

AN IDYL OF HONOLULU.

A Bold Stroke for a Husband. Written for This Paper.

BY LEON LEWIS.

CHAPTER V.

A look of marked aversion mantled the face of Miss Bullet, as the intruder emerged more distinctly from the evening shadows. It was such a look as only a woman can bestow after she is off with an old love and on with a new one.

The new-comer was a Kanaka, as we have said, although only half native. His father had been one of the many runaway sailors domiciled upon the island, but as is often the case with the lower races, the blood of civilization had been assimilated and obliterated by the blood of the savage. Keeri had, in fact, inherited so completely from his mother that it would have been hard to detect any difference of color or form between him and his full-blooded brethren.

He was tall and muscular, with keen, dark eyes, long black hair, a strongly marked nose, a wide mouth and prominent chin, and with a complexion that was brightly tawny, as if his whole person had been subjected to a vigorous polish. Aside from the passions of the moment, which were sufficiently violent, there was nothing worth or repulsive in his aspect, and there was even a certain dignity in his bearing, and a rare intelligence in his glances.

"O, it's you, eh?" greeted the old sailor's daughter, in a voice of insolent indifference that annoyed her rejected admirer immensely.

"Yes, it's me," was the rejoinder, as Keeri planted himself squarely before her.

"Did I not tell you to keep away from here, that I was over there, that I wouldn't have anything more to say to you, that I was tired of having you hanging round me eternally?" asked Alma, in one breath.

"Yes, you said so," assented Keeri, still more doggedly.

"Then why are you here?"

"To have a talk with you—so I have already said."

"Do not want anything to do with you," declared Alma, looking swiftly around to assure herself that Ralph was not within hearing. "You must go away from here immediately. I told you several weeks ago that it was impossible, and always would remain impossible, for me to marry you in your walk of life, and that it would consequently be as much for your peace of mind as for mine that you should turn your attentions upon some other woman. Did I not tell you this?"

Keeri nodded grimly at this.

"Well, said last night on that occasion," resumed Alma. "My views are just the same now as then—and always will be. You must go away immediately."

It was clear that this repeated injunction fell upon unwilling ears. So far from complying with it, Keeri dropped into an easy attitude upon the old sailor's favorite rustic seat under the flowering vine that shaded the door-way of the cottage.

"Well, that's cool," commented Alma, as she began tearing the nearest flowers to pieces in her impatience. "What great regard you have for my feelings and wishes! It's easy to see what an obliging and gentlemanly companion you would have made if I had been such a fool as to accept your proposition of marriage."

Keeri was not affected at all by this scorn and bitterness, or if so, his countenance only became more adamant.

"I did not, of course, make any allusions to your stove-pipe complexion upon the occasion in question," proceeded Alma, with increased vehemence. "I didn't even hint at the dilapidated state of your treasury. But if you insist on forcing your presence upon me in this way, I shall be compelled to say things to you that will be decidedly unpleasant."

Keeri fumbled in one of his pockets, drew out a pipe and tobacco, and was soon smoking like a furnace.

"Say them," he muttered.

Alma's face reddened instantly. She looked around twice in quick succession, first to see if her father were visible; secondly, to see if Ralph were still invisible.

"This is too much for human endurance," she then proclaimed angrily. "If you do not go away immediately I will call my father."

"You may call him a long time before he will hear you," rejoined Keeri, with a fresh cloud of smoke, as a mocking smile curled his lips. "He is just now busy with Kulu—particularly busy. I overheard him riding his high horse under Kulu's shed as I came along the road."

"Do you mean that he was quarreling with Kulu?" demanded Alma, her anxieties changing their object, or rather widening.

"Yes, they were quarreling."

"You are not the kind of man to come away without learning what they were quarreling about. What is it?"

Keeri took a still more vigorous pull at his pipe, and jerked his head with an air of mystery toward the interior of the cottage.

"They were quarreling about the very thing that you and I are going to quarrel about," he muttered. "They were quarreling about him!"

The girl started, her looks attesting that she considered the matter serious. She turned and closed the door, and then seated herself upon a rustic bench, opposite that so freely appropriated by her rejected suitor.

"They were talking about Mr. Benning," she asked slowly.

"They were not only talking about him," communicated Keeri, "but quarreling. Mr. Bullet has heard some rumor in town to-day that does not please him—some rumor as to this Mr. Benning, who he is, how he came here, what he is staying here for, or who his friends are, or what is the secret of all this mystery in which Mr. Benning seems to be living and moving, and having his being."

Keeri talked so fast, now that his tongue was loosened, that it made Alma breathless to listen.

"And it seems that Mr. Bullet blames Kulu for not having kept the secret sufficiently close—whatever the secret may be," said Keeri, continuing to make himself quite at ease. "But Kulu responded that no word or hint of the real state of affairs had ever passed his lips, from the hour when he first discovered Mr. Benning until now. I must do the dog the justice of saying that he seemed to me to be perfectly sincere and honest in all he was saying. Very naturally I should have been glad to witness the conclusion of the quarrel, but I was in a great hurry to improve your father's absence, and here I am accordingly."

"Well, you can go back as quick as

you came," declared Alma, with an anger under which was visible a certain uneasiness. "I will have nothing to do with you! I want no speech with you whatever!"

"Then the proposed talk will be a little one-sided, for I have quite a number of things to say to you, Miss Bullet, and I am here to say them. I won't leave this place until I have unbundled myself, or until I have made an awful row with your Mr. Benning. My decided impression is that you had better hear me!"

The manner of Keeri, no less than his declarations, impressed Alma strongly. She saw that he was in one of those sullen and ugly moods which can be inspired only by a bitter jealousy. Her decision was promptly taken.

"If you can possibly have anything to say to me, after what I have already said to you," she murmured, in a voice of scorn and with a look of defiance, "why, say it, and quickly."

Keeri took his pipe from his mouth, and his air became the attentive air of business.

"When you sent me adrift the other day," he began, "had you ever seen this Mr. Benning?"

The girl's features contracted and she blushed to scarlet. This questioning was visibly and deeply revolting to her. But she controlled her emotions and answered with an outward show of calmness.

"No, I had never seen him. I rejected you because I did not love you; because you were a half-breed; because you are poor; because you have no home to take me to; because your wife must inevitably be a drudge and a nobody, and because I have other and higher views for myself—all good and substantial reasons, if I am not immensely mistaken."

The Kanaka's countenance brightened in the same ratio that one would have expected it to darken. He evidently saw in all this series of declarations only one essential point, namely, that it was not because of the stranger under Bullet's roof that he had been rejected.

"There is no reason why you should abide by your former decision, Alma," he declared, his voice softening, and a look of mingled love and admiration pleading in his eyes. "I have not for a moment accepted it. I love you to-day better than ever. You are the prettiest and best girl in all these islands, bequeathed to me by my father. I have not been unkind of them, and have sought and found a remedy for such of them as are important. With my love, I can now offer you a home all ready to move into, and a snug little fortune bequeathed to me by my aunt. I refer to the Creeks place, which is now mine. As to my complexion, that does not prevent me from having both brains and heart. With my changed circumstances I shall be able to move in the best society of the capital, and in that way I shall acquire polish and all the marks of a gentleman. So that I shall become, if not so good a husband as you deserve, at the least as good a husband as the island can afford. Let me hope, therefore, in conclusion, that you will change your mind in my favor and marry me."

This was all said so respectfully and so effectively that Alma could not listen with entire stoniness of heart. She knew well the value of the inheritance which had reached her suitor, and had a sufficient appreciation of the man himself. But an immense gulf now existed between his ideas and her own, and she did not hesitate an instant to place herself in direct opposition to him.

"You have reached your good fortune too late for it to have any weight in this matter," she declared, in a hard voice and with an icy manner. "I congratulate you, of course, as a friend, upon your improved condition in life, but you can never change my late decision. It is impossible that I should ever marry you."

"And why impossible?" asked Keeri quickly.

"Do not ask me."

"But I will ask you, and I have a right to ask you. Why is it impossible for you to marry me? Mr. Bullet has never seemed very friendly to me, but he will not now refuse."

"Oh, he will—he does, as I do."

The declaration served as prompt fuel to the flames already raging in Keeri.

"But why should your father object to me?" he demanded, in a hoarse, concentrated voice. "And why do you refuse me?"

"Since you force me to tell," replied Alma, looking him coldly and squarely in the eyes, "it is because I love another."

The shock of this assertion was so terrific that Keeri, old smoker as he was, dropped his pipe for the first time in his life through a mental cause.

"And who is the man you love?" he breathed, in a hoarse whisper, as he leaped to his feet and stood trembling before her in a jealous and despairing rage. "Is he Mr. Benning?"

Either Alma thought she had gone too far to hesitate now, or she was willing to make an end of Keeri's hopes in a breath, for she instantly answered:

"Yes, he's Mr. Benning."

CHAPTER VI.

KEERI RESPONDS TO VIOLENCE.

Alma's avowal instantly plunged the Kanaka into a state of mind bordering upon frenzy.

"It is as I supposed, then!" he muttered, as he came nearer, while his eyes gleamed as savagely as a wolf's. "You rejected me because of this man?"

Alma made a gesture of disgust.

"No," she declared, with angry emphasis. "Must I tell you a thousand times over how the case stands? I rejected you for the reasons I have given, and at the date of that rejection had never set eyes upon Mr. Benning."

"Then you have fallen in love with this man since that time?"

"Yes, I have—since you are such a fool as to force me to say so many things that must annoy you. I expect to become his wife at an early day, and that day will come all the sooner, because of the annoyances to which you are now subjecting me. So, you now know that I will have nothing to do with you, and the sooner you take yourself off the better."

The realization of the hopelessness of his suit that dawned upon Keeri's mind was such as to drive him to desperation.

"I thank you for your confidence," he muttered, with an icy sneer, "and will answer it in kind. You say that you

are going to marry this Mr. Benning, but I am resolved that you shall never marry him. I'd sooner kill you both than myself or permit what has happened. But when she did find it, she talked so fast that her father was soon in possession of the facts, as seen from the daughter's standpoint.

"And now, hear me, sir," said the Kanaka, with ill-repressed excitement, as soon as he could cast a word into the torrent of explanation and denunciation that flowed from the lips of Alma. "Is it not better that your daughter should marry a man she has always known, and—"

"Hush! You don't know what you are talking about!" interrupted Bullet. "Familiarity breeds contempt. A girl should always marry as far away as possible from the paternal mansion, and choose, if possible, a husband with whom she has had no previous acquaintance."

At these declarations the Kanaka looked as blank as if he had received a slap in the face. But his passion was too ardent for him to be easily repulsed and he hurriedly resumed:

"Since I last had the pleasure of seeing you, Mr. Bullet, a remarkable stroke of good fortune has befallen me. My only aunt has died—"

"Silence! This is horrible!" cried Bullet, recoiling in pretended amazement. "What! you are so lost to all sense of shame, so hard-hearted as to rejoice with these untimely jibes over the scarcely closed grave of your unfortunate relative. Out upon you. Why, sir, if you were the husband of my daughter I should expect, at the very first reverse of fortune, to be carted off to the hospital."

Keeri raised both of his hands in a frenzy of vexation.

"I did not mean that I was glad of my aunt's death," he hurriedly protested. "I merely meant to say that having, in her good time, reached a happy and peaceful end, she has been so good as to leave me all her wealth and assets, including the well-known Creeks premises, so that I am now the possessor of considerable money—"

"Enough! You shock me!" broke in Bullet and again he indicated the manner in which he supposed he was capable of selling his only daughter for money? What is wealth but vanity and vexation of the spirit?"

The marriage I am in favor of are marriages of pure affection, and such, sir, I am proud and happy to say, is the marriage upon which my daughter is about to enter. Not a word! There is not the least use, Mr. Keeri, of pestering us with your vain hopes. We shall never marry you. And so, halt and farewell!"

He whipped his daughter into the house by a dexterous and significant pressure, and then as dexterously entered himself, closing the door in the very face of the rejected suitor, and as promptly locking it.

"That I've well planted," muttered the old harpioneer, as he dropped into a chair and rubbed his hands gleefully together, "and I only hope it will hold until after you are married."

For a minute or two the Kanaka stood motionless at the door, as if at a loss what to do with himself, and then he walked moodily away, soon disappearing in the direction in which he resided.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Not Looking for a Ladie.

Not many years ago, the "boom" struck Southern California. Mr. L., an old New-Yorker, had a large ranch near Los Angeles. He was fond of good company and a good dinner, and frequently entertained house parties at the comfortable old-fashioned Mexican hacienda. Among others who made a stay with one of the New York parties was Miss M.—. Although a woman of "uncertain age," she retained much charm of manner, and her quick wit was respected by every one who had come in contact with it. Mr. L. was a jolly bachelor of perhaps forty summers, who had seen much of the world and had a magnetic personality. He was a man of enormous proportions; some of them, no doubt, encouraged to their growth through his fondness for good things to eat and good wine to cheer the bachelor.

The party was at dinner at the ranch one day. The host, the bachelor, sat at one end of the table and Miss M.— was on his left. He had been chatting with her for some time when she asked for a spoon. Mr. L. arose at this and, bowing in his most suave way, said—

"My dear Miss M.—, won't you take me?"

"Mr. L.—," retorted the lady, "I did not ask for a ladie."

Persevered His Barber.

"Hum!" said the irritated barber. "It's easy enough to kick. Didn't I slice all the hair off your head? What more do you expect for fifteen cents?"

"The stubble has been removed," remonstrated the customer, "but with it a large amount of my cuticle."

"Well, what of it?" demanded the barber. "Didn't I dab alum on that rash in your ear?"

"You did," the exacting customer confessed, "but you cut the tip off my nose."

"And I patted it on with court plaster."

"True enough, but you severed one of my eye-brows and lost it on the floor. I kept the razor out of your eye, didn't I?"

"You did."

"And only gashed your neck in four places?"

"Quite right."

"I am afraid you're a kicker. My advice to you is to grow a beard or buy a safety razor, and not come around insulting union barbers. You're one of those fellows that want a dollar's worth of surgery with each shave and then kick because you weren't chloroformed."

Highly Trained.

A Southern man has taught his dog, a water spaniel, to extinguish fire whenever it sees anything burning. To test the little dog, a piece of paper was ignited and dropped on the floor. In an instant the dog jumped upon it and very quietly extinguished it by rubbing it with its paws. The dog was tried with lighted cigar, with the same result.

Cortez's Jewels.

Cortez obtained in Mexico five emeralds of wonderful size and beauty. One was cut like a rose; another in the shape of a horn; a third in that of a fish, with diamond eyes; fourth like a bell, with a pearl for a clapper; the fifth was a cup, with a foot of gold and four little chains, each ended with a large pearl. He had also two emerald vases, worth 300,000 crowns each.

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SOUTH CHICAGO AFTER THE RECENT FIRE.

ROUTED THE RIOTERS

CHICAGO POLICEMEN DISPERSE A MOB.

Parade of the Unemployed and Hungry Becomes a Lawless Rabble—Dispersed by Police—Several Officers Badly Injured—Rioters Clubbed and Arrested.

Chicago's unemployed, led by shiftless agitators, again brought on the inevitable riot which has lately followed their daily street parades. For a brief time the elements were at work which create destruction, both of life and property, and the results might have been lamentable had not the police been prompt and vigorous in suppressing the outbreak.

As it was, there were bruised heads and lacerated flesh, both of policemen and laymen. It was a very short and bloody battle between the officers and a riotous mob of at least 1,000 men. Five police officers were hurt, but by vigorous use of their clubs they put the rioters to flight.

Fortunately, says a dispatch, the battle was fought in the shadow of the city hall directly in front of police headquarters. Elsewhere it might have been more serious. Instantly there were enough of the officers of the law at hand to suppress and disperse the crowds. But there were exciting movements afterward, for the police from the neighboring precincts had been summoned and they came by dozens in patrol wagons with horses at full gallop. For twenty minutes these reinforcements poured in from every direction.

For a week unemployed men have been parading the streets in violation of the ordinances and to the obstruction of business traffic. Emboldened by the reluctance of the police to provoke trouble, the men became bolder day by day, until several persons had been assaulted for attempting to pass through the line. Saturday, after listening to several incendiary speeches from loud-mouthed agitators, the crowd started on its daily parade, headed by a band furnished by some one who, it appears, has money to buy hands but cannot buy bread. There were fully 1,000 men in line, and, as the march was north, on Clark street attempted to drive through the line.

The scene was indescribable. The dead and wounded were scattered through the wreckage both upon and beyond the tracks. Everything was spattered with the blood of the dead and wounded, and the cries of the latter rose above the hissing of steam and the calls of the frantic throng.

As fast as the injured could be taken from the wreck they were carried to the relief train at St. John's hospital. The doctors on board worked swiftly and well, while the other medical men were out in the wreck applying restoratives and making hurried dressings of wounds to sustain the sufferers until they could be put on relief trains for more careful treatment. The dead were taken by special train to Newtown, which is nearest the scene of the accident, and placed in a morgue by the order of the coroner.

CROPS OF THE WORLD.

Careful Estimates Prepared by the Austrian Government Officials.

The estimates of the harvests of the world, which are prepared annually by Austrian Government officials have been made public. The estimated yield for North America is 332,000,000 bushels of wheat, 24,333,000 bushels of rye, and 1,808,000 bushels of corn. The Hungarian Minister of Agriculture estimates the world's production of wheat this year at 2,278,000,000 bushels, against the official average of 2,280,000,000 annually for the last ten years. He also gives the following figures: The deficits to be filled by the importing countries will require 379,000,000 bushels. The surplus available in exporting countries is 382,000,000 bushels. The production of wheat and the deficit (amount needed above the domestic supply) in each importing country is given.

THE BEGINNING OF THE RIOT.

In less time than it takes to tell it driver and horse were surrounded by 100 howling men, many of whom dashed ugly clubs in the air and threatened to brain the victim of their wrath. The terrified cabman applied the whip to his horse and succeeded in breaking away. In a few minutes a United States mail wagon attempted to pass through the line and again the mob and the parades were provoked, threatening to upset it, when some one cried: "Hold on, boys. That's Uncle Sam's wagon." "D—n Uncle Sam," cried a black-browed tough who had held a wheel. "Let's spill the milk." His less brutal comrades urged him to desist, and the parades were remonstrated the customer, "but with it a large amount of my cuticle."

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WRECKED BY WIND.

Life and Property Destroyed at Savannah by a Hurricane.

Savannah, Ga., was swept the other night by one of the severest storms it has ever known. The storm, which had been predicted by the weather bureau for several days, began early in the afternoon and, according to a dispatch, increased from then on until it reached the climax between 11 and 12 o'clock at night, having lasted for eight hours. The storm and rain ceased for awhile in the afternoon. It began again with terrific force and the work of destruction reigned supreme and lasted until midnight, when the storm spent its fury. All the wharves along the river front, the steamship companies and Savannah, Florida and Western Railroad wharves were under water. The city streets were impassable on account of debris and fallen trees, twisted roofs, masses of brick fences, and broken limbs and branches. It is difficult at this time to get a written estimate of the damage as the result of the storm, but it was very general, and it is safe to say it will go up in the hundreds of thousands and perhaps higher. Nearly if not quite all the property owners of the city have been damaged to some extent, and some to the amount of thousands. Fourteen lives are known to be lost, and this will certainly be augmented when details come to hand. There are forty or fifty other persons who are reported missing, and it is supposed, as nothing has been heard from them, that their bodies will be found later on. Twelve barks and barkentines which were anchored off quarantine station were thrown high upon the island, and some of them were carried by that made across the marsh into an island ten miles distant from the quarantine station.

The ruin at quarantine is immeasurable. Nothing is standing where one of the finest stations of the South Atlantic was twenty hours before. The doctor's house, and most of the weathered the fearful gale is miraculous. The wharves are gone, the new fumigating plant, which cost the city so much money, is in the bottom of the sea, and nine vessels which were waiting for release to the city are high and dry in the marsh, and no doubt will be total wrecks. The Cosine was the only vessel which managed to keep afloat. It is reported that eight of the crew of a tugboat which was wrecked on the south end were drowned. All the bath houses are gone, the Knights of Pythias club house was washed away, two of the cottages of the Cottage Club are also gone. The Ranch and Rambler club houses were wrecked and the railroad tracks are cleared of debris.

The water swept with tremendous force over the island, railroad tracks being carried from 300 to 500 feet. The pavilions on the beach are gone. The switch back with an empty train was tilted into the woods. Trains on all roads have stopped to repair washouts. The church steeples are demolished, and at least 500 large trees are blown down all over the city. The Tybee Road is under water for the entire distance, and in many places the water is so high that the storm was first felt on Tybee Island, an hour and a half by boat from the city proper. Tybee is at the mouth of the Savannah River and the port of the city.

The people of Savannah and at Brunswick had warning of the coming storm and took to flight. But for this the loss of life would have been terrible. Whole rows of houses were wrecked and everything in the path of the wind went down. The known property loss is already over \$1,000,000.

NEWBY DENIED A NEW TRIAL.

The Case Will Go to the Supreme Court of the United States.

At Springfield, Ill., Judge Allen overruled a motion for a new trial made by the defense in the celebrated Newby case. A motion for arrest of judgment was likewise overruled, and the court then sentenced the convicted man to two years at hard labor in the Chester penitentiary. An appeal was allowed, and the case will then go to the United States Supreme Court. Ex-Attorney General McCarty has been engaged to carry the case up to prison. He takes the outcome of the case very seriously. The primary reason for taking a deep interest in the case and Department Commander Blodgett has authorized Fairfield Post to appeal to other posts for aid in raising a fund to defend Newby.

Steal a Boat of Clover Seed.

Sunday night thieves stole a canal boat made public. The Erie canal, which was tied up about thirty miles south of Toledo, Ohio. They next caught a horse in a neighboring pasture, hitched him to the boat and hauled it to Defiance. Here the thieves broke into J. B. Schaefer's elevator and stole about 6000 bushels of clover seed. This they loaded into the boat, and a start was then made for Toledo. After getting through three locks the robbers ran the boat into the Maumee River, hoping the current would carry them down. By this time the alarm had been given, and the men, being closely pursued, ran the boat into the bank, then escaped into Wood County. The police have no clue to the robbers.

Scandal at the Fair.

There is a scandal in awards matters at the World's Fair, and involved therein are no less persons than the National Commissioners from Oklahoma and Wyoming—Beeson and Mercer. Mrs. I. E. Harmon approached the superintendent of the Russian wine and liquor exhibit and offered to secure a gold medal for \$15,000, reducing the amount to \$10,000 later. She brought to the superintendent as men who would vouch for her, the two national commissioners named, who went under the names of "Brice" and "Oregon." The woman has been arrested, and Mercer and Beeson are making statements.

Overflow of News.

CARLOS R. WILEY, Auditor of Noble County, Indiana, died at Columbus, Ohio.

J. C. CRIMMINS, of Oakland, Cal., was shot and killed by his wife, with whom he was quarreling.

SOUTHERN members of the Epworth League threaten to secede unless their Northern brethren bar the negroes.

M. JAGGERSON, from Iowa, went on the Cherokee strip to cut hay. His body was found with a bullet wound in the head.

ROBERT HARDWICK shot and killed W. H. Averill at Stanton, Ky., and was in turn killed by Asa Petit, a friend of Hardwick.

At Valparaiso, Ind., burglars carried Sargeant & Scofield's safe, containing \$2,000, a quarter of a mile, when being shot at, they fled.

R. S. HEATH, of Fresno, Cal., charged with the murder of McWhirter, on whose first trial the jury disagreed, was released on bail of \$150,000.

BUGLARS broke open the safe in H. Kraus & Co.'s store at Akron, Ohio, securing several hundred dollars, then setting fire to the store. Loss, \$30,000.

INDIANA STATE NEWS.

OCCURRENCES DURING THE PAST WEEK.

An Interesting Summary of the More Important Deaths of Our Neighbors—Weddings and Deaths—Crimes, Casualties and General News Notes of the State.

Hoosier Happenings.

A SON of Otto Woodard, near Farmland, was perhaps fatally kicked by a horse.

WORK has been suspended on the Wabash High School because the bonds cannot be sold.

A WASHINGTON man has been arrested charged with selling beer as soup in large bowls.

MOTORMAN NATHANIEL BOWSER was terribly crushed between two electric cars in Fort Wayne.

BLOODTHIRST are being used to chase thieves out of watermelon patches around Seymour.

WILLIAM MCMAIN, a prosperous miner at Donaldsonville, was crushed by falling slate and died.

The large farm residence of Lee Deever, six miles northwest of Farmland, burned. Loss, \$4,000.

The malleable iron works of the Sweet & Clark Company, Marion, have closed down, throwing 350 men out of work.

MRS. JOHN A. ALSFASER, living west of LaPorte, committed suicide by hanging herself. The act was caused by ill health.

A meeting of the stockholders of the Grand County Agricultural Society it was decided to postpone the annual exhibition until the times improve.

THE remains of an unknown man were found strewn along the Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis Railway, ten miles east of Lebanon. It is thought he was a tramp.

GOVERNOR MATTHEW has announced that he would appoint James M. Winters Judge of the Superior Court of Marion County to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Napoleon B. Taylor. Mr. Winters is the acting judge of the court and a well known attorney.

IVAN COX, a section foreman on the O. & M., of Logansport, recently placed a package of bills containing \$10 in a bed-tick at his residence for safe-keeping. In his absence his wife emptied the straw, money and all into the street, and burned it, having forgot about the money, which was completely consumed.

MRS. DAVID DALMAN, wife of a prominent farmer, residing near Fort Wayne, committed suicide by taking arsenic. After taking the dose she walked to the field where her husband had been working, and lying down, what she had done and that she did not want to die alone, that she loved him, but her troubles were more than she could bear. She could not be saved and expired in great agony.

NEAR Fort Ritner, Byford E. Cunningham, a popular Ohio & Mississippi conductor, died. He was 33 years old and a member of the Grand Order of Railway Conductors. He fell on his head, breaking his neck. Mr. Cunningham was at one time editor and proprietor of the Seymour Republican. He leaves a wife and daughter. He was 33 years old and a member of the Grand Order of Railway Conductors.

PATENTS have been issued to Indiana inventors as follows: John H. Allison, Elkhart, electric railway trolley switch; George W. Altman, Marion, button sewing machine; Robert C. Anderson, Jeffersonville, wire stretcher; George C. Boswell, Indianapolis, skill support; Robert Poindexter, Indianapolis, post base; Louis Townsend, Evansville, harness suspending device; John H. Williamson, Muncie, grain scouring and polishing machine.

C. S. ARTHUR, president, and William F. Smith, secretary, have issued the following notice to their comrades: "Inasmuch as arrangements have already been made for a Reunion of the 75th and 101st regiments, Indiana Volunteers, and the 19th Indiana Battery, at Indianapolis, on the 6th day of September, 1900, and inasmuch as the coming of the G. A. R., and the time being so near that of our annual meeting, which was appointed for Portland, to be held on the 5th and 6th days of October next, it has been deemed best by a large number of members of the society, who have in expression to their opinion, to hold but one meeting this year, and that to be at Indianapolis, held in the Criminal Court room, on September 6, where and when the usual program will be carried out so far as it may be possible so to do. We earnestly invite you to meet us and your family there."

A GAS explosion that occurred at Morristown, probably fatally injured one and seriously burned four or five others. A gas engine and force pump on Main street furnish water to the principal part of the town. Jesse Denlinger had descended into the well to make some repairs to the engine, and while at work remarked that he couldn't see it on account of the darkness. Some one above lighted a match, and this ignited the escaping gas. A fearful explosion followed, and a column of flame and smoke shot into the air, with a loud report. Denlinger received the full force of the shock and the flames, and was frightfully burned from his waist up. It is thought he also inhaled the flames. Large pieces of flesh and skin fell from his hands and arms, and his legs, and breast are almost cooked. His recovery is thought to be doubtful. T. C. Wrenich, who was leaning over the well, was badly burned about the hands and face, but not dangerously. John Nelson, who stood near, was seriously burned and is in a bad way. All are suffering intensely from their injuries. Three or four others, who stood near, were slightly burned.

JOB HOLMES, living in Monticello, is in a position to sympathize with the White Caps who attacked the Conrads in Harrison County. He is lying in his home with one eye destroyed, and the other injured with bird shot. Holmes and several other parties went to the residence of Hugh Davis, an alleged undesirable neighbor, and began to stone the house. Davis emptied the Conrads' gun, and the gang fled. They all got some of it, but Holmes fared the worst. Davis' residence has been stoned frequently recently, and he served notice that he would shoot one if the assaults continued.

FRANKLIN was shaken up by a fearful explosion of a boiler in the Franklin Water, Light and Power Company's power house. The middle boiler of the three in the battery was the one which exploded. The brick building, including the dynamo room, was blown to pieces, and bricks, stones, pieces of machinery and debris were hurled in all directions for 250 yards or more. John Dennis, the fireman, was injured so badly that he will probably die. He was cut, bruised, scalded, and literally roasted, being caught in the hot bricks from the furnace. Martin Dennis, brother, was also cut and was hurled into the face and shoulders, but not so badly.

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