

A MODERN MARTHA

BY MATE MAITLAND.

CHAPTER II.

Cyrus Benham is seated at his own dinner table in solitary state. The elegantly furnished dining room is brilliantly lighted and is complete in every appointment; the china is very costly, and exquisitely tinted; while the silver is highly polished, solid and gold lined.

His bald head shines as much as ever; his hair is asred, and his complexion even grows more florid than usual and as he sits the rich and dainty viands prepared for him and drinks his wine yet a more humane light shines in his cold, calculating eyes; and his whole face assumes a kinder aspect than it often wears. His son, Clarence, a puny boy of six enters and takes his place beside his father. "Why, you not in bed yet, little man!" said Mr. Benham, "and haven't you eaten your dinner either?" "What can nurse be thinking about to allow you to stay up so late!" "Oh," said Clarence in his sweetest tone, "I teased her a long time to let me stay up until you come home, and to eat with you; at last she consented if I would drink a glass of milk. Didn't you want me to eat with you papa? I thought you would like to have your little boy eat dinner with you said Clarence in an injured tone.

"The others," he continued, "had to eat their dinner early; mamma had to dress for the theatre; Harvey had to go to the club; and Amy had to study her lesson. So I thought I would wait for you. Cyrus Benham was very proud of his handsome wife and children; but Clarence he really loved more than money or its pursuit. Clarence seemed to understand him, he thought, better than he understood himself. Perhaps he fancied this because Clarence was always picturing him out to be a hero and always talking as if papa was the noblest and best man in the world.

Clarence was certainly a very lovable child; he was the image of his handsome mother, yet in disposition he was very much like Mr. Benham's own mother, who had died when Cyrus was just approaching manhood. Father and son finished their dinner; Clarence told his father all that had happened that day in his little world with his dogs, his kittens, birds and rabbits; how well he had recited his lessons; and then a new thought seemed suddenly to have come to him as he said: "Papa, why don't you tell me all that you do each day? Why haven't I thought of it before? I think it would be so interesting to know all about the people whom you meet; and what they say, and what you say to them. I'll be a man some day and I'll want to know all about business and money and such things. Why can't I begin now?" said Clarence eagerly.

Cyrus Benham winced at the thought of John Austin and of the conversation that had passed between them. He didn't seem to approve of his son's new plan. "You are too young to learn about such things," he said; and the thought came to him that he didn't think that Clarence would ever care to learn the banking business and that he certainly shouldn't care to have him know all that his father had said and done each day since he had been engaged in it. Then he said: "I don't think you will ever be strong enough to engage in banking, perhaps you will prefer to do something else."

"Perhaps I shall," said Clarence. "I think I should like to do like that Mr. Candor, the minister, that nurse tells about, who lived away up in the mountains near grandma's home; and rode around to see the sick people and talked so kindly to them; it makes sick people so happy to have some one who has time, to talk to them and tell them all about Christ and John, Moses and Daniel. "But our minister," he continued, "seems to know all about banks too; don't you remember when mamma invited him and Mr. Kemble here the last time to dinner, he asked you about John Austin and his mortgage and wanted to know how you were getting along with him? who is John Austin? and what is a mortgage? is it something that you have to lift or carry and is it heavy? for if it is, perhaps I had better be a minister than a banker after all; for I am not very strong yet, though I do drink so much milk."

"You are too young to bother your head about such things; you must eat and sleep more, Clarence, said the father, evading his son's questions, and sending him to his nurse. Strange how much Clarence is like mother, thought Cyrus, as he entered the library and lit his cigar. Nurse soon calmed Clarence's busy mind and put him to bed. Matilda Davis was a spinster of forty years who was left an orphan when she was quite young with a few thousand dollars in her possession. She educated herself thoroughly, and then she accepted a position as teacher in the academy at D., her native town, situated among the New Hampshire hills; D. was also Cyrus Benham's boyhood home; he was called to D. when Clarence was three years of age. Cyrus had known for years that Matilda was thoroughly educated and trustworthy; accordingly he offered her almost double the salary that she was then receiving as teacher in the academy if she would accept situation as nurse and governess to Clarence. She finally accepted the position, thinking that although her field of labor and to the clergy or to the laity, she would be able to do more good than in any other way. Mr. Benham had never entered a nurse's room before; but he was not so much surprised when he saw Mrs. Benham in that grand house. Mrs. Benham was not so broad, yet there might

of which Mrs. Benham was the leading light.

While Cyrus is smoking his cigar his wife enters the room and exclaims: "Cyrus Hiram Benham! aren't you ready for the theatre yet? I did think that you would accompany me this time; I do so dislike always to be sent over to Emily's to go with her. She seems very glad to have me accompany her and Norton, yet they act as if they thought you neglected me shamefully." "Of course you are glad," said Cyrus, "to have so much beauty and elegance in their box at the theatre; neither one of them can boast of beauty or elegance, and of course they enjoy the notoriety of possessing it even though it be borrowed." Mrs. Benham seemed a little mollified with this compliment. "Beauty and elegance," said she, "is something that you don't seem to appreciate then." "Oh, yes, I do, my charming one," said he, smoothing lightly his wife's glossy black hair, "you represent the beauty of this establishment, and I must busy myself early and late to devise means wherewith to furnish the elegant. I did intend to keep this seat vacant until your birthday, but I think I will tell you now to prove to you that it is not neglect, but wholly my love and thought for you that keeps me at home and from enjoying the theatre in company with the prettiest woman in the United States. If I can dispose of this mortgaged property, about which I want to consider tonight, to the man who is thinking of buying it, I shall have enough to make up the balance of the money that I have been saving to buy that diamond tiara that you admired so much when we were in Chicago the last time, and you will have it to wear at Aunt Emma's party when you go there next month." "Oh, how delightful you dear, thoughtful husband," said Mrs. Benham; "and how that rich Mrs. T. with her faded eyes and hair will gnash her teeth and say hateful things about me to all the gentlemen, just like she did last winter. But Mrs. T. may scold, or cry, or die of envy for all I care. I took all her admirers away from her shrine without a diamond tiara last year, and now— Oh, it will be so grand to have a tiara, and that one, Cyrus, is handsomer than any that were worn last winter and more costly, even than the one that Mrs. T. has worn for so long, or at least Aunt Emma said that it was. Aunt Emma will be so glad; she seems so proud of me." "Of course," said Cyrus, "we are all proud of you; but don't spoil that pretty face frowning and pouting because I can't always accompany you, for business is very pressing just now, and I am harassed almost to death. There are several men who seem born for the purpose of calling me names and begging me by turns. It seems that they would like to have me invite them into the bank and make them a present of a few thousand dollars every few days. Now there is a man by the name of John Austin who seems to think that I must turn over at least three thousand dollars to him." "The lazy creatures," said Mrs. Benham, "why don't they go to work and earn some money? Poor dear," continued Mrs. Benham, in a soothing tone, as she stroked her husband's bald head crossly, "I am so sorry that I was cross. But I shall be late!" Kissing her husband hurriedly she hastens to her toilet. As she stands before the mirror she sees the reflection of a very pretty woman with large, brilliant black eyes; heavy black hair, which adorns a head that is well set upon shapely shoulders, and a face without an imperfect feature. It isn't strange that Mrs. Benham is vain, as she seldom has a rival and has always been complimented and much admired. And now John and Maria Austin's home must be sacrificed to buy her diamonds.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Two Prominent Men's Opinions

Judge M. F. Tuley, the Nestor of the Chicago bar, speaking at the Industrial Congress of the Civic Federation, in session last week at Chicago, was of opinion that: "We have approached near to a crisis in the present condition of things. He was in favor of enlisting railroad employees like soldiers. Conciliation boards in his opinion do not go far enough, and compulsory arbitration he thought cannot obtain good results. He declared, says the Times in reporting his speech, that the local conference held last winter were abandoned because the workingmen who attended the debates proved to be better men than those they met. He declared that the workingmen were not divided on the ground of Democrat and Republican but laboringmen and anti-laboringmen. He advocated the incorporation of unions, and said the judiciary was not alive to the necessities of the time, that capitalists had no faith in the judiciary and the workingmen were rapidly losing theirs, and that the only arbitration committee that would be successful would be one comprised of representatives of each party to the dispute.

Joseph L. Weeks editor of American Manufacturer and Iron World, of Pittsburg, speaking before the Industrial Congress said in part: "I have for years represented the manufacturers of Pittsburg in all those strikes and today I stand here to say that in my judgment you cannot have arbitration and conciliation that will be successful between employers and employees unless you have on both sides two strong unions. I don't believe that we are going back to a savage state of society when we have it, and the theory of Christian civilization is dependent upon getting together, respecting each other, and talking face to face and settling your disputes like men and not like brutes and savages."

Dr. McCoy Dead. PRINCETON, N. J., Nov. 19.—Dr. James H. McCoy, the venerable president of Princeton university, and a leading educator of the age, departed this life at 10 o'clock last night. He had been conscious nearly all day and died in that condition.

The Law's Dignity and Danger.

That which made possible the rout of the gamblers at the county fair (the subject of two recent articles in The Kingdom) was the law of the commonwealth against gambling. There is probably not one of the states of our Union which has not upon its books laws fully adequate to prevent or suppress public gambling. But for these laws nothing could have been done on that Iowa fair ground. The gamblers would have jeered and the crowd would have yelled with the laughter of derision at any attempt to stop the gambling. But the moral law had embodied itself in the written statutes of Iowa. The principle of right, thus solidified into a definite statute, put into the hands of the humblest citizen of the state the combined power of two millions of people, even, if need be, of seventy millions of people. The pressure of the mountain ranges of moral and written law was back of the little faucet of quiet suggestion of the marshal as authorized representative of the God of Righteousness in that time and place. The little stream from the faucet was a suggestion to the lawbreakers of the power of limitless floods back of it.

We are all more or less conscious of the great dignity of our laws. They are an attempt to express infinite justice, and in the nature of the case are and must always be a limited success. But on the whole laws of civilized countries are good. They are made in the interest of all the people. They are a real and honest endeavor to translate into human conditions the divine law which is righteousness between man and man.

But some laws have been enacted which were begotten in injustice, born in iniquity, and are administered solely in the interests of diabolism. They were dictated by greed. They were bribed directly or indirectly, generally the latter, upon the statute books and are administered for the oppression of the people in the interest of the few. These are cases of the theft of heaven's livery to serve the devil in. "The sale of the law," both in its making and in its administration, is one of the most awful and dangerous public crimes of America. Probably no civilized nation on earth is so deeply disgraced. Flagrant abuses in the making of our laws are manifestly more common in the municipal governments than in the state and federal law-making bodies. But even in the municipalities there are generally plenty of laws so that the affairs of the city can be well administered. That fact thought through means that the people do not want them enforced. It is true enough to be a safe statement, that on the whole our cities are as well governed as they deserve to be. The fault is here again easily reducible to the apathy of the people.

In many localities this apathy of the people has gone so far that a very different condition exists from that which existed on the Iowa fair grounds. The reason why the gambling there was so easily stopped was that, in the first place there were good laws, and because, in addition to that, the officers appointed for the administration of law were in favor of its enactment. There may have been a little carelessness in the granting of licenses. Probably there was willingness not to look too sharply into how the privileges of the licenses were strained or abused. One cause in this may have been the considerable charge for that kind of a license which added materially to the receipts of the fair association. Just here is the "spot that ails." But on the whole the marshal and the authorities were on the side of the enforcement of the good laws of the commonwealth. This miracle under the apathy of the people has gone so far in many of our great cities that the law-breaking element of society, although only occasionally able to carry things quite as far as to secure the passage of laws productive of vice, has nevertheless succeeded in electing officers of the law who do the bidding of the vicious, from the common roundman up through all grades of the judiciary. What can the most enthusiastic "reformer" do then? A suggestion to a patrolman that he enforce the law meets the reply that he is acting under orders of the chief. The chief gets his orders from the police commissioners. The commissioners are appointed by the mayor or are elected by the people. It is the people who are ultimately responsible for all these goings on. So, indeed, there is nothing to do but turn the rascals out, all of them. The stables are Augean; nothing but a Hercules is equal to their cleaning. In a democratic country, and this nation is apparently committed to democracy, we know who Hercules is. Peradventure he is only asleep.

This thing has gone on during the last twenty-five years because of a blind and stupid individualism given over to money making. We have been letting the country go to the dogs. The eagle has screamed on the fourth of July, and demagogues all the year. We have made no serious business of nation-making. At the best the people have let things drift. This apathy has been apparent to the gambler and the thief. The most unparalleled combines, corporations, trusts and syndicates have been formed whose business can be truthfully spoken of as gambling and theft. The public has been "a-lettin' 'em alone and a-lettin' 'em alone." But the air is full of signs of encouragement that the public is getting ready for a "blow in the neck" at municipal and national unrighteousness. The entrenched iniquity of the land in both industry and politics is endeavoring of course, to throw dust in the people's eyes. If they can succeed far enough they will produce awful trouble for our nation, for they will mislead the people further and postpone the day of their own retribution. That postponement means the accumulation of disaster. It is building higher the tower of Babel that will produce in its certain fall a confusion worse than linguistic. The final remedy will be found, not in putting an end to great combinations, a thing not only undesirable but impossible, but in finding a way to breathe into them a living soul. The tremendous power in organization and combinations is nothing less than a modern discovery of a great divine law. That this power is at present put to uses quite undivine and antidivine is nothing against the power.

It was no disproof of Samson's strength that he was grinding in the Philistines' mill.

It is the highest time that the American people bestir themselves; shake off their apathy; decline longer to be led by the nose by demagogues; call to the front their faith in righteousness and their faith in the nation. It is the highest time that great moral issues be brought to the front and held there instead of the contemptible partyism that is largely rampant in our political life.

Meantime, what is the Church of the living Christ doing, and what is it to do in the far-reaching political, industrial and social reformations which lie immediately ahead of us? The Church is apathetically touching this greatest home mission, PUBLIC MORALITY.—GEORGE E. GATES, in The Kingdom.

"The Fly in the Ointment."

There are in fact several flies in the ointment of the Hungarian nobleman who represents the 4th Congressional district of Nebraska. To see him fume and hear him hiss out malicious maledictions one would think it a close question as to whether the admixture of flies did not predominate over the ointment even though he has just been re-elected to his honorable position as a result of the landslide of 1894. The difficulties with our passionate friend are:

He was unable to carry Hamilton county. In the home county where both he and Judge Stark were known Stark got more than half the votes cast in the county. A clear majority over all competitors, notwithstanding that it is a Republican county. Mr. Cain, a regular ignoramus who speaks of the time "when I was sent to the legislature," and tells about how he "writ home" and his wife "writ back," was elected by 56 votes. While Mighell and Thomas, both ordinary men got through by 75 to 191 majority, Lord Hainer was beaten, badly beaten, by his Populist opponent.

To give it an additional sting his old enemy Agee was a candidate and got more votes than Hainer, and people now twit him with the time he said "if he were as unpopular as that man Agee he would sell every dollar's worth of property he had and leave the state." To add to this he has prated loudly of the Republican demand for fair elections and has been caught hiring men to aid him, and after thus eating his words and dining on one of the cardinal planks of his party doctrine he was still defeated.

More than this, the vote of the extra gang who were not citizens of the county failed to save this Republican advocate of fair elections. Hamilton county, where he was known—which he boasted of his ability to carry by 200 majority, repudiated him, turned him down, and stood for manhood instead of dollars. It is a bitter dose, and if the clergyman who wrote false letters as to his attitude on religion, and the wives and daughters of Aurora business men who wore his badges, could have heard him swear "by Jesus Christ," and listened to the flood of obscene language poured upon those whom he considered responsible for his defeat, it might have made them blush with shame. As it is, His Lordship is mad, and he has withdrawn from the county. There has been no ratification in Aurora and he is left to face the fact that in this county where both were known Stark beat him, while Hainer's majority came from Gage, Jefferson, Saline and Thayer, in the south part of the state. The farther from home he got the better he ran.

HAMILTON PRECINCT.

BOND ISSUE QUESTIONED.

Congressman Bailey of Texas, Declares There is no Authority for It. WASHINGTON, Nov. 19.—As soon as possible after congress meets Representative Bailey of Texas, will call up his resolution, introduced during the last session, which declares that the secretary of the treasury has no authority under the present law to issue bonds. Mr. Bailey is confident it will meet with favorable action in the house and hopes for the same result in the senate. He emphatically declares that it is to avoid the almost certain interference of congress that the present issue of bonds is being rushed at the present time.



HEART DISEASE.

Fluttering, No Appetite, Could not Sleep, Wind on Stomach.

"For a long time I had a terrible pain at my heart, which fluttered almost incessantly. I had no appetite and could not sleep. I would be compelled to sit up in bed and belch gas from my stomach until I thought every minute would be my last. There was a feeling of oppression about my heart, and I was afraid to draw a full breath. I could not sweep a room without resting. My husband induced me to try Dr. Miles' Heart Cure and am happy to say it has cured me. I now have a splendid appetite and sleep well. Its effect was truly marvelous." MRS. HARRY E. STARR, Pottsville, Pa. Dr. Miles' Heart Cure is sold on a positive guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. All druggists sell it at \$1.60 bottles for \$5.00 or it will be sent prepaid, on receipt of price by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.



A MARTYR TO INDIGESTION

Cured by Using Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Words of Comfort to All who Suffer from Dyspepsia.

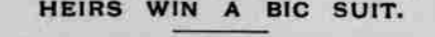
"For years, I was a martyr to indigestion, and had about given up all hope of ever finding relief, as the complaint only seemed to grow worse instead of better, under ordinary treatment. At last, I was induced to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and I hereby testify that after using only three bottles, I was cured. I can, therefore, confidently recommend this medicine to all similarly afflicted." FRANKLIN BECK, Avoca, Ia.

"I am personally acquainted with Mr. Beck and believe any statement he may make to be true."—W. J. MAXWELL, Druggist and Pharmacist, Avoca, Ia.

"I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla for general debility and, as a blood-purifier, find it does exactly as is claimed for it."—S. J. ADAMS, Ezzell, Texas.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Admitted for Exhibition AT THE WORLD'S FAIR



HEIRS WIN A BIG SUIT.

Titles to Lima, Ohio, Property Worth a Goodly Fortune Declared Invalid. LIMA, Ohio, Nov. 19.—The circuit court has rendered a decision which invalidates the title to a large quantity of land, part of which is in the business portion of the city and on other parts of which the Standard Oil company's refinery and the Line-man stock farm are situated. John Bashore died in 1849, leaving a large estate, in which he gave his widow a life estate. She disposed of most of the property before her death in 1891. Since then the heirs have been seeking to regain possession. The property involved is worth nearly \$250,000 exclusive of the refinery.

He Was False to His Charge.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Nov. 19.—Today at the trial of ex-Deputy Sheriff W. S. Richardson and Ed N. Smith, who, together with eleven others are under indictment for lynching six negro prisoners who were in Richardson's charge, Deputy Sheriff W. E. Miller testified that Richardson told him three days before the lynching that it was going to occur.

The Burlington Route's New Short Line.

The Burlington Route is a notable exception to the general run of western railroads. During a period when railroad building in this country has been almost at a standstill, it has been steadily pushing forward its northwest extension and now takes much pleasure in announcing its completion to Billings, Mont., 838 miles from Lincoln.

At Killings connection is made with the Northern Pacific Railroad and, under a traffic agreement with that company, business of all classes is exchanged there, or, more properly speaking, routed through that point to and from every station on or reached via the Northern Pacific and Burlington Systems.

This New Short Line—for that is exactly what it is—reduces the distance between Lincoln, Kansas City, St. Louis and the territory south and southeast of those cities, on the one hand, and Montana, Northern Idaho and Puget Sound points, on the other, all the way from 50 to 473 miles. It thus becomes an important factor in bringing the vast scope of country served by the Northern Pacific into closer relationship with the Missouri and Mississippi Valleys.

Just to illustrate things: The New Short Line saves 294 miles between Lincoln, Omaha and Helena, 224 miles between Lincoln, Omaha and Butte, 371 miles between Lincoln, Omaha and Spokane, 54 miles between Lincoln, Omaha and Tacoma, 49 miles between Lincoln, Omaha and Seattle.

The New Line has been constructed in a most substantial manner. Excellently ballasted, laid with the heaviest steel upon more than the usual number of ties, it equals the best and oldest portions of the Burlington System.

People whose opinion is worth having, pronounce it superior to any new track ever built in the western states. The train-service will consist of Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars, Reclining Chair Cars (seats free), and Standard Burlington Route Day Coaches, Omaha and Lincoln to Billings daily.

As a Scenic Route the New Line takes high rank. The rich farms of eastern and central Nebraska; the more sparsely settled country that lies between Ravenna and the boundary line separating Nebraska and South Dakota; the canons, peaks and swelling meadow-lands of the Black Hills, the wonderful "Devil's Tower" the irrigated districts of northern Wyoming; Crater Battlefield; the picturesque windings of the Little Big Horn; the glorious valleys of the great Crow Indian Reservation—all these are seen from the car window.

Full information relative to the train service, rates or other features of the New Short Line will be gladly furnished upon application to J. Francis, G. P. A., Burlington Route, Omaha, Neb., or G. W. Bonnell, C. P. & T. A., Lincoln, Neb.

STRUCK BY FITZSIMMONS

HE ACCIDENTALLY KILLS HIS SPARRING PARTNER.

CON RIORDAN MEETS HIS DEATH.

A Terrible Fight-Handler on the Point of the Jaw Hits Him Beyond Human Aid—Fitzsimmons is Under Arrest—Was Giving an Exhibition of Scientific Sparring on the Stage.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Nov. 19.—Robert Fitzsimmons knocked out and killed Con Riordan, his sparring partner, last night in the first round of his usual exhibition, which closes the program of his vaudeville show. Jacobs' theater was crowded to witness the entertainment, and the audience departed for their homes little knowing that Riordan was still unconscious. The blow was a right-hander and caught Riordan squarely on the chin. He did not fall to the floor from the force of the blow, but sank slowly until he measured his length on the stage. The accident occurred at 10:30 o'clock and two physicians worked over him with applications of electricity for two hours and a half, without being able to restore him to consciousness. At 12:30 o'clock was removed from the theater to a Hotel Candee. It was stated by Manager Glori that Riordan had been drinking hard all day and that he was intoxicated when he came on the stage for the act. Fitzsimmons was arrested when the physicians gave up hope of saving Riordan's life. Riordan died at 3:15 o'clock this morning.

HELD FOR MANSLAUGHTER

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Nov. 19.—Fitzsimmons was taken to police headquarters. He was much affected when the news of Riordan's death was communicated to him, and burst into sobs. He said: "I didn't hit him hard. I only tapped him like that," tapping an officer lightly on the cheek. "When he fell to his knees he said: 'Call time.' I didn't think that I had hurt him and supposed he only wanted to escape punishment. We had only been at it a couple of minutes when I made a pass at him, and as I thought, hit him on the cheek with the back of my right hand."

"Do you suppose I would strike my sparring partner with any force?" said Fitzsimmons to-day. "I knew that he had been drinking hard, but did not know he was in such a condition. Invariably when I sparred with him he turned blue around the mouth, and it was a sign for me to let up. I never struck him hard. Last night I noticed after the first exchange of blows that he was not right. The blow that I delivered that caused the trouble was as light as a feather, merely slapping him with the back of my hand. He fell down and then rose and staggered around. I put my arm around him to assist him off the stage. When he fell headlong I thought he was faking and was thoroughly disgusted because somebody in the house, thinking it was a fake, hissed me. I was never hissed before. I began to comprehend in a few minutes that something was wrong with my sparring partner, and I was horrified to find him still unconscious. I attributed this to his drunken condition and thought he would revive from the stupor in a few minutes. I have known this man for eight years and he was always a hard drinker. Being in poor condition I suppose he had some heart difficulty that brought on the disaster. I am not fearful of my position. Everybody in the opera house was aware that the blows I struck were as light as I could possibly make them. Naturally it makes my blood run cold when I think of the condition of my friend, not because I have any fear of the results to me, but I do not want that man's death laid at my door."

Captain Glori has engaged Corporation Counsel Charles E. Ide of this city as counsel for Fitzsimmons. Fitzsimmons was arraigned in police court at 11 o'clock on a charge of manslaughter in the second degree, pleaded not guilty and was taken before County Judge Northrup. Then it was discovered that his attorney failed to waive examination in his behalf. This formality was necessary before he could be released and he was locked in the court house cells until the police justice could be found.

An autopsy was held on Riordan's body this morning. The certificate issued gave as the cause of death "hemorrhage within the cranial cavity, causing compression of the brain." Riordan was found to be in perfect health. Dr. Totman, who conducted the autopsy, says that Riordan must have been struck a terrific blow on the chin, which communicated directly with the base of the brain. The depression of the right side of the brain was very deep and remained for half an hour after the clot was removed.

Manager Glori says that Riordan will be buried in this city to-morrow, as he has no relatives in this country who might wish the body.

Slater Convicted of Murder.

COLORADO SPRINGS, Col., Nov. 19.—Ex-Deputy Sheriff M. L. Slater was found guilty of murder in the second degree by the district court. He killed James McKay, a strike sympathizer during the Cripple Creek troubles last spring. Both were drinking heavily and McKay was unarmed.

A Noted Engineer to Go to Japan.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 19.—M. B. King, chief engineer of the Pacific coast division of the United States Geological and Topographical Surveying department, has tendered his resignation to enter the employ of the Japanese government.