- Poets have sung in words of joy That rural life is fun; I'd love to be a farmer's boy-A right rich farmer's son.
- I love the old plow handles much, With their most shapely crook: How they'd inspire my hands to clutch The fish pole by the brook:
- And when the plowing was begun My steps would not be stayed. How quick a furrow I dould run Directed to the shade:
- And then when came the planting morn, All in the sun intense, How nimbly could I drop the corn And climb up on the fence!
- Haymaking time doth make more lithe The muscles and the thows: How sweet to swing the glittering scythe Across a bough and snooze:
- And when the garden should be made Twere rife with rural charms Fo go forth with the trusty spade And dig some angle worms.
- And how delightful it would be, With arms all strong and stout, To drive the ax into the tree So it would not come out.
- And if the fonces lacked repair, Indeed 'twould stir the blood
 To go and hunt an opening where
 My neighbor's daughter stood!

 —A. W. Bellaw, in Detroit Free Press.



CHAPTER IX .- CONTINUED. "What is it, my child?" he asked, lay-ling his hand on her hair. "A lover's quarrel?

'Yes," she whispered. "The first we have ever had."

"Well, well, we all know that lovers never part after a first quarrel," he said, in a quiet matter-of-fact tone that calmed her nerves. "What was it all about, little one, if an old man may

ask?"
"It arose out of a very simple speech
of mine which seemed to annoy
Michael," answered Olive, her cheeks flushing and paling as she recalled the afternoon's experience. "We were sitting under the trees in Kew Gardens, and I asked him if we could possibly be happier than we were then?"
"Michael took offense because you

were too easily contented, and one word followed another?" said Uncle Wake.

"Yes." Olive considered for a moment, and then repeated all that she could remember of the conversation. Afterwards a silence fell upon them both, and the roll of wheels in the Strand sounded but faintly in their ears. It was Olive who broke the pause.

"If I could only believe that this was merely a difference of opinion, and not a difference of spirit, I should be ens-ier," she said. "But Michael seems to think that my ideal life is an absurd dream. He cannot realize any kind of happiness that is not founded on selfinterest alone. He cannot comprehend any joy outside himself. Oh, how horrible it seems to say these things about the man whom I love with all my heart! Help me, Uncle Wake, speak kind words and comfort me!"

This was an appeal which Samuel had not expected to hear for many a day. He had not known that Olive had been rapidly gaining powers of pene-



DID NOT HEAR HIS APPROACH.

tration. He had not thought that the books he had given her would have done their work so soon. And how could he dare soothe her with false comfort, or give her the broken reed of a lie to lean upon? How could be throw dust in the eyes that saw Michael as he really was, and yet prayed to be blinded?

"Olive," he said, tenderly, "I am afraid it is the fate of nearly all good women to be somewhat disappointed in the men they love. A man's daily struggle with the world is almost sure to harden him. Every true woman has within her that capacity for self-sacri-fice which makes it easy for her to comprehend the one great sacrifice. Like her Master, she longs to go about among the people, and do them good."
"But will he never feel as I do?" she

asked, mournfully. "Not altogether, perhaps. Olive, you must learn to love him without giving up the best part of yourself for his sake. You must not pluck out your own white wings because he cannot soar. If you do this, you will neither content him nor yourself. You will always be haunted by the sense of loss, and he will know that you are not satis-

She turned her eyes upon him with a

gaze of intense anxiety.
"How can two walk together unless their spirits are one?" she said, with a

"Bodily union and spiritual disunion one sees it every day," Samuel Wake answered. "If you marry a man whose thoughts are not your thoughts, nor his ways your ways, you must prepare to tread a difficult path, my child. Your own heart must help you in the matter; love, and the instincts of a true wife, can make a woman wise and strong."
"And I love him, I do love him!" she

"Perhaps he is ill and suffering at this moment, and I am not near

he had been near him she would beheld him making a fresh tollet

in high good humor. Edward Batters-by had met him, and had invited him to dine at a fashionable restaurant that

"Men are made of tougher materials than you fancy," Uncle Wake replied, with a reassuring smile. "He looked well enough when I saw him. Take my word for it, that headache was an excuse for ill-temper. Don't be fussy about him, my dear. He will find his

way back to you when the fit is over." Then he brought one of the books that were piled upon the table, and began to read a poem aloud. The verses were well chosen, and his voice was pleasant to her ears. So the afternoon glided into evening, and when Mrs. Wake came home, more pensive and shadowy than ever after her visit to Jessie, Olive was able to meet her with cheerfulness. It was hard to see Michael's vacant place at the supper table; but Uncle Wake encouraged her with smiles, and talked quite openly of the

absent lover. "If he does not come in on Monday or Tuesday, I shall go and look him up." he said. "Ah, Mrs. Wake, how unreasonable you used to be if I ever dared to have a headache! It is only women who are allowed to be invalids. A lover ought to have an iron constitution."

"You always had," his wife remarked, "but Michael is not made of iron, and he looks as if he had nerves. Perhaps he is a little irritable sometimes. I know he has a short manner, but what is manner when a man is hardworking and steady? When I looked at our poor Jessie to-day, I could not help thinking of Olive's good fortune."

For years, everybody had been talking to Olive about her good fortune. Who was she, that such a clever young man should have set his heart upon her? The girl had always been humble and grateful, and she was humble and grateful still; only a subtle change was stealing over the humility and gratitude. She did not think less of Michael, nor was she less lowly in mind, but she had begun to use cer-tain faculties which had been undeveloped in her village home.

She had learned lately that there are certain aspirations which cannot be stifled, even at love's command, without self-degradation. Truly he who findeth his life in this world only, shall lose it; the worship of things that perish in the using destroys all spiritual life in the worshiper. Olive had found out this truth.

When she lay down to rest that night she fell into a peaceful sleep, and dreamed of the old downs and fields of her childhood. Michael was roaming with her through those calm meadows, rich with the purple and gold of summer. He was once more the younger and simpler Michael of the past; they were happy in the old-fashioned way of rustic lovers. Then Jane and Aaron joined them, and they followed the course of the rivulet through the grass, and laughed for very gladness of heart. She awoke suddenly in the light of p

London day, with that dream-laughter ringing in her ears. And then all the bitterness of yesterday came back like a flood, and she remembered that she and Michael had drifted apart.

But downstairs there was the everyday life awaiting her, full of its whole some work and cheerfulness. And there was a note from Michael, addressed to herself, and written late on

Sunday night: "Dearest Olive" (It ran), "Do not wonder at my absence for a few days. I hope to bring you good news when I come. My'head is better.

"Yours as ever, M. C."

CHAPTER X.

"HOW THE OLD, OLD TIES ARE LOOSENED." Olive lived cheerfully on that brief note all through the week. Michael had forgiven her, and the world was bright again.

He came to see her on Sunday afteroon, but the visit was short. Edward Battersby had claimed bim for the evening. All his dreams were about to be realized, success was within his grasp, and Olive listened to his explanaions with wonder and delight. There was no doubt as to the working of his new plan; it had already been tosted with the most satisfactory results, and was to have a longer and fuller trial. Meanwhile Edward Battersby was overwhelming him with toke good will. Everyone in the works was aware of his exaltation; he was to receive more substantial rewards later on, but even now he was recognized as a person of the highest importance.

"What does Aaron say to all this?" asked Olive, when Michael paused to take breath. "I wish he would come and see me.'

Michael frowned impatiently. "Why do you think of Aaron?" he said; "he was always a gloomy fool who could not help himself, and lately

he has been insufferable,"
"He is unhappy, Michael." Her face
was troubled. "You see, he has long been wanting to make a home for Jane, and when they lowered his wages he lost heart. But now that your success is assured, dear, you will be kind

to him?" "Kind to him!" Michael repeated angrily. "I shall be heartly glad to see the last of him, and hear the last of his maundering talk about old times." "But he was our early friend," she

said sadly, "and there is poor Jane to be considered." "I don't know why I should consider Jane," returned Michael loftily. "She

certainly has no claim on me. But this is always the case, when a man succeeds in life, all his old acquaintances hang round his neck like millstones. He is not allowed to enjoy the fruits of his own toil alone.

"Dear Michael!" her hand softly touched his. "Ought one to enjoy the fruits of one's toil alone?"

'You are a most extraordinary girl. Olive," he said, in the indulgent tone she knew so well. "You never lose a chance of saying something sentimental -something taken from one of your favorite books! But never mind, I will not let anything mar our pleasure today. You are free to talk to your uncle,

and tell him all our good news."

Her face brightened in an instant.
"Dear Uncle Wake," she said, "he is

always so glad to hear of anyone's

prosperity."
"Well, he has had little enough of his own to be glad of," remarked Michael, with a contemptuous laugh, "What will he say when he has to part with you, Olive? Anyone can see that you are the light of this house; but I can't lend my illuminator to other people much longer. And I wish you would give up that wretched flower business. little woman."

"Don't ask me to give it up just yet,"
she said, in a sweet voice of entreaty.
"Please don't. I will promise to be
very good and obedient by and by."
"I suppose I must be contented with

that promise," he answered, affably, "but I am glad you keep well out of sight at that flower shop. I don't want my wife's face to be known to the pub-



lie yet. Do you know, child, I intend that you shall create a sensation? You will be a noted beauty one of these days, if you take care of yourself and do as I tell you."

A richer bloom rose to the soft cheek but the lips quivered as if with pain.
"I should hate notoriety," she said,

proudly. "Nonsense! you won't hate anything in your new life," he replied, kissing her. "It will be a life of charming dresses and jewels; what can a woman desire more?

"Ob, I shall want much more than that," she answered, looking frankly up at him with clear eyes.

But he only laughed, and went his

More days went and came, and he dld not come, but frequent notes made amenda for his absence. Olive went about her daily business with the lightest of hearts and the brightest of faces. Uncle Wake rejoiced with her in her oy, and Aunt Wake talked of nothing but weddings and bridal array. Some-times when Olive looked back to the Sunday afternoon in Kew Gardens, it seemed very dim and far distant. She could hardly recognise herself in the girl who had sat under the larches and had been so passionately miserable that

Ah, she would ask Michael to take her to the gardens again when he had time enough to spare. She must have been in a foolish mood when they were there last, or his headache, perhaps, had made him fractious. His letters were so affectionate and kind that her doubts were all beginning to disappear. doubts were all beginning to disappear. He had been hardened, absorbed; every nerve had been strained in his long struggle, but now that the end was gained there would be peace. Yes, and leisure for thoughts of others and

The one cloud in her bright sky was Aaron. She had written to him once or twice but there was no reply, and he never fulfilled his promise of coming to see her again. Jane was beginning to despuir, but Olive still wrote to her in a cheerful strain, begging her not to give up all hope. Surely something could be done for Anron by and by; and if Michael still refused to come to the aid of his old friend Olive resolved to take the matter into her own hands. In some way or other Aaron should be helped out of the slough of despond.

She was so busy with her own thoughts and hopes that although Sea-ward Aylstone came several times to the florist's shop she scarcely noticed him. As in a dream she heard his calm voice, ordering sprays of ivory and roses, and in a dream still she wove the flowers and leaves together. She did not know that his glance always turned to the corner where she sat with her pretty curly brown head bent over her work. She did not know that he lingered long at the counter in the vain hope of seeing her lift her eyes or of hearing her speak. Another girl less absolutely true of heart would have ob-served his frequent comings and goings and have drawn her own conclusions. But Olive was under a potent spell.

At last, when the days were sultry and still and London was emptying fast, Michael came to see her again. He came, us he had been wont to do, on a Sunday afternoon and found Olive in the parior upstairs. At the sight of him the Wakes, husband and wife, discreetly vanished. And they said to each other in confidence that they had never seen him look so worn and strange. Olive, too, was struck with this "strangeness" and met him with an anxiety that shaded her joy. "Dear, you have worked too hard,"

Yet as she looked at him again she saw that he had gained something by the loss of his fresh color; the pallor gave a new refinement to his face. His clothes, too, seemed to be worn in a new and easier fashion. He moved less

stiffly and spoke more quietly. "I believe I should have broken down entirely," he said, "if it had not been for the sea breezes. The Battersbys are at South sea, and I have been running down to see them."

"Then you are quite intimate with them now, Michael? Are they nice people? Is Mrs. Battersby a good, motherly woman? Are there any daughters? Oh, I am so glad they are going to be kind to us." cried poor Olive in her simplicity. An uneasy look flitted across Michael's

"My dear girl, you should not fly into raptures on small occasions," remarked, coldly. "How is one to answer such a string of questions? First of all, there is no Mrs. Battersby. And, as Mr. Battersby is a feeble old man whose mind is failing, I cannot get very intimate with him." "Oh," said Olive in a disappointed

tone: "and there is no daughter?" "Well, yes, there is a daughter." He admitted the fact with a curious reluctance. "But she is a good deal older than you are; and—and you would not and her a sympathetic person, I think."
"Then she is not nice, is she?" Olive

"I really don't know what you mean by 'nice;' it is a woman's word. Michael tried to smile naturally, and

only produced a strange contortion of the lips. "But if people are not sympathetic they can't be nice," persisted Olive un-wisely. "You think her horrid, and 'don't like to say so."

He flushed angrily. "I have never thought anything so preposterous," he said. "I only meant that Miss Battersby was calm and sensible, and not given to romantic dream-

ing." The speech was spoken in a tone that pained Olive deeply. She strove to talk on as if nothing had hurt her, but she was not able to pretend a cheerfuiness that she did not feel. Michael had not said a word about their future plans; he did not tell her that she must soon come to a new home. He talked in a vague way of changes at the works, and of old Mr. Battersby's uncertain life, and said that Edward Battersby hated trouble and business. And then he suddenly got up to go, and gave her a cold kiss at parting.

"When shall I see you again, Michsel?" she naked.

"I don't know. I wish I could fix a day for coming," he answered; "but Edward is always wanting me, and I am so worried and hurried that there is scarcely time to think. However, I will write if I do not come."

When he had gone, Olive went away to her little room and sat down by the bed in utter bewilderment. The person that she loved, her promised hus-band, of whom she had thought hour after hour, what had be-come of him? It was not the old Michael who had just left her, but some one with a different manner and a cold heart. Success had come, that success which had been so longed for, and was this all that it had brought? The window was left open, but the hot London air that came in did not cool her burning temples. Oh, to be at Eastmoon now, and feel the breeze blowing fresh from the old hills.

Uncle Wake did not like the aspect of affairs, and saw that Olive was looking pale and sad. He sent her to church with his wife, and meditated over the state of things without deciding on what was best to be done. It seemed to him that Michael was disposed to draw back; but if it were so, Samuel was not a man to drag him forward. Better that this rare flower should wither on its stalk, than that an unwilling hand should be forced to gather it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Writing to the King.

At. Szanad, in Hungary, lives a poor easant farmer named Pero Bati. The destruction of the crops and loss of cattle had plunged him into difficulties. One sleepless night he conceived a novel form of the following epistle: "To the Most Honorable and Well-born Herr King: My cow is dead-with great respect I submit this—and my noble farm produce has been struck down with hallstones. The wicked 'man in possession' plagues me sorely, though he is my brother-in-law's godfather. There is no living soul in Szanad that can lend me a kreuzter, because no one in Szanad has a kreutzer. If my lord would lend me a couple of gulden-for which he has no immediate need-I would pay him back with interest when my next year's kukuruz crop (maize) is sold. I trust that good health may waft upon my good king and his ex-alted house and his dear family. Oh, that I could kiss the pretty hands of our high-born lady-queen! All happi-ness to your king's majesty. Truly, yours, Pero Bati." This letter was duly dispatched, and a messenger was sent to ascertain the truth of Bati's statement. This proving correct, the two gulden (about three shillings), which the emperor was "not in immediate need of," was placed at Pero Bati's disposal. London Daily News.

Making a Spool of Thread. "To make a spool of thread," says a manufacturer, "is a complicated process. Only the very best Sea island cotton can be used for this purpose. The cotton is taken in the raw state and torn all to pieces by a machine called 'a 'breaker.' It then goes through several other machines by which it is carefully combed and freed from impurities. A machine called a 'slipper' then takes it up and twists it out into white yarn. This is carefully combed again, and it is then taken into another department, where several small strands of this yarn are twisted into one fine one. Three of these are then twisted together and you then have six-cord thread, which, after it is bleached, is ready for the market. Another interesting thing is the num-bering of the thread. Every lady knows the size of thread that she requires for doing a certain piece of work but very few of them know how it came to be so numbered. You see, when cotton thread was first made eight hundred and forty yards of it weighed one pound. This was called number one, and if a pound contained just twice this number of yards it was called number two, and so on."-Chicago Times

Pleasant Prospect. Little boy pulls a reveier in a saloon

by the coat tails. "What do you want, Tommy?" "Come home, pa. Ma has been waiting with the poker for you for the last two hours."—Texas Siftings. BOB FORD KILLED.

Assassin of Jesse James Slain at Creede, Col., by a Deputy Sheriff. CREEDE, Col., June 9.—Bob Ford is dead-slain without warning as slew Jesse James. Deputy Sheriff Watt Kelly shot him yesterday in his

own dance hall. Ford, notorious over all the land as the killer of the most notorious bandit of the centucy, had been in this place almost ever since Creede camp began. He came with that influx of killers and bad men that always comes to the western town that begins to boom and to be talked about. He recently opened a dance hall of the regulation type, and on the strength of having shot Jesse James through the back of the head, posed much as one of the worst of bad

Last February in Pueblo Ford quarreled with Deputy Kelly, who is a killer and a bad man himself. It was over woman, this quarrel. The two had hated each other ever since. Yesterday afternoon Kelly was to be seen lounging in the doorway of Ford's dance hall. A man, whom no one has seen since, approached and slipped a short doubleparreled shot-gun into his hands.

Thus armed Kelly stepped into the dance ball. "Bob!" he said, holding his weapon ready for action.

Ford was standing with his back to Kelly scarcely five feet away. turned and as he saw who had called him his hand went for his six-shooter. But he had no chance on earth. Kelly had simply to raise his shotgun and let it go. Ford's hand never reached his

The shotgun, heavily loaded with buckshot, did frightful work at so short a range. The whole charge struck full in Ford's neck, tearing away wind pipe and jugular. The man died instantly.

Kelly walked quietly through the crowd that gathered and gave himself into the custody of the sheriff. Last night he would not talk about his deadly work.

THE ALLIANCE CHIEF DYING.

. L. Polk Said to He Dangerously Ill is Washington. WASHINGTON, June 9 .- Col. L. L.

Polk, of North Carolina, president of the National Farmers' Alliance, is dangerously ill at his residence in this city. Mr. Polk has been ill for about ten days, suffering from hemorrhage of the bladder, caused probably by a tu-mor. This has caused blood pois-

oning, and it is now thought there is no ery. His son-in-law, Mr. Denmark, is with him, and Mrs. Polk has been tele-

graphed for. A report was current last night that Col. Polk was dead, but it was afterward denied.

FIVE MILLION POUNDS.

Failure of the Oriental Bank of Londor for That Amount.

LONDON, June 9.-It was rumored that a large eastern bank was in dif-ficulty and that heavy claims against the bank were pending. A rumor was also current on the street that, the Oriental bank was being assisted by other banks. The distressed bank, the new Oriental, was refused assistance from the Bank of England and decided and carried it out. This idea took the to suspend. It has a capital of \$10,000,ing to \$45,000,000.

The directors recommend the depositors to withdraw only 20 per cent, of their deposits in order to allow the successful reconstruction of the bank.

The suspension is largely due to the lepreciation in the value of silver, to the consequent increasing distrust in Great Britain of investments in the east, coupled with the unprecedented condition of trade in China, Japan and Australia, and losses incurred through the hurricane at Mauritus.

The report concludes with the state ment that steps will be taken to protect the assets of the bank.

The immediate liabilities are believed to amount to £5,500,000.

POWDER MILL EXPLOSION, Patal One Which Occurred Twenty Miles

From Cincinnati.
CINCINNATI, June 9.—An explosion occurred at King's powder mill, twenty miles from here. During the severe storm the machines in the cartridge house exploded and Archie Grubbs. aged 20, living at Morrow, O., was instantly killed by a piece of iron being driven through his head. Joshua Clootte had his leg broken and back injured; Louis Ludcke, arm and face badly hurt; Miss Bettie Horner, prostrated by the shock; Edward D. Bory, face cut and head bruised. Several others were alightly injured. A bolt of lightning struck one of the powder hoppers on the top floor and ran down an electric wire to the cartridge machines. factory is a total wreck.

A Denial from Mr. Blaine. NEW YORK, June 9 .- The World to-

NEW YORK, June 9.—The World to-day publishes the following:
To the Editor of the World:
BOSTON, Wednesday Evening, June 8.—Will you please state in your columns that it is ut-terly false that I or any one for me, or in my name, ever paid or offered to pay Mary Nevins Blaine, or any one for her, one cent or any other sum for any letters she holds. I have never heard of the subject directly or indirectly ex-cept in the newspapers. Respectfully.

JAMES G. BLAINE

International Exhibitors. NEW YORK, June 9 .- A meeting of international exhibitors was held here today, and it was agreed to appoint an agent resident in Chicago to represent exhibitors from this city in the matter of allotting space for exhibits at the world's fair.

Valuable Turquoise Deposits Found. Phœxix, Ariz., June 9.—Large deposits of turquoise have been discovered near this city, and fine specimens have been sent to San Francisco and other points LOST FOREVER.

The Bodies of Many of the Victima Titusville and Oil City May Never Found.

OIL CITY, Pa., June 8 -- Yesterday morning broke cloudless and the sun-shine helped to dispel the gloom over-hanging the valley. With daylight the searching parties were again at work seeking for the remains of the victims of the great calamity Sunday.

Mayor Hunt has issued a proclama-

tion calling on all storekeepers, manufacturers, bankers and business men to close their establishments so that all may engage in the work necessary to recovery from the present condition of the city.

That many of the victims of the flood will never be found is certain. The swift current has carried many away. the flames have made cinders of others and the crumbling banks of the creek have made their graves.

The list of the dead as published does not give an adequate idea of the loss of life. In the portion of the city which suffered the greatest damage there lived hundreds of foreign laborers whose names are unknown and who never will be found. In the same section there were numerous children and of the great number only ten have been found. The problem is, where are all the rest? Those who are acquainted with this section of the city say that scores have perished who will never be heard of. These same continue to estimate the loss at 150 and others insist if a complete record could be had the awful list would reach 200.

Yesterday the funeral rites over twen-ty-two bodies of the victims of the fire and flood were held and never were sadder or more impressive scenes witnessed.

der or more impressive scenes witnessed.

Up to noon the relief committee had received \$5,600, making a total so far of about \$15,000. There are no young children left orphans. The children were the ones which must have quickly succumbed to the flood and fire, and not a case of a destitute orphan shild has yet been reported. As a rule death came to the entire family, if not, the fathers, mothers and older children were the survivors. were the survivors

The oil tank on the Cls pp farm caught fire again last night and caused great excitement. Some of the more timorous were greatly frightened lest there should be another explosion, but this trouble is not anticipated by those familiar with the place. familiar with the place.

TITUSVILLE, Pa., June 8.—The core oner's jury yesterday morning made a trip over the ground where the lives were lost in Saturday's awful disaster, picking up information which may be of service to them when they come to examine into this calamity.

The total amount of money subscribed so far is \$11,720, but it will take

scribed so far is \$11,730, but it will take more than a dozen times that sum to do much practical good.

The aggregate money loss in this city is now placed at \$1,500,000.

It was reported late last evening that ten bodies had been found at Miller farm, seven miles below here, but the report has not yet been verified. There is no question that a number of bodies are floating down the river or are lodged somewhere in the timber which is piled high up along the river bank is piled high up along the river bank and on small islands which have been formed by the course of the creek hav-ing been diverted. The search for bodies can only be prosecuted by daylight, as the electric plant has been disabled.

SAD DROWNIN

In Attempting to Rescue the Son, the Father, Mother and Daughter Lose Their

Forner Cirr, Mo., June 8.—Yester-day Stephen Shaler, a boy 16 years of age, was running across a foot bridge over a pond when he fell overboard. His mother and sister, the latter a girl of 15, witnessed the accident and jumped into the water to rescue him. The water was over their heads, and in-The water was over their heads, and instead of saving the boy they found themselves struggling for their own lives.

The father, Stephen Shaler, was su moned to the spot by the cries of his drowning wife and children, and, al-though unable to swim, at once jumped

into the water.

The fight for life only lasted a short time, and when the neighbors finally reached the spot it was only in time to remove from the water, the bodies of father, mother and children. Five other little children are left orphans by the socident.

THE ELECTION IN OREGON.

Congressmen, State Officers and the Legis-lature Secured by the Republicans.

FORTLAND, Ore., June 8.—The first fight in the political struggle of 1899 was held in Oregon yesterday when a state election to choose two congressstate election to choose two congress-men, two state officers and the legislature occurred.

Herrmann, republican in the First congressional district, is elected to congress by 3,500 plurality. Ellis, republican, is elected from the Second district by about 4,000 plurality. Moore, republican, is elected supreme judge by at least 0,000 plurality. For attornsy-general the count is not completed and it is still in doubt. The republicans control both lwanches of the legislature.

The Freshs of Lightning. SPRINFIELD, Ill., June 8,-Wm. B. Weaver, a farmer who lived near Williamsville, this county, was instantly killed by lightning during the storm yesterday afternoon while driving from the field. The two horses he was driving were also killed, but three men with him were unburt.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., June 8.-Two committees of thirty, representing the whites and blacks of this community, met at the Cotton exchange to-night to discuss measures tending to restore the ers of good feeling between the two races. The attuation here has been threatening ever since last March, when three deputy sheriffs were shot by a negro meb while attempting to serve a warrant, and a white mob, two days later, lynched three of the ringleaders. for testing. These stones have been Hence the effort on the part of consermined and worked by the Indians for a vative men of both races to come to an long time.