

TO PRESS RUIZ CLAIM.

UNITED STATES IS ABOUT TO TAKE ACTION.

The Mild Demand of Last Summer Is to Be Followed by More Vigorous Pressure—Explosion of a Rapid-Fire Gun Hurts One Man.

The Ruiz Indemnity Claim.

Another demand is to be made upon Spain for the payment of \$75,000 indemnity to the widow of Dr. Ricardo Ruiz for the murder of her husband in a Guanabacoa jail. The State Department is to call upon the Spanish Minister Woodford, in which he will be directed to call the attention of Minister of Foreign Affairs Sagasta to the fact that this claim was presented last summer; that it has not yet been paid, or, in fact, has a delayed answer been received to the note addressed to the late Minister Canovas. The only reply made has been a formal acknowledgement of the receipt of the claim. Since its presentation the administration has made no attempt to press the claim, partly on account of the negotiations following the arrival of Minister Woodford in Madrid, which have resulted in the inauguration of autonomy in Cuba, and the carrying out of a humane policy in the prosecution of the war. It is expected by the administration that Spain may take an argumentative course and endeavor to rebut the evidence produced by the United States showing that Ruiz was murdered, by counter evidence that he committed suicide. The department received a letter from Mrs. Ruiz a few days ago, in which she asked to be informed as to the steps taken to procure the payment of her claim. Mrs. Ruiz wrote that she was in need of circumstances, and expressed the hope that the United States would do all it could to obtain the indemnity demanded. The action to be taken by the department effectively dispenses of the claim, which has been persistently in circulation for several months alleging that Minister de Lome had privately settled with Mrs. Ruiz, as was done by his Government.

RAPID-FIRE GUN BURSTS.

One Man Hurt by Explosion on the Sandy Hook Ground.

After standing a test of seventy-three rounds a five-inch rapid-fire Driggs-Schroeder gun burst at the Government proving grounds at Sandy Hook. Only one person was hurt, William H. Murray, a telegraph operator, who was at work in a temporary office some distance away from where the gun was undergoing the test. His leg was broken. Several pieces of the gun crashed through the roof and sides of the building and either fell to the floor or passed on out through the side of the building opposite to that through which they entered.

Suicide of a Professor.

The body of Prof. Harry Curt was found in the Ohio river at Cincinnati at a point not far from where his clothing was found three days before. Curt left his home one recent night, went to the river, and, after leaving his clothing on the bank, secured a boat, rowed out into midstream and jumped overboard. He was one of the brightest teachers at the University of Cincinnati. Close application to study brought on nervous prostration.

Kansas Prisoners Escape.

Charles Robinson, alias "Blackeye," who was charged with robbing banks and postoffices in Missouri, and who was recently captured at Fort Scott, Kan., broke jail with George W. Finche, under a life sentence for the murder of Frank Swafford, and six other prisoners. They assaulted the jailer and took his keys and gun. Robinson is accused of robbing banks at Hume and Richards, Mo., and the postoffice at Nevada.

Aerial Railway Is Completed.

Hugh C. Wallace, at Tacoma, Wash., president of the Chilcoot Railroad and Transportation Company, has advised of the completion of the company's aerial railway over the Chilkoot Pass to Lake Linderman. This marks a new era for Klondike travel, as the time between tide-water and the headwaters of the Yukon river is shortened from a month to one day, besides removing the peril and hardships.

Insurance Rate War.

St. Louis is soon to see a general rate war among the insurance companies doing business in the city. The Germania, one of the largest and most powerful companies, has decided to withdraw from the St. Louis board of underwriters and to re-orient for business on its own hook. Associated with it will be the newly organized International Insurance Company of New York.

Try to Burn a Town.

Firebugs attempted to burn and loot the business part of Plano, fifteen miles north of Dallas, Tex. Half a dozen business houses in as many blocks were fired almost simultaneously, coal oil being scattered over the buildings. The fires drew a large crowd and the flames were soon extinguished.

Tennessee Deadlock Broken.

The senatorial deadlock at Nashville, Tenn., ended in the re-election of Senator T. B. Turley, the present incumbent. The vote stood 46 for Turley to 44 for McMillin. Gov. Robert L. Taylor withdrew from the race.

Measles at Dayton, Ohio.

Measles are more than 3,000 cases of measles in Dayton, O. It is feared that all schools will have to be closed.

Forty-four Sink in a Raging Sea.

It is reported that the mail steamer Channel Queen has been totally wrecked off the Island of Guernsey. The owners of the Channel Queen announced that out of 65 persons on board of her when she struck 44 are known to have been drowned.

Locomotive Explodes.

The locomotive of a Norfolk and Western train exploded near Welch, W. Va. Fireman Will Jackson, colored, was killed and Engineer O'Leary was so badly injured that he will die.

Heirs to a Fortune.

Al and J. F. Reitz of Great Falls, Mont., have received word that by a decision of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania they have fallen heir to \$1,000,000. The estate belonged to their grandfather, who died at Tamaqua, Pa., in 1847, leaving an estate of sixty acres of coal lands.

Barge Carries Four Men Down.

The Luckenbach towboat Walter A. Luckenbach, which sailed from Newport News having in tow the barges Yonkers and Halcyon, bound for Providence, when off Barnegat discovered that the Yonkers had sunk with the four men on board.



changed to a cry of despair—"my death upon your head!"

"You are an impudent fellow!" cried the earl. "Out of my way, or I will ride over you!"

"Pray—pray listen to him, Lord Carven!" cried Hildred.

But the earl turned angrily to her.

"You do not understand these matters; you must not interfere," he said—"a set of idle rascals."

"Stop, my lord," cried the man, his face pale—"stop! I am satisfied with taking my health and my strength—leave my character alone. I am no rogue; I am an honest, hard-working man."

"Honest, indeed!" cried the earl. "There is not one honest man among you."

"I will not answer, my lord," he said, with quiet dignity. "I am asking a favor; it is life to me. I have no money to leave the house; if I remain in it as it is will be certain death to me. My lord, it is but a few pounds—very few—do not refuse me!"

But Lord Caraven's face grew crimson with anger.

"I shall do nothing of the kind. And let me tell you that I consider it a great piece of impertinence for you to stop me in this fashion; I have an agent to manage my affairs—go to him. Our road, and take care you do not stop me again."

The man went away and the earl rode on. Was he generous? Only a few pounds, and for that a life must be sacrificed. She wondered to herself whose idea of generosity was mistaken—his or hers.

CHAPTER IX.

Hildred's heart sank lower and lower—every day brought her some fresh revelation of her husband's character which was utterly unendurable to her. The heroic traits of all worth that he seemed to have in it were lounge through life. He literally did nothing—no useful occupation ever seemed to attract him. He never read, he never wrote. If any letter of importance required an answer, he passed it to her or threw it aside. If the agent brought the accounts he said in his indolent manner, "Lay the books down—I will see to them soon;" but he never looked at them. He had but one idea, and that was amusement. No idea of work ever seemed to occur to him—self-indulgence and indolence were all that he cared for.

When the month of May came round he decided upon going to London. Hildred was prepared for them, and the handsome earl's friends made ready to receive him with open arms. He had been welcome in his penniless state, and, having married a wealthy heiress, he was now doubly welcome. Those who had won money from him before looked forward to winning more; those who had gambled and bet with him before looked forward to a renewal of those delights. He would be welcome.

"Well, if you choose to put it in that light, yes."

"I accept the terms," she said, gently. "There are many women who have to do the happiness of their lives in the fulfillment of duty; I must do the same."

(To be continued.)

costume, dainty white lace encircling the white throat and arms. A man's heart might have warmed to her with exceeding great love—Lord Caraven did not; he never even stopped to look at her, to make any inquiries about her, or to speak a few words of kindly greeting.

"I do not like Captain Fane," she said, quickly.

"Possibly—but then, you see, that has nothing to do with the matter."

He spoke quite good-humoredly, but his wife saw a slight flush in his face.

"Captain Fane, you may be surprised to hear, was rude to me when I saw him at Lady Redsys's ball."

"Indeed! I have never heard anything against him of that kind. If he really was rude, you must have annoyed him."

"I did nothing of the kind, Lord Caraven," she replied, quietly.

"What did he do or say?" he asked.

"I decline to tell. You evidently desire what I say; but, if Captain Fane dines here, I shall not."

"That is as you wish," he replied.

"I mean it, Lord Caraven. If Captain Fane dines here, I shall not enter the dining room."

"Then I must make an apology for your absence, and say that you have a headache," he said.

"I will give no orders for dinner for Captain Fane," said Hildred.

"I think you will, Lady Caraven; if not, they will be given to you. Mind, there is a limit to my patience—you must not often abuse it. It is plain that you dislike Captain Fane because I like him."

"No, it is not so, I assure you, Lord Caraven. I was told not many days since that Captain Fane was strongly suspected of some unfair dealing at cards, and would be requested to leave your club."

"It is all nonsense," he said, but he began to fear there might be something in the story.

The earl then quitted the room really angry at last. He was naturally of an even temper. He was perhaps too indolent to be of any other, but he was really angry this time.

"A school girl like that to defy me in my own house," he said—"it is quite undesirable."

He rang for the housekeeper and gave orders for a recherche dinner.

Hildred had gone to her room. She would not permit the servants to know that there was anything wrong. Her only resource was to shut herself up in her room and leave them to imagine that she had a bad headache. Shut up there, she heard all that passed. She heard Captain Fane's arrival, and dinner being served. She heard the sound of laughter—then came a silence, and she knew, just as though she had been present, that the earl and his guests were playing cards.

(To be continued.)

BRITISH LUNACY STATISTICS.

Number of Insane Persons Who Recover Is Increasing.

Two things appear to be established prima facie from the annual report of the commissioners in lunacy, and these are:

1. That the proportion of insane people relatively to sane people is every year getting greater, and

2. That the number of deaths from insanity is getting less and the number of recoveries is increasing.

But both deductions may be answered by the statement that the numbers have risen chiefly through the fact that more control is now being exercised over insane patients than formerly. The commissioners themselves do not draw any inference one way or the other, merely giving the available statistics, and commenting only where comments are thought necessary to explain the figures.

One of the main tables shows that last New Year's day the total number of lunatics in England and Wales was 99,365, as compared with 96,446 on the corresponding day of 1896, being an increase of 2,919.

Of course, the population is always steadily increasing, and insane people, other things being equal, may be expected to increase with it. But even taking this into consideration, the number of persons reported as insane are steadily becoming greater.

In 1859 one person in every 536 of the population was under treatment; in 1869, one in every 418; in 1879, one in every 363; and every year the state of affairs has been getting worse, till in 1895 there was one in every 323, in 1896 in every 318, and in 1897 in 313.

The death rate has not gone up with the number of patients, for it is reckoned for 1896 at 9.05 of the total number of patients, a decrease of 0.96 from 1895, compared with the previous year, and 0.05 below the average for the ten years ended 1896.

The number of recoveries is not quite so satisfactory. In 1896 it stood at 38 per cent. of the total admissions, or 0.35 above the preceding year, but 0.48 below the average annual rate for ten years.

It is in the merry month of May that most of us go mad. April, however, runs May close, and July makes a pretty fair third. April is the month for mama, and June, just as the holidays are beginning, for melancholy. In February most forms of the disease seem to be at their ebb. The five months of March, April, May, June and July, are a pitiful spectacle of want and despair. As they passed by the earl took out his purse and literally emptied it on the ground at the woman's feet. She looked dazed and bewildered at this sudden bounty of fortune. He did not wait for any thanks, but rode on.

"I wish," he said, "that I could collect all the poor people in the world together, and make them rich."

"Why not, Hildred?" he asked.

"It is not the face of an honest man, unless he has for once made a mistake in her eyes," he said.

"I trust him implicitly—indeed, I do not believe I ever looked on his secretary."

She thought a great deal after that conversation. It had opened her eyes more fully to her husband's character than anything that had passed before. She decided to study him.

"Was he generous?" she thought. "He had given me a large sum of money to help him, but she felt that she could never forgive him for having sold her—sold her for a title."

"I think, my dear," said Arley Ransome, nervously, "that it would be quite well if you could try to—look a little bright. You do not look happy. How is he?"

"I am glad that you are pleased," she replied. "He was her father, and she was compelled to honor him; but she felt that she could never forgive him for having sold her—sold her for a title."

"I think, my dear," said Arley Ransome, with a smile on her face she combed, standing before him calm, beautiful, self-possessed. At that moment the earl, not knowing she was there, entered the room. He stared at the lovely apparition.

"Hildred, I did not know that you were here. You are ready, I see."

"Quite ready," she replied, briefly.

"Then we will start at once," he said.

Arley Ransome went up to him.

"You must feel pleased and proud," he said. "The most beautiful woman presented to-day will be your wife. To his shrunk limbs—"and for these also—pointing to his useless hands.

"What do you mean?" Lord Caraven demanded, his face flushing with anger.

"I mean this, my lord—that I was a slave to you when you took this cottage and brought my wife home here; now," he cried, in a sudden passion of despair—*"now look at me!"*

"Which will add considerably to my domestic happiness," remarked the earl.

"Yes, he was pleased. He saw people whose opinions he turned to look at him; he heard her name whispered; he saw admiring glances follow her; he felt that among tall pink-and-white English girls she looked like some southern queen. But the knowledge of all this did not in the least warm his heart.

Her. And she had great interest in his opinion. The time had been when she would perhaps have stood before him, and have said, "I hope you are pleased with me, Lord Caraven."

"She would not now; she was proudly, superbly indifferent. Indeed, she would have given much for the impulse, the desire to please him. It had faded away—died of neglect."

CHAPTER X.

"Hildred," said Lord Caraven, "Captain Fane will dine with us this evening. You are never contented—never satisfied—stand aside!"

"My lord!" cried the man, "the horses in your stables, the dogs in your kennels, are better cared for than I—they are better housed. She wore a pretty morning

BIG VOTE FOR SILVER.

TELLER RESOLUTION ADOPTED BY THE SENATE.

Forty-seven Senators Go on Record for the Measure; While Only Thirty-two Oppose It—Debate Is Lively—Amendments Lost.

Majority a Surprise.

The United States Senate has put its veto on currency legislation by the Fifty-fifth Congress. After a debate, animated at all times and occasionally acrimonious, which occupied the greater part of the week, the Senate Friday evening, by the decisive vote of 47 to 32, passed the Teller concurrent resolution. The resolution is a practical reaffirmation of that of Stanley Matthews, in 18