicago The loss is $10,000.

Two deaths and two new cases are reported from the smallpox infected district east of Macoutah.

The three Lincoln train robbers were held in $5,000 bail each on a charge of murderous assault.

Illinois is fourth in the list of States with 218 libraries, according to a recent Government report.

Nine of the fourteen prisoners in the county jail at Mount Vernon escaped by bending the window bars.

John Weber, a tramp, crawled into an empty brick oven at Chicago to sleep and was roasted to death.

Deposits in Illinois banks have increased $8,000,000 since July 25, while loans have decreased $4,500,000.

Friends of Charles W. Moore, at Bloomington, claim that his death was due to Christian science healers.

In a Chicago sermon Rev. H. O. Rowland arraigned the churches and the people for municipal shortcomings.

Ernest Swarthout was found guilty of the murder of his father at Morrison and sentenced to fourteen years' imprisonment.

Jeremiah J. Crawley, Chicago, special treasury agent, has been appointed supervising special treasury agent at $10 a day.

While "scraping" coal along the Burlington tracks at Chicago with which to keep his family warm, Albert Stelz was shot and killed.

At Cornland, Isaac A. Ridgeway hanged himself. No reason was assigned. It was his fourth attempt. He was wealthy and leaves a family.

Allen Noe, Jr., and Samuel Morgan were arrested at Canton, charged with attempting to derail a train by placing a wagon load of sand on the track.

Benton people complain of poor service from the St. Louis, Alton and Terre Haute Road, and ask the Railroad and Warehouse Commissioner to bring the road to time.

While attempting to board a moving train at Cairo, Jos. E. Wirth, a tramp, was instantly killed. He carried papers showing honorable discharge from the French army.

William Porterfield, of Piney Bend, has filed a suit against the Wabash Railway Company for $20,000 damages. He was put off the train, although he tendered his fare.

E. C. Sheldon, a farmer living west of Rockford, while feeding a steam corn husking machine, caught his glove in the knives and his arm was torn off before the machine could be stopped.

Jos. Stoller, living south of Fairbury, was killed by oiling a windmill. He was on the top of the tower, forty feet from the ground, when his clothing caught in a wheel, and he was twisted around the shaft.

The Illinois Central Company has given a gold medal and three shares of stock to each of the six trainmen who successfully resisted the Centralia train robbers. About 600 railroad men witnessed the ceremony of presentation, and several appropriate speeches were made.

The Attorney-General has disapproved of a by-law of a building and loan association which requires the members to vote vote each as being in conflict with the State constitution. The right of a member to one vote for each share of stock held by him cannot be taken away.

A threshing engine boiler exploded on the farm of J. W. Davis, near Jerseyville, instantly killing Edward Scholenberger of Godfrey. The engine was a new one, and the gauge showed only eighty pounds pressure. An engineer of twenty years experience was in charge.

A. E. Rossenberger, a professional horse thief, was arrested at Cairo. He is wanted at various places in Indiana and Ohio, as indicated by newspaper clippings found in his trunk. His latest exploit was at Troy, Ohio, where he stole a horse and buggy. He will be held for the Ohio officers.

At Springfield, in Grand Lodge session, Odd Fellows elected and installed these officers: H. G. Stone, of Vandalia, Grand Master; Henry S. Philips, of Virginia, Deputy Grand Master; C. F. Mansfield, of Mansfield, Grand Warden; J. R. Miller, of Springfield, Grand Secretary; Thomas B. Needles, of Nashville, Grand Treasurer; E. S. Conway, of Chicago, Grand Representative.

State Auditor Gore has prepared a tabulated statement showing the condition of all the State banks the morning of Nov. 8. There are 125 of these banks in the State. Since the date of the last preceding call, July 25 last, the total resources have increased $8,000,000 cash and $14,000,000 sight exchange; deposits have increased $8,000,000, while loans have decreased $4,500,000. The cash and sight exchange aggregates $37,085,055, to meet deposits aggregating $82,005,292. This means a reserve of 45 per cent., as against 33 per cent. July 25.

A negro named James Lewis, formerly living at Centralia, was arrested and placed in jail at Carlyle. He has been doing detective work on liquor cases for a month past. He purchased a flask of whisky and gave it to an habitual drunkard, and then offered 10 cents for a drink. Had the inebriate sold him the drink Lewis would have had a case against him for violating the United States revenue law. However, it was refused, and the chief of police was informed. Lewis pleaded guilty and upon non-payment of fine was imprisoned for giving liquor to an inebriate.