By FERGUS HUME.

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[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XL

My interview with Olivia passed off better than I expected. If she had ordered me out of the house, I would only have looked on it as the just punishment for what must have appeared my impertinent interference in what did not concern me. The very fact that she listened so quietly proved that she suspected Felix was masquerading as her lover. She could only be assured of this by overhearing his interview with Rose Gernon and therefore accepted my invitation to go to the Jermyn street rooms. If their tenant was Francis, he would resent the intrusion of Rose, but if Felix the two confederates would doubtless talk of their guilty secret.

Thanks to a sovereign judiciously bestowed on the carekeeper, I had discovered that Rose Gernon intended to visit Felix at 8 o'clock. How the carekeeper found out I do not know, but in some mysterious way servants seem to gain all information concerning the doings of their superiors. It sufficed for me that Rose would be in the rooms of Felix on this evening, and that Olivia would catch them in a trap. I had no pity for the guilty pair, but I was gen-uinely sorry for Olivia. She little knew the torture she was about to undergo. I did and almost regretted that I had interfered in the matter. However, I consoled myself with the reflection that it was better for her to suffer a few hours' pain than lifelong misery.

That she agreed to go to Jermyn street at that hour without a chaperon proved how desirous she was of learning the truth. Delicately nurtured, gently bred, she must have felt horrified at the risk she was running of losing her good name, but seeing that her life's happiness depended upon knowing all she flung etiquette to the winds and came. When I found her at the foot of the stairs at 8 o'clock, I admired and respected her from the bottom of my "Am I late?" she asked, touching my

hand with trembling fingers.

"Only five minutes," said I, looking at my watch. "I have been waiting at the head of the stairs for that time. However, we can soon walk round to Jermyn street."

'Do you think any one will know me, Mr. Denham?" said Olivia, taking my arm. "See, I have on a plain dress, and this veil is a thick one.

"No one will recognize you," I answered soothingly. "Nor do I think you will meet any one of your acquaintances."

"I should have brought my mother but that I wished her to know nothing of this treachery. If I find I have been deceived, I shall break off my engagement with Francis. But you will keep silent about my visit, will you not, Mr. Denham?

"No one shall hear a word from me," I answered earnestly. "But keep up your spirits, Miss Bellin. Even if you find you have been deceived there will be some consolation in knowing that it is Felix and not Francis."

"You are wrong there," she replied positively. "It is Francis. I have told

you so all along." I shrugged my shoulders without reply. Evidently nothing could shake her faith in the man. All I could hope for was that the two confederates would

betray themselves. "What are you going to do, Mr. Denham?" asked Olivia anxiously.

"We will go up to the rooms of Briarfield," I answered, and there overhear their conversation."

"Is that not dishonorable?" she said. shrinking back.

"In most cases it would be," I replied hastily, "but it does not do to be too particular in this matter. If you break in on them, they may deny everything. Thinking they are alone, you will hear the truth. Remember, Miss Bellin, when one deals with a villain one must beat him with his own weapons. Depend upon it, it is most necessary that we should learn all."

"They can speak of nothing I do not know."

"Are you aware of the truth?" said I, somewhat startled by this remark. "I am aware of the truth," she re-

peated slowly, and before I could question her she flitted up the stairs. There was no time for me to ponder over her words, as it was now past 8 o'clock, and Rose Gernon might descend at any time. I therefore spoke a few hasty words to the caretaker, telling him I wished to see Mr. Briarfield, and followed her at once. In two minutes we were both standing before the door of Briarfield's room.

"It is locked," said Olivia faintly. "Never mind," answered I, producing my latchkey. "This key of mine opens the door. I was, as you are aware, a great friend of Francis and learned that my key fitted the lock of his rooms some time ago. I have not forgotten the circumstances, so it comes in use-

ful now. See!" I turned the key, and the door opened noiselessly. Motioning to Miss Bellin to precede me, I followed her quietly and closed the door behind us. We heard the murmur of voices in the sitting room. She as well as I knew its whereabouts thoroughly. The door was slightly ajar, and in front of it stretched a tall screen, with fretwork at the

Stepping through the open door in a gingerly manner, we placed ourselves directly behind the screen, so could both able. Evidently she had met with her see and hear without danger of being observed. Thus far our enterprise had succeeded in the most successful manner, and nothing remained for us to do edly. but to listen to the important conversa-

tion now taking place. Felix, standing with his back against

the mantelpiece, looked anxious and angry, while Rose Gernon, her hands on the table, faced him flercely. Evidently the conversation was not progressing in a satisfactory manner to either.

"No!" she was saying rapidly. "I accept no money for what I have done. You know the only reward. I claimyour love!"

"I cannot give it to you," said Felix doggedly. "You know that as well as I do. "

"Do I?" she cried passionately. "Do you dare to say that to me after all your vows and protestations? Why did you tell me you loved me if it was but a

"I did not tell you so." "Yes, you did, Felix-you did! I remember the hour, the day, when you swore that you would make me your

"Keep quiet," I muttered to Olivia, who made an involuntary movement. "I tell you, Rose, there is some mis-

take," said Felix angrily. "You mean spirited hound!"

"I am a mean spirited hound," he answered wearily. "No one knows that better than I do." "Some women," continued Rose, not

heeding his interruption, "some women would have you killed. I am not a woman of that kind. I'll stay and marry you."

"Impossible! I am to marry Miss Bellin."

"You promised to give up Miss Bellin if I helped you to see your brother at the Fen inn."

"My God!" muttered Olivia, trembling violently. "Hush!" I whispered. "Now we

shall hear the truth." "I have changed my mind," retorted Felix in answer to the last remark of Rose

"That may be, but I have not, Mr. Felix Briarfield. I fulfilled my promise and went down with Strent to that lonely inn. Your brother came, and you know that he never left it again. I have fulfilled my promise. I now require you to fulfill yours and make me your wife."

"I cannot! I cannot!" he said in a faint voice, wiping his brow. "For heaven's sake, take this money I offer you and leave me."

"I have mixed myself up with crime for your sake, and you offer to put me off with money. It is useless. Your promise I have, and that promise I require you to keep, or else"-"Or else"-

"I'll tell the truth to the police." "And thus involve yourself in ruin

with me. "I don't care," she said sullenly.

"Anything would be better than the torture I am enduring at your hands." "And what will you tell the police?"

asked Felix in an unnatural voice. "You know well enough. I shall tell them how you killed your brother."

"It is false!" he said passionately, "I neither saw nor laid a finger on my

"Indeed! Then if you are innocent who is guilty?"

"I don't know."

"Did you not come to the Fen inn on that fatal night when Francis came?" Yes, but I never saw him."

"You saw him and killed him." "It is a lie!"

It was neither Felix nor Rose who spoke, but Olivia, who, in spite of all I



"I am a mean spirited hound," he an swered wearily.

could do, broke on the astonished pair. The man advanced toward her, but she waved him back.

"I defend you, sir," she said proudly, "because I know that this woman speaks falsely, but I have also to demand an explanation from you."

Felix paid no attention to the remark. but simply stared at her in a stupefied manner.

"Olivia," he said in a low voice, 'bow did you come here?"

"I brought her, Mr. Felix Briarfield," said I, stepping forward. "You, Denham! And for what rea-

I pointed to Rose Gernon, who stood quietly by, with a malignant smile on

"There is the reason," I retorted meaningly, "and Miss Bellin"-"Miss Bellin will speak for herself,"

said Olivia in a peremptory tone. "Miss Bellin speaks of what she does not understand," interposed Rose venomously.

"Because I deny that Francis killed Felix?" questioned Olivia.

"No, because you deny Felix killed Francis." "What do you mean, Miss Gernon?"

asked rapidly. "I mean that this man whom Miss

Bellin thinks is her lover Francis is Felix Briarfield, and Felix Briarfield," she continued, "is my lover."

"No!" said Felix hurriedly. "It is not true!" I expected to see Olivia grow angry,

but in place of this a bright smile irradiated her face as she looked at Felix. I could not conjecture the meaning of her action and began to grow uneasy. Rose also looked anything but comfortmatch in Olivia.

"I overheard part of your conversation," said Olivia, addressing her point-

"Very honorable, I am sure," retorted Rose, with a sneer.

"Honor is thrown away on women it," she entreated anxiously.

like you," answered Olivia scornfully. "I am glad I listened, for it enables me to protect the man I love against your

"That is not the man you love," said Rose spitefully. "He lies in the marshes surrounding the Fen inn, slain by the hand of his brother."

"That is not true-I swear it is not true!" cried Felix, approaching nearer

"Be quiet, Francis," she said quick-"Let us hear what she has to say." "I have to say that Felix Briarfield loved me," cried Rose angrily. "He loved me long before he ever saw you, but when you crossed my path he wanted to leave me. He impersonated his brother Francis, who was at that time in America, and you, poor fool, did not discover the deception.

"You are quite right. I did not," replied Olivia calmly. "Go on."
"When his brother Francis came back

this month, he thought all would be discovered and implored me to save him. He told me of a plan whereby he intended to decoy his brother to the Fen inn on pretext of explanation. There he intended to kill him."

Olivia made no remark, but placed her hand within that of Felix. I wondered she could do so, seeing that he was accused by his accomplice of a hideous crime, and made no denial.

"I went down to the Fen inn with a man called Strent"-

"That was not his real name," I interrupted.

"How do you know that?" she said sharply. "Never mind. I know that it is so."

"I decline to tell his real name," said Rose, darting a furious look at me. "I call him Strent, and by that name you knew him and knew me at the Fen inn.'

"I certainly did not expect Rose Strent, waiting maid, to change to Rose Gernon, actress."

"You are too meddlesome, Mr. Denham," she said coolly, "and would do better to mind your own business." "Scarcely when I have discovered so vile a crime."

Rose malignantly, pointing to Felix, "He came to the inn and killed his brother." "It is a lie!" cried Felix in despair.

"It was he who committed it," said

"I laid no hand on my brother. I did not even see him." "Wait one moment, Miss Gernon, before you make this accusation," said

Olivia? "You say that Felix is your lover?" "I do." "And you promised to assist him in

emoving Francis if he married you?" "I did." "For what reason when the removal of Francis would enable Felix to marry

me under his false name?" "He promised not to do so, and I thought if I helped him to kill Francis I could force him to marry me."

"You love him greatly?" "I love him better than any one else in the world."

"I am sorry for that," said Olivia, with a touch of pity, "because Felix is dead."

"Felix dead!" said Rose incredulously. "Then who is the man?" "This man is my lover, Francis Bri-

arfield, who returned from Chile on the 6th of June."

CHAPTER XIL

For the moment I felt but little surprise, as I thought Olivia was but making the same mistake she had made formerly. Yet when I noted that she knew the true date of her lover's return and remarked the strange expression on the face of Rose I became instinctively convinced that she spoke the truth. It was Francis Briarfield who stood before me, and the dead man was Felix. How the change of personality had taken place I was unable to guess, but nevertheless felt that it was true.

Rose Gernon, with a look of disappointed rage, was the first to speak. She stamped her foot and laughed scornfully.

"This is ridiculous!" she said contemptuously. "It was Francis who died. He"-

"Francis did not die, as you well know," interrupted the young man. "Felix fell into his own trap, and for safety I assumed his name. I believe you were aware of this all along."

"How can that be? And if I really did know you were Francis, why did you not say so?" "Because I did not wish to betray

myself. For aught I know you slew my brother and were quite capable of acousing me of his murder." Rose evaded this question, and toss-

ing her head, with a sneer, moved toward the door. Before she could reach it I blocked her passage. "Not yet, Miss Gernon," said I mean ingly. "Though we have discovered Fe-

lix to be Francis, we do not know how the former met with his death." "I cannot tell you." "I think you can," said Olivia quickly, "seeing Felix, by your own confes-

sion, made all arrangements with you.' "And yet Felix is dead," scoffed Rose. "He fell into his own trap." "I don't know how he died," she

as ignorant as you are, though I believe Francis killed him." "Ah! You then acknowledge me to be Francis?"

said resolutely. "As regards that I am

"I acknowledge nothing. Let me pass, Mr. Denham. I have to attend to my business." "Not till you tell me where your so

called father, Strent, is to be found." "I don't know," she said sullenly. "Yes, you do," persisted Olivia, "and you shall not leave this room till

you tell all." "If I do not go to the theater, I shall be ruined." "That does not matter to us," said

Francis mercilessly. The woman looked at our three faces, and seeing therein no hope of mercy compromised the matter.

"Let me have a night to think over

"No," said Francis and Olivia in one breath. "You must tell all now."

"There is no time," she urged. "I am late as it is. I must go."

"Let me speak, Briarfield," I interposed, seeing he was about to refuse again. "We do not want to make a

public scandal of this-as vet." Francis consulted Olivia with a look and turned to me.

"You know more about this case than any one else," he said quietly. "Miss Bellin and myself are quite prepared to leave the matter in your hands, "

"Very good. Then Miss Gernon can go to her duties. I undertake that she shall be forthcoming tomorrow. Oh, ves, Miss Gernon," I added ironically, I have made all my plans. Knowing you were mixed up in this case, I engaged a detective to look after you." "A detective!" she said, with a ter-

rified look. "Yes! One of the smartest detectives of Scotland Yard. Permit me to escort you to the stage door of the theater and introduce you to this gentleman. Perform your part tonight and go home. Tomorrow come to these rooms at noon and tell us all you know. I am not afraid of your escaping, as my detective will watch you till we see you again." "Suppose I refuse!" said Rose vicious-

"In that case I'll have you arrested at once as an accessory to the murder of Felix Briarfield."

"You are too strong for me," she said savagely. "I accept your conditions. Tomorrow I'll come here at 12 o'clock Can I go now?"

"Certainly—provided you accept me as your escort." "As you please, " she replied disdainfully. "As for you, Miss Bellin," she added, turning toward Olivia, "I wish you joy of your bargain. That man is Francis Briarfield sure enough. I knew my brother's horse at the side of the house. Strent and his daughter had tak-

the hurry of their guilty flight. I saw a means of escape and took it." "But what about the substitution of

en mine and overlooked my brother's in

yourself for Felix?" "I did that to throw off the scent. I guessed that your idea was right, and that Felix was masquerading as I, so thought I might go back with safety as myself. Felix was far cleverer than I. and it was certain that he had provided some reasons for the absence of his real self while he passed himself off as me. The whole plot unrolled itself in a moment before me, and I saw in carrying it through lay my only chance of safety."

"It would have been far easier to have trusted to my friendship." "I see that now," said Francis penitently, "but I did not then. I wanted to leave the house without your waking, so took the body of Felix softly up stairs, undressed it and laid it in my bed. Then I folded up my clothes on the chair beside the bed and dressed

myself in his suit."

"And the pearl ring?" "I had to part with that so as to carry out the deception; therefore I slipped it on the finger of the dead man. Then I locked the door of my bedroom and came down stairs again. In a few minutes I was on my way to Marshmin-

"How did you get the horse back to Fundy's stables, and what made you

think of going to Bellin Hall?" "As to the first, I found Fundy's name on the saddle, so knew Felix had hired the horse. I took it back to the stables, and, owing to my resemblance to Felix, easily managed to deceive the hostler. Then, as Felix in his letter had told me he was staying at Bellin Hall, I went there."

"Was there any suspicion?"
"None at all. I told a footman I had been out for a morning ride and asked him to bring me a brandy and soda to my room. I needed the drink after all I had gone through, but my principal reason for asking him was to find out my room."

'How so?" "Well, I made him carry the tray up stairs in front of me. Of course he took it to the room of Felix, and thus I gained my point without exciting suspicion. All the baggage, clothes, etc., of Felix were in the room. I knew all about them, as I had seen them plenty of times. Then I dressed in a morning suit and went down stairs to find Olivia."

"Did she guess the truth?" "Not at first, but she saw there was something wrong as she kept referring to events of the previous week about which I knew nothing. Luckily Mrs. Bellin did not come down to breakfast, so I was able to tell her all when the

servants left the room." "Had she recognized that Felix was

masquerading as you?" "She had more or less, but was not quite certain. When I told her all that had occurred, she believed me at once. In some instinctive way she knew that I was really her lover. Then we set to work to concert measures for my safety. Olivia told me Felix was supposed to be in Paris at the Hotel des Etrangers and showed me his letters, so it was decided as wisest to keep up that fiction. She told me all that had taken place during my absence, and by the time you came I was thoroughly fitted into the skin of

Felix." "Then I came and insisted you were

"Yes. You see, I told the truth, and so did Olivia, when I said I was Francis. But of course, as I had changed clothes with the dead man, we saw where you were making your mistake. I never thought you'd take my death so much to heart."

have told me all." "Olivia suggested as much, but I was afraid. When you asked me to ride out and see the inn, I asked for a night's grace in order to get rid of the body. I

rode out during the night and threw it

"Seeing that, Briarfield, you ought to

into a pool near the inn." "I know that pool," said I grimly, "and traced your trail thereto." "I am afraid I did it badly," said Francis, with a shudder. "It was a horrible task, yet necessary, as I thoughtwhen you saw no body the next day you would think it was a dream or a hal-Incination.

"I did very nearly," I answered gravely. "And what about Paris?"

"Oh, that was very easy! When you said you were going there to look up Felix, I followed you to London by the same train and crossed over to Paris at once. At the Hotel des Etrangers I found Felix had bribed the manager to A WEEK OF MODERATE REACTION. send on those letters to Olivia. He. of course, thought I was Felix and talked quite openly before me. Felix had invented a very ingenious plot to enlist the manager in his service. What it was I need not tell you, but I told the manager what I wanted, and he did it well. Of course I paid him lavishly."

"You mean he deceived me by saying you had been six weeks in Paris?" "Yes, and about my going to Italy. Of course when you saw me you thought I was really Felix, and that you were out of your mind."

"How could I do otherwise when your statements were backed up by the manager? I did not know what to make

"Well, that's all I have to tell," said

Francis, "and a lot of trouble it has been. I wish I had told you all at first." "What about Rose Gernon?" "Oh, she found me out and made believe I was Felix. She wanted to marry

me, as you saw. I had great trouble with "We'll settle her tomorrow," said I grimly. "But, now, Francis, who do you

think killed your brother?" "I can't say. I don't even know how he died." "He died," said I, "from a wound

in the hand inflicted by a poisoned arrowhead which was taken from Bellin "And who wounded him?" demand-

ed Francis, turning pale. "We'll find that out tomorrow." answered, "from Rose Strent, alias Rose Gernon."

Continued next week.

She Could Tell. A French chroniqueur records an interesting and, perhaps, valuable discovery on the part of a child of a means of ascertaining whether people are young or not. This child, a little

known to have come very close, to say the least to his fiftieth year. The little girl's mother, seeking for her, came up just as she left this gentleman's compay.

country with a gentleman who was

"What have you been doing, my deal?" the mother asked. "Oh, I've been playing with that young man over there.' The mother smiled. "What is your

way of telling when people are young, dea?" she asked. "Oh," answered the little one, "young people are those that have a good time!"

No Occasion for Worry. Impecunious debtors, living upon in the matter of excuses.

his patience was exhausted, burst out upon his troublesome landlord; "Now, you needn't press me so Why, I owe enough in this town to

ing been importuned for hi

buy all your old houses." Elder Charles Baker of the Central Christian church at Denton, Texas, who disappeared June 14, has returned. He claims to have been the victim of nervous prostration.

The meeting of the Christian Endeavor convention next year has been changed from San Franciscso to Bos-Fire in Leoti, Kar., destroyed the

REVOLUTION IN CHINA. A Chicago Chinese Merchant Predicts

One There Shortly.

CHICAGO, Oct. 1 .- Speakings of the report of the rebellion of the troops in China, Sam Moy, the local mandarin, said: "It means the beginning of the end. We Chinamen wish to see China win, but more than that we wish our own emperor back in place of the usurper who now reigns over us. For years the 'Gee-Hings' have been growing in power and today they have generals and officers in command of the army. The sole object of the 'Gee-Hing' society is to overthrow the present emperor and restore the old dynasty. It is a secret society with millions of members in China and 8,000 in California. The emperor has offered \$1,000 ward for the head of every 'Gee in the treasury to pay for the heads. The war with Japan will not last much longer, for the Gee Hings will soon

be strong enough to come out openly and dethrone the emperor.' Mandarin Moy thinks this winter will see a new emperor and an elaborate coronation in China, which many Chinamen now in America will attend if they can beg or borrow the money to cross the Pacific.

THE MARKETS.

Kansas City Grain. KANSAS CITY, Mo. Oct. 1 —Quotations for ear lots by sample on track in Kansas City were nominally as follows: No. 2 hard, 45@46%; No. 3 hard, 45@46c No. 4 hard, 44@46c rejected, 44c: No. 2 red, 46 346 4c: No. 3 red, 45c: No. 4 red, 44c rejected, 43c Corn-No. 2, 47c: No. 3 mixed, 46c. Oats-No. 2, 29c. No. 2 white oats, 29%0: No. 3 white, 27%0 Live Stock.

Cattle-Dressed beef and export steers, 84 55

@5.35 stockers and feeders. \$2,3.30 cows and heifers, \$1.35,22.85. Texas and Indian sters, Texas and Indian cows, \$2 32 25; mixed, \$1.75@10. Hogs-Receipts, 4,055: shipped yesterday, 2,011. The market was active and generally about loc higher. The top was \$5.65 and the

bulk of sales were 15 15 to 85 25 against 85.55

Sheep-Receipts, 1,725: shipped yesterday, 2 180. The market was dull and barely steady. The following are representative sales:

No. Wt. Price. No. Wt. Price.
22 lambs... 59 3 25 | 185 Wyo..... 109 2 50
1 bunch... 199 3 00 | 197 Wyo..... 110 2 50
Horses—Receipts. 175 shipped yesterday,

207. The market was quiet.

BRADSTREET'S WEEKLY RE-PORT ON TRADE SITUATION.

More Particularly in the Volume of Purchases of Staples in the West-Wheat Makes Another "Lowest Price on Record"-Corn and Onts Both Lower-Wool Sales Disappointing.

New York, Oct 1 .- Bradstreet's says: The feature of general trade throughout the country is found in moderate reaction during the week, more particularly in the volumes of purchases of staples West, where trade has been quite active and at Eastern points in the course of prices, the week failing to show any upward movement of note in this line, and in the check to business South, together with damage to the rice and orange crops. Leading jobbers at distributing points which for a month past have reported relatively most favorably concerning the course of business-Baltimore, St. Louis, Nashville and Chicago-send modified advices as to activity and the bright outlook. Wheat has made another "lowest price" and Indian corn and oats have both declined. Sugar and coffee record lower figures, and another lowest price for cotton has had an unfavorable influence on the tone of business at important Southern markets, particularly in view of the activity of the receipts of

that staple. London wool sales have proved disappointing to those who predicted or anticipated heavy purchasing for the American market and rapid advances in prices. On this side quotations are off one cent, fleeces particularly being weak. There is better trade in territories and Australia.

CORBETT TO FITZSIMMONS.

PORTLAND, Me., Oct. 1 .- James J.

girl, had been playing merrily in the Will Not Fight Him Until He Has Gone Against O'Donnell.

> Corbett has sent the following to Fitzsimmons: PORTLAND, Me., Sept. 28, 1894.

Robert Fitzsimmons. Dear Sir: I have read in the morning papers your very amusing challenge to me. You say the Olympic club offers a purse. Well, maybe they do. but I have never heard from them as yet. You put \$10,000 in the Olympic club's handswhy don't you put it up in some news-paper office, or some place where a man can see it, or is the Olympic club backing you? However, that's neither here nor there. I suppose you are Impecunious debtors, living upon afrad if you put the money up in any other wits, naturally become ingenious other place besides the Olympic club some one else might cover it. Such a man, says an exchange, hav not necessary for me to give a reply no been importuned for his rent till to your challenge, because you are well aware that I will not accept it. unless you prove yourself a cham-pion heavyweight and not a middle-

weight.
"I must acknowledge that as a 'middle weight' you have no equal, but all you ever did in the 'heavy weight' class was to defeat Peter Maher and Joe Choynski, two second class 'heavyweights,' since both of these men have been defeated by Joe Goddard of Australia, another second

class 'heavyweight.' "You say I promised to give you a match if you defeated Choynski or Creedon. When you say that, you know you lie. I never even noticed you, and don't intend to unless you Leoti Mercantile company's building prove yourself a champion heavyand stock and two other buildings.

"You want to jump over the heads of all these other people and take that dying chance with me, but I will fool you. Steve O'Donnell, my present sparring partner, an undefeated man, has \$10,000 that he can defeat you. He will box you from one round to a finish for fun or for money. Now, how can you expect me to recog-nize you when this man stands ready with the money be-hind him to prove to the world that he is your superior? If you will only meet him and defeat him I will accept an offer of twenty-five thousand dollars (\$25,000) from the Olympic club and I will give you all the fight you want. If you want to fight me this is the only way you can ever get me to make a match with you, for there is no power on earth that will make me notice you until you have defeated Steve O'Donnell and any further talk from you I will consider and simply put down as bluff. I put myself on record in black and white, that if you defeat O'Donnell I will Hing, but there is not enough money fight you for the championship of the world and all the money you like.
This is positively my ultimatum.
Yours truly, JAMES J. CORBETT,
"Champion of the World."

> Blg Four Train Wreckers Caught TERRE HAUTE, Ind., Oct. 1. -George Roberts has confessed that he, Fred Eppert, Charles Miller, William Tully and William Souerwine turned the switch and wrecked a Big Four passenger train at Fontanet on the night of July 12 when both the engineer and fireman were killed.

> SHANGHAI, Oct. 1.—It is reported the emperor has granted Li Hung Chang's request to be allowed to take the field in person and that Li Hung Chang will make his headquarters at Lu Tai, near Kai Ping, the present headquarters of the provincial com-mander-in-chief, Chih Li.

Auditor Prather Seriously III. TOPEKA, Kan., Oct. 1 .- Auditor of State Van B. Prather is confined to his bed by an affection of the bladder and kidneys, which the physicians today announce has assumed a serious form. He has been ill for nearly a month.

In payment of the interest due Cotober 1, 1794, on United States regis-tered 4 per cent consols of 1907 the treasury mailed 26,832 checks aggregating \$4,895,059.