STORY OF MARY IVORS.

Written Expressly for This Paper by Walter Besant.

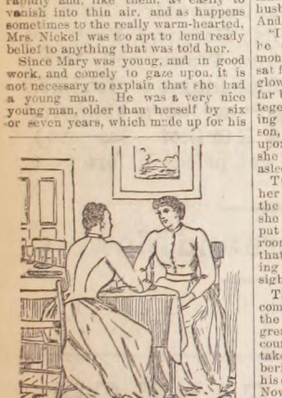
CHAPTER I.

She was a dressmaker, not a fashionable dressmaker, not a West End dressmaker, not an employee of other dressmakers; she was not called Mme. Felicie or Mme. Sybille, or anything but plain Mary Ivors. She went out for so much a day—half a crown, I think, with dinner and tea. The dinners placed before her were for the most part what are called plain—a cut of cold beef and a waxy potato. The best part of dinner to a daily dressmaker is the rest; her tea was taken among the needles and thread and the remnants, without rest to speak of. Yet she preferred tea to dinner; the latter is a strengthener, but the former a heartener, as all women know, and many men. She lived by herself in a respectable family, with whom she had breakfast and supper; her room was on the ground floor, back, which looked out on somebody else's garden wall—you could see a Virginia creeper on the top for four months in the year. Sometimes a branch hung over and turned crimson in the autumn. The place where she lived was in a back street leading out of a side street in the Mile End Road.

Mary was a country girl allured to town by the prospects of good work and good pay and by the persuasions of an aunt. She was as neat and comely a girl to look at as one may expect to find anywhere; she stood five feet eight in her stockings, and was light limbed, strong and active, a girl who was by no means afraid of anything within reason, that called itself a man; a girl greatly respected by all who knew her. Partly by the introduction of her aunt, who was in the same profession, and partly by reason of the aunt's comely decease, she left a gap or vacancy in dressmakery. Mary was getting on very well. Her clientele lay mostly in and about the region north of Tower Hill, which is not very far from the Mile End Road. A penny fare morning and evening covers most of the way. To students of London this corner of the city is interesting in many ways, as, for instance, that it is the only part of the city proper where there is a population. Courts, holes and corners there are here and there in other parts, but there the people live over their shops in the main thoroughfares and in the private houses in the streets leading from them. Have they not America Square all their own?

It was, in fact, in America Square that Mary had her most useful friends. Especially she was in demand at Nickel's, where, had she wished, she might have been employed. I believe, all the whole year round, because Frau Nickel, who ran this establishment for purposes of profit as a select boarding-house or private hotel for German gentlemen connected with commerce, found the girl everything that she desired—trustworthy, no shirker of work, respectful, clever, neat and full of professional ideas. The Frau was always ready, over ready, perhaps, to take one of her own sex to her heart; she was equally ready to cast off this bosom friend on a suspicion of falsehood, treachery, or less-amiss of any kind. Friendships rapidly formed are like riches quickly amassed. That is to say, they are prone to melt away as rapidly and, like them, as easily to vanish into thin air, and as happens sometimes to the really warm-hearted, Mrs. Nickel was too apt to lend ready belief to anything that was told her.

Since Mary was young, and in good work, and comely to look upon, it is not necessary to explain that she had a young man. He was a very nice young man, older than herself by six or seven years, which made up for his



"YOU ARE GOING TO BE A HAPPY WOMAN."

being shorter than herself by four inches. He was neat in his dress, and he had a clean face, innocent of beard; pale cheeks, black hair; black eyes, rather long, of the almond pattern, soft, dark, expressive eyes, such as used to be dreamed about in the days of imagination and Don Juan; a neat figure neatly dressed; and soft hands which seemed never to have done a day's work. A handsome man, perhaps, by those who like the type. He was a commercial traveler, and was generally away upon his business. What it was that he represented Mary never inquired. His relations, he said, were all in America; he was alone—and here he sighed. He was a poetical young man, and would read her verses which he said he had written for her. He loved sentimental songs; he would weep when he heard the "Lost Chord" sung at the Music Halls. He also liked those stories in which the girl is hunted down by the villain, sinking from one misery to another, until at length she steps into the dark cold river, after murmuring from the bridge the sweetest things into the depths below. He could also play upon the flute very movingly.

Harold Vere—he had such a beautiful name!—was so much in love with Mary that he wanted to hear all about her business affairs; the houses she went to, the people who employed her, their means and their peculiarities. Most of the people were tolerably well-to-do shopkeepers. The young man after a time ceased to ask about them, but he showed a strange and pertinacious curiosity about Mrs. Nickel and her private hotel. The house seemed to interest him—was it always full of Germans? Were there many rooms? They were, perhaps, out all day? The hostess interested him. Did she sit with Mary while the work was going on? Did she talk about money? Did she seem rich? Had she shown Mary any of her fine things? Mary told him all she knew. Mrs. Nickel bustled in and out of the room all day, except between 2 and 3, when she went to sleep for an hour; it was the sleepy time of the day. All the guests were out; the hall-porter dozed; the house was very quiet at that time. Mrs. Nickel was not very rich, Mary supposed; she did not know; no one could tell. Mrs. Nickel had some beautiful rings and chains, which she kept in her cupboard in a little tin box with

"STEAL YOUR CASH-BOX!" CRIED MARY.

her cash; she had once shown her these treasures. Mary worked in the room where this cupboard stood. Other things her young man asked her; other things Mary replied.

On Saturdays Mary, like the rest of the working world, had a half-holiday. She knocked off at 2 or thereabouts. At other hours on that day she had no dinner. But at the private hotel, where there was always abundance of food, and that of the best, she took dinner with the Frau Nickel as usual.

CHAPTER II.

It was a Saturday in September; the day was bright and the air warm. Mary was happier than usual; Harold was coming back. They were going out together somewhere—by train and train—into the country; they would have tea in some quiet place. They would come home in the evening hand in hand, happy Harold murmuring soft things.

She told Mrs. Nickel at dinner about her lover. The good lady was truly sympathetic; a love story moved her deeply; she had been young herself; she inquired if he was steady and respectable, what trade he followed, if he had a good temper, if he was in good health. To all these questions Mary replied satisfactorily. "My dear," said Mrs. Nickel—she pronounced it "my Tear," but never mind, and she took Mary's hands in her own soft, plump hands—"you are going to be a happy woman. Nothing, my dear, makes a woman happier than a good husband and a house full of children. And when shall you marry, my dear?"

"I don't know. Harold says he thinks he can marry now in a very few months." After dinner Mrs. Nickel sat for a few minutes talking over the glowing prospects stretching fair and far before her young friend and protege. Then she grew sleepy, and rising slowly, for she was an adipose person, she went upstairs and lay down upon her bed, and dreaming that she was buying a wedding present fell asleep.

Two o'clock struck. Mary collected her work, and put it carefully away on the side table ready for Monday, when she was to return for it. Then she put on her hat and jacket and left the room. She remembered afterwards that the cupboard door was standing open with the cash box in full sight.

The house was quiet; the German commercial gentlemen were away in the city or elsewhere promoting the great commercial interests of their country; the Service having recently taken in stokage were resting or slumbering; the hall porter slumbered on his chair. Mary passed out noiselessly. Now, as she went down the steps into the square, she might have observed, had she looked to the left, a face that was furtively wa ching the door of the private hotel from a corner where the square is connected with the Minories by a little street. But she did not turn to the left at all; she turned to the right, and walked rapidly away. Then this face became a figure, none other than the figure of Harold Vere, Mary's young man. Harold made straight for the private hotel; he walked up the steps; he passed the sleeping hall porter; he pushed open the door of Mrs. Nickel's private room; he looked round and he went in.

He came out immediately afterwards, and noiselessly stepped out of the house.

Mrs. Nickel, upstairs, slumbered. In the kitchen the cook and the housemaids nodded: in the hall the hall porter droned and grunted. A peaceful, slumberous private hotel it was. And Mary sat in the tram going home, where Harold was to meet her.

An hour afterwards he came; Mary knew his knock, and ran to let him in. He was smiling, happy, joyful; she had never known him to welcome her with so much joy in words and manner; it overcame her to think that this man, so clever, so beautiful, should love her so much.

"Well, I am quite ready, dear," she said.

"So am I; let us lose no time, then. September will soon be over, and winter comes. But you know, dear, there is no winter where love rules the heart—eternal spring."

Mary went out first, and Harold was just closing the door. "Stop," he said, "I've forgotten my stick." He did close the door by accident as he ran into the house again, but came out a moment afterwards. "There," he said, "that's done with." He turned very red for some reason. "Mary, my dear, I believe that in six months' time we shall be able to marry. Only six months to wait.'"

CHAPTER III.

At 3 o'clock Mrs. Nickel came down stairs, awake and rather cross.

At the sound of her heavy step the hall porter sat up, opened his eyes, stood up and went to the door, looking about the Square watchfully, as a hall porter should.

At the sound of her heavy step the Service in the kitchen woke up and began to bustle around. She went into her own room.

Mary Ivors was gone; that she expected; she got out her accounts and began to add up and to examine. Presently it became necessary to count her cash. She got up and looked in the cupboard for the cash-box. It was not on the lowest shelf; she looked on the second, but it was not there; and on the third, the highest, it was not there. With a little anxiety she returned to the lowest shelf, and worked her way back again, with the same result. Then she began with feverish haste to pull everything out of the cupboard in order to find the cash-box. When the contents lay scattered about the sofa and the table she realized that the cash-box was not there.

It might be in her bedroom; she often took it up stairs with her. She hurried up to look: the cash-box was not there. She returned; she rang the bell with violence.

When the whole house had been searched and all the boxes of the servants and the lumbering women of the house were reduced to misery and to tears, and her own rage had brought her almost to sinking—she would have sunk but for a half wine-glass of Kirschen Schnapps—she bethought her of the hall porter.

"Tell me," she cried, "you have been asleep, you have let a thief into the house." No. He assures her that he had not only been wide awake all the time, but that he had been standing on the door step. No one had passed out except Miss Ivors, the dressmaker; no one had come in at all.

Then an inspiration came to Mrs. Nickel.

"Mary Ivors!" she cried, gasping. "Oh, Mary Ivors! I've loaded her with kindness, and she repays me—Oh!—she repays me—by stealing my cash-box."

Mary and her lover had tea at Ilford when the sun went down. They came back by train and reached the city at 8 o'clock. They parted on the door-step—that is, they were parting—when the door was thrown open. In the narrow passage stood a policeman and Mrs. Nickel.

"Mary Ivors! Mary Ivors!" cried Mrs. Nickel, bursting into tears—"I made you my friend, I befriended you—and now you steal my cash-box!"

"Steal your cash-box?" cried Mary.

"Steal! My girl steal?" cried Harold, stepping to the front, "who dares to say that my girl is a thief?"

"Lady lost her cash-box," said the policeman. "Found under the prisoner's bed, tied up in her own handkerchief—box empty."

CHAPTER IV.

Mary had no defense. She did not know who put the box under her bed. She had nothing whatever to say—nothing. And there was the case, simple, and dead against her. Nobody had been in her own room except herself—nobody could have been there—and there was the box tied up in her own wicked handkerchief—the box with Mrs. Nickel's name upon it—and empty. Therefore, in the eyes of the court and of everybody, she had not only stolen the cash-box, but she had made away with the contents. Where had she placed them?

On Monday morning she stood in the dock—the shameful dock—white faced, with quivering eyelids and trembling lips; the whole scene seemed a play, one of her young man's favorite melodramas—in which, somehow, she was not in her usual place—the front row of the pit. Now and then she clutched the front of the dock. She had a solicitor, engaged for her by Harold, and this friend and true lover stood below her and held her hand; but she had nothing to say to the solicitor which might help him. She knew nothing; she had no suspicion.

Mrs. Nickel gave her evidence in the manner common to warm-hearted and emotional people, with many sobs and chokings, which did honor to her warmth of heart.

The policeman proved finding the box under the bed. The thing was quite clear. The magistrate said he would treat the case summarily. He sentenced the girl to six months' hard labor.

Mrs. Nickel made her way out of the court, weeping loudly.

Harold seized Mary's hand as she was led off, whispering "My dear, my dear, I believe in you! I believe in you always. Wait patiently, and you'll find me true."

So they bundled her away, and the girl who was so proud and happy the day before was a prisoner for six months. The time was nothing. Sooner or later she would be out again, and a convict—always, for the rest of her days—a convict! She had one little drop of comfort—all the time that she remained in prison she thought over the brave words of her lover—the true, the noblest lover the girl had found.

As for this young nobleman, he left the court with streaming eyes; the situation was indeed full of tragedy. A hundred yards from the court he cheered up and began to laugh gently. "Poor, dear Mary!" he said. "She's the best of the lot, and the most successful. I told her we should get married in six months. They always get six months."

He spent the evening at a moving melodrama, where he wept his handkerchief into a dripping rag, with a young lady of considerable personal attractions, but not of Mary's style. In such matters Harold's taste was catholic.

CHAPTER V.

On the morning that Mary came out her lover met her at the gates. "Dear, very, my dear," he whispered, taking both her hands and kissing them. "I've made it all right. We shall be married when you've had some breakfast, at the registrar's, and at breakfast we'll talk over our plans. Oh! who—who could have done this thing? I've advertised; I've been to Mrs. Nickel and got a description of the contents of the box, and I've advertised for such rings and such watches and things. But he was a crafty thief! A villainous, cruel thief! It was not a man; it was one of the women of the hotel, my dear. That is certain. Never mind. Come, let us forget the past. You look thin, dear. Of course. We shall soon make you strong again. You shall forget the past. You shall live in a little nest, all love and happiness. Come."

Two years later Mary Vere—Ivors no longer—sat, on a Saturday afternoon, in her house at Kentish Town. On the blind, which was down, because it was Saturday afternoon, was written her name—"Mary Vere, Dressmaker." She carried on her trade in that suburb, which is a long way from the Mile End Road. Nobody knew anything of her past troubles; she had a nice little business; she had a good husband; she had the most lovely baby ever seen—like herself, big, strong, and hearty. Except for the doleful memory of that trial and sentence, and imprisonment, she was perfectly happy. All day long she worked among her girls, while the baby slept in the cradle, or sprawled about the floor in her own lap. In the evening she sat and thought about her husband, who was for the most part away, traveling for the commercial good of his country.

The house was one of those six-roomed houses common in the poorer suburbs. Two rooms were in the basement, two on the ground floor, raised about six feet, and two above, a little garden behind. The basement contained the kitchen and a workroom; the ground floor, a "store-room" in front and the parlor behind; above, a large bedroom and small bedroom, and the "spare" room. The last was occupied by some stores or samples—Mary knew not what—belonging to the husband, who kept the door locked and carried the key about with him always. It was a Blue Beard's chamber, but the wife never thought of it or was tempted to look into it until the unlucky afternoon when, alone in the house, her baby asleep, she was putting things to rights in her own room. Never once, until this afternoon, when she was tempted, and fell, like Eve.

"What does he keep in the room?" whispered the Tempter. "Something valuable; something that he wishes to surprise you with. Would you like to see it?"

The Tempter went on whispering for a long time. For a long time Mary took no notice of him. Then he changed his talk.

"If it were quite easy for you to open the door and to look in, wouldn't you do it? Just try the key of your own room."

She listened; she turned red; she turned pale. She took the key of her own room and tried the lock. It fitted; it turned. She opened the door, looking round guiltily. She went in. There stood in the middle of the room a large box bound with iron. Nothing else was in the room at all. And in the lock was a key, and the key belonged to a bunch of keys which her husband always carried. He must have left them there when he was last in town.

Mary lifted the lid of the box. Within were bundles of papers and packets tied up neatly. She took up one of the bundles of papers. They were neatly folded, tied together and indorsed. On the outside was written, "Clara Jenkins, House of Correction, Chester, six months hard. June, 1886." Mary opened the bundle. It was a packet of letters, ill-written, ill-spelled, from Clara. The letters ran from 1887 to 1891. They began sometimes "Dearest Harold" and sometimes "Dearest Husband." Mary put them back with a sickening heart. She took up another indorsed, "Matilda Palmer, summarily dealt, six months hard, Liverpool, 1888." This, too, contained letters up to date, all addressed to her dearest Harold or her dearest husband. Then another and another and another. There were twenty of them. Her husband had twenty-one wives, then, and every one had served a term of six months hard.

Mary laid down the bundles, her cheeks aflame.

She tried to think what was best to be done. She could think of nothing. Then she mechanically opened one of the packets tied up in brown paper. It contained rings. Among them she saw the two rings which had been in Mrs. Nickel's cash-box. She opened another packet. These were brooches, among them, Mrs. Nickel's brooch. She opened a third. Bracelets, among them Mrs. Nickel's bracelet. And then a fourth. Watches, among them Mrs. Nickel's watch. And a fifth. Chains, among them Mrs. Nickel's chain.

She made no more delay. She put the papers in her reticule, tied up the rings and things, gathered up the baby, and took a cab—actually took a cab—to America square. Here there was presently such weeping and lamentations as might have been heard on Tower Hill

On Sunday morning her husband came home. He returned smiling, happy, pleased to be under his own roof once more.

His wife, however, stood in the doorway, a big stick in her hand.

"Oh! villain!" she cried.

He recoiled. She was so big and so strong, and she looked so terrible that he recoiled.

"I know all," she went on. "You have twenty wives besides me. You have sent them all to jail, to prison, and you live upon their gratitude. You go from house to house, and you live upon the wife who works for you. And in this house you have stored the things you have stolen. Wretch! but you come here no more, if you dare to cross this threshold I will break every bone in your body. Go! your box and all the jewels, and the letters and all—are in the hands of the police, and they will take you up as soon as they have read the letters. Go—get out of their way if you can—and remember: not one farthing shall you ever get from me if you were to lie starving on the cold kerb."

The man turned and fled. I think he will never come back, and what the police have done, and what the other women involved in the ruin which he wrought for them have done, I know not.

[THE END.]

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An up-town man, who used to keep a cigar store, recently went into the butter business. He rather staggered his first customer by asking if he would have it "medium, mild, or strong."—Philadelphia Record.

Young Mr. Gatling has gone on the stage. He might be appropriately billed as a son of a gun.—Boston Herald.

AROUND A BIG STATE.

BRIEF COMPILATION OF ILLINOIS NEWS.

Quarantine Against Cattle Importations—Jealousy Causes a Double Tragedy—Footpads Assault a Flora Sport—Figures from Durfee's Insurance Report.

To Protect Illinois Cattle.

To guard against the introduction of the cattle disease known as pleunetic or Southern fever Governor Altgeld issued a proclamation, so scheduling the following district from Feb. 15 to Dec. 1, inclusive: The states of Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, South and North Carolina, and parts of the States of Oklahoma, Arkansas and Virginia. All cars of cattle brought from the above district must be plainly labeled "From the scheduled district," and all cattle must be placed in separate pens and not driven through any public highway. These may be imported for immediate slaughter in this state, but must be quarantined for ninety days and under the permission of the State Veterinarian.

Insurance Business in Illinois.

The advance sheets of the report of Bradford K. Durfee, insurance superintendent, were given out on Saturday and the marine insurance companies doing business in Illinois. Reports of Illinois business show the amount done for the year ending Dec. 31, 1893, as follows: Seven joint stock companies of this State wrote $89,894,676 of risks, receiving $1,242,237 premiums; incurred $852,087 of losses; losses paid, $836,264. One hundred and three joint stock companies of other States wrote $684,682,503 risks and received $7,728,401 in premiums; losses incurred, $4,835,377; losses paid, $4,493,789. Thirty-five foreign companies' United States branches wrote risks aggregating $370,522,938; premiums received, $5,717,562; losses incurred, $2,334,875; losses paid, $2,210,695. Seventeen mutual companies, seven of them located in Illinois, wrote risks on $16,811,049; premiums received, $246,632; losses incurred, $103,080; losses paid, $111,799. The total amount of risks written were $1,161,910,864; premiums received, $15,124,254; losses incurred, $7,836,139; losses paid, $7,343,632.

Was Assaulted and Robbed.

Samuel Evans, a trestle walker, found a man whom he supposed to be dead lying along a railroad track three miles east of Hay City. He came in and notified the authorities, who accompanied Mr. Evans to the spot. Here they found P. Lebus, a well-known Flora sport, in a pitiable condition. He was severely cut in the head and face, and was not able to talk. He was brought to town in a semi-conscious state and placed in charge of Mrs. E. W. and J. W. Boyles. Lebus afterward became able to talk. He says he was walking home when he was held up by five unknown men, and after relieving him of $17 was left by the railroad to die. The authorities have no clew as to the whereabouts of the robbers, and Lebus cannot give exact descriptions.

Kills His Wife and Then Himself.

Marion T. Skoats shot his wife and then himself Sunday night on the Big Four train at East St. Louis. Both are dead. Skoats was a stonecutter by trade and was a widower when he married his wife, who was a widow. Both had ungovernable tempers and were jealous of each other. The wife had been to St. Louis with her daughter and was followed by the husband. While on the way home and changing cars at East Alton Skoats suddenly said: "We will settle this matter quickly and right now," and fired the shots which ended both their lives.

Record of the Week.

Dr. W. A. Harris, of Monee, has reported two cases of small-pox near the village.

Judson Newton, Nauvoo, died shortly after he and a companion had drank a gallon of wine.

At a Springfield meeting of Illinois implement dealers members were urged to buy directly from the manufacturers.

John L. Grier, wanted for forgery at Macomb, where he jumped his bail bond two years ago, has been recaptured.

George Hoover, 73 years old was found dead in bed at Moweaqua. Heart disease is supposed to have been the cause.

A man killed by a train on the Alton Road near Petersburg, has been fully identified as Patrick Ryan, of Rutland, Vt.

F. A. Cole sold meal tickets to sixty students of the Chicago University, collected the money, and then closed his restaurant.

John C. Young has begun suit at Freeport, for $10,000 damages against the Illinois Central Railroad for alleged injuries received in a wreck at Dixon.

Antone Turk, an Austrian, about 35 years old, blew out the gas in the St. Nicholas Hotel in Joliet, and was asphyxiated.

Chicago city officials are surprised at the offer of a Chicago street railway company to pay more taxes and sell tickets cheaper.

Thomas T. Davies, while helplessly drunk, was cruelly seared with a redhot poker in Henry Barkowsky's saloon at Chicago.

William Hall, a lumberman of Vermont, was drowned while crossing the river on a ferry boat near Beardstown. When near the center of the stream Hall's team plunged overboard.

A broken trolley-wire killed a valuable horse ridden by John Maldaner at Springfield, and nearly killed Maldaner and six others. There were several narrow escapes during the excitement. The accident occurred in the business center.

The Attorney General holds that a city, unless it adopts the city election law, need not have a registry for electors. He also holds that a person cannot have two domiciles, and that his residence is his real voting place.

In the United States Court at Springfield, in the case of William M. Mansburger of Mattoon vs. The Terre Haute and Indianapolis Railroad Company, a motion for a new trial was overruled and judgment was rendered on the verdict awarding the plaintiff $7,000 as damages for personal injury. He was a brakeman on the road, and lost a leg while on duty.

Fred Van Allen was killed by a falling tree near his home at Epworth.

Officer McCann, of Freeport, shot John Grubb, who was resisting arrest. He will recover.

At Aurora the 2-year-old daughter of John Beiler fell into a pan of hot water and was scalded to death.

Members of the W. C. T. U. of Rockford, denounced the playing of progressive cinch and whist for prizes.

Residents of Durand firmly say the stories of their suffering sent out from Carthage are greatly overdrawn.

The trial of ex-Policeman Gus Minkhausen for murdering his wife has been continued at Mascoutah, and may be taken to another county.

The wife of Sandy McRae, a Rockford stonemason, who is on the blacklist, has sued Taylor and Robb, saloonkeepers, for selling her husband liquor.

Charles Carpenter was sentenced to fourteen years in the penitentiary for stabbing and killing G. W. McMeehan at a dance at Union, Sept. 24, 1893.

Lawrence Vincent, cashier in the Bluff Line freight office at Alton, committed suicide. He was 22 years of age. Sickness caused him to take his life. His accounts are straight.

Rev. Andrew Newsome, a colored preacher at Elgin, went home from Chicago with illness that proves to be smallpox. Representatives of some fifty colored families visited him before the nature of his illness became known and there are fears of an epidemic.

A bloody fight between the Freeport High-school boys and the boys attending the College of Commerce was prevented Tuesday afternoon by the timely arrival of the police. The ill-feeling originated, it is said, from a contemptuous remark made by a college boy in regard to the High School. The High School boys decided to go down to the commercial college and "clean out" their enemies. They marched to the college in a body, but one of the professors saw them coming, and, anticipating trouble, he locked and barricaded the doors and then sent for the police. While the enraged students were trying to force an entrance the police appeared and the boys fled. The college boys say that they are anxious for a battle.

A small riot occurred on the Wabash train out of Quincy Wednesday morning between the male members of the "In Old Kentucky" and "Under the City Lamps" companies, both of which showed at Quincy Tuesday night. They left on the Wabash for Jacksonville and about the time the train reached Camp Point the fight was started. Revolvers were drawn and half a dozen shots were fired, but none of them took effect. One of the belligerents was stabbed with a knife and several others were bruised by being hit with sticks of stove-wood. Conductor Wasconello tried to quell the riot and in doing so was bruised badly. The two companies have happened to be in the same towns on the same dates several times of late and there is much bad blood between them.

The Attorney General in reply to an inquiry, "Can a Coroner acting in the place of Sheriff, who is not eligible to so act, demand his fees in advance?" says in such cases: "Your fees can be demanded in advance, no matter whether the complainant is solvent or insolvent. This, of course, applies to civil cases only. In criminal cases no fees can be demanded in advance, as the people do not have to pay any fees." The Attorney General also renders an opinion regarding the publication of ordinances where fines, penalties, imprisonments, etc., are imposed, or any appropriations proposed by cities or villages to the effect that an ordinance so passed must be published in some newspaper in the city or village at least once within one month after the same have been passed, or if no paper is publi hed, then by posting such ordinance in three public places; and no such ordinance shall take effect until ten days after so posted or published. When printed in pamphlet book form the publication or posting is not necessary when so published by authority of the village board of trustees or city officers.

Following is a list of county fairs for this year as reported up to date to the State Board of Agriculture:

County.	Place.	Date.
Adams	Camp Point	Sept. 10—14
Boone	Belvidere	Sept. 11—14
Brown	Mount Sterling	Aug. 6—10
Carroll	Mount Carroll	Aug. 28—31
Champaign	Champaign	Aug. 28—31
Champaign	Rantoul	Sept. 21—24
Christian	Pana	Aug. 28—Sept. 1
De Kalb	Sandwich	Sept. 12—14
De Witt	Farmer City	Aug. 16—17
De Witt	Clinton	Sept. 10—14
Douglas	Camargo	Sept. 11—15
Effingham	Watson	Sept. 20—21
Fulton	Avon	Sept. 18—21
Fulton	Canton	Sept. 18—21
Gallatin	Shawneetown	Aug. 22—25
Hamilton	McLeansboro	Aug. 14—17
Hancock	Warsaw	Aug. 28—31
Hancock	Carthage	Sept. 4—7
Hancock	La Harpe	Aug. 27—31
Henry	Keewanee	Sept. 10—14
Jasper	Newton	Aug. 28—31
Jefferson	Mount Vernon	Sept. 11—14
Jo Daviess	Warren	Sept. 18—21
Jo Daviess	Galena	Oct. 2—5
Kankakee	Kankakee	Sept. 11—14
Kendall	Yorkville	Sept. 3—7
Knox	Galesburg	Sept. 4—7
La Salle	Mendota	July 10—13
Livingston	Fairbury	Sept. 5—7
Logan	Lincoln	Sept. 4—7
Macoupin	Carlinville	Sept. 4—7
Marion	Centralia	Sept. 4—7
Marion	Salem	Sept. 11—12
McDonough	Bushnell	Sept. 25—28
McDonough	Macomb	Aug. 29—24
McHenry	Woodstock	Aug. 28—31
McLean	Saybrook	Aug. 21—24
Menard	Petersburg	Sept. 4—7
Mercer	Aledo	Sept. 18—21
Morgan	Jacksonville	Aug. 29—4
Ogle	Rochelle	Sept. 18—21
Peoria	Elmwood	Aug. 28—31
Piatt	Monticello	Aug. 21—24
Pike	Griggsville	Aug. 15—18
Pope	Golconda	Oct. 2—5
Schuyler	Rushville	Aug. 13—17
Shelby	Shelbyville	Sept. 4—8
Stark	Wyoming	Aug. 28—31
Stephenson	Freeport	Sept. 11—14
Tazewell	Mackinaw	
Union	Anna	Aug. 28—31
Vermilion	Catlin	Aug. 21—24
Vermilion	Danville	Sept. 4—7
Vermilion	Indianola	Aug. 14—17
Vermilion	Hoopeston	Aug. 27—31
Warren	Monmouth	Sept. 11—14
White	Carmi	Sept. 4—7
Whiteside	Morrison	Sept. 4—7
Will	Joliet	Sept. 10—14
Winnebago	Rockford	Sept. 4—7
Woodford	Eloasc	Sept. 19—19

Auditor Gore has completed a compilation of reports received from the twenty-three State banks doing business in Chicago, in response to the call sent out a few days ago for a statement of their condition on the morning of Feb. 28. The total deposits are $35,854,596, an increase of about $1,500,000 since November 8, 1893, when the last call was made. Savings deposits and time certificates have each increased about $1,000,000, while individual deposits have fallen off nearly $2,000,000. Cash on hand, eight exchanges and items to $31,442,587, showing a reserve of 40 per cent, with which to meet deposits