

POPPIN' THE QUESTION.

Ah! see a night as 'twuz the moon hung out
her silver lantern.
An' sights o' leetle fleecy clouds across the sky
went on.
A million stars ez peart's you please showed
all their sunny faces.
An' winked an' blinked at aster stars aglow in
woodland planes.

Well, Jon an' I wuz walkin' hum, for meetin'
wuz jest over.
An' I wuz tryin' to tell her how that she wuz
sweet ez clover.
An' sights o' other poetry things I'd hunted high
a low for.
About her bein' ez dear to me ez all the gold o'
Gopher.

There's nuthin' makes a feller feel much meach-
lner or greener.
Than when he's tryin' to tell a gal o' how he'll
love'n screen'er.
From every leetle puff o' wind, an' how, if she'll
but take him.
Her lovin' presence by his side will either mar
or make him.

I'd studied sights o' sech-like talk an' I had
popped the question.
A hundred times or so in thought till 't quit
bein' interestin'.
We talked about a slew o' things, the meetin'
an' the weather.
The country fair'n singin' school'n then I asked
her whether

She loved bein' a sour old maid like Aunt
Mirandy Cladin.
Good land! I thought she'd kill herself a gig-
gle'n an' a laughin'.
An' then I don't know how I dared no more'n
you do, mister.
But she leaned up agin' my arm an' 'fore I
knewed, I kissed'er.

An' now, we're jest ez happy, wal—that goes
without the sayin'—
We'll be married 'n' all settled 'fore, it's time
for bayin'.
There's jest one thing a worryin' me, 't sticks
me like a plaster.
The fact o' it, though we're engaged I hadn't
niver asked'er.

—Isabel Gordon, in Farm and Home.



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CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED.

He took up Mrs. Dunkirk's letter, which had lain all this time unnoticed on the table at his elbow, and, unfolding the thin blue paper, he glanced at it speculatively.

"That was my only claim, yet she seemed to consider it sufficient. This may be merely my own mistaken interpretation of her words, however. What opinion have you formed, Mr. North, as to the value of this letter as evidence in our case?"

North preserved a meditative silence for a few moments; then he answered, slowly:

"I must say, Mrs. Maynard, that in my opinion this letter clearly proves that Mrs. Dunkirk, although not yet



THE FOOTMAN ENTERED.

ready to declare the fact, had determined to make you her heir, on the one condition that her niece were never discovered. Hear her own words: 'While I live I must retain the control of my property; after I am gone, what matter to me who has it?' She would as lief it should be you as anyone else, you see; yes, she would prefer you, as the lines further on indicate: 'There is no one that has a greater claim upon me than yourself. This claim I feel at present—the emphasis is my own, but mark the words, if you please; do they not clearly indicate the writer's character?'—at present inclined to recognize.' Delightfully neutral, charmingly non-committal; giving you to understand, you see, that, after all, she might change her mind. It gave her a sense of power to keep you in suspense as to her real intentions; at the same time her purpose remained unchanged, I have no doubt. 'Charitable bequests I do not favor.' Why? 'I have given freely to public and private charities during my lifetime, and have received but meager thanks.' She was weary of the ingratitude of the public. She reasoned, and indeed she reasoned well, that if they gave 'but meager thanks' while the beneficent donor was living, and there was a possibility of still further gifts when she was gone, and there would be nothing to look for beyond the testamentary bequests, she would receive no thanks at all. No, no! She wished her fortune to go to some one who would be grateful for it; some one who could properly value it; some one who had a reasonable claim upon her generosity; and that person, of all others in the world, was clearly and indisputably yourself, Mrs. Maynard."

North had folded Mrs. Dunkirk's letter, replaced it in the envelope, and tossed it down on the table again while he was speaking these last words. He now rose and stood idly gathering up his notebook, pencil and papers, as if preparing to leave.

While he was thus engaged the footman entered, bearing to Mrs. Maynard a small scrap of paper, which he presented with an air of dignified disdain.

The lady glanced at the paper for an instant with a rather blank expression; then with a sudden gleam of comprehension she held it out toward North.

"This has as much interest for you, perhaps, as for myself, Mr. North," she said.

"The inquiry was for Mrs. Maynard," ventured Williams.

"Very well, Williams," said Mrs. Maynard, dismissing him.

By this time North had with a little curiosity scanned the paper that she had given him, and his expression was even more blankly amazed than hers had been. It was only a name that was scrawled on the bit of paper that his fingers held; but that name was Dennis O'Reilly.

"Dennis O'Reilly? What does this mean?" he asked himself in puzzled speculation. "In this a mere coincidence, or am I on the verge of an important discovery?"

Mrs. Maynard interrupted his meditations. "It is the man who claimed to have a knowledge of Annie Dupont's history, is it not, Mr. North? The name certainly seems familiar to me, as if I had heard it recently."

"Why, yes," answered North, too much bewildered by this unexpected turn of events to consider his words very carefully, "he is certainly the man;



THAT NAME WAS DENNIS O'REILLY.

but why does he come here? And why should he inquire for you?"

"These are questions that I might more naturally ask of you," said Mrs. Maynard, a little coldly, as she regarded North with a glance of surprise. "Is he not acting upon your instructions? I understood you to say, a few days ago, that you had seen this man and had taken measures to gain possession of his pretended evidence. Have you decided to abandon that investigation, in view of our recent disaster in New York?"

There was almost the suggestion of a refined sneer in these last words. Had North been attending to them he would have detected the subtle sarcasm and also the desperate pain that forced it from her; but his mind was at that moment otherwise absorbed. Mrs. Maynard's words had let in a flood of light upon the mystery that had been perplexing him. Dennis O'Reilly's appearance there was fully accounted for.

"Another singular throw of the dice," he said to himself, with grim satisfaction, "and, as usual, it is in my favor. I had actually almost forgotten this man who was the real cause of my coming to X—, and I had no very sanguine expectations of being able to find him; my efforts in that direction thus far having totally failed; and behold, he turns up without an intervention or purpose of mine, all ready to play Noll's game right into my hands! Well, I have some claim upon him anyway, in view of his overtures to Hunter and Ketchum; and if he is trying to play a double game, I shall bring him sharply to book!"

With this reflection, North turned to take leave of Mrs. Maynard.

"There must have been some misunderstanding about this matter, Mrs. Maynard," he said, suavely. "I certainly do not wish you to be annoyed by this person, since I can conduct the investigation without your direct assistance. I will see the man at once, and ascertain whether or not he really possesses information that will be valuable to us. I will devote as much time as possible to this investigation and will call from time to time to report progress; shall I?"

The permission was coldly granted, and North with a bow of farewell withdrew from the drawing room, curious about his coming interview with Dennis O'Reilly.

CHAPTER XIV.
King—An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be.
—Hamlet.

He found the man waiting in the hall. He was apparently about forty years of age, short, stout and red-faced with bristling red hair and whiskers, twinkling blue eyes, and an expression of shrewd native humor. His clothing, though of cheap quality, was neat and whole, and he had the general appearance of a thrifty workman. Not at all the "seedy" adventurer that North had half expected to see.

He looked up with a slight degree of astonishment, but an unmistakable recognition in his round wide-open eyes, as North approached him; then, bowing low with his hat in his hand, he advanced the plain, indisputable and self-evident proposition:

"Well, Mither North, I've got back."

North surveyed him critically from head to foot for an instant. Then he put a leading question abruptly:

"You are Dennis O'Reilly, are you not?"

"Indade, sorr, an' I am that same," admitted Dennis with another low bow.

"Did you wish to see me?"

"Yis, sorr, by yer honor's lave."

"Why did you come here, then, and inquire for Mrs. Maynard?"

"Sure, an' that was just what yer honor told me to do," protested Dennis. "Twas yerself, sorr, as tould me that yer honor would be out of town when I got back, an' so I was to report meself to Mithers Maynard."

North nodded slightly at this confirmation of his own shrewd suspicion; adding instantly to Dennis:

"Where have you been for the last few days? Why didn't you report sooner?"

"Sooner, is it, sorr? Indade, thin, an' I've been just where yer honor sint me, sorr," was the evasive reply as Dennis began to eye his questioner somewhat askance.

"Oh, come on!" exclaimed North, suddenly taking up his hat from the hall table. "I cannot turn Mrs. Maynard's house into an inquisition, and the pres-

ent prospect is that I shall have to resort to the thumb-screws and rack before I succeed in obtaining any satisfactory information." This last was an aside, as he hurriedly drew on his gloves; then to Dennis he added more intelligibly: "Come with me to my hotel, and we will have a confidential talk about this matter."

Nothing loath, Dennis followed the gentleman from the house and down the street at a pace set by North's impatience. They did not exchange another syllable until they were closeted together in North's room at the Clement house; then throwing himself down in his favorite lounging chair and facing O'Reilly, who was seated near him, North returned to the charge.

"Now, O'Reilly, there's an agreement, a business contract between us. Do you understand that?"

It was not clear, from Mr. O'Reilly's expression of countenance, that North's meaning had fully penetrated and permeated his intelligence; but notwithstanding his slightly blank look, he gave a prompt and enthusiastic affirmative to this question.

"What do you understand to be the terms of our agreement?" continued North, determined to know his ground perfectly before he ventured upon any personal negotiations with the man. "We've both agreed to do something, haven't we?"

This at least was within the scope of Dennis' instant comprehension. His ruddy face glowed as he responded emphatically:

"Thru for you, sorr. An' it's misif as will kape me worried about that same."

"Of course, Dennis, of course; you will keep your word and I shall keep mine. Now, what was it that you agreed to do for me? Let us be perfectly sure, before we go any further, that we understand each other."

The expediency of this precaution seemed to recommend itself to Dennis at once, and he proceeded to do his utmost toward establishing that desirable mutual understanding.

"Wull, sorr," he began, looking reflectively at North, "it was all along o' the sthir made about Annie Dupont, an' thim lawyers in New York puttin' so much in the papers about her, an' me knowin' the whole what a dale o' trouble had been caused by me own cousin Patrick O'Gorman's wife; for who ud it be but Ann Murphy herself, before the praste made her Ann O'Gorman (bad luck to me cousin Patrick when he did that same!) who was housekeeper an' me the coachman for the mithers an' the swate young leddy was was Annie Dupont, sorr, an' niver knew ut!"

The narrative becoming slightly involved here, North, who had followed it thus far with intent look fixed upon the speaker, interposed:

"I don't understand what you are talking about, Dennis," he said, a little impatiently, "but I gather from what you say that you know something about Annie Dupont. Is this so?"

"Sure, an' haven't I been thyrin' to till yer honor that same?" protested Dennis, eagerly. "It was tillin' a friend about it that I was, an' about thim paphers that contain all the information that thim New York lawyers are advertisin' for, an' the paphers safe in Ann O'Gorman's clutches, bad luck to her, whin yer honor shipped up to me on the strate an' sez, quiet-like: 'Till give yez fifty dollars, Dinnis, if yez will bring them paphers to me!' An' that's the long an' short of our agrayment, sorr."

And Dennis rubbed his hands together complacently as if satisfied that he had now made the case sufficiently comprehensible even to Mr. North's mind.

North was regarding O'Reilly with close attention, and up to this point he felt reasonably convinced of the man's honesty of purpose. If this were true—this story of which already enough had



"INDADE, SORR."

been told to suggest its remaining details—then it seemed quite possible that he would be able to accomplish the mission on which, as the representative of Hunter & Ketchum, he had come to X—.

But did he now honestly wish for this consummation? He had personal interests that were trembling in the balance; how would these be affected by the discovery and identification of Annie Dupont and the establishment of her legal position as her aunt's heir? Would she make an effort to discover and pursue with all the penalties of the law the authors of that forgery by which it had been attempted to wrest her inheritance from her? Should he, who held a brother's good name in his hand, place it within her power to seek this retribution? He was no longer the champion of Annie Dupont. For one moment of passionate feeling, of desperate temptation, it seemed to him that he could ruthlessly sweep her from his path, upon which she had so suddenly risen with an indefinite menace, and shroud in deeper mystery than ever before the fate of one whose truthful history the world should never know.

But with the next moment came a swift recoil from this temptation, a feeling of amazement that he should have entertained such a thought. Ollin must be shielded if possible, but not at such a cost as that. Rather, for Ollin's sake, to undo as far as possible the terrible wrong that he had attempted. This unknown, friendless orphan, heir

to a proud name and wealth, though now living perhaps in humble obscurity, must be sought out and placed in possession of her rightful inheritance.

North had been slowly pacing the floor while these thoughts were passing through his mind. Seating himself now beside Dennis, he continued his inquiries:

"How long have you known these facts about Annie Dupont, Dennis?"

"Iver since me cousin Patrick tould me, at Teddy O'Corrigan's wake, sorr," returned Dennis, after a pause of recollection.

"But when was that? I know nothing about Teddy O'Corrigan's wake. Can you not tell me more definitely than that?"

Dennis reflected again with his face contorted as if the effort of memory were a painful one.

"Indade, thin," he exclaimed, suddenly radiant with triumph, "it was soon after St. Patrick's day, for I remember that poor Teddy died of a brick-bat in the hands of one of the byes, which same was nivir mint for Teddy at all, at all, but for the blatherin' perlickman that was makin' himself troublesome to the byes in the parade."

"St. Patrick's day?" repeated North. "Then it is nearly a year since Patrick told you. Have you talked to anyone about the matter during this time?"

"Nivir a bit, sorr, till the day whin yer honor heard me tellin' Jim Nolan about it."

"Was that before or after you had written to Hunter and Ketchum, of New York, offering to give them this information?"

The question was asked sternly, and North's face was equally stern as he spoke.

Dennis started as if he had been shot, and his eyes grew more round than ever in his astonishment and dismay. He was beginning to stammer out some answer, when North coolly added:

"Don't lose your senses, now, nor attempt to evade my question. I happen to know all about that little affair, and I wish to know whom you communicated with first; for it is pretty evident that you have been accommodating enough to offer yourself to both parties. Come, now, to my question again. Was it before or after you had written to Hunter and Ketchum?"

Dennis had not yet recovered from the confusion into which he had been thrown on being thus suddenly confronted with his double-dealing; but he answered, humbly:

"It was after, yer honor."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FACTS ABOUT FURS.

Millions of Squirrel Tails Used—Dyed Rabbit Skins.

A good deal of uncertainty seems to prevail as to the likely supply of seal-skins, but a recent feature in the fur trade is a liberal resort to the use of tails of animals, which at one time were regarded as being of very second-rate importance. The most urgent demand for tails would appear to be in the instance of ermine. But the point only, being jet black, is inserted, after the well-known fact of their introduction, at intervals—in reality, the ermine trimmings of the sovereign and royal family not actually consisting of the tail of the ermine, but of the paws of the black Astakhan lamb or other suitable black fur, according to the Warehouseman and Draper's Trade Journal.

Squirrel tails are however, largely used, and one million or two million of these find their way annually into the market, as well as martens' tails, which really make a beautiful fur. The musquash tail is also a large article of commerce, the musquash skin itself being perhaps the best natural low-priced fur that finds its way into our markets, and far superior in point of wear to the dyed rabbit skins that are sold in black and brown lustered goods familiar in the trade.

How Fast Coal Is Going.

A statistician has attempted to determine approximately the world's consumption of coal. He estimates that in generating steam for engines aggregating 10,000,000 horse power (some authorities rate the world's engines as high as 20,000,000 horse power) coal is burned to the amount of about 12,000 tons per hour. For gas for lighting, the consumption is not less than 10,000 tons per hour; and for gas for heating and motive power, probably 4,500 tons. In metallurgy, the use of coal reaches about 9,000 tons per hour; and in workshops and factories, 5,000 tons. It is difficult to calculate the quantity employed for domestic purposes, but 55,000 tons per hour, or 1,320,000 tons per day of twenty-four hours, seems to be an under-estimate. Placing the actual daily consumption for the entire world as low as 1,600,000 tons, we find that a solid cube of coal more than 100 yards on a side is burned up every day.

Delicate Italian Rings.

Rings of Italian workmanship are remarkably beautiful, says the Detroit Free Press. Venice particularly excelled in this art. In the Londonborough collection is a fine specimen. The four claws of the outer ring, in open work, support the setting of a sharply pointed pyramidal diamond, such as was then coveted for writing on glass. The shank bears a fanciful resemblance to a serpent swallowing a bird, of which only the claws connecting the face remain in sight. It was with a similar ring Raleigh wrote the words on a window pane: "Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall," to which Queen Elizabeth added: "If thy heart fail thee, climb not at all," an implied encouragement which led him on to fortune.

The Rights in a Picture.

They have curious ideas of ownership in Europe, says the Washington Post. In France there is an unwritten but immutable law that a painting shall not be exhibited without the artist's consent, no matter what the wishes of the owner may be. And now a literary and artistic congress in session at Milan, Italy, has decided that the right of reproduction does not pass to the buyer of a picture. Thus you may pay for a picture, have it in your possession, and have a clear and free title to it, but you don't quite own it after all.

INDIANA STATE NEWS.

BEVERLY'S grocery and saloon, Porter's saloon and restaurant and a cottage, at Owensboro, were burned at an early hour the other morning. The two saloons were notorious resorts. Loss about \$3,000; insurance light. The fire was incendiary.

ANDREW CORBAN, a brakeman, fell between his moving engine and the tender at Frankfort, the wheels passing over his shoulder. He lived three hours thereafter.

THE creditors of W. H. Thomas & Co., the wholesale whisky dealers of Louisville, who recently suspended payment on account of the stringency in money matters, met in their office and unanimously agreed to hold off until matters could be arranged. They agreed to Maj. Thomas' proposition and he gave full assurance that all creditors would receive dollar for dollar.

A two-story frame warehouse, containing hemp, wheat and blue grass seed, belonging to Brent Bros., at Paris, caught fire from a spark from an L. and N. switch engine and was destroyed. Loss, \$5,000; insurance, \$4,500.

The post office at Regina, Green county, will be discontinued after May 31.

THE way of the reformer is not an easy one at Henderson. Col. S. A. Young and Dr. O'Neal have been conspicuously active in endeavoring to cleanse out the moral nuisances of that city, and each has received a letter warning him that friends of the "pet-sectured wimmin" will always avenge the wrongs of the poor creatures.

ADJUTANT-GROSS has decided to recommend to Gov. Brown that the three regiments of the state guard be ordered to camp at Bowling Green during July and August.

THE convention of the Kentucky Homeopathic medical society, which had been in session at Danville two days, adjourned the other day. Next year's meeting will be in Lexington.

THE house of Anderson Givens was broken open at McKinney, the other night, while the family were at church, and robbed of \$840 in cash, and a few articles of little value.

COUNTY CLERK PROWZ, of Hopkinsville, was aroused from sleep at 11 o'clock, the other night, and brought from his home to his office to issue a marriage license to James B. Clifton and Miss Lillie Barnett, of Caskey, a station south of Hopkinsville, who repaired to the Methodist parsonage and were united in marriage at midnight by Rev. G. W. Lyons.

THE Hopkinsville board of trade has forty members, and the entire forty have started out to get better freight rates for the town.

THE Christian county levy court has fixed its tax rate at 27½ cents for 1893, with \$1.50 poll tax. This will not much reduce the tax bills, as the assessment is higher.

All turnpike stock is not unprofitable. The stockholders of the Liberty and Middleburg turnpike are enjoying a dividend of 17 per cent. on the last year's business.

THE Hissem bill to prevent pool-selling and bookmaking was defeated in the house of the Kentucky legislature, the other day, owing to the failure to receive a constitutional majority, the vote standing yeas 37, nays 25.

OWENSBORO'S canning enterprise seems to be in troubled water. OVER \$10,000 has been subscribed at Maysville to the capital stock of a new tobacco factory.

THE following fourth-class postmasters were appointed a few days ago: Blandville, Ballard county, J. M. Bishop; Kingsville, Lincoln county, W. L. McCarthy; New Columbus, Owen county, A. Jackson; Pembroke, Christian county, Nettie Smith; Alton, Anderson county, J. H. Gudgel; Biddle, Scott county, G. E. Palmer; Columbus, Hickman county, W. W. Carig; High Bridge, Jessamine county, A. G. Winscott; Hyden, Leslie county, John Lewis, Jr.; Jamestown, Russell county, O. B. Vaughan; McAfee, Mercer county, W. W. Davis; Magnolia, Larnie county, J. M. Grove; New Liberty, Owen county, Mollie E. Nicholas; North Middletown, Bourbon county, G. T. Bradley; Rocky Hill Station, Edmonson county, W. H. Ford; Sharpsburgh, Bath county, Wm. Barker; Stamping Ground, Scott county, C. C. Lewis; Tynner, Jackson county, G. W. Moore; Wooton Creek, Leslie county, J. C. Brewer.

A BLOCK of bituminous coal 4 by 4 feet and 7 feet by 7 inches high and estimated to contain 4½ tons has been shipped to the World's fair by James Foley, of the Foleyville mines.

THE Big Four railroad has settled with the passengers hurt at Lafayette as follows: Wm. Place, of Frankfort, \$100; Jefferson Peese, of Kempton, \$60; Richard Jones, of Pontiac, Ill., \$100; Louis Leffler, of Fowler, \$50; Charles Roush, of Lafayette, \$300; Amos Hodge, of Smithfield, \$88; Wm. Stinson, of Smithfield, \$10.

THE L. E. & W. ticket office, Rochester, was robbed of \$38.

An oak tree nearly five centuries old was recently felled near Castleton.

THE unknown killed at Union City, the other day, was Edgar W. Pike, a traveling man whose home was at Everett, Mass. He was insured for \$5,000 in the Indiana Travelers' association. Letters held at hotels have established his identity.

GEO. W. ROBINSON, ex-chief of police of Muncie, died a few days since.

ADOLPH ARBOMET, the well-known insurance man, fell dead the other day at Indianapolis.

WM. PENCE, aged 70, was killed at Roann, being crushed under a heavy saw-log. He was a retired farmer, and a man of considerable wealth.

THE little Fugate girl, who has been fasting for ten weeks, at Brazil, is said to be improving on a diet of cod-liver oil, the yolks of eggs and brandy given her in limited quantities.

THE following fourth-class postmasters in Indiana were appointed a few days ago: Blue Lick, George Bollinger; vice Joseph McKee, removed; Ione, J. R. Fontz, vice R. D. Lane, removed; Marts, S. E. J. Sutton, vice M. S. Tait, resigned; New Maysville, L. T. Buchanan, vice L. B. Mills, resigned.

SLAIN AT COURT.

A Prominent Attorney, Samuel Wesner, Killed by Coley Brown in a Courthouse at Danville, Ind.

DANVILLE, Ind., May 22.—A startling tragedy was enacted in the Hendricks county court room Saturday immediately in front of the judge's desk. J. C. Brown, otherwise known as Coley Brown, a wealthy citizen of Boone county and president of the Lebanon Natural Gas company, just after the case in which he was defendant had gone to the jury advanced on Lawyer Samuel Wesner, of Lebanon, principal attorney for the plaintiff in the case, and shot him.

The court had just taken the noon recess, but the judge and attorneys, with many spectators, were still in the room when the shooting took place. Wesner, who was one of the best known lawyers in his section of the state, had given Brown a fierce scolding before the jury in behalf of his client, Marton Hohl, of Lebanon, suing the company for damages. Wesner had exposed Brown's schemes against the water works and charged him with being opposed to public improvements generally, doing much to undermine his local influence.

At the close of Wesner's argument court adjourned for dinner and the jury was dismissed, the court saying that he would instruct them after the noon adjournment. Wesner took a seat near an attorney and was pleasantly chatting with him when his attention was directed to Brown, who was standing just inside the railing, apparently muttering something which those nearest him could not understand. Wesner was told that he had better keep an eye on Brown, as the latter was very much excited; but he replied that he did not fear him, and turning to Brown, said: "If you have a gun, pull it; I dare you to shoot!"

Brown had his right hand upon his hip pocket at the time, and, just as Wesner spoke, he put his right hand into his bosom. Quick as a flash Brown drew a revolver and fired, and at the same instant Wesner drew a dagger from his bosom and gained his feet. As he reached a standing posture and made a step toward Brown the latter fired a second shot and Wesner was noticed to tremble violently with a sudden impulse, and, as if nerving himself for the effort, he threw himself upon Brown with the uplifted dagger in his hand.

Brown caught the blade in his left hand as it descended and the two-edged instrument cut a deep gash across the palm, causing the blood to flow in a stream upon the floor. Wesner clutched at Brown's throat and the two fell upon the floor, but Wesner's strength was not equal to further effort and his hold gradually relaxed while he stared Brown in the eye with a look that plainly spoke his disappointment over his falling strength. As the hold of the dying man relaxed Brown shook him off and regained his feet and Wesner expired in a few moments.

In the meantime the most intense excitement prevailed throughout the courtroom. The jury was just retiring for dinner, the attorneys were arranging their papers and a number of ladies were just passing out at the door. With the first shot from Brown's revolver the scene changed like magic. The attorneys and jurors still in the room sought shelter under the benches and the ladies ran pell mell from the room, struggling in the doorway, which was soon blocked by the crowd, rendering exit impossible. At the second shot screams of the women added to the confusion, and the entire crowd was panic-stricken and rendered escape from the room impossible by reason of their terror. As Brown recovered his feet the sheriff reached the scene, having heard the shots from his office below, and at once placed him under arrest. The remains of Wesner were removed from the room at once and Brown was taken to jail, where he was followed by a large and intensely excited crowd.

As the news of the murder spread over the city thousands of people assembled upon the street and around the jail and for several hours there were grave fears that a lynching would be attempted. The fact that the community is one of the most quiet and law-abiding in the state, and that the older and cooler heads advised that no violence be done, saved Brown from the indignation of the people. At 10 o'clock Sheriff Taylor took the prisoner to Indianapolis to avoid the mob, which had become menacing.

THEIR BOAT CAPSIZED.

Two Wisconsin University Men Drowned in Lake Mendota—A Third Rescued.

MADISON, Wis., May 22.—On Saturday W. B. Strong, of Whitewater; D. B. Smith, of Fort Atkinson, and A. E. Coe, of Barron, students at the state university, started to cross Lake Mendota in a sailboat. When a mile and a half off the opposite shore the boat capsized in the strong gale which was blowing. All three managed to get hold of the boat, but Strong slipped off half an hour after the accident and two hours later Smith followed him. Coe clung to the boat, which drifted for three hours before he was sighted by persons on shore. A boat was sent out and brought him to the land much exhausted. He was well taken care of and is out of danger.

J