LOVE'S THUNDERBOLT.

Or, The Man with an Ideal. Written for This Paper.

BY FRANCOIS COPPEE.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

The sisterhood referred to was installed in an old 17th century mansion, with an imposing front, severe in the simplicity of its style. The sister in charge of the turning box, having glanced at Capt. Dulac's card, informed him that his visit was expected, and requested him in a low tone to follow her. After traversing several gloomy corridors on the ground floor, Marius found himself in the reception room. It was a bare and unfriendly place, for, barring the large rudely sculptured wooden crucifix hanging on the wall, there was no attempt at ornament. The furniture, in green velvet, was plain and ordinary. Marius shuddered as he entered the room. It suddenly occurred to him that she whom he had come to see was a penitent. His thoughts reverted to her life of solitude and expiation, and, as the effect of the glorious atmosphere was still upon him like an ineffable charm, he contrasted his life with that of this poor woman, and his heart ran over in pity for her.

At this moment the door opened, and Mme. Daveluy, clad in black, entered the room and advanced to meet him. Marius was far from being a well man. His strength had come back slowly, and now as his eyes fell upon this woman it all seemed to slip away from him in an instant. He could feel the

HE STAGGERED BACKWARD TO HIS SEAT.

blood leave his cheeks, and as he staggered backward to a seat he murmured:

"Pardon me, madame, I'm somewhat of an invalid," and then a terrible silence came upon them both, upon that room, upon the whole house, upon the whole world, and then there was a crash, but that crash was heard by him alone. It was love's thunderbolt! It had struck him in last. The woman who for a lifetime had filled his thoughts, his dreams, his existence, whom he had sought for everywhere till his very soul had sunk from weariness, stood before him! The light had come, but he could not comprehend it. If it had vanished as quickly as it had come he never could have told what he had seen. Can one put a scene of enchantment, a feeling of transport into words? But gradually his thoughts took orderly form; and he saw before him a Diana in mourning, an exquisitely modelled head, a face of wonderful sweetness, lighted up with eyes that glowed with indescribable gentleness. How could Claire ever be this woman's daughter?

As Adele stood with her gaze fixed upon Marius' pale upturned face, he awoke to complete consciousness, and it suddenly occurred to him who she was, who Claire was, why he was there, and what it was now necessary to say.

At last she spoke—only a few words. It was not sympathy for him in his illness and pleasure at meeting him; but these few words rang in Marius' ear like a strain of delicious music, and unconsciously he leaned forward as if he feared he might miss its faintest murmur. Then, as she began to speak of Claire, it seemed to him as if that beautiful woman had suddenly turned into a hideous and revolting nightmare. He shuddered as Mme. Daveluy went on to discuss his union with her daughter, as if it were quite agreed upon. She thanked him, then added that she claimed to have but slight control over Claire; that, after all, M. Daveluy must be the judge, that she had perfect confidence in his wisdom. With great tact and a perfect good taste she alluded to her past life and spoke of her love for Claire.

Meanwhile, Marius, fascinated by the gaze which she fixed upon him, held spell-bound by the mysterious music of her voice, could do nothing but watch the movement of her lips, the ever changing expression of her eyes. He had but one thought. It was to throw himself at her feet, cover her hands with kisses, offer to be her slave for life.

As Adele Daveluy suddenly realized the intensity of the look riveted upon her face, a deep blush overspread her pale cheeks like a ray of sunshine creeping up the face of a glacier. Marius knew what it meant. It was remembrance of the past, and with lightning rapidity his imagination pictured to him this woman's life—her miserable existence with a man far too old for her, a man out of sympathy with the world in which she had been born, and poet that he was, Marius likened her to a flower—fresh, beautiful, perfect, the child of sunlight broken from its stem and pressed between the leaves of some dirt embossed annual with its crude and ordinary pictures.

Astonished at his silence, Mme. Daveluy raised her eyes and gave Marius a wondering look. At a glance she became aware of his agitation, and her woman's instinct was quick to tell her the cause of it. The blush on her cheek deepened, and there was a visible effort on her part as she continued speaking:

"I repeat, sir, the wrongs which I have done M. Daveluy and his generous treatment of me make it incumbent upon me to exercise very discreet any control which he may permit me to have over my daughter. However, I shall not give my consent to your marriage to her until you have answered frankly and honestly, on your honor, the question which I am about to ask you: Do you love Claire?"

The directness of this question, the solemn emphasis with which the words had been spoken, broke the spell which Adele's presence had set upon Marius and brought him rudely back to the world of reality. Appealed to on his honor, he recoiled with abhorrence from the common practice of placating fate with a falsehood.

"Her what I have heard from your lips, madame," said Marius, reverently, "now that I know how fruitful of misfortune a marriage without love may be, and after interrogating my conscience, I must speak the truth. I do not love Claire!"

At these words Adele Daveluy sprang up, walked quickly to the window, opened it, and remained standing there, leaning against the railing, as if bewildered and overcome by her feelings.

The window opened on a garden, and the perfume of the flowers came floating in on that glorious atmosphere, while the soft, golden light enveloped that black-robed Diana like a mysterious aura.

"Pardon me," she murmured. "I am not feeling quite well. The room seemed so close——"

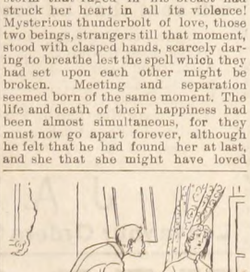
Marius walked toward her. She was laboring under great excitement, for the fingers of her right hand were convulsively wrapped around the iron bar, a deeper red burned in her cheeks, and the rocking of the white lilies pinned at her throat told of the inward storm.

"If you don't love Claire," she began in a voice deep, sympathetic and strangely sad, "if she is not your heart's choice, then in God's name give her up, renounce this project of marriage, and don't permit yourself to be influenced in this matter by any worldly interest. Oh, believe me, the union of two beings who do not love each other, or who even do not love each other with the same ardor, can have but one result, namely, shame and despair!"

If Claire's image had not already faded from Marius' mind, these words would have blotted it from the tablet of his memory. As it was her name now sounded in his ears as any stranger's might have done.

"You shall be obeyed," said Capt. Dulac, with a deep inclination of his body. "But madame—let me at least take my leave of you with the assurance that I have your respect—that you do not deem me a frivolous and mercenary person—that my frankness will not be without effect upon you."

She raised her eyes and fixed them on Marius for an instant. He felt their strange power, their mysterious charm so deeply that not until it had almost touched him was he aware that she had stretched her hand out to him. With an involuntary, but scarcely audible breath of joy, Marius clasped that hand between his and then—to his speechless bliss—he felt, he saw, that she abandoned it to him. Yes, there could be no mistake, the same storm that raged in his breast had struck her heart in all its violence. Mysterious thunderbolt of love, those two beings, strangers till that moment, stood with clasped hands, scarcely daring to breathe lest the spell which they had set upon each other might be broken. Meeting and separation seemed born of the same moment. The life and death of their happiness had been almost simultaneous, for they must now go apart forever, although he felt that he had found her at last, and she that she might have loved



MARIUS CLASPED THAT HAND BETWEEN HIS.

him, but that she had only brushed his feet with the hem of her garment to lose him forever.

Marius' lips, set strongly and firmly upon the back of Adele's hand, raised her to consciousness. With a violent effort she tore her hand away and sprang toward the door.

"Adele!" came from Marius like a smothered cry of despair, but she was gone.

CHAPTER IV.

The garb hides the man. For nearly twenty years this poet and dreamer had hidden his true self away beneath the soldier's uniform, appearing to be what he was not. The world wanted fighting men more than it did poets and dreamers, and took no note of his lack of sympathy with it. And so the man with the ideal was a living, breathing reality. He had seen her in his college verses, and looked upon her face in his sketchings of female types of beauty. She had hung upon the walls of his room; he had borne her about with him from garrison town to garrison town. He had first felt the fascination of her face one day as he stood gazing upon Leonardo da Vinci's masterpiece, the portrait of Mona Lisa la Gioconda, upon which the great artist had worked for four years, causing delicious music to be played during the whole time so that the rapt expression might not fade from her countenance. From that moment La Gioconda had walked with and tarried with Marius. Do what he might he could not escape that mysterious charm, that haunting, soulful look which Leonardo's "ineffable left hand" had impressed upon his canvas, and now suddenly, at the most unexpected moment of his life, La Gioconda, living, breathing, warm, pensive, palpitating, had stepped like a being of celestial radiance into the gloomy chamber where he now stood. His first impulse was to spring after Adele, lay a gentle but strong hand upon her arm, force her to return, and then, upon bended knee, to entreat her to listen to him, and after she had heard all, to pass sentence upon him, life or death, for one it must most surely be.

"But will she not despise me," whispered Marius as he halted in the center of the room and pressed his hand to his throbbing brow, "will she not look upon me as a man bereft of his senses, or, what is worse, will she not repulse me with indignation, nay, with horror?"

A choking sensation caused by the prison-like odor and closeness of the apartment now obliged Marius to leave the place. With wild strides he hurried through those dark and deserted hallways, not pausing until he reached the broad avenues adjoining the Invalides. He sank almost fainting upon a bench, and the glorious beauty of the autumnal sunset mocked him. Where were the fair dream of his life? Where were the delicious hopes which had for so many years brightened his existence, nay, made it bearable? Gone, all gone, in an instant. For a single instant, and an instant only, realization has burst upon him with bewildering radiance only to leave him plunged in the blackness of despair. Happily he had directed his orderly to meet him that night in Paris. The man was faithful and intelligent, and Marius at once dispatched him to St. Germain with a note to M. Daveluy, announcing his resolution to withdraw absolutely his demand for Claire's hand, and with instruction to pay his bill and bring his baggage back to Paris with him. When the orderly re-entered Marius' room at midnight he found his captain in delirium. Brain fever had developed itself, and for several weeks Dulac's life hung by a thread. But careful nursing and skillful treatment finally tided him safely over the last crisis and set him on the road to recovery. But the ailment left him the merest wreck. To remain in Paris for the winter might prove fatal, and with his physician's advice Marius determined to spend the months on the Mediterranean. It was not until March that he began to think of returning to Paris or reporting for duty. He was then at Mentone, and while glancing over the list of noted arrivals in the local journal one morning, a sudden palor overspread his face.

"What's the matter, Captain? Are you not feeling so well this morning?" asked an acquaintance who was breakfasting with him.

"Oh, it's nothing serious," said Dulac, lightly, as he made haste to raise a glass of cognac to his lips. "I didn't sleep well last night. I'm not feeling quite myself."

The truth was that among the arrivals at one of the quieter hotels he had that evening noted the names: Mme. Daniel Daveluy and daughter.

"She here!" whispered Marius as he closed his door and threw himself into an easy chair with a sigh of a man more than tired of life. "And alone with her daughter, too? This means that Daveluy is dead; that she is free—that—but Dulac's words died away on his lips. He dared not utter them. Springing up he began to walk the floor with the slow stride of a man who is hesitating. Irresolution set its mark on every motion, every attitude.

Adele Daveluy was free, and she loved him; of that there could be no doubt, and to fill life's cup of delight to overflowing she was that instant but a hundred yards from him. True, Claire was there, too; but what matter? Would not Claire honor and respect him for his manly frankness and honesty?

All day long he kept his room. He dare not walk abroad. Suppose he should suddenly come face to face with mother and daughter! No, he must see Adele alone first—their hands, their hearts, their lips must meet as their souls had! Then it would be time enough to let Claire into the secret. It was not until the lamps in the parks had been lighted that Marius ventured out for a stroll. The night air was deliciously balmy, but with uncovered head and bounding heart he wandered up and down the most unfrequented portions of the garden. Suddenly at a point where two paths crossed, a tall female figure clad in deepest mourning flitted swiftly by. Her veil was drawn partially aside, disclosing a face of almost marble whiteness as the electric light fell upon it. But there was no mistaking it—it was the living Gioconda, her beauty if possible made more radiant by her grief. It was Adele Daveluy! Marius had great difficulty in keeping the tall figure in sight, so swiftly did it speed on its way. Marius followed to the very steps of the hotel veranda, then wheeling about he made his steps in his own night's lodgings where with high-leaping heart and trembling hand he penned the following lines:

"ADELE: When we parted last September both heaven and earth seemed to utter a terrible No as to whether we should ever meet again. But since that hour a kind Providence has snatched me from the jaws of death, and now brings me to your side. You are free now; you may utter now what on that day you dared not even think. Oh, Adele, give me leave to throw myself at your feet. Can you not see that God wills it that my love for you can make amends for all the terrible past. MARIUS."

An answer reached Marius that very night. The handwriting was faint and disturbed. To Marius this was a joyful sign. It told of the hand trembling with emotion that had written it, and the first lines of the reply bore out this judgment. They ran as follows: "Yes, come to me, my friend, to-morrow at 10, and Heaven be praised that we are to meet again, for I have so much to say to you, so much to show you. But I consent to see you upon one condition, that the love we bear each other must be sacred. It was born in the gloomy chamber of the sisterhood, die unspoken, aye, even more, unlooked! If you accept, come; if not adieu forever. ADELE."

As Marius finished reading this mysterious note—evidently written by a hand shaken with the profoundest emotion—he sank back in his chair with a groan of despair. Fate had vanquished him again, and so bleak, so barren, so comfortless did life's outlook so suddenly become that, walking toward his dressing case, he drew out a drawer containing a revolver, and had set its muzzle to his own temple before the strange words of Adele's note, "Heaven be praised that we are to meet again," met his eye. They seemed to be written in a steadier hand, in a darker ink. Marius laid the pistol back in the drawer. The old love had come back with greater strength than ever. He could not put an end to his wretched life until he had looked once more into Adele's angelic countenance. Perhaps after all—it would be a terrible parting, but death would seem the sweeter for it!

The windows of Adele's room looked southward, and were so heavily shaded by the vines that clambered up that side of the hotel that Marius, after he had stepped within the room and the attendant had closed the door behind him, for a moment thought himself alone; but, as he stood with his eyes riveted upon the door through which he expected to see Adele come to meet him, some one pronounced his name. The voice was tinged with an exquisite sadness, and the syllables dropped like a sigh from the lips which had pronounced them.

Marius turned quickly around, and as he did so he uttered a smothered cry of horror. Clad in pure white Adele was reclining upon a sofa as pallid and frail-looking as the white roses at her throat. That glorious figure had

MARIUS FOLLOWED TO THE VERY STEPS.

shrunken away to a shadow. Nothing but the heavenly eyes remained to tell of the wondrous beauty that had once been there. Marius could only stand and gaze in breathless silence upon the bewildering sight.

"Come closer, dear friend," murmured Adele with a faint smile, "and give me your hand, and tell me how glad you are to see me again."

With a sob that keen him from even speaking Adele's name, Marius threw himself on his knees beside her.

"Poor friend, poor friend," she whispered, as she stroked his hair. "I see that you are surprised to see me so changed, but we have no right to murmur, for God has willed it so! Shortly after my husband's death I was stricken with an incurable malady. It was terribly quick in its ravages. I have not long to stay——"

"Then it must have been a dream," cried Marius in a tone of anguish.

"A dream?" repeated Adele bewildered.

"Yes, Adele, a dream," he continued. "Oh, so fair, so sweet! I dreamed I was living in the gardens, and that you were there just as you looked the day we met and parted——"

"Ah, my friend," murmured Adele solemnly, "look forward, not backward. You did meet me in the gardens—my other self——"

"Your other self?" echoed Marius. "You mean——"

"It was Claire," added Adele with a smile. "Doesn't she grow to look like me? But you must see for yourself. Sit down beside me here and let us send for her."

Much as the change in the mother had startled Marius, he was now destined to undergo far greater amazement as Claire Daveluy advanced to meet him.

A miracle had been wrought. The tall, English-looking girl with the florid face, whose strong nervous organization imparted into her manner at times an ungentle, if not absolutely hoydenish, tinge, stood before Marius transformed, transfigured. The death of her father, the deadly ailment which had stricken her mother had so sublimated and refined this somewhat earthly being that the mother's gentle spirit had been enabled to pass into and glorify it.

As Marius gazed upon her, a mysterious wave of delight swept over his soul and gave unto it a peace it had only felt before. Day in day Claire and Marius hovered over the frail being that lay dying there, and as the end drew near the transformation became more and more complete. At every touch, at every caress, Adele's soul seemed to be escaping into Claire's body.

One day in May, as the sunlight was streaming into the room, Adele called Marius and Claire to her side and said with a smile, as she joined their hands: "Look, Marius, there I am beside you, just as you saw me in the room at the sisterhood; are you not content? Farewell. God knoweth best!"

[THE END.]

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Looking Forward.

We do not need an Edward Bellamy to look backward from the serene heights of 2000 A. D. to tell us that the time is coming when the moneyless wife of a rich man will be unworthy of our civilization—and people then will treat as a myth the story of the wife asking for a dollar and being met with: "Why, Mary, what can you want with a dollar—don't you have all you need?" In that happy day no woman will confess to another: "My husband is generosity itself—he spends everything I wish on the house and tries to give me all the pleasure he can—but, oh, dear, I never can get any money for myself—any little sum for the many things the children and I need—without a positive fight," writes Annie R. Ramsey, in an article on "The Question of Allowances," in the September Ladies' Home Journal. Nor will be heard the answer, as too often now: "Oh, my husband is just the same, but I take it out of the market purse and put it down to 'sundries.' He never knows, or if he does notice and scold I have the things anyhow." Fine training in honor, this!

ANY man who cannot make a speech on "financial vampires" had better sew a patch on his mouth.

PLEA FOR INCOME TAX

MR. M'MILLIN, OF TENNESSEE, IN ITS FAVOR.

Says the Rich Should Pay More Taxes—Measure Is Opposed by the Republican Minority—Insurgents at Rio Taught a Valuable Lesson.

Debate in the House.

The debate on the internal revenue bill, including the provision for the income tax, began in the House Monday. Mr. McMillin (Dem., Tenn.), Chairman of the sub-committee of Ways and Means on Internal Revenue, began his argument, saying in part:

If a man owns $50,000,000 or $100,000,000 worth of property in the United States, as some do, he pays only on what he eats, what he drinks, what he wears and the other things he uses. The time has come when this should be changed. Is there any reasonable person whether it is unjust to expect that a small per cent of this enormous revenue shall be placed upon the accumulated wealth of the country instead of placing all upon the consumption of the country. Is it not time that the great estates, which are protected by our army, which are defended by our navy, which are benefited by the various operations of our Government, should contribute in some greater degree to carry on that government by which they have been and have been accumulated, or by which they are to be protected? The people of the United States do not ask that all of it shall be placed on an equitable basis, but they do insist that it is not unreasonable or unjust to require that a very small proportion shall be. And yet when it is proposed to shift this burden from those who cannot bear it to those who can, to divide it between consumption and wealth; to shift it from the laborer who has nothing but his power to toil and sweat to the man who has a fortune, made, mainly, we hear a hue and cry raised by some individuals that it is unjust and inquisitorial in its nature and should not be adopted.

Then we insist, Mr. Chairman, that it is not unreasonable or unjust that a small part of this money should be collected from this accumulation. I know of no argument that is all conclusive or rational that can be urged against this form of taxation. I believe that once it is inaugurated it will not cease to be a source from which to draw some of the vast revenue that we need. Mr. Chairman, it has been the effort of the Ways and Means Committee to so construct the bill as to leave it, as far as possible, free from criticism. Unlike the old law, it does not require a schedule from every citizen. Only those who have $4,000 income have to make a return. There is nothing in this against which any just man can complain; there is nothing to arouse fear that any ill can come from it. It is no tax on bread. It is no embargo placed upon prosperity. It is no effort to prevent prosperity. It is no death-blow aimed at commerce. But it is an effort to in some way require each citizen to contribute to the government in proportion to what he has.

Other Arguments Pro and Con.

Mr. McMillin was followed by Representative Ray (Rep., N. Y.), who opened the debate for the Republicans in opposition to the income tax. He attributed the business depression to the threat of tariff changes and contrasted a Democratic policy on an income tax during the war and at present.

Mr. Clarkney (Dem., Mo.), member of the Ways and Means Committee, followed. The income tax was first resorted to in the dark days of the civil war. When the war ended and the people began demanding a reduction of the excessive taxation, instead of taking the taxes off the necessaries of life by lowering the tariff rates one by one, the internal-revenue taxes were removed. The articles which the rich were able to bear were repealed; the taxes of the poor were retained. This was unjust. Men should pay according to their wealth for the support and protection of the Government. There were $70,000,000,000 worth of property in this country. If one man owned $1,000,000,000 worth would it not be just that he should be taxed his equitable share for the protection of his property.

Mr. Dinsmore (Dem., Ark.) said this hour was an auspicious one, as it marked a new era in taxation. It meant that the wealth of the country was to pay its share to the Government for the benefits it received from the governmental system. It meant that the great burden of taxation was to be taken from the shoulders of the poor.

Mr. Bartlett (Rep., N. Y.) called attention to the hostile attitude occupied by the Democratic party toward the income tax for years and quoted the words of great Democratic leaders like Samuel J. Tilden in condemnation of it. He proceeded with a careful argument against the income tax.

Mr. Williams (Dem., Miss.), in supporting the income tax, said that it was not a new thing. It has been resorted to by every democracy since the days of Solon as the most equitable of all taxes.

He was followed by Mr. Hall (Dem., Mo.), who has been one of the most earnest advocates of an income tax. Taxation, as Mr. Hall asserted, came from one of three sources—rent, profit or wages. He quoted from Adam Smith, John Stuart Mill, and other eminent political economists in support of the principle of an income tax.

Mr. Covert (Dem., N. Y.) in criticising the action of the Ways and Means Committee said he was opposed to free trade and the income tax.

DECKS CLEARED FOR ACTION.

American War-Ships Prepare to Resent an Insult at Rio.

Monday was one of the most exciting days that Rio Janeiro has experienced since the commencement of hostilities between the insurgents and the Brazilian Government. The United States naval fleet stationed in that harbor has furnished the excitement. Provoked beyond the endurance of patience by the continued carelessness of the gunners aboard the rebel warship Aquidaban, and treated by the indifference shown on the part of the revolutionary Admiral to all his protests that American vessels entering or leaving the harbor were not afforded proper protection by the rebel fleet, Admiral Benham made a demonstration with the American war vessels under his command which will undoubtedly have the effect hereafter of securing proper recognition of the rights of vessels under the American flag.

Three American vessels, the bark Amy, Captain Blackford; the bark Good News, Captain Myrick, and the bark Julia Rollins, Captain Merine, were fired on last Saturday by the insurgent vessels. The three captains held a hurried conference and determined to appeal for protection to the United States war ships and to request that the barks be given an escort to the wharves. Capts. Klein, Myrick and Blackford put off in small boats at great danger to themselves, and pulling up to where the flag ship New York was stationed, stated the case to Admiral Benham. He promised to adjust matters.

Admiral Benham then sent one of his officers to the Aquidaban with orders to acquaint Admiral Da Gama with the facts and to ask him to have an end put to the reckless gunnery. Da Gama was apparently in a very bad humor when the American officer arrived on board, and with many exclamations of impatience he listened to the recital of the grievance. When the American officer had finished making his statement, Da Gama, with a shrug of his shoulders, said in a very sharp tone:

"It is not my fault. The American ship captains should know enough to keep themselves and their crews out of range of our guns. I shall not take any notice of this matter."

This curt response to his message aroused the ire of Admiral Benham, and he determined to make such a showing that it would produce a lasting effect upon the insurgents. In the morning the decks of the vessels of the American fleet were cleared for action. The bark Amy, the captains of the other vessels having weakened, took her position in the ranks of the American vessels, and was escorted to the wharf.

Throughout the whole affair not a single shot was fired, but the scene was quite as impressive as if this had been done, and the incident has taught the insurgents that if any more passing along Rio's water front the fleet will turned out into the bay and anchored in nearly the same position it had occupied previous to the demonstration. Full protection from this time on will be given to all American vessels.

HISTORY COSTING MILLIONS.

The Government Is Preparing an Enormous Work on the Rebellion.

The biggest literary work ever undertaken in America is the military history now being produced by the United States government under the title of "War of the Rebellion." It was begun twenty years ago. The whole work will embrace 120 huge royal octavo volumes of 1,000 pages each and a gigantic atlas, and the cost will be about $2,500,000. Each separate book in a set is three inches thick and weighs from fifty to sixty ounces and the combined weight of an entire set will be 520 pounds. The volumes, if set up in a row on a single shelf, will extend a distance of thirty feet.

Eleven thousand copies will be printed, so that the edition will comprise 1,320,000 books of 1,000 printed pages, aggregating 1,320,000,000 pages of matter, exclusive of the atlas. Up to this date eighty-nine serial volumes have been published and about $1,800,000 has been spent in all branches of the work, or about $20,000 a volume. The printing and binding alone cost $10,000 a volume, while the previous preparation of each volume for the printers' hands cost an equal sum.

SENT TO THE SENATE.

One Envoy Extraordinary and a Number of Minor Officials Nominated.

The President has sent to the Senate the following nominations:

Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States to Bolivia—Thomas Moonlight, of Kansas.

United States Marshals—Edgar Battle, of Texas, at Acapulco, Mexico; Louis Bruhl, of Texas, at Catania, Italy; Frank W. Roberts, of Maine, at Bremen, Germany.

Collector of Customs—John T. Gaffey, at Los Angeles, Cal.

Surveyor General of Washington—William P. Watson.

Receiver of Public Moneys at Seattle, Wash.—John Leary.

Registers of Land Offices—Thomas J. Bolton, at Los Angeles, Cal.; Solon B. Patrick, Visalia, Cal.; Raymond Miller, Lamar, Col.; William C. Bowen, Del Norte, Col.; Louis Davis, of Georgia, at Perry, O. T.

United States Attorneys—Alfred P. Lyon, Eastern District of Michigan; John Power, Western District of Michigan; Robert Culbertson, Northern District of Texas.

Judge of Probate in the County of Emery, Utah—Herbert Savage.

To be Rear Admiral—Commodore John G. Walker.

Postmasters—Illinois: Patrick Stuart, La Salle; Benjamin Lowe, Ayers, Iowa: A. J. Salts, Corning; Moses M. Ham, Dubuque; Thomas Bowman, Council Bluffs. Michigan: John Brown, Manistee; William A. Bahlke, Alma; Alfred V. Friederich, Traverse City; Stiles Kennedy, St. Louis. Minnesota: J. Leroy Paul, Brown Valley; A. W. Blakely, Rochester.

How the World Wags.

JIM CORBETT, the pugilist, arrived in New York, was given an ovation, and made a speech.

C. W. LEACH, a prominent mining man, was accidentally asphyxiated at Grass Valley, Cal.

ATTORNEY MADIGAN, of New Ulm, Minn., will go to the penitentiary for five years for perjury.

MATTHEW R. ASHTON was found guilty of killing his aunt, Mrs. Daniel Stone, of Janesville, Wis.

MRS. LEASE opened the campaign at Topeka, Kan., and paid her respects to Gov. Lewelling in her speech.

W. J. HOLT, Fort Wayne, Ind., was fatally shot by the explosion of a revolver in his overcoat pocket.

JOSEPH BROWN, hit on the head at the McNamara riot in Kansas City, is expected to die from the wound.

HENRY HURSON, insane convict in the Columbus, Ohio, prison, is thought to have died from the effects of a beating.

SUICIDES: Bruce Grant at Newton, Ga.; George Helphe, at Pittsburg, Pa.; Marshal N. Crawford, at Kansas City.

MILLS of the American Cereal Company at Akron, Ohio, were destroyed. The loss is $1,200,000; insurance about half.

CLAY SHACKELFORD shot and badly wounded his brother Bates at Richmond, Ky., in a quarrel about a euchre party.

STOCKHOLDER [illegible] of New York, declares Nicaragua Canal funds have been misappropriated and the officers overpaid.

THE 8-year-old son of C. F. Emmett while coasting was run down and killed by an electric motor at St. Joseph, Mo.

WHILE riding a railroad velocipede near Spokane, Wash., Joseph Wall was run down by a Union Pacific engine and killed.

EMPEROR WILLIAM'S 35th Birthday anniversary was brilliantly observed at Berlin, overshadowing the Bismarck demonstration.

JOHN RHODES, claiming to be a revenue agent, was killed with a club by Samuel Williamson, a negro, in Obion County, Tennessee.

LOUISIANA Supreme Court reversed the decision of the lower court in the Olympia State case, thus ending prize fighting in the State.

TOM AND BRYAN LEATH are suspected of having poisoned James Basket, a wealthy old miser, who died suddenly at Birmingham, Ala.

MRS. A. E. BUCHANAN, wife of a prominent young dentist of Indianapolis, commenced suit for divorce, alleging desertion on the eighth anniversary of their marriage.