

## SHOT ON THE STREET.

## BROKER KILLS A MAN ABOUT TOWN AT WASHINGTON.

Trouble Grew Out of the Failure of the Firm in Which the Broker Was a Partner—Strong Coal Combine in Ohio.

## TROUBLE GROWING OUT OF THE FAILURE OF THE FIRM IN WHICH THE BROKER WAS A PARTNER.

At Washington, D. C., Dennis J. Carty, a broker, formerly of East St. Louis, Ill., shot and killed George Rye, a well-known sportsman and man about town. The shooting took place at the corner of Fourteenth and F streets, in front of the Western Union building, in the presence of perhaps a thousand men, women and children. Carty drew revolver and deliberately fired into Rye four times. The latter reeled and fell to the street. He was carried to a drug store and died five minutes later. Carty coolly replaced his revolver in his pocket and waited for an officer to come and take him. The day before the two men had had a quarrel at the same spot and it was said Rye threatened Carty with a drawn dirk. Dennis J. Carty has borne a good reputation heretofore. He was appointed to a clerical in the interstate commission under Col. W. R. Morrison. He went into brokerage business with H. W. Van Soden, who was formerly private secretary to Secretary Carlisle. The firm failed and the members were indicted. A week or so ago the indictments were nolled. It is learned now that the shooting is the culmination of the failure of Carty's firm. Rye, who is said to have been a horseman and speculator, lost by the failure and threatened revenge.

## COAL COMBINE IN OHIO.

## RAILROADS TAKE THE ENTIRE OUTPUT AND MAKE ALL SALES.

It is said that since the Senate investigating committee has concluded its work, coal operators openly admit that the Ohio coal railroad combine is in active operation. It is claimed that every big operator in the State is a member of the trust. "The combine," said a leading Cleveland coal operator, "was practically completed at the meeting here a number of weeks ago."

It is claimed that the entire output of Ohio, all coal is delivered to the railroads at a stated price and there is no more responsibility of all sales. It is the strongest and promises to be the most successful coal combine this country has ever seen. It is expected that other States will be taken into the combine when the time for such a movement arrives."

## PRAIRIE FIRE IN KANSAS.

## CIMARRON SAVED FROM DESTRUCTION BY HARD WORK.

With the wind blowing at a velocity of about forty miles an hour, a prairie fire raged within sight of CIMARRON, Kan., sweeping everything before it. Thousands of acres of pasture land were burned off, and reports come of losses of live stock and buildings, but no losses of human life are reported. At one time the wind changed suddenly, driving the flames toward town and it took hard work on the part of a large force of men with teams and water wagons to prevent the town's destruction.

## FRANZ JOSEF STIRS EUROPE.

The Austrian emperor is making great efforts to induce the European powers to present to the United States the danger to Europe of carrying any further their interference in Cuban affairs. Emperor William is warmly seconding the efforts of Emperor Francis Joseph. The American government is aware of this situation.

## SIX MEN INJURED.

The eighty-six-foot steel span being placed at the end of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad drawbridge across the Mississippi river at Winona, Minn., fell with six men on it. The span had been moved two feet out to let a train pass, and while in this position the timbers supporting it collapsed. The six men were badly shaken up and bruised.

## WHIPS THE SCHOOLMASTER.

In a little brick schoolhouse, near the town of Depew, N. Y., Schoolmaster Bowen received a terrible beating. His injuries are likely to prove fatal. The trouncing was given by George Winters of Depew. Winters alleges that Bowen twisted his daughter Minnie's ear and tore it so that it needed six stitches to repair it.

## KRUEGER WILL RESIST BRITAIN.

At a meeting of members of the volunteers at President Krueger's residence in Pretoria, Transvaal, opinions were expressed against admitting the claim of British suzerainty, and it was decided to allow the Government to take advantage of complications in which Great Britain might become involved elsewhere.

## BESSEMER PIG-IRON POOL.

One of the biggest pools the country has ever known was formed in Cleveland. All Bessemer pig iron producers in the Cleveland, Mahoning valley and Shenango iron districts, except one, are bound together by the combine.

## SUICIDE OF C. E. FRENCH.

Charles E. French, formerly a prominent citizen of Redlands, Cal., committed suicide by shooting himself through the head. He was formerly wealthy, but lost most of his money in speculation on the Chicago Board of Trade.

## GOLD UNDER STREETS.

A ledge of gold-bearing quartz has been found by men engaged in grading at Seventh street in San Francisco. This street is being cut through a bluff.

## SPAIN WANTS TO KNOW.

Bernabe, a new Spanish minister, has made a formal request from the authorities at Washington for official information as to what the United States means by buying two warships from Brazil. No satisfactory response to his demand was received.

## PACIFIC SHIP GOES ASHORE.

The three-masted ship New York, from Hongkong for San Francisco, ran ashore near Half-Moon Bay, a small town about thirty miles south of San Francisco. Not a life was lost.

## MAIL CAR DESTROYED BY FIRE.

When the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern special limited mail train, westbound, arrived at La Porte, Ind., the other night the Boston and Albany car was discovered on fire. The car was nearly consumed and the mail destroyed. The origin of the fire is a mystery.

## SEAS SIGNS OF A REVOLUTION.

Transparency prevails at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, but the Government has called an extraordinary session to consider the financial situation caused by the fall in exchange and the reports, originating in the military clubs, of a coming revolution.



cries, as though a grave lay there, and she had fallen upon it.

He was touched. He could not tolerate what he believed to be her crime, but she was young, beautiful, and loving. Her crime had been committed through love of him. He raised her from the ground. "I am very sorry, Hildred," he said. "I am very tired, papa," she said. "I think I will stay in my room to-day."

"Very well, my dear; do just as you like; you know best, of course. I will say that you do not feel very well. Go to your room by all means. I hope you will soon be better. Now try to sleep up; it will be all right. I will see to this difficulty with your husband for you."

She looked up at him proudly. "I am very sorry, Hildred," she said. "I must talk of something else. You must get out to me."

She heard her weeping eyes to him. "Must you mind me?" she asked, gently. "It was wrong, I was mad with jealous anger, but I did not know it was. Could you overlook it?"

"You speak lightly," he replied, sternly. "No, you can never re-enter my house. I have arranged it all. I did so when I took poor Lady Hamilton back to the castle. I told our guests that you had been suddenly sent for by your father, that I had driven you to the station—and it is to your father's house you must go."

"Very well," she said, drearily.

"You do not seem to understand," he remarked sharply. "do you not know the danger, the peril that hangs over you?"

She did not, but of what use was it to say so?

"Try to collect yourself and understand," he continued; "time presses. I cannot keep them away much longer. You must depart at once without being seen. No one must know at what hour you went. You must go to your father's house and wait there. If it should be needed to send you abroad, I will arrange it."

It was the early dawn of morning when she reached the station—a large railway junction where she was both unknown and unnoticed. The train started for London in half an hour. No one spoke to her or appeared to see her as she took her place, and in a few minutes more she was on her way.

It was a hard punishment—terribly hard for such a trifling, she thought, wondering that the earl could be so stern. She was tired, fatigued with passion and emotion. She had neither eaten, drunk nor slept since the evening before. When she reached London, she asked a porter to call a cab for her, and gave the address—"Mr. Ransome, the Hollies, Kew," and the drive thither seemed to her more than ever like a dream.

There was such infinite sadness in the young voice, such dreary despatch in the young face, that he was touched in spite of his anger and contempt.

"Tell me," he said, "what made you do this thing—this cruel, ungenerous, unwomanly deed?"

She thought he referred to her conduct in following him, and they seemed to her hard words.

"What made me do it? You will only despise and hate me the more if I tell you," she replied.

"Frankly speaking, Hildred, nothing that you can say to me will make the matter worse, but it may certainly be made better. Tell me the plain truth."

"Yes, I will tell you," she replied. "I see that all good understanding is at an end between us."

"That is certain," he said, with emphasis; "with my consent you shall never enter my doors again."

"Have I acted so very wrong?" she asked, sadly.

"Wrong?" he exclaimed, contemptuously.

"We will waive that, Hildred. You have done that which I will never pardon. Now tell me why you did it. You may speak to the truth to me; you bear my name, I will shield you from all harm. No one knows but myself."

"Then she did not see me?" said Hildred, drearily.

"No—and you may be thankful for it," answered the Earl, severely. "She did not see you. You may speak quite frankly—no one knows anything about it except myself. Now tell me."

"I have acted so very wrong?" she said.

"I did it; I followed you here because I was jealous of her. I told you to tell her both ridiculous lies, that you would tell her that you had been obliged to marry me to save yourself from ruin, but that you did not love me, I did not care for you, I disliked you, you hated me, you longed to be free from me—my accustomed money was all you wanted—that you would never like me. And I fancied she would pity you, in that soft, caressing voice of hers—pitiful you for being burdened with a wife you did not love. I believed that you would tell her that I was jealous of her, then both of you would laugh at me."

The passion of her words had deadened all sense of shame. She had forgotten that which her jealousy had prompted her to do, and remembered only her great, bitter wrongs. She was no longer a heroine—only passionate, injured, dying love woman. She rose to the occasion.

The Earl was impressed more than he would have cared to own.

"I could not bear it," she continued passionately. "I should have done worse than this, I am sure, if it could have been done. I was mad. I will tell you all. I was mad, because I had learned to love you with all the strength of my heart and soul. I could not bear that you should forget about me with careless words; it was as though you stabbed me for pleasure."

"You have love me?" he interrogated, incredulously.

"You are too sentimental, Hildred," said Arley Ransome, severely.

"I have been doing my best for my husband," she continued, "and we were growing happier. In time I think that he would have loved me; but some one else, a fair woman—one of the kind of women that he admires—Lady Hamilton, came, and—"

"I see," said the lawyer—"the old story, jealousy and quarreling. Surely, Hildred, you have not thrown away the labor of a lifetime by growing jealous and vexing the earl?"

"I have done worse than that," she said.

"far worse. I was jealous of Lady Hamilton. I thought that both she and my husband were deriding me. I followed them when they went out to see the sun set over the lake. I hid myself behind the older trees to listen if they said anything about me; and then—I cannot tell how it happened—my husband saw me. He was very angry; he said I was never to enter his doors again, but to return at once to you."

The lawyer's face cleared.

"You are quite sure that you have told me the whole truth?" he said.

"Yes, quite true. What should I keep from you? It seems very hard punishment for what was merely a fault rather of judgment than of nature itself. I told the earl that I loved him, and that jealousy had driven me mad."

"You told him that? Then rely upon it in a few days all will be well. He will forget his anger and come to find you."

"I do not think so," she returned.

"You are quite sure, Hildred, that you have hidden nothing from me?" he interrogated; adding, "It is, as you say, severe punishment for so small a fault."

She looked up at him in surprise.

"What can I have to hide, papa? In telling you of my love, and my jealousy, I have told you the worst."

"Then all will come right again. In the meantime keep up appearances; go to your room unobserved and wait until your luggage arrives. I shall say that you are come home for a few days' vacation. Keep your spirits; all will come right again, I feel sure."

"I am very tired, papa," she said. "I think I will stay in my room to-day."

"Very well, my dear; do just as you like; you know best, of course. I will say that you do not feel very well. Go to your room by all means. I hope you will soon be better. Now try to sleep up; it will be all right. I will see to this difficulty with your husband for you."

She looked up at him proudly.

"You must not interfere, papa! I shall never return to him now."

He looked pityingly at the white face.

"You appear very ill, Hildred. Is there nothing that I can do for you?"

"Nothing," she replied, coldly. In her heart she felt bitterly angry with her father. She had trusted him; he had misled her. She did not offer to kiss him or to touch his hand, but went quietly out of the room and upstairs, leaving him with some very unpleasant thoughts.

It had not been an agreeable interruption to his breakfast, but he tried to think little of it. It was only a quarrel, after all, and his daughter had done nothing wrong. He should make it all right in a few seconds when he saw the earl. He wrote to him before he went to the city, telling him that his wife had reached home safely, but was looking very ill.

The rest of that day Hildred remained in her room, and on the morning following she did not come downstairs. It was afternoon when Arley Ransome, with a face as pale as death, asked for admittance to her apartment. She bade him enter, and he did so, with an open letter in his hand. It was her husband's writing.

"You have deceived me," said her father, sternly; "you told me that you had hidden nothing from me. Your husband tells me that he has hidden you here because you shot Lady Hamilton on the evening of the thirty-first—shot her with intent to murder, and that you confessed your guilt!"

Without a word or a murmur she looked at him, and then fell like one dead at his feet.

(To be continued.)

## FOR WIVES TO REMEMBER.

A FEW MAXIMA WHICH THE WOMEN SHOULD NOT FORGET.

That Adam was not first. That he pays the freight. That "blessed are the meek." That nine men in ten detest gossip. That all angels are not of your sex. That confidence begets confidence. That the least said is the soonest mended.

That with all his faults you love him still.

That you should have no secrets from him.

That husbands have troubles of their own.

That he's "all right" when you know him.

That woman's best weapon is her weakness.

That home is more than half what you make it.

That he is just as anxious to get rich as you are.

That wives are unusually favored in this country.

That his typewriter cannot help it if she is pretty.

That six pairs of slippers are enough for any man.

That a man likes neatness in your attire at all times.

That he is not in love with every woman he glances at.

That candy in excess is worse than rum in moderation.

That he likes to hear that the baby is his dead image.

That you should not run up bills without his knowledge.

That there are letter drop-boxes on the nearest corners.

That he does not get sleepy the same moment that you do.

That she who puts on the gloves should know how to snap.

That it is polite to let him believe he is "lord and master."

That you can't keep books, and there is no use your trying.

That your relationship is closer to him than to your mother.

That a prompt and pointed answer does not turn away wrath.

That you should not expect him to light the fire in the morning.