

Sued for \$25,000.

CHICAGO, June 10.—Miss Jessie Hale, a former actress, whose stage name was Dorothea Lewis, has filed in the superior court here a suit to recover \$50,000 for breach of promise to marry from James W. Paige. The defendant is the manufacturer of the "Paige" type-setting machine and is a citizen of Hartford, Conn. Under glittering promises, one of them being, it is alleged, a proposed gift to her of \$50,000 from the royalties on the type-setting machines, when Paige had perfected his scheme, Miss Hale left the stage and lived in Hartford for a year or more as the wife of the manufacturer. Paige promised to take Miss Hale to Milwaukee and marry her, and April 22 last, was mutually agreed upon as the day for the event to take place. At the last hour he accused her of flirting with other men and declared that under the circumstances he would not marry her.

Colonel Dick Thompson's Speech.

MINNEAPOLIS, June 10.—When he reached the platform and faced the convention, Colonel Thompson spoke as follows: "Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Convention: Your action has awakened in my heart memories which I have not words to express. I owe you the deepest possible gratitude, and the expression of which I offer you now. When I remember the events with which I have been associated in the political world, and find around me assembled such men as this, engaged in the common cause of preserving the welfare and honor of this land, I feel as if I were young again. [Applause.] True, by the march which the dial has made, I am 83 years of age today—[applause]—but I am not half that in reality, because I am stimulated and emboldened by an undaunted republican spirit which animates me and which causes me to believe with an honest conviction that the destinies of this country are to be controlled by that great party for years and years to come. [Applause.] I was reared and educated under revolutionary influences, and from my revolutionary ancestor I learned my republicanism. [Cries of 'good, good' and applause.] They taught me to believe that the first and primary duty of the government of the United States was to take care of the interests of the people and to preserve all those great guarantees of the constitution which I intended to secure to us and to our children the inalienable right of popular self government. [Applause.] One of the instrumentalities by which that great right is to be preserved is the institutions, under God, of the republican party—[applause]—and we are today in the execution of the great trust which has been confided to us to lay the foundation of another triumph on the coming November which shall assure to us and for years to come to our prosperity and this is the happiest, most prosperous, the greatest and the grandest government upon the earth." [Applause.]

Three Were Killed.

HARTFORD, WIS., June 10.—A freight train on the Milwaukee & St. Paul road was wrecked here last night. Engineer Fah, Fireman Rood and Brakeman Roach were killed. A cloudburst flooded the track and unsettled a culvert. The train went into the river. The bodies are under the wreck.

Workingmen Demand Harrison.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., June 10.—The New York labor delegation of the Workingmen's Reform league and associates met at the Windsor hotel in this city yesterday morning and determined to circulate 10,000 copies of the resolutions adopted by the associated trades union of New York City, composed of eleven unions with 8,000 members, on Tuesday evening, May 31, at 804 Ninth avenue, New York City. They in their resolutions believe that the record of President Harrison for the past three years has shown that he is the most eligible candidate for the workingmen's and farmers' suffrage of all those mentioned, and demand his renomination and add: "His inception of the bimetallic conference will do much to smooth the dissensions which now exist in financial matters between the citizens of different sections of the country, and will ultimately settle them in the interest of the whole people; that he is a believer in the protection of the workingman from the pauper contract labor of Europe and Asia, and his patriotism is shown by his firmness in the Chilean Italian and Bering sea affairs. We pledge the working and the farmer vote of the United States to him as the candidate of the republican party. Resolved, That a committee of six be appointed by the chairman to present this resolution to the republican national convention at Minneapolis on June 7."

A. H. GALLAGHER, Chairman of Delegation. JAMES A. FOX, Secretary.

Condensed Telegraph.

Salt Lake City plumbers are out on a strike. The trial of the Chicago hoodlums was postponed until today. Floods in the valley of the Danube are increasing.

HARRISON HONORED.

The National Republican Convention Nominates Him for President on the First Ballot.

WHITELAW REID FOR VICE PRESIDENT

Proceedings of the Convention During the Last Day.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., June 11.—The convention was slow in assembling yesterday and it was 11:35 before the assemblage was called to order.

After the prayer, David Martin was announced as national committeeman from Pennsylvania to exceed Quay.

The first question to come up was action on the remainder of the majority report of the credentials committee, and Quay, in order to get to balloting at once, announced that his faction would not oppose the adoption of the report.

Mrs. J. Ellen Foster of the Woman's National Republican association addressed the convention, which paid her great attention and applauded her liberally.

The roll of states for the presentation of candidates at 12:15.

Wolcott of Colorado then took the platform and nominated James G. Blaine.

Indiana called old Dick Thomson to take the floor to present Harrison.

Thomson said he proposed to present a man who did not seek to gain by the detraction of any other great republican. "I nominate for president Benjamin Harrison."

Eustis seconded the nomination of Mr. Blaine. Depew seconded Harrison's nomination.

Harrison and Blaine banners were carried around the hall, with great demonstrations for both.

S. W. Downly of West Virginia, seconded the nomination of Mr. Blaine.

At the conclusion of the call of states, Chairman McKinley called for the result.

"The whole number of votes," said the clerk, "9043, the number necessary to a choice is 453. [Applause.] Benjamin Harrison receives 335 1-6 votes [prolonged applause] James G. Blaine receives 182 1-6 votes [applause] William McKinley receives 182 votes [cheers] Robert Lincoln one vote and Thomas B. Reed four votes." [Applause.]

Benjamin Harrison having received a majority of all the votes cast, said Chairman McKinley, "is the nominee of this convention; shall that nomination be made unanimous?" [Great applause and cheering, and cries of "Yes, yes, let us make it unanimous."] "All in favor of making it unanimous say aye," said the chairman. There was a storm of ayes. Chairman McKinley never put the negative.

"It is unanimous," said he at 4:36 p. m., and once more the convention went into one of those scenes of enthusiasm which had become so familiar to the proceedings of the day.

A delegate moved to adjourn until 8 o'clock p. m., and although there was a disposition to finish up work at once, the motion prevailed and the convention adjourned until that hour.

Immediately after the adjournment the rumor went forth that Whitelaw Reid, the gifted editor of the New York Tribune, had been selected by the delegates of New York as their candidate for vice president, and that he would receive the solid vote of the Empire state. This report spread with lightning rapidity, although it was not authoritatively confirmed by the New York delegation, and the boom of the ex-diplomat at once became a formidable movement.

Reformed Church in America.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., June 11.—The eighty-seventh annual synod of the Reformed church in America has concluded its business. Before adjourning it was voted to hold the next annual meeting here. A vote of thanks was tendered the people of Asbury Park for the many favors extended to them during the convention. The business of the last session was principally the reading of reports. There is considerable disappointment at the action of the synod in deferring action of the proposed federation of the Reformed church in America.

Will Walk to the World's Fair.

ROCK SPRING, Wyo., June 11.—Mr. and Mrs. Howard, from Seattle, camped in town here overnight, on their overland tramp from Seattle, Wash., to Chicago. Mr. and Mrs. Howard are to walk the distance between these two cities from March 10 to September 15, on a \$500 wager between two Seattle sporting men, of which Mr. and Mrs. Howard are to receive \$100, if successful. They have a wheelbarrow with them and are making about fifteen miles a day. They are both in spirits and expect to be in Chicago about September 1, and expect to stay there and attend the World's fair.

Gross Killings.

NEW YORK, June 11.—Total gross earnings of the leading cities of the United States for the week ending June 9 was \$1,183,488,730; increase, 10.6 per cent, as compared with the same week last year.

Neither Affairs Or Deaths.

WASHINGTON, June 11.—Mr. Hill declined to affirm or deny the story that he sent a letter of withdrawal. His secretary, however, said it was a mug-rump lie.

Trying to Fix the Price of Sugar.

NEW YORK, June 9.—Wholesale grocers of the eastern cities are arriving in town. They come to attend a conference which is to be held here. The object of the conference is to secure from the Sugar trust the adoption of a uniform basis upon which sugar shall be sold. The idea is to request the Sugar trust to establish a "limited price" at which a rebate of one-quarter of a cent a pound is to be paid. It is expected that the conference will be representative of the jobbers of the eastern cities, as the matter to be considered is one of great importance to the trade.

A proposition has already been submitted to the various grocers' associations. It was submitted by E. W. Imbush, who was the prime mover in the movement to establish the Wholesale Grocers' association. His proposition is for the uniform price for each day by all the refiners of the trust, telegraphic advice of daily market to each jobbing center, equalization of prices for competitive points through the system of scheduling or freight allowance to the retailers, and a rebate on monthly purchases contingent upon a maintenance of the price of sugars as fixed by the schedule.

It is hoped that the trust will be ready to meet the decision of the conference. The hope is warranted by a letter written to the Southern Wholesale Grocers' association by President Hagemeyer of the trust in which he said: "While we feel disposed to co-operate with the wholesale trade in the direction of securing for them a fair remuneration for any plan looking to this end must originate with them and be the result of their mutual agreement as to what is best for their interest."

It is regarded as a promise that if the coming conference of wholesalers will agree upon a basis for distribution, the Sugar trust will adopt that basis. Much difference is to be looked for, however, in arranging details. Many members of the New York wholesalers' association are openly opposed to increasing the rebate from one-eighth of a cent a pound, which they now receive to one-quarter of a cent a pound.

A similar conference to that to be held tomorrow was held in April. It failed in its object, largely because the attendance was so small.

Committed Suicide.

NEW YORK, June 9.—Mrs. Agnes Freitag, 31 years of age, committed suicide in her apartments yesterday by inhaling gas. The woman had lived a year there with her husband, Henry Freitag, 38 years old, a German mechanic. They had no children and few acquaintances. The husband got out of employment three months ago and three weeks ago their money gave out and they were unable to pay rent. Their landlady told them to move on last Monday and threatened to put them out. But they had no money to move with nor had they anything to eat for several days.

Mineral Strikers in Missouri.

ASH GROVE, Mo., June 9.—The shaft known as the "deep shaft," at this place, located by Captain William Hobart Pottsworth, Pa., and Mr. E. A. Hart of Ash Grove, now at a depth of 235 feet has struck a rich body of lead containing a portion of silver ore. It is the deepest run of mineral ever found in this section, and is looked upon by practical miners as a big find. As soon as the proper machinery can be procured the work will be pushed and mining on a large scale will be done.

Three Hundred and Four Bodies Recovered.

PRAGUE, June 9.—An official report has been made of the recent disaster in Birkenberg silver mine. The bodies of 304 of the 332 men who lost their lives have been recovered, leaving only twenty-eight bodies still in the mine. Two hundred and ninety-two women were left widows by the fire and 633 children under 4 years of age were made orphans.

Jesse James' Layer Killed.

DENVER, Colo., June 9.—A special from Creede, Colo., says that Bob Ford, the slayer of Jesse James, was shot and killed by Deputy Sheriff Kelly in Ford's dance hall yesterday afternoon. Kelly and Ford had a quarrel in Pueblo in February last and ill feeling existed between the two men since. Yesterday afternoon Kelly was standing in the doorway of Ford's dance hall when an unknown man was seen to hand him a double-barrelled shot gun, after which Kelly stepped inside the hall, and called "Bob." Ford, who was about five feet away, turned around, at the same time reaching for his hip pocket. Kelly raised his gun and fired a load of buckshot fully into his neck and severed the windpipe and jugular vein, and he died instantly. Kelly gave himself up and refuses to talk.

Seized the Vessel.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 9.—The steamer Aiki arrived from Sitka yesterday morning. While the steamer was in Sitka the American sealing schooner Challenger was in Ounaslaska in charge of a United States deputy marshal. The crew was caught raiding the Prebyloff group and the vessel was seized. The captain and crew were tried and the former got ninety days and eleven months thirty days each. The schooner is to be sold to the highest bidder some time this month.

THE HAUNTED CHAMBER.

"THE DUCHESS"

CHAPTER XII.

Arthur Dyncourt, putting forth his hand, which neither trembles nor falters on its deadly mission, silently lays hold of the door, and, drawing it toward him, the secret lock clicks sharply, and separates his victim from the world!

Stealthily even now—his evil deed accomplished—Arthur Dyncourt retreats down the stairs, and never indeed relaxes his speed until at length he stands panting, but relentless in the servants' corridor again.

Remove he knows not. But a certain sense of fear holds him irresolute, making his limbs tremble and bringing out cold dews upon his brow. His rival is safely secured, out of all harm's way as far as he is concerned. No human being saw him go to the ill-fated tower; no human voice heard him declare his intention of searching it for the missing trinket. He—Arthur had been careful before parting from him to express his settled belief that Sir Adrian would not go to the haunted chamber, and therefore he feels prepared to defend his case successfully, even should the baronet be lucky enough to find a deliverer.

Yet he is not quite easy in his mind. Fear of discovery, fear of Sir Adrian's displeasure, fear of the world, fear of the rope that already seems to dangle in red lines before his eyes render him the veriest coward that walks the earth. Shall he return and release his prisoner and treat the whole thing as a joke, and so leave Adrian free to dispense his bounty at the castle, to entertain in his lavish fashion, to secure the woman upon whom he—Arthur—has set his heart for his bride?

No; a thousand times no! A few short days and all will belong to Arthur Dyncourt. He will be "Sir Arthur" then, and the bride he covets will be unable to resist the temptations, of a title, and the chance of being mistress of the stately old pile that will call him master. Let Sir Adrian die then in his distant garret alone despairing, undiscoverable! For who will think of the haunted room in search of him? Who will even guess that any mission however important, would lead him to it, without having first mentioned it to some one? It is a greivous spot, seldom visited and gladly forgotten; and, indeed, what possibly could there be in its bare walls and its blood-stained floor to attract any one? No; surely it is the last place to suspect any one would go to without a definite purpose; and what purpose could Sir Adrian have for going there?

So far Arthur feels himself safe. He turns away, and joins the women and the returned sportsmen in the upper drawing-room. "Where is Dyncourt?" asks somebody a little later. Arthur, though he hears the question, does not even change color, but calmly, with a steady hand, gives Florence her tea.

"Yes; where is Sir Adrian?" asks Mrs. Talbot, glancing up at the speaker. "He left us about an hour ago," Captain Ringwood answers. "He said he'd prefer walking home, and he shoveled his birds into our cart, and left us without another word. He'll turn up presently, no doubt."

"Dear me I hope nothing has happened to him!" says Ethel Villiers, who is sitting in a window through which the rays of the evening sun are stealing, turning her auburn locks to threads of rich red gold.

"I hope not, I'm sure," interposes Arthur, quite feelingly. "It does seem odd he hasn't come in before this." Then, true to his determination to so arrange matters that, if discovery ensues upon his scheme he may still find for himself a path out of his difficulties, he says quietly, "I met him about a mile from home, and walked here with him. We parted at the hall-door; I dare say he is in the library or the stables."

"Good gracious, why didn't you say so before?" exclaims old Lady FitzAlmont in a querulous tone. "I quite began to believe the poor boy had blown out his brains through disappointed love, or something equally objectionable." Both Dora and Florence color warmly at this. The old lady herself is free to speak as she thinks of Sir Adrian, having no designs upon him for lady Gertrude, that young lady being engaged to a very distinguished and titled botanist, now hunting for ferns in the West Indies. "Markham," says Mrs. Talbot to a footman who enters at this moment, "go to the library and tell Sir Adrian his tea is waiting for him."

"Yes, ma'am." But presently Markham returns and says Sir Adrian is not in the library. "Then try the stables, try everywhere," says Dora somewhat impatiently.

Markham, having tried everywhere brings back the same answer; Sir Adrian apparently is not to be found! "Most extraordinary," remarks Lady FitzAlmont, fanning herself. "As a rule I have noticed that Adrian is not punctual. I do hope my first impression was not the right one, and that we shall find him presently with his throat cut and wallowing in his

blood on account of some silly young woman!

"Dear mamma," interposes Lady Gertrude, laughing, "what a terribly old-fashioned surmise! No man nowadays kills himself for a false love; he only goes and gets another."

But, when the dining hour arrives, and no host presents himself to lead Lady FitzAlmont into dinner, a great fear falls upon all the guests save one and confusion and dismayed, and anxious conjecture reign supreme.

The night passes; the next day dawns deepens, grows into noon, and still nothing happens to relieve the terrible anxiety that is felt by all within the castle as to the fate of its missing master. They weary themselves out wondering, idly but incessantly, what can have become of him.

The second day comes and goes, so does the third and the fourth, the fifth and the sixth, and then the seventh dawns.

Florence Delmaine, who has been half-distracted with conflicting fears and emotions, and who has been sitting in her room apart from the others with her head bent down and resting on her hands, suddenly raising her eyes, sees Dora standing before her.

The widow is looking haggard and hollow-eyed. All her dainty freshness has gone, and she now looks in years what in reality she is, close on thirty-five. Her lips are pale and drooping, her cheeks colorless; her whole air is suggestive of deep depression, the result of sleepless nights and days filled with grief and suspense of the most poignant nature.

"Alas, how well she loves him too!" thinks Florence, contemplating her in a hurried impassioned tone—

"Oh, Florence, what has become of him? What has been done to him? I have tried to hide my terrible anxiety for the past two miserable days, but now I feel I must speak to some one or go mad!"

She smites her hands together, and sinking into a chair, looks as if she is going to faint. Florence, greatly alarmed, rises from her chair, and running to her, places her arm round her as though to support her. But Dora repulses her almost roughly and motions her away.

"Do not touch me!" she cries hoarsely. "Do not come near me; you of all people, should be the last to come to my assistance! Besides, I am not here to talk about myself, but of him. Florence, have you any suspicion?"

Dora leans forward and looks scrutinizingly at her cousin, as though fearing, yet hoping to get an answer in affirmative. But Florence shakes her head.

"I have no suspicion—none," she answers early. "If I had should I not act upon it, whatever it might cost me?" "Would you," asks Dora eagerly, as though impressed by her companion's words—"whatever it might cost you?"

Her manner is so strange that Florence pauses before replying. "Yes she says at last. "No earthly consideration should keep me from using any knowledge I might by accident or otherwise become possessed of to lay bare this mystery. Dora," she cries suddenly, "if you know anything, I implore, I entreat you to say so."

"What should I know?" responds the widow, recoiling. "You loved him too," says Florence piteously, now more than ever convinced that Dora is keeping something hidden from her. "For the sake of that love, disclose anything you may know about this awful matter."

"I dare not speak openly," replies the widow, growing even a shade paler, "because my suspicion is of the barest character, and may be altogether wrong. Yet there are moments when some hidden instinct within my breast whispers to me that I am on the right track."

"If so," murmurs Florence, falling upon her knees before her, "do not hesitate; follow up this instinctive feeling, and who knows but something may come of it! Dora, do not delay. Soon, soon—if not already it may be too late. Alas," she cries, bursting into bitter tears, "what do I say? Is it not too late even now? What hope can there be after six long days, and no tidings?"

"I will do what I can, I am resolved," declares Dora, rising abruptly to her feet. "If too late to do any good, it may not be too late to wring the truth from him, and bring the murderer to justice."

"From him? From whom—what murderer?" exclaims Florence, in a voice of horror. "Dora, what are you saying?"

"Never mind. Let me go now; and to-night—this evening let me come to you here again, and tell you the result of what I am now about to do."

She quits the room as silently as she entered it, and Florence, sinking back in her chair, gives herself up to the excitement and amazement that are overpowering her. There is something else, too, in her thoughts that is puzzling and perplexing her; in all Dora's manner there was nothing that would lead her to think she loved Sir Adrian; there was fear, and a desire for revenge in it, but none of the despair of a loving woman who has lost the man to whom she has given her heart. Florence is still pondering these

things, while Dora, passing into the library and room along, plainly in search of some one.

At last her search in a small room also apparently empty, sits in a large arm-chair, fixed intently upon the hand. Seeing her, he came, and throwing it down carelessly:

"Pshaw—what confound they write nowadays!"

"Flow can you sit reading," exclaims Dora, "when we are distressed and I forgot"—with a resolute "you gain by his death."

"No, you lose," he says. "Though, after all, even been different, I can't say had much chance at all. He smiles insolently, says this. But she pays to his words or his smile, soul seems wrapped in it, and at last she gives up."

Continued next.

The Night of the

It was a bright moon, October, writes M. (The New York World. The road along the roadside was frost, just being touched, and now and then the pattering footstep on the possum on the day of the forest trees.

There was war in the Shenandoah Valley—rough riders scolding, burn and pillage and burdens to the old men left at home. We knew as we rode softly across growing up to grassy whoppers of the cricket whipwill there was in any man's heart, calm and gentle that enemies and remembrance friends.

There was only a corpse us—an escort for the we came to the east and halted a moment to looking of a watch dog suddenly came to our side a horse's feet coming on. We drew back into our line and every carbine.

"Fire at his horse!" he whispered the corporal minute he cried "Halt!"

The unknown party that his horse reared and fell down, then advanced upon the tree caught his steel as it was "It's a woman!" exclaimed men who had placed their shoulder before her descent.

So it was. She was shadow cast by branch tree and stood full of. We drew nearer and with wonder and admiration not a woman, but some of face and hair she looked from our altered never a word within our lines, she those of Frithgof anyhow—a spy, and

And for what reason? utes no one spoke. moonlight seemed in the songs of the cricket peace; in the thick air swelled her breast and her mate. At length she herself out of his bronzed-faced old battles. He motioned holding her horse and was led nearer. She held out his big hand, her dainty foot, and vaulted to her side and uncovered our nod of her head west—to find a clear lines.

"What made you I whispered as we "Twas the will of had he uncovered his as had war; to-night

The Evidence Was

Finally, when the was marked by the dozen new cut. Infeetle wondered itself no longer.

"Mamma," piped "what's all this for?" "All what?"

"Oh, having the real these new things meat."

"Why, Willie, what talking in that fashion this is the way we Really, cousin Mary, losing his memory. "No, I ain't. W times this week, Mary, don't believe "Willie!"

"Well, just let without telling you got me, too, I got me."

"Yes, come two children, you're comin', you're comin'."—Troy