

### UNDERSTOOD.

I loved a maiden once as well  
As she was passing fair,  
And that is more, the truth to tell,  
Than now to love I'd care;  
And she would let me kiss her hand  
When I'd been very good—  
That is, if I would "understand,"  
At length I understood.

I asked her for her photograph  
To light my lonely room;  
She laughed a merry little laugh,  
But left me to my gloom;  
For that was such a "strange" demand  
She did not think she could—  
Because I might not "understand,"  
And then I understood.

I wooed her in the morning, noon,  
And afternoon, and night,  
I would have fetched the very moon  
And stars for her delight;  
She said my love was truly grand,  
And that some day she would—  
And hoped that I would "understand,"  
How well I understood!

At last I took by force of arms  
The kisses she denied;  
Her dimples were her chiefest charms,  
And so she never cried,  
But faltered as with sly hand  
She rearranged her hood.  
"I know you wouldn't understand!"  
I'll I am understood.

—William Ward McVicker, in Century.



### CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

She greeted Olive kindly enough and flitted slowly up a dark staircase to lead her to a bedroom. The willing lad had already carried up her box, and when the door was shut she went to the glass and surveyed herself discontentedly by gas-light. Out of doors in the country the sweet May daylight was lingering still, but night falls early on a London household.

"He must have thought me looking dowdy and plain," she mused, taking off her bonnet and flinging it on the bed. "Lucy was right when she told me to get my new clothes made in town. He sees so many beautifully-dressed girls that he feels ashamed of me."

It comforted Olive to lay the blame of Michael's coldness on her village bonnet. She was not without a little natural vanity, and had always been accustomed to hear that she was a pretty girl. Michael had said so, many and many a time in the earlier days of their love-making. Out-spoken compliments were in fashion at Eastmeon, and even the "bumpkins," as Michael contemptuously termed them, were not insensible to the charm of a pair of soft brown eyes. These same eyes were now gazing at the reflection of their owner through tears, but Olive resolutely conquered the desire to weep.

Not only because she wanted to look her prettiest did she keep the tears back. For the sake of the good uncle, a stranger, and yet well known, she would carry a smiling face downstairs. She had looked only for a little kindness, but he had received her into a warm atmosphere of love and taken her at once to his heart. Already she could not help comparing his tenderness with Michael's hardness, and remembering that Michael had written of him with a kind of scornful pity. Perhaps, it was because of that very tenderness that Uncle Wake was an unsuccessful man. If so, Olive began vaguely to feel that it was best to be a failure.

The little parlor looked bright enough when she reentered it, and Michael was struck with her improved appearance. "The girl had a will of her own, and she had put all traces of her disappointment out of sight. She still wore the scanty gown, but her pretty shape revealed itself in spite of rustic dress-making; and the soft rough hair, no longer hidden under the objectionable bonnet, curled carelessly over her white forehead. The old enchantment began to waver over Michael's spirit again; he watched Olive as she talked to the Wakes; her face, lovely in repose, gained new charms when she smiled and spoke. With care and training—his training, she might yet be admired in the circles that he was struggling to enter. Anyhow she was his own chosen sweetheart, and the best part of his nature would cling to her to the end.

Mrs. Wake had taken possession of the flowers and lingered over them with a faint show of pleasure. She had put some hyacinths on the supper table and again their perfume saddened Olive and carried her thoughts back to old days. Michael was here, sitting by her side, but she found herself longing for a younger and simpler Michael, who had stood beside her father's grave with his eyes full of tears.

But before the evening meal came to an end the lovers were on better terms with each other. And when Michael rose to take his leave Uncle Wake disappeared into the dark shop and his wife vanished like a phantom, leaving the young pair alone together.

"Olive," said the young man, taking her into his arms and looking into her face with all the old fondness, "Olive, I can scarcely believe that this is not a dream. I shall see you every Sunday, dear; you don't know how I have always missed you on Sundays. Give me a kiss and convince me that you are a real creature. I'm half afraid of waking up to-morrow and finding that you are still miles away from me."

For the second time she lifted her face to his, less frankly and gladly than before. She loved him as truly and deeply as ever, but the girlish confidence in herself would never return. For the future she would be on her guard against mistakes; she had learned to control those natural impulses of affection which had hitherto been mastered very quickly, for there is no learner more rapid than a loving woman.

"I am real enough, Michael," she said, quietly. "There is no fear of my going back to Eastmeon, even if I could travel on the wings of the wind like the princess in a fairy tale. You know I am not wanted there."

"I am glad you have left them. I did not like my future wife to live under

the same roof with Tom Challock and his girls."

"But there is something good in Peggy and Jane."

"Olive, you must forget Peggy and Jane; it doesn't matter whether they are good or bad. You have now to train yourself for the position you will fill one day."

"Yes, Michael, I am quite willing to train myself," she answered meekly.

He was pleased to regard her with an air of gracious approval, and drew her closer into his arms.

"Dearest Olive," he said in an encouraging tone, "I will take care of you, and help you in everything. You have only to trust in my guidance and you will be a very happy woman."

He spoke as if her happiness was entirely in his hands—as if it were the easiest thing in the world to insure her perfect contentment in the future—as if he could lift her out of the reach of life's commonills, and its chances and changes. Nothing is more surprising than the confidence which some people have in themselves. Michael Chase had always believed immensely in himself, and he felt so wise and admirable at this moment that he would have cheerfully directed the affairs of the nation.

"And now good night, dear," he added, "I shall come to you after breakfast to-morrow. We will have a long day together."

Then he went his way, and Olive heard the shop-door shut and bolted after him. Mrs. Wake reappeared, and asked, in her faint voice, if she was not quite worn out?

"Olive is made of capital stuff that's warranted to stand a good deal of wear and tear," said Samuel Wake, coming forward again. "But if she is the wise girl I take her to be, she will go and get a night's rest as soon as she can."

All was order in her little room, but it was hard to lie down and sleep after such an exciting day. It seemed to Olive that it was a day taken out of some one else's life which had got into her life by mistake. At last she shut her eyes and rested her head on the pillow, and then all the sights that she had seen and the voices she had heard were repeated in the darkness.

"Does he love me as well as ever?" thought Olive. "I think so, I hope so; and with an honest heart she told herself that all would come right in the end."

### CHAPTER VI.

#### THE FIRST LONDON SUNDAY.

Olive woke up in the morning as fresh and bright as ever; but she was a little disposed to undervalue her freshness and brightness. She had nothing better to wear than her village bonnet and gown, and to-day she was going to church with Michael. The girl's heart was very tender and humble; a flash of



HE WAS TRULY MAGNIFICENT.

disapproval from the eyes she loved would make her utterly miserable. She was living in a world of feeling, and only doing her part in the outer world mechanically.

Uncle Wake glanced at her now and then as they sat at breakfast, and there was something in her face that sent his thoughts straying back into the past. Some one else used to look at him with brown eyes like Olive's. When she spoke her voice was an echo of another voice that had been hushed for years. The little woman who poured out his coffee was almost forgotten; all the light and color of his life had died out with the death of his first love, the wife of his youth. He had married his first wife because he had need of her, and had taken his second because she had need of him.

Michael came in when breakfast was over. And if in Olive's eyes he had seemed imposing on Saturday night, he was truly magnificent on Sunday morning. His clothes were fashionable and unmistakably new, and he wore a dainty "buttonhole." Uncle Wake surveyed him with quiet amusement, and watched to see the effect of all this splendor on Olive. The effect was certainly depressing.

The girl looked at her lover doubtfully and shyly. Samuel Wake knew, almost as if she had told him in words, what was passing in her mind. All his life he had been intensely interested in other people's lives, and now he understood what Olive was feeling, and what Michael was not feeling. He saw that she went unwillingly upstairs to get ready for their walk, and he was sure that she would return with an anxious look, afraid of being seen a second time in that contrived bonnet.

She came back with just the look that he had expected to see, and Michael instantly made an exasperating remark.

"Haven't you another bonnet, Olive?" he asked. "That did very well in the train, but it does not do for this morning."

"I am sorry," she said gently, with a deep blush. "I am going to buy some new things to-morrow."

"If I were a young man I should not look at the bonnet while that face was inside it."

This observation came from Uncle Wake, and Michael passed it over in contemptuous silence. A few minutes later the young couple went out together into the sunny street, and Olive was utterly dispirited and disappointed.

"My dear girl," said Michael, after a pause, "you must really begin to study your appearance. You ought to have been better dressed for my sake. We may meet some of the people I know. Sometimes on Sundays I have even run up against Edward Battersby himself. Of course he would expect me to introduce him to you, and what would he think of that bonnet and gown?"

"I am sorry," poor Olive repeated, "but you know, Michael, that you wished me to come on a Saturday. If I had arrived early in the week I could have got some new things ready for Sunday."

"Why not have bought some better things before you started?" he asked irritably.

"Michael, have you forgotten what kind of place Eastmeon is?" His unreasonable words provoked her. "Have you forgotten that I have been living miles away from any town?"

He had really forgotten it for the moment. They walked on together in silence along the Strand, and when they turned into Trafalgar square Olive almost forgot her annoyance. She stood still with a brightening face to look at the great stone lions asleep in the sunlight, and the foam and sparkle of the fountains. Other people looked at her as they went by, and half smiled at the fresh delight that shone in her brown eyes. Michael hurried her on.

"Do try to take things calmly," he implored. "That brute who has just passed us was actually laughing at you. In London, people don't go into raptures in the streets."

There was no need for a second warning against raptures. With such a wet blanket hanging over her Olive was not likely to enjoy any more sights that morning. She walked on dejectedly by his side, and asked herself if this was the life she had dreamed of? Must she always live in a dreary state of self-repression, forbidden to rejoice? And this was that first walk together which she had longed for so blindly; this was "the distant and the dim" that she had been so "sick to greet!"

It seemed to her an interminable walk, and yet her limbs were not weary. They got at last to the Marble Arch, and her heart revived a little at the sight of grass and trees. Michael led her to a bench, and they sat down.

"We won't go to church this morning," he said. "I confess I'm not a church-going man. I like fresh air, it clears my brain and strengthens me for the week's work; and now we can talk quietly, Olive, and I can tell you about something which has been in my mind for nearly two years."

She prepared herself to listen. After all, it was silly of her to be unhappy because he had found fault with her rustic ways. She supposed that training was always rather a painful process. Here, with the tender green of the young foliage quivering overhead, and the May sunshine resting on the broad space of sward in front of her, she was feeling more like her old self. And surely if Michael had not loved her he would not have been so anxious to tell her everything!

"You know," he began, "how rapidly I have been rising ever since I went to Battersby's works. Old Battersby is breaking down very fast; he has not been the same man since his brother died. It was after the brother's death that Edward Battersby was taken into partnership, and when his father dies he will be the sole representative of the firm."

Olive was honestly trying to give him her full attention, but all this was not very interesting. Two girls went tripping by; they wore golden-brown frocks and straw bonnets adorned with butterflies that looked as if they had been freshly gathered from the water meadow at home. She could not help wondering how much their costumes had cost and sighing for a butterfly bonnet. Then another girl came by with her sash, and her dress was perfectly enchanting.

"I have made myself useful to Edward Battersby in a hundred ways," Michael went on. "There is no need to tell you how I have managed to slip into his confidence. He is a weak sort of fellow, and his brains are not half as good as mine. He is glad enough to use me and I let myself be used, but only to serve my own ends by and by."

Olive glanced at him and saw a smile of self-satisfaction hovering round his mouth and a gleam of triumph in his blue eyes. And all at once she remembered that Lucy Cromer had not admired Michael's eyes, although she had admitted that their color was beautiful. Lucy had said that they were cold, and the remark had made Olive quite angry. She hardly knew why such foolish words had come back to her at this moment, but they pained her a little.

"I shall be able to wind him round my finger soon," he continued. "You see I have always held myself well in hand. Smiles says: 'It may be of comparatively little consequence how a man is governed from without, whilst everything depends upon how he governs himself from within.' The man who rises is the man who has learned the secret of self-government. Now Edward Battersby would never learn that secret if he were to live a hundred years. He lets himself be swayed by every whim that seizes him. He gratifies every passing desire and runs after everything that attracts his eyes. I have a purpose, Olive, I am treading the road that leads up to it, and I never turn aside from my path for a single instant."

"You are wonderfully strong, Michael—father always said so," cried Olive, speaking straight from her heart.

"I should lose all my strength if I did not watch myself," he replied. "You don't know how it weakens a man if he slackens his hold on self just once."

Olive looked at him almost with reverence; his words sounded so good and wise and brave. A few moments before, when she had caught that fleeting expression of triumphant cunning on his face, she had felt a cold little doubt creeping into her mind. But that look was gone, and now she saw the same strong, earnest Michael who had won her father's respect years ago.

"I rule while I seem to be ruled," he said, meeting her gaze with a smile; "and if I succeed in carrying out all my plans, the firm will one day be Battersby & Chase."

She drew a long breath, and there was a child's wonder in her eyes. The idea seemed so stupendous, so grand!

"Perhaps you think this is a preposterous notion, Olive. But listen, my dear girl. I am working hard at an invention of my own, and I believe it will soon be perfected. If it is perfected I shall persuade Edward Battersby to give it a trial, and I am firmly convinced that it will answer the purpose for which it is intended."

"What is the purpose, Michael?" she asked, eagerly.

"The saving of labor. If my idea is carried out we shall employ about half as many hands as we do now. We have too many men lumbering about the works and pocketing our profits. What I want to do is to sweep away the dun-



MICHAEL SPEAKS OF HIS PLANS

derheads and keep only those who have intelligence. I happen to know that young Battersby, well off as he is, always wants more money than he has got. Think what you shall gain in the saving of wages! You don't understand business details, my dear child, but you can grasp my meaning."

"Yes, oh, yes," she answered, a bright color coming and going in her cheeks. "Only, Michael, what will become of all the dunderheads?"

"What does it matter what becomes of them?"

He spoke with an irritated air of surprise, and she could scarcely find courage to speak again.

"I think it does matter. I know it must be hard for a clever man to consider the interests of the stupid ones, and yet—"

### [TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### Two Kinds of Stomachs.

Generally speaking, there are two kinds of stomachs—the acid and the bilious stomach. Everybody has one or the other, and each requires different food and care. Do fruits, acid foods and drinks make you feel bad, cause dyspepsia or colic pains nearly every time you eat them? Then you have an acid stomach, and it is well to avoid all foods that have an excess of acids in them. Your greatest remedy after a meal is bicarbonate of soda, carbonic water or vichy. Do fat meats, grease and other rich, fatty substances cause nausea, vomiting and sickness? Then you have a bilious stomach. Your greatest remedy is to avoid all fatty and greasy foods as much as possible, and eat fruits and food containing plenty of acids. Acid drinks are the best medicines that you can take.

These two kinds of stomachs are found on all sides, and as soon as one begins to know that he has a stomach he must ascertain which one he has. Then he can doctor himself easily. Occasionally one changes into the other in the course of years. The acid stomach, by the continuous use of fats and avoidance of acids, becomes a bilious stomach, and vice versa. Then it is well to eat equally of both for a time.—Yankee Blade.

#### An Imposition.

"There are some very pleasant society women here," said the quiet, modest little woman who had recently moved to the city. "Of course it's hard to get acquainted, and most of the women are so haughty and condescending that one notices it when she meets a real pleasant society woman."

"You've been making calls, I suppose?" said the old friend who had moved to the city ten years before.

"Yes; I called on all who had left cards here, and this one was so pleasant and affable that she made me feel at home right away. She was really charming."

"Seemed glad to see you?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Didn't act as though she was bored?"

"Not at all."

"Didn't convey the impression that you were not distinguished enough or wealthy enough to be worth cultivating, and that she received you because it was one of the duties imposed on her by society?"

"Oh, no."

"Well, you've been imposed upon. She's no society woman."—Chicago Tribune.

#### Getting a Light.

The aristocratic and lordly ways of ye English lord was well exemplified some time ago on board a steamship going to Europe. The story was told by a well-known lawyer, who was crossing the ocean and happened to have on board as a fellow-traveler a real live English lord. The lawyer happened to take a cigar from his pocket and walking over to the lord, who was smoking, asked him: "Please let me have a light?"

"Beg pardon," said the lord, in that droll, languishing way of the English. "Let me have a light for my cigar, please?" said the lawyer.

"Aw, ye-as; call my servant, John, he carries my matches."

The lawyer walked off and in one of those in-a-moment-Charley looks sat down in a dark corner and wondered at the increase of crime.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

### SIoux CITY'S DISASTER.

The List of Victims Growing Larger—The Damage Placed at Four Million Dollars—Possibly One Hundred Persons Lost.

SIoux CITY, Ia., May 20.—The flood which swept down upon this devoted city Wednesday morning was even more disastrous in its frightful havoc than was believed possible that night. It is now certain that at least sixty and possibly 100 lives were sacrificed to the waters.

Estimates place the property loss at about \$4,000,000. The packing interests and stockyards lose \$1,000,000, the railroads \$1,000,000 and the city and individuals \$2,000,000. Nearly \$300,000 worth of cedar block paving was destroyed, being torn up and carried away by the flood.

No list of the dead can be given. In fact, the terrorized people have sought refuge in so many quarters that it is impossible to determine exactly what the number on the death roll will be. SIoux CITY, Ia., May 20.—Searching parties to look for dead bodies began work early yesterday, but at noon the authorities reported only two bodies recovered and identified. One is that of Peter Anderson, engineer of the Sioux City & Northern foundry, and Mrs. Frank Henderson and child of Leeds. The child was found clasped in the mother's arms.

The flood at its height extended from Court street to the Floyd bluffs and from the suburb of Lynn to the Missouri river. This comprises a district five miles long and a mile and a half wide. For a distance of a mile and a half above the mouth of the Floyd the bottom was densely populated, a large portion of the inhabitants being employes of packing houses, railroads and factories, with many retail shops.

At the height of the flood the current struck straight through the residence streets. Along the streets nearest to the river scores of dwellings were swept from their foundations, carried long distances and either destroyed or overturned. It is no uncommon sight to see a dwelling turned over on its side or roof. Many two story buildings were swept away. The buildings which were twisted or carried a short distance are innumerable. Over all this area for six or eight streets from the river the water was far above the second stories, with a swift current and the wind blowing a hurricane. Everywhere fences, outhouses, sidewalks, wooden pavement, railroad ties and timbers and lumber yard debris are scattered about among the contorted and overturned dwellings.

Many of the streets are paved with cedar blocks and the water lifted hundreds of thousands of them and carried them away. In some places there are immense masses of debris piled on top of houses. Several thousand people followed the receding flood to search for their homes and missing ones.

At one place the river cut across the bend and scooped out a great channel, starting in about Eighth street. All houses in that vicinity but a very few were utterly wiped out. The railroads and the stockyards will suffer the greatest individual losses.

The quick tempered Floyd river is subsiding into its banks and a rough estimate of the loss from the flood is possible. The pecuniary loss will be heavy. D. E. Hodges, president of the stockyards company, estimates the loss to the stockyards and packing interests at from \$450,000 to \$500,000; the loss to houses and furniture of the residents of the flooded district will aggregate about \$750,000, and the stocks of goods damaged \$100,000. The damage to the city in pavements, etc., will foot up \$100,000.

The rapid transit lines are considerable losers but the railroad companies suffered most. Up the Floyd for twenty miles the Sioux City & Northwestern and the Illinois Central tracks, built on embankments, are washed out or damaged. The loss of the terminal company and on all the railroads is estimated at from \$750,000 to \$800,000.

The Floyd river is almost back to its banks and hundreds are returning to their homes which they were compelled to abandon Wednesday. Scores of houses were swept from their foundations and others were badly wrecked. The damage to movables is large where they were not floated off. Fifty or sixty retail stores on the low ground were destroyed or badly damaged. Near the Floyd the river cut across a bend and scooped out a great channel, starting in about lower Eighth street. All the houses but a very few in that vicinity were utterly wiped out.

### BEHRING SEA ARBITRATORS.

The American Personnel Fully Agreed Upon—Who They Are.

WASHINGTON, May 20.—It is learned at the department of state that the American personnel of the Behring sea arbitration has been fully decided on. As heretofore announced the arbitrators on the part of the United States are Justice M. Harlan and Senator John T. Morgan. Ex-Minister John W. Foster is the agent of the United States. He will have charge of the preparation of the case and be the official representative of the United States before the board of arbitration. The counsel of the United States consists of ex-Minister Phelps, James C. Carter, of New York, and Judge Henry Blodgett, of Chicago. By the terms of the treaty the case of each government is to be submitted by the 7th of September, the counter case by the 7th of December and the printed argument of counsel by the 7th of January, at which last date the board of arbitration will hold its meeting in Paris.

### Stock Yards Consolidate.

CHICAGO, May 20.—According to contracts to be signed this week, the yards of the union stock yards company will be transferred to the property of the Chicago national stock yards company on the Stickney tract in the town of Cicero. The packing houses of the "big three" and those of the other concerns doing business at the union stock yards will remain where they are now. Cattle will be received at Stickney, where extensive facilities will be prepared for their reception. This move effects harmony between the warring packing interests.

### TRADE INTERRUPTED

That is the Report in Regard to Western Floods.

### NO FEAR CROPS WILL BE DEFICIENT.

From All Quarters Comes Information of a Confident Spirit in Regard to Business—Money Easy—Business Failures During the Week.

New York, May 21.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says:

"The great floods of the west, unprecedented at some points, and prolonged rains extending over the whole Mississippi valley, seriously interrupt trade. Yet there is nothing to warrant apprehension that the crops will be deficient or that the trade will fall below expectations for the year. In all quarters a confident spirit prevails and even in the south business seems to be relatively less embarrassed than of late. Money is everywhere in large supply and light demand.

"At Boston trade is more active, particularly in boots and shoes and rubber goods, and in dry goods is excellent. At Hartford groceries are especially active and hardware trade good, while wool and dry goods are dull.

"Philadelphia notes trade in dry goods excellent except in the south, more activity in wool and especially in worsted grades and larger traffic in iron, though at low prices. More encouragement is seen in glass and a slight improvement in some groceries. The carpenters' strike at Baltimore has lost force and retail trade is good. Iron is weaker in Pittsburgh, but there is fair demand for finished products, especially for hardware, and improving trade in glass.

"Trade is fairly good in Cleveland, equal to last year at Detroit, with orders months ahead for cars and railroad supplies, and cigarmakers at Cincinnati are busy, doing more than last year, while pork packing is heavy, demand exceeding supply.

"Trade at Chicago equals last year and prospects are considered bright in spite of floods. Receipts of wheat, cured meats and lard are somewhat larger than an average. Receipts of cheese, butter, rye, oats and wool decreased a little and of hides and corn one-half. Milwaukee reports lowland crops suffering.

"Business at Minneapolis and St. Paul is greatly retarded by bad weather and at St. Louis much depressed by the floods in the great rivers, though otherwise strong.

"Kansas City trade is likewise depressed but cattle receipts are heavy and at Omaha trade is very good in groceries and hardware and improving in dry goods and shoes. Improvement is also seen at Denver in spite of the weather. At Little Rock trade is paralyzed by floods; at Louisville fair in spite of the weather, and at Memphis improved and at Nashville dull. At New Orleans trade is fair with cotton in better demand and firmer, and at Savannah, though trade is falling, prospects are favorable.

"The business failures occurring throughout the country during the last seven days number for the United States 192, as compared with a total of 175 last week and 309 the week previous. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 254."

### OVER 900 PERSONS KILLED.

The Effects of a Cyclone on the Island of Mauritius.

LONDON, May 21.—Baron DeWorms, parliamentary secretary of the colonial office, read a telegram in the house of commons this afternoon fully confirming the first reports of the cyclone at Mauritius. The dispatch read that one-third of the capital city, Port Louis, was destroyed. Among the buildings wrecked were the Royal college and twenty-four churches. Many sugar mills in the country were completely demolished and the valuable machinery employed in the grinding of the cane and in boiling the product, vacuum pans, centrifugals, etc., were badly damaged.

In this dispatch the first estimate of the loss of life was given. It is known, it is said, that in the city of Port Louis alone 600 persons were killed. In the various country districts thus far heard from 300 persons lost their lives and these figures are more than likely to be added to when news is received from the remote districts in the mountains. It is believed that when the death roll is completed it will be found that over 1,200 persons were killed. The greater part of the fatalities were among the laboring classes, Africans, Hindus, Chinese and Malagasias, who do much of the work on the plantations.

### Humphrey's Congressional Chances.

TOPEKA, Kan., May 21.—Dispatches received this morning from Cowley county state that Gov. Humphrey carried Arkansas City, Winfield and two-thirds of the county townships for congress. This assures him a solid delegation from Cowley county at the convention to-morrow. Gov. Humphrey has carried Cherokee 23, Crawford 24, Montgomery 30, Elk 11, Cowley 34, total 117. It requires only 102 votes to nominate which gives him fifteen votes to spare in the counties already heard from.

### Fort Scott Monitor's Change.

FORT SCOTT, May 21.—The Fort Scott Monitor was last evening sold to a stock company composed only of Fort Scott men. It was sold for \$5,000. The paper will be conducted as a republican journal, but will radically oppose prohibition. W. R. Biddle, a prominent republican attorney and politician, will have charge of the editorial department, and the management will be in charge of R. P. Rice and H. C. Loucks.

Guatemala reports a terrible drought, a scarcity of provisions, a small-pox epidemic and a bad outlook for the crops.

Over 100 families have been made homeless by a fire in the city of Tehuantepec.

Russian students indulged in a disgraceful riot at St. Petersburg.