'Yes: he committed sub-ide.'

They respect his sorrow.

that into your mind?"

hain in your office?"

took them from him."

house?" asks Gareau.

were the man."

Regerson.

curiosity."

Taker.

Gareau.

him.

grows sad.

Yes.

"Oh, several things.

necessary to explain now.

der.

The brother turns to wipe away &

Finally Taker says to the doctor, "I

one thing I would like to have you ex

night had them upon his person.

"I was watching the house and saw

im leave by the window of the wood-

shed, 'puts in Rogerson. That is how

1 got 'on' to him.
"Why were you watching the

"I was 'spotting' you. I thought you

In the fertile mind of a detective

'No, not when the death of another

"I suppose the missing leaf will

"No," answers the doctor, "I sup-

"No. I have the note-book," cries

"Have you it with you?" asks

"Yes. Here it is," handing it to

The young wan takes the book,

opens it and produces the discolored

"Here is the missing leaf," he says.

They all crowd around the bed.

Curiously they examine this strange

witness, recovered in such a strange

"How did you get it?" asks Taker.

Garcan explains. They listen breath-

"Well, that beats the Dutch!" re-

Franklin Dyke is not yet aware of

ner. His infant child is baried with

him. She is laid by his side in the

costly casket, her little head lying on

his heart, now still in death, which

turned against her at the hour of her

Who knows but what her angel

grew to be a bright and shining mem-

ber. He has erected a magnificent

residence upon the site of the one

"I will still carry on the old busi-ness at the old stand," he said.

Dr. Wilbur was never interred.

At number 210 South Fifth Street,

Philadelphia, a small black sign

swings in the breeze. If you walk

close up to it, you may read the legend

TAKER & ROGERSON.

The office is furnished plainly.

they are divided in the center: there is

would rather lose half his bank ac-

We have seen it before: we will take ad-

vantage of the absence of the pro-

prietors to examine it. Ah yes, we

know it well. It is Dr. Wilbur's note-

THE END.

Rather Misty.

city flats have lots of company, I

Country Child-People who live in

His body was consumed in the

throne? Who can tell?

since boyhood.

devour.

it bears:

absent.

ionely

"I don't see how."

above them."

with those of his home.

oung man that it is correct.

"I picked it up at the same

pose the note-book was burned with the

time I did the watch and chain.

and nearly destroyed leaf.

marks Throckmorton.

Belknap.

much more.'

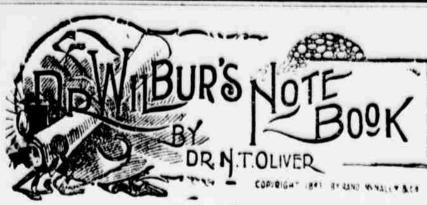
nan brings him fortune." answers

never be found." says Taker, regret-fully. "I'd like to have that for a

no man is safe." remarks the doctor.

"Oh, he visited you, ch"

rear. "Poor Adrian! what an end!



CHAPTER NIN. CHOICE AT LAST.

> IKE AN AVenging angel, the young physicion stanas erect, with one hand raised to the ceiling, the other tightly clutching the watch a net

chain. His eyes, brown, soft and tender usually, are now black, piercing, burning into the soul of the unnatural Tather, the cowering criminal beforehim. The minutes pass-still the son waits-still the father does not reply. His frightened, wandering eyes preroving about the place, as if in search of some way of escape; his breath is coming in labored gasps, shaking his massive frame.

He is a desperate man, is Andre areau. He will not hesitate at anything, so long as his own personal safety is assured. He looks about him. Suddenly his eves become riveted upon an object upon the desk. note-book of Dr. Wilbur's vote-book.

"The book!" he gasps, hoarsely. "How did you get it? how did it come here?" He is evidently stricken with terror at the sight of this book.

"You recognize it?" cries the son.
"You have seen it before, murderer!" The man shrinks in horror from the desk, from the innocent-looking object, yet so terrible to him. He tries to shut it out from his gaze-then. with a hoarse cry, he dashes past the son, into the room adjoining. The physician burries after him, he must not escape

A crash, the sound of a falling body,

then a voice hoarse with terror.

"Take it away! Take it from me!
My God! take it away! I did not murder you! I did not intend to kill you! Oh, take it away!

It is the voice of the father. The son is in the doorway. The light of the lamp reveals plainly what the fire has faintly done-the white face of the corpse. The man has seen it upon the corpse. The man has seen it upon entering the room, he has fallen upon the floor beside it.

Dr. Gareau approaches the trembng, cowering wretch.

"Your conscience accuses you." he says sternly. "Look! gaze upon the face of your victim, Shake and tremble, cower and shrink! erime is known God has deyou up to justice, and it shall be meted out to you. There shall be no mercy, not one jot more han you showed this helpless old man. Hide your face, your hardened criminal countenance. Turn from the dead: you cannot efface the sight of his pale. cold face from your mental vision. In the darkness of the night, as you wait in the prison cell the coming of the dawn, which will see you a dark, swinging mass upon the scaffold, you will hear his voice sounding in your ears even as you hear mine now, cryng. 'Murderer, murderer!'

The young man's voice sounds terriole to the man before him, strikes to is soul, rings in his ears. He must scape! How? Not by the front door, that is impossible, but is there not some other way? Ah! he sees a small door at the further end of the room. It must open either upon the yard at the back of the house or the kitchen. He must make an effort. He springs suddenly erect, dashes the lamp from the hand of his son, strikes him a heavy blow, and springs towards the door. Topeus readily. It leads to the wo shed. There is a window in the side of the frame structure. Desperately he makes a dash at it, the next moment, cut and bleeding, he is out upon the street.

As he reaches the street a dark figure ises, seemingly out of the ground, a figure that cries. "Halt."

He cloes not heed it. only springs forward desperately. He is a swift unner; he must needs be, for the dark form is following him, will overtake him, unless he exerts himself to greater

"Halt, or I'll fire!" comes the stern command. "Fire and be d-d!" matters the fleeing one.

"Bang!" a ristol shot rings out Zip! roes the bullet, whistling past his

But what is that hourse murmur in The distance? Why that clauging of bells-rude, jangling, harsh, discord-ant bells? What means that sudden burst of flame up into the night?

The hoarse murmur is the sound of many voices. They ery—the bells' discordant sound means: "Fire! fire! burning, consuming fire!

The streets are soon thronged with men and boys. The engines are now upon the scene. They must try and save the house. It is the house within whose walls Ezra Wilbur has lived for many years, it is the house of Henri Garcau now. It is burning to the ground.

The rain has ceased to fail. The interior of the old house is as dry as tinder. There is but little chance of saving it. Taker sees the flames out on the road. He is hurrying to the

house. He is eager to have an interview with Henri Careau. "Big fire in town," he mutters, and uickens his pace into a run. As he ches the corner of the street leading

house, he sees for the first time

that it is the residence of Wilbur &

Garcau that is burned. He is soon among the crowd.

Where isDr. Gareau?" he asks of a fireman. "Guess he can't be in the house. he hasn't made an apyearance. The flames are too hot for us to get in and

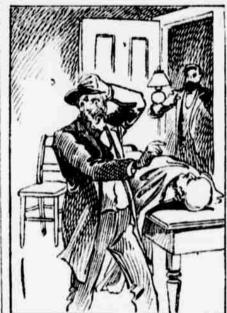
"My God: Can be be inside-must

he perish?" he cries. No thought of his latest theory at this moment; no thought of anything save the possible fact that Henri Garcau, the kindly faced young physician, may be inside the burning build-ing. The fireman has said that the flames were too hot to risk going in. By heaven! he will risk it, the flames of Sheol cannot hold him back. He seizes an ax from a hook and ladder truck near bim, also finds a wet sponge, which he secures over his mouth and nostells, then springs for-

ward. 'Play on me," he shouts to the group of firemen nearest him, "I am going

"It is certain death!" they shout. But he does not hear them. He is at the door, his ax striking fiercely at the panels. They turn the force of water upon the burning woodwork around him. Ah! he is inside. A grean bursts from the crowd as they witness his hardihood. He must perish! But he does not. Groping through the smoke, almost strangling, his foot strikes a soft body. He stoops-his fingers come in contact with the short curly hair. It is Dr. Gareau. He picks him up, throws him over his shoulder. passes through the office, the reflection from the flames shines in at the window which has burst open. It shines upon the blackened surroundings, upon a desk, which yet unharmed, upon a little black note-book, lying upon the leaf, and a gold watch and chain. With one hand the detective seizes the articles. He sees in them proofs of the guilt of the man he is struggling to save-risking his own precious life to rescue. The next moment he has staggered out into the street. Dr. tiareau is saved!

A cheer goes up from the vast crowd as they see the daring detective make his appearance, hatless, burned, his clothing nearly dropping from his form. But he is safe. He staggers back against the hook and ladder truck to recover his breath. A dark figure approaches him hurriedly. It is Rog-



"TAKE IT AWAY!"

erson-Rogerson, excited, panting.

"A brave action, Taker," he pants. 'Hy God. you're a man. But come with me, quickly. I've just shot a man up the street. He can't live He has a confession to make. long! and wants the young doctor to hear it. The detective recovers himself. The old instinct is aroused at the word

me fession. He will go with Roger-.r. Gareau is breathing heavily, he cannot go, so they make their way through the crowd. Upon the outskirts, Taker sees Throckmorton and

the coroner, Vandewater. The chief of police is working like a Turk, firing up an engine. Taker approaches him, tells him in a few words, what he wishes, and the chief and Vandewater Join him.

Along the street to the corner down a side street one block, then up mother, a dark, back alley, Rogerson leads the way. On the way he tells the chief what he has done dwelling briefly on the facts He has fired two shots at the flying man, the first has missed him, the sec

ond has reached its mark. "We are here," he says. "He is ly-ing inside that shed."

They stoop and enter the low shed. in the corner a mild-faced cow is chewing her end; she looks upon the strangers with gentle surprise in her eyes. A dark lantern throws a ray of light upon the beast, and another-a whitefaced, bearded man, lying, breathing

hard upon the straw. "You got here just in time." he gasps, feebly, "I can't hold out much longer."
"What do you wish to confess?"

gently asks Taker. The man draws a long breath, then says, so low that his voice sounds like

a whisper: The death of-the old doctor-he wasn't-murriered. I know-1 saw him die"-a start of surprise from all "I broke into-house-Dyke's house going to get away with plate. In

the next room-1 heard some one talking-give me some whisky, I can't Throckmorton places a bottle to the parched lips of the dying man. He cover him with the straw and leave spose. drinks cagerly. "Ah. I feel better, now I can talk. I heard some one talking in the next room-I could hear what they sald, as the door was not shut tight. I heard one, who seemen to be the master, make a pro-

position to the other, whom he called

Gardner, to swap children with him

It appeared that his wife had just had After it is over he is conducted by a child a girl. He wanted a boy Taker to the room where Dr. Garcau is UNUSUAL PHENOMENA a child a girl. He wanted a boy Taker to the room where Dr. Gareau is said he would be a ruined man if the confined to his bed, overcome from the other did not help him. The man effects of the fire, and before Throck-agreed to do it -1 heard it all. He was morton, Coroner, Vandewate, and to bring child to the house that night. Rogerson, who has recover and the other was to be carried to his equanimity, all is explained to ! cottage by a woman-the nurse. Then He listens with open monthed the master went out of the room, and wonder As Taker finishes he ex I heard him go upstairs. In a little claims, I told you Adrian was inno while he come down again, and with cent of that crime I knew he was him was Dr. Wilbur. I knew the old guilts of the other. Does he knew of man; I had not seen him for twenty the events of last night." He will never know. He is dead. years, but I knew him the minute I "Dead," they all ery. The news has saw him. He stopped in the hall, and said. Wait a minute, and wrote not reached them as yet. It comes something in a book in took from his later in the day.

pocket. 'A note-book?" interrupts the chief of police.

Yes, a note-book. Then he put it back into his pocket I was watching them all out of the library door. Then the doctor and Gardner went out of the house. No sooner had they gone, when a look of horror came to the face of the man in the hall. It was Adrian I used to know him twenty years ago. He looked as if he had seen a ghost. I heard him say. "The note-book—it will ruin all." Then he seemed to come to some conclusion. He stood up and came toward the room



where I was watching. I had just time enough to jump out the window with my 'graft' (a lot of silver plate tied up in a table-cloth), when he came in. couldn't see what he did. but in a little while he left the I sneaked around back of the house and got out into the road ahead of him. I left the silverware behind; I had a better 'graft' in view than I knew that the note-book was what Dyke was after. I made up my mind to get it before him. I laid along the road waiting for the doctor. I didn't want to kill him, I never thought of that, I only wanted to get the note-book. I had made up my mind that the sex of the two kids was written in it, and if I could get it. I could make Ad Dyke give up some of his money to me.

"I heard some one coming. It was the doctor, but there was another man with him. I knew him, too, it was Frank Dyke. They passed me. I can tell you I felt pretty hot about it: I thought I was going to lose my graft.' Pretty soon I heard some one coming the other way. I laid low again. It was the doctor coming back. As he got opposite me, I stepped out and grabbed him. He struggled, 'I don't want to hurt you. Doe, 'I said, 'I only want that little book in your pocket.' 'My note-book?' he asked. 'Yes,' I answered. What do you want with it? he asked. I lied: I said, 'Ad Dyke wants it.' He flew into a passion. 'He wants it, does he? He wants to make some base use of it. But neither you nor he shall have it. I told him I was bound to have it. I had him foul. He took it from his pocket, and I thought he was going to give it up, but as quick as lightning he opened it, tore out a leaf, rolled it up in a little wad, put it in his mouth and swallowed it, all in less time than it takes me to tell you." He pauses for breath.

The listeners look from one to the other in amazement. This is some thing new to three of them; part of it is known to Taker. It is becoming clear to him now, he understands where the missing leaf is. He does not know of the strange manner in which it has been recovered. He has the note-book in his pocket.

The sinking man is given some more of the liquor. Reviving under its influence he continues: "I felt so mal when I saw what the dotor had done, that I shook him pretty rough. He laughed at my actions. 'I have defeated both you and your master,' he

He thought Dyke had hired me. "In the middle of his laughing he stopped all of a sudden. I could see his face turn pale, the night was not He fell on his knees, then got on his feet again, and wife a cry of terrible pain, he groaned, 'My fatal malady, it is killing me.' The next minute he fell torward on his face. striking his head on a big stone lying by the road. I didn't know he was dead at first. I bent over him. I shook him, but it was no use, he was dead. I needed money, I thought he might have some. I searched his pockets and found nearly two hundred dollars in them. I put it in my pocket, and then took his watch and chain and the note-book, and left him lying there.

He pauses again to catch his breath. He is sinking rapidly. The grayish hae of death is spreading o'er his features

Taker bends over him. Tell me." he says, "did you place the notebook in the drawer of Adrian

Dyke's desk?" 'Yes," gasps the man, "I-wentback-and-put it-there. to-save-myself. 1-thought-the other-would-be-found-out-and he would-be-blamed-for-it.

But why should you try to ruin this man? He had never harmed you. A look of hatred comes to the dying man's face. "He - ruined -my -sister. She's

known-as Mary-Calder. His head sinks back. It is all over. He dies without a struggie. They

CHAPTER XX.

JOYS AND SORROWS. Franklin Dyke is released from prison the following morning. He eats his breakfast at the "Turk's Head.

NEBRASKA FURNISHES A COUPLE RECENTLY.

A Real Rainbow at Lincoln and a Wonderful Mirage at Long Pine The First Causes Much Discussion and the Latter Enjoyed for Fully an Hour.

Lincoln, Feb. 24.-G. A. Loveland, government weather observer at the university, is preparing a special report on a rainbow that was seen from this city on Wednesday evening. So far as he is able to discover no bow has been seen before under exactly similar circumstances.

came near suspecting you of this inur-The rainbow was seen by quite a number of people in Lincoln between 6 "Me." in surprise, "what ever put o'clock and five minutes after six. At that time the sun was practically down There is and the bow appeared in the heavens opposite the setting sun and against a plain. How came this watch and cloud. It was a perfect semi-circle. It differed from the conventional summer He produces the articles while speakbow only in having a little more than the usual quantity of red and a little The handsome face of the doctor less of the other colors. The man you heard confess last

When Mr. Loveland was asked about it the other evening he said he had not been fortunate enough to see it himself. Professor Allen had the privilege, however, and with Professor Brace bad been greatly interested in studying it from the standpoint of physics. These professors agree that the bow must have been produced by the sun shining into globules of water. Now the temperature at that time was somewhere between 20 and 25 degrees above zero. Had the water frozen into globules of ice the bow would have still appeared, but it is well known that ice is not globular, but crystalling, and the sun shining into the crystals produces a halo or a "sun dog." problem is to account for the existence of the globules of water at a tempera-ture of but a little above 20 degress above zero.

Mr. Loveland will send the history of the event to Washington in a day or two where it will speedily be made famous unless some oldest inhabitant of the record office has something more remarkable to bring forward.

CITIES IN THE SKY.

Citizens of Long Pine Discern Far Distant Objects.

Long Pine, Neb., Feb. 24.-A most beautiful and dazzling mirage phenomenon, which lasted for more than an hour Friday morning, was seen for many miles in every direction. Ainsworth, situated 145 feet, above and ten miles west, just over and beyond a high range of table land, loomed up in the heavens, painting on the skies a scene most beautiful to view. With naked eye public, business and residence buildings were plainly identified, the the good fortune which is awaiting more observant asserting that by the uid of telescope and field glasses they could see people on the streets. Lookhim, or rather his daughter. When he hears it he can hardly believe it. They burry to the residence of Justus ing northward to the Niobrara, precipitous cliffs, bluffs, and canyons stood That surly gentleman convinces the up prominently, while the panoramical view of South Dakota was the most wonderful and picturesque ever seen "It is worth while putting in a few days in fail to have such a surprise in store for you when you get out," eries here. Half canopied canyons, water Franklin. "You seem to enjoy it so bodies and and fantastic formations spread out magnificently in the dis-Adrian Dyke is buried the following tance. The Niobrara river, twenty day. A large concourse of people fol- miles away, looked to be but a mile or low him to the grave, not from respect, two from town, and Bassett, Newport, but from curiosity. The only true and Stewart, ten, twenty and thirty mourners he has, the only ones who miles. respectively, were in plain shed a tear over his grave, are his brother, and his servant, Conrad Gard-

Porchased Stolen Turkeys.

EXETER, Neb., Feb. 24.--J. N. Cox, a leading merchant here, bought some stolen turkeys last week from Winnegar, who, with Kingen, is now in jail at York for poultry stealing. The presence brought forgiveness to the owner of the turkeys had Cox arrested guilty father before the great white and taken before a country justice on the charge of concealing stolen prop-Dr. Gareau never married. Like his crty. The matter was settled by Cox partner, he devoted himself to the paying a part of the costs and giving practice of his profession. The dis- up the turkeys. In justice to Cox it covery made by him upon the last should be said that he had not in night that the same roof covered the any way concealed the turkeys, but partners proved of lasting benefit to had offered to give them up if the man the honored profession of which he who claimed them would prove his ownership. However, a good deal of laughing is being indulged in at his ex

Winnegar and Kingen Found Guilty.

YORK, Neb., Feb. 24.-The trial of Will Winnegar and George Kingen for chicken stealing occupied the attention raging flames that laid waste his earthly home. It had sheltered him of Judge Bowker's court the last part He mingled his ashes of the week. They were found guilty by the jury and each given a fine of Franklin Dyke became a different man. No more debauchery and dissipation for him now. No: he has a plaint against these two men for asdaughter to look after, to see that she sault on J. W. Miller has been filed. reaches womanhood, free from any-thing that will bring dishonor to the have satisfied their fines. The opinion honorable name of Dyke. There is so is generally expressed that the prison-much temptation lucking in the path-ers should be speedily tried and save way of the innocent these days. So all the expense that is possible to the many wolves - seeking what they may county.

Oppose the Present Receiver.

NORTH LOUP, Neb., Feb. 24.- A number of dissatisfied creditors of the late Loup Valley bank are circulating a petition, citing a number of alleged shortcomings against Receiver Post and We will step inside There is no one in at present, both of the partners are sor who will attend to the business with a greater degree of care for the indesk, a few chairs, some pictures of terests of all concerned.

Think Him a Cattle Rustler.

noted criminals, etc., and yes—a small bookcase. It holds but twelve books; ALLIANCE. Neb., Feb. 24. Thomas a small black book framed in the very J. Wallace, formerly owner of a meat center. An odd conceit, but Taker market, was warned to quit the country a few months ago, being accused of count than that unpretentious volume. cattle rustling. His residence is being watched every night.

Athletic Young Ladies.

CHADRON, Neb., Feb. 24.- This city can now boast of its athletic young ladies. The new Y. M. C. A. gymnasium has just opened, and one of the classes consists of a number of young ladies who meet twice a week at the "gym" and don the bloomer costume and go through the exercises with the married. same spirit and zeal manifested by City Child- No, indeed: it's awful the men.

Will Investigate.

Why, folks won't sociate with the Wayne county has employed an ex families above them 'cause they is be low them and they can't sociate with pert to examine the books of county the families below them because they officers that have served in years gone

WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL

Senator Frye Read It in the Senate

With Fine Effect. WASHINGTON, Feb. 24.-The Senate met to-day to listen to the reading of Washington's farewell address by Senator Frye, the president pro tem of the Senate. This was in accordance with a resolution previously introduced by Senator Hoar. The vice president occupied the seat of the presiding officer and Mr. Frye took his position behind the secretary's desk, thus facing the entire Senate. He read from an old print volume in large type and without special effort filled the large chamber with his resonant voice so that the patriotic and well rounded sentences were heard by all

The reading of the journal and of the address were preceded by a prayer by Dr. Wallace Radeliffe, pastor of the New York Avenue Presbyterian church, who asked God to "bless Grover Cleveland, the President of the United States," and referring to Washington with special thanks, "for him whose name is in all hearts to-day; for the inheritance of his memory and for the inspiration of his life and example.

On motion of Mr. Perkins of California, the prayer was ordered printed

in the Record. There was a liberal attendance of senators and the only vacant seats in the galleries were in the diplomatic and senate sections. The former was entirely vacant, but almost all the seats in the gallery for the families of senators were taken. The vice presi-dent's was entirely filled and the president's was also occupied. Many presented themselves for admission to the popular galleries long before the opening of the doors. Close attention was given to the reading by senators and others, rendering the ceremony thoroughly impressive and none the less so on account of the simplicity and the absence of estentation by which it was marked.

At the conclusion of the reading of the address Mr. Gray of Delaware moved that the thanks of the Senate be tendered to Mr. Frye for the admirable manner in which he had read the address. The motion carried unanimously and then, at 12:57 p. m., on motion of Mr. Hoar, the Senate ad-

journed till Monday.

Mr. Carter gave notice of the postponement of his address heretofore announced for Monday on his notice to recommit the tariff bill until Wednesday of next week.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF TRADE

Rise in the Price of Bonds Strengthens Confidence.

NEW YORK, Feb. 24 -R. G. Dun &

Co's weekly review of trade says: The restoration of the treasury reserve has been effected with remarkably little monetary disturbance, though stringency in many markets, greater elsewhere than here, and greater in commercial than in other loans, has somewhat retarded business. The rapid rise in the price of bonds strengthens public confidenc. While money markets are growing easier as rapidly as could be expected, after the withdrawal of over \$70,000,-000 from unemployed funds, the expected activity in commercial loans does not appear, as offerings are small. .

In no important branch of business is there yet apparent much disposition to expand. Purchases to cover several months' actual consumption were made within a few weeks on rising markets last fall; distribution to consumers has been slow and reductions in prices have not brought a renewal of such buying. Prices of commodities. as a whole, are now at the lowest average ever known.

Receipts of wheat continue heavy, 2.415,558 bushels for the week, against 1,542,517 last year, and depress the price of February delivery, to 72%c, aithough what is nominally called a eash price is 74c higher.

In almost all manufactured products, decline continues, though in some classes quotations are so irregular that the change cannot be accurately measured.

Failures for the week have been 280 in the United States, against 302 last year, and 66 in Canada, against 36

FIGHTS AMONG STUDENTS.

Washington's Anniversary Causes Trouble at Two Colleges.

MIDDLETOWN, Conn., Feb. 24 .- The roughest and most obstinate hand-tohand encounter ever known at Wesleyan university took place between the sophomores and freshmen last night. Six men were carried off the campus either in an unconscious or exhausted condition, and many others were injured. It is the custom of Wesleyan students to fire a cannon every year on the eve of Washington's birthday. The freshmen usually un-dertake this and the sophomores do all they can to prevent them. This year the bodies met and the encounter followed.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, Ind., Feb. 23.— The celebration of Washington's birthday at Wabash college began with a riot in the chapel. The sophomores released a flock of pigeons wearing their colors during the exercises and the freshmen immediately arose and began pelting the birds with hymn books, clubs and hats. Both classes were yelling and scrambling over while President Burroughs called for order in vain. It is said that wholesale expulsion will follow the chapel scene.

Rear Admiral Fyffe Dying. PIERCE, Neb., Fab. 21. -Rear Admiral Fyffe, U. S. N., is dying in this city.

Last Trip Until the Wedding. INDIANAPOLIS. Ind., Feb. 21.-tieneral Benjamin Harrison left over the Penusylvania line yesterday for New York, accompanied by his secretary. It is understood that this will be his last trip to New York ontil next April, when he and Mrs. Dimmick will be

The German Tailors' Strike.

BERLIN, Feb. 24 .- The tailors and seamstresses are still out on a strike. Fifteen thousand attended stormy meetings in different parts of the city yesterday. They repudiated the agr ment made Thursday in their behalf.