

Work of a Tornado.

GALVA, Ill., June 15.—A destructive tornado struck this place at 7:30 p. m. Monday. The storm approached so suddenly that the citizens had no time to reach places of safety.

The roar of the storm was terrible and, accompanied by the midnight darkness and wind, carried everything before it. Nearly every business house on the main street was unroofed and much damage was done by the water.

A Congressman Dead.

WASHINGTON, June 15.—General E. T. Stackhouse, member of congress from the Sixth district of South Carolina, and a prominent member of the farmers' alliance, died here early yesterday morning.

In the senate yesterday, at the opening of the session, the death of Representative Stackhouse was announced and after adopting suitable resolutions the body adjourned.

In the house yesterday the senate amendments to the diplomatic and consular appropriation bill were non-concurred in and a committee of conference appointed.

The death of Congressman Stackhouse was then announced and after the adoption of appropriate resolutions the house is a further mark of respect, adjourned.

To Relieve Flood Sufferers.

PITTSBURG, Pa., June 15.—At a meeting of the Pittsburg relief committee decided to issue an appeal for more money to relieve the oil region sufferers. It is stated that the amount of money needed to relieve the people of the two flooded cities is \$300,000, and only 25 per cent has been subscribed.

A Successful School.

IOWA CITY, Ia., June 15.—The commencement exercises of the state university were unusually interesting this year, as the attendance of students was very large, over 900. The graduates of the several departments number over 200.

Fire at Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, Md., June 15.—One of the largest fires that ever visited the water front of Baltimore started at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon on the old Bay Line wharf. The loss, as near as can be estimated, is nearly \$1,000,000.

Struck by Lightning.

BORDEAUX, June 15.—An appalling accident occurred yesterday morning on the river Corcoro, near Blaize. The British steamer Petrolia, loaded with petroleum from Philadelphia, became filled with fumes from the cargo, which, being accidentally ignited, caused a tremendous explosion, scattering the deck and upper works in every direction and setting fire to the vessel and the petroleum floating on the water.

It has been discovered that the vessel was set on fire by lightning.

U. S. Senator Re-elected.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., June 15.—N. W. Aldrich was re-elected United States senator by a vote of 64 to 35 for D. S. Barker.

"That odious Marie Harley has lured Jack Smithers at last." "Yes, Jack told me of his engagement last night." "When are they to be married?" "O, never. It's only a Lenten engagement. Jack though he ought to do penance in some way."—Harper's Bazar.

Revival of Outrages Probable.

VANCOUVER, June 22.—Mail advices per steamer Express of India state that the anti-foreign policy is again manifesting itself in the Yang-tse valley, and renewal of the outrages and riots is probable. The "literati," who are in advance of the European loss of prestige fired with an intense hatred, are stirring popular prejudice against foreigners by malignant falsehoods, and in many instances the half ignorant and superstitious imperial forces are powerless.

In Ching Hi two ladies, missionaries of the Church of England, were insulted and ordered to depart. They escaped to the chief magistrate's house, which the mob surrounded and the freighted passenger train was delayed. The Kienning mission hospital and dispensary was wrecked. Dr. Rigg was dragged out by four soldiers, ostensibly sent by the local mandarin to protect the place.

Pirates of Sadrones recently obtained entry on a Chinese customs cruiser, proceeding on a search for smuggling parties. The pirates when at sea took possession of the steamer and looted three junk before parting with the cruiser.

A project is on foot in Hong Kong to send ten or twelve thousand coolies to the Nicaragua canal and the plantations of Jamaica, British Honduras and Ecuador.

The insurrection in Pahang, Malay peninsula, is not yet settled, and the sultan's troops will go forward this time without British officers accompanying them.

Emmons Blaine Dead.

CHICAGO, June 20.—Emmons Blaine, second son of ex-Secretary of State James G. Blaine, died at his residence in this city at 11:15 Saturday morning. He had been ill for several days from blood poisoning, which resulted from stomach disorder, but nothing serious was feared until shortly before the end came.

The fact of his death was concealed for some time with the object of reaching his father with news in a less shocking manner than by a public announcement. The effort to get telegraphic communication with him failed, however, and at 12:25 the news became public. It was only a quarter of an hour before the fatal end came that the least intimation that young Blaine was in a dangerous condition became known, and then to only a few of his most intimate friends at the Baltimore and Ohio railway headquarters. In this city his associates only were aware that he was ill and had been so for several days.

Young Blaine was a notable figure in the exciting scenes in connection with his father's presidential candidacy at Minneapolis, and took his defeat greatly to heart. He was confined to his bed shortly after his return from the north. It is thought possible that the strain and excitement at Minneapolis followed by his keen disappointment of the outcome, had not a little to do with the prostration ensuing.

Race Across the Ocean.

NEW YORK, June 20.—The race between the White Star steamer Alaska and the Cunarder Aurania across the ocean to the westward, was won by the former off Sandy Hook in seven days, five hours and forty-five minutes, but with only about twenty minutes to her credit. The Alaska was delayed by broken machinery a few hours on Tuesday last.

Confessed and Hanged.

MOBILE, Miss., June 20.—John Johnson, one of the negroes implicated in the murder of Merchant Coteon on Thursday night last, was hanged here by a mob of 2,000 citizens both black and white. Johnson made a confession implicating two other negroes, "Joe" Gray and John Williams, who are now in the county jail at Magnolia.

Chief of the Gang.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 20.—The Postoffice authorities here feel almost certain that Mike Cole, the postoffice robber arrested a few days ago for robbing the safe in the postoffice at New Albion, Ia., is the leader of the gang which in December last robbed a mail wagon in this city. Coleman is now under heavy bail at Dubuque.

Post Office Established.

WASHINGTON, June 20.—A Postoffice has been established at Cleveland, Holt county.

Honors the Old Statesman.

BERLIN, June 20.—Bismark started from Friedrichshaus for Gienna to attend the wedding of his son Herbert. A great crowd at the Berlin station gave him a tremendous ovation.

When Bismark arrived at Dresden an immense crowd greeted him at the station, the burgomaster presenting an address of welcome. Bismark responded, thanked the people and alluded gratefully to the valued assistance given him by the king of Saxony in bringing about the unity of Germany.

THE HAUNTED CHAMBER.

"THE DUCHESSE"

CHAPTER XIII.

"What have you done with him?" she breaks forth, advancing toward him as though to compel him to give her an answer to the question that has been torturing her for days past.

"With whom?" he asks coldly. Yet there is a forbidding gleam in his eyes that should have warned her to forbear.

"With Sir Adrian—with your rival, with the man you hate," she cries, her breath coming in little irrepresible gasps. "Dynecourt, I adjure you to speak the truth, and say what has become of him."

"You rave," he says calmly, lifting his eyebrows just a shade, as though in pity for her foolish excitement. "I confess the man was no favorite of mine, and that I can not help being glad of this chance that has presented itself in my extraordinary disappearance of my inheriting his place and title; but really, my dear creature I know as little of what has become of him, as I presume—you do yourself!"

"You lie!" cries Dora, losing all control over herself. "You have murdered him, to get him out of your path. His death lies at your door!"

She points her finger at him as though in condemnation as she utters these words, but still he does not flinch.

"They will take you for a Bedlamite," he says, with a sneering laugh, "if you conduct yourself like this. Where are your proofs that I am the cold-blooded ruffian you think me?"

"I have none"—in a despairing tone. "But I shall make it the business of my life to find them."

"You had better devote your time to some other purpose," he exclaims savagely, laying his hand upon her wrist with an amount of force that leaves a red mark upon the delicate flesh. "Do you hear me? You must be mad to go on like this to me. I know nothing of Adrian, but I know a good deal of your wild jealousy of Florence Delmaine. All the world saw how devoted he was to her, and—mark what I say—there have been instances of a jealous woman killing the man she loved, rather than see him in the arms of another."

"Demon!" shrieks Dora, recoiling from him. "You would fix the crime on me?" "Why not? I think the whole case tells terribly against you. Hitherto I have spared you, I have refrained from hinting even at the fact that your jealousy had been aroused of late; but your conduct of today, and the wily manner in which you have sought to accuse me of being implicated in this unfortunate mystery connected with my unhappy cousin, have made me regret my forbearance. Be warned in time, cease to persecute me about this matter, or—wretched woman that you are—I shall certainly make it my business to investigate the entire matter, and bring you to justice!"

He speaks with such an air of truth, of thorough belief in her guilt, that Dora is dazed, bewildered, and falling back from him, covers her face with her hands. The fear of publicity, of having her late intrigue brought into the glare of day, fills her with consternation. And then, what will she gain by it? Nothing; she has no evidence on which to convict this man; all is mere supposition. She bitterly feels the weakness of her position, and her inability to follow up her accusation.

"Ah, how like a guilty creature you stand there!" exclaims Dynecourt, regarding her bowed and trembling figure. "I see plainly that this must be looked into. Miserable woman! If you know aught of my cousin, you had better declare it now."

"Traitor!" cries Dora, raising her pale face and looking at him with horror and defiance. "You triumph now because, as yet, I have no evidence to support my belief; but"—she hesitates. "Ah, brazen it out to the last!" says Dynecourt insolently. "Defy me while you can. Today I shall set the bloodhounds of the law upon your track, so beware—beware!"

"You refuse to tell me anything?" exclaims Dora, ignoring his words, and treating them as though they are unheard. "So much the worse for you."

She turns from him, and leaves the room as she finishes speaking; but, though her words have been defiant there is no kindred feeling in her heart to bear her up. When the door closes between them, the flush dies out of her face, and she looks even more wan and hopeless than she did before seeking his presence. She cannot deny to herself that her mission has been a failure. He has openly scoffed at her threats, and she is aware that she has not a shred of actual evidence wherewith to support her suspicion; the bravado with which he has sought to turn the tables upon herself both frightens and disheartens her, and now she confesses to herself that she knows not where to turn for counsel.

In the meantime the daylight dwindles, and twilight descends. Even that too departs, and now darkness falls upon the distressed household, and still there is no news of Sir Adrian.

Arthur Dynecourt, who is already beginning to be treated with due respect as the next heir to the baronetcy, has quietly hinted to old Lady FitzAlmott that perhaps it will be as

well in the extraordinary circumstances, if they all take their departure. This the old lady, though strongly disinclined to quit the castle, is degradingly inclined to do, and being swayed by her own mind, and being swayed by Lady Gertrude, who is secretly rather bored by the dullness that has ensued on the strange absence of their host, decides to leave on the morrow, to the great distress of both Dora and Florence Delmaine, who shrink from deserting the castle while its master's fate is undecided. But they are also sensible that, to remain the only female guests, would be to outrage the conventionalities.

Henry Villiers, Ethel's father, is also of opinion that they should all quit the castle without delay. He is a hunting man, and M. E. H. in his own country, and is naturally anxious to get back to his own quarters some time before the hunting-season commences. Some others have already gone, and altogether it seems to Florence that there is no other course open to her but to pack up and desert him, whom she loves, in the hour of his direst need. For there are moments even now when she tells herself that he is still living, and only waiting for a saving hand to drag him into smooth waters once again.

A silence has fallen upon the house more melancholy than the loudest expression of grief. The servants are conversing over their supper in frightened whispers, and conjecturing moodily as to the fate of their late master. To them Sir Adrian is indeed dead, if not buried.

In the servants' corridor a strange dull light is being flung upon the polished boards by a hanging-lamp that is burning dimly, though oppressed by the dire evil that has fallen upon the old castle. No sound is to be heard here in this spot, remote from the rest of the house, where the servants seldom come except to go to bed, and never indeed without an inward shudder as they pass the door that leads to the haunted chamber.

Just now, being their supper, there is no fear that any of them will be about, and so the dimly lighted corridor is wrapped in an unbroken silence. Not quite unbroken, however. What is this that strikes upon the ear? What sound comes to break the unearthly stillness? A creeping footstep, a cautious tread, a slinking, halting, uncertain motion, belonging surely to some one who sees an enemy, a spy in every flitting shadow. Nearer and nearer it comes now into the fuller glare of the castle servants.

Looking uneasily around him, Arthur Dynecourt—for it is he—unfastens this door, and entering hastily, closes it firmly behind him, and ascends the staircase within. There is no halting in his footsteps now, no uncertainty, no caution, only a last that betokens a desire to get his errand over as quickly as possible.

Having gained the first landing, he walks slowly and on tiptoe again, and, creeping up the stone stairs, crouches down so as to bring his ear on a level with the lower sink of the door.

Alas, all is still; no faintest groan can be heard! The silence of Death is on all around. In spite of his hardihood, the cold sweat of fear breaks out upon Dynecourt's brow; and yet he tells himself that now he is satisfied, all victim is secure, is beyond the power of words or kindly search to recall him to life. He may be discovered now as soon as they like. Who can fix the fact of his death upon him? There is no blow, no mark of violence to criminate any one. He is safe, and all the wealth he had so coveted is at last his own!

There is something fiendish in the look of exultation that lights Arthur Dynecourt's face. He has a small dull lantern with him, and now it reveals the vile glance of triumph that fires his eyes. He would fain have entered to gaze upon his victim, to assure himself of his victory, but he refrains. A deadly fear that he may not yet be quite dead keeps him back, and, with a frown, he prepares to descend once more.

Again he listens, but the sullen roar of the raising night wind is all that can be heard. His hand shakes, his face assumes a livid hue, yet he tells himself that surely this deadly silence is better than what he listened to last night. Then a ghostly moaning, almost incessant and unearthly in its sound, had pierced his brain. It was more like the cry of a dying brute than that of a man. Sir Adrian slowly started to death! In his own mind Arthur can see him now, worn, emaciated, lost to all likeness of anything fair or comely. Have the rats attacked him yet? As the grewsome thought presents itself, Dynecourt rises quickly from his crouching position, and, flying down the steps, does not stop running until he arrives in the corridor below again.

He dashes into this like one possessed; but, finding himself in the light of the hanging lamp, collects himself by a violent effort, and looks around. Yes, all is still. No living form but his is near. The corridor, as he glanced affrightedly up and down, is empty. He can see nothing but his own shadow, at sight of which he starts and turns pale and shudders.

The next moment he recovers himself, and, muttering an anathema upon his cowardice, he moves noiselessly toward his room and the brandy-bottle that has been his constant companion of late. Yet, here in his own room, he can not

rest. The hours go by with faggard steps. Midnight has struck, and still he paces his floor from wall to wall, half-maddened by his thoughts. Not that he relents. No feelings of repentance stir him, there is only a nervous dread of the hour when it will be necessary to produce the dead body, if only to prove his claim to the title so dearly and so infamously purchased.

Is he indeed dead—gone past recall? Is this house, this place, the old title, the chance of winning the woman he would have, all his own? Is his hated rival—hateful to him only because of fair face and genial manners and lovable disposition, and the esteem with which he filled the hearts of all who knew him—actually swept out of his path?

Again the lurking morbid longing to view the body with his own eyes, the longing that had been his some hours ago when listening at the fatal door, seizes hold of him, and grows in intensity with every passing moment.

At last it conquers him. Lighting a candle, he opens his door and peers out. No one is astray. In all probability every one is asleep, and now sleeping the sleep of the just—all except him. Will there ever be any rest or dreamless sleep for him again?

He goes softly down-stairs, and makes his way to the lower door. Meeting no one, he ascends the stairs like one only half conscious, until he finds himself again in before the door of the haunted chamber.

Then he wakes into sudden life. An awful terror takes possession of him. He struggles with himself, and presently so far succeeds in regaining some degree of composure that he can lean against the wall and wipe his forehead, and vow to himself that he will never descend until he has accomplished the object of his visit. But the result of this terrible fight with fear and conscience shows itself in the increasing pallor of his brow and the cold perspiration that stands thick upon his forehead.

Nerving himself for a final effort, he lays his hand upon the door and pushes it open. This he does with bowed head and eyes averted, afraid to look upon his terrible work. A silence, more horrible to his guilty conscience than the most appalling noises, follows this act; and, again the nameless terror seizes him, he shudders and draws back, until, finding the wall behind him he leans against it gladly, as if for support.

And now at last he raises his eyes. Slowly at first and cringing, as if dreading what they might see. Upon the board at his feet they rest for a moment, and then glide to the next board, and so on, until his coward eyes have covered a considerable portion of the floor.

And now, grown bolder, he lifts his gaze the wall opposite and searches it carefully. Then his eyes turn again to the floor. His face ghastly, and with his eyes almost darting from their sockets, he compels himself to bring his awful investigation to an end. Avoiding the corners at first, as though there he expects his vile deed will cry aloud to him demanding vengeance, he gazes in a dazed way at the center of the apartment, and dwells upon it stupidly, until he knows he must look further still; and then his dull eyes turn to the corners where the dusky shadows lie, brought thither by the glare of his small lantern. Reluctantly, he scans the apartment, no remotest spot escapes his roused attention. But no object, dead or living, attracts his notice! The room is empty!

He staggers. His hold upon the door relaxes. His lamp falls to the ground; the door closes with a soft but deadly thud behind him, and—he is a prisoner in the haunted chamber! As the darkness closes in upon him, and he finds himself alone with what he hardly dares to contemplate, his senses grow confused, his brain reels; a fearful scream issues from his lips, and he falls to the floor insensible.

Dora, after her interview with Arthur Dynecourt, feels indeed that all is lost. Hope is abandoned—nothing remains but despair; and in this instance despair gains in poignancy by the knowledge that she believes she knows the man who could help them to a solution of their troubles if he would or dared. No; clearly he dare not! Therefore, no assistance can be looked for from him.

Dinner at the castle has been a promiscuous sort of entertainment for the past three or four days, so Dora feels no compunction in declining to go to it. In her own room she sits brooding miserably over her inability to be of any use in the present crisis, when she suddenly remembers that she had promised in the afternoon when with Florence to give her, later on, an account of her effort to obtain the truth about this mystery which is harrowing them.

It is now eleven o'clock, and Dora decides that she must see Florence at once. Rising, wearily, she is about to cross the corridor to her cousin's room when, the door opening, she sees Florence, with a face pale and agitated, coming toward her.

"You, Florence!" she exclaims. "I was just going to you, to tell you that my hopes of this afternoon are all—"

heart as if to ally the... ing. Dora really alarmed... eau-de-Cologne, and... contents freely over... Florence, with a soft... and sits upright.

"There is no time to be... confusedly. "Oh, how... breaks down and bur... "Try to compose your... Dora, seeing the glo... tant news to impart... and unstrung as to be... of speaking with any... presently Florence... then, her voice became... she is able to unburden... "All this day I have... by a curious restles... Dora; "and, when you... noon, your vague... able to elucidate the... is weighing us down... more unsettled. I did... dinner—"

"Neither did I,"... sympathetically. "I wandered up and... for at least two hours... and waiting for the... would return, accom... and tell me the names... enterprise. You did not... half past nine, unable... ger in my own room... thoughts for company... door, and, listening... the deep silence that... out the house, that... was gone, if not to... their own room."

Strange Fate of a... In the history of... nothing has been re... choly in character... which has overtaken... founder of one of the... firms in Paris and her... M. Parisot, who... rous drapery and... establishment of the... died some years ago... and two young daughters... after a due period... married at 18. M. Parisot... had three sons—Paul... Emile. Afterward... Finance separated... charge of the children... About five years ago... two girls died, and... grave by her sister in... fortune, inherited by... M. Parisot, was... brothers, the Finance... Mme. Finance... shocks caused by the... daughters than her... was drowned in a... was too much for her... retired to her villa at... d. There remained... and Emile Finance, the... large fortune, but... mining mania, which... well would soon end... They suffered, in fact... poisoning, and while... doom led the lives of... busied themselves in... Charles Finance died... and his brother Emile... him in the tomb. Emile... twenty-two years of... 1,800,000 francs, or... various charitable... remainder of the for... bequests.—Paris Co... graph.

Found of... The Astor House... regular patrons of... the rotunda one... period of ten years... has scarcely varied... noonday meal.

He is a tall, athletic... well dressed and... wealthy, a man in... stance. It must be... and not pecuniary... in the year he orders... of milk and a plate... concludes the repast... eclair in winter and... summer.

The gentleman for... of years has not... Whether he is interest... desires to popularize... seems to know. That... with him is evident... ance, and a mere... elusive evidence... thoroughly enjoys the... past.—New York Herald.

Tramped Forty-five Miles... George Gleskel and... clogging couple from... cer county, Ky., arrived... ville, Ind., recently and... The couple tramped... and on reaching... of it went to pay for... magistrates fees. So... bride that she could... when the ceremony... They left for the... until the steam... ville, from which... their steps to... Louis Globe-Democr...

The harbor of New... presents an... extensive use of... this material having... exclusively used in... that massive break...