

Disappeared Suddenly.

BOSTON, June 8.—Hon. Moody A. Merrill, who for thirty-four years has been connected with the business interests of the city as lawyer, street railway president and legislator, has been absent from the city for some time and his relatives and friends know nothing of his whereabouts. It is stated that he left his business affairs in a very poor condition. Attachment suits aggregating nearly \$200,000 have been filed against his property by various people. Merrill's private secretary, John F. Hooper, says there is nothing mysterious about his absence. Two weeks ago he said he was going away as a result of a conference with his physician and intended to keep his destination a secret. The secretary says Merrill's finances are all right.

Booth Breathed His Last.

NEW YORK, June 8.—America's great tragedian, Edwin Booth, who has been hovering on the verge of shadowland so many weary days, passed away at 11:15 yesterday morning in his apartments in the Players' club.

The decline in his physical condition has been very perceptible for several days and as long ago as Saturday night all hope of saving his life was given up.

After a brief examination of the dying man Dr. Smith prepared a bulletin which was posted in the hallway, to the effect that it was doubtful if Mr. Booth survived the night. Dr. Smith told one of the members of the club that the tragedian's pulse was in the neighborhood of 160 and his temperature over 105. There was nothing that could be done except to sit by the bedside until the feeble spark of life finally extinguished.

At 10 o'clock another serious change was noted and Dr. Smith was again summoned. He did what he could to ease the dying moments of Mr. Booth, who, although completely unconscious, appeared to suffer greatly for lack of air, it being apparently extremely difficult for him to breathe. From this time until he expired the great actor gradually grew weaker, the restless motions of his hands ceased and he finally passed away when his breath had died to almost imperceptible flutter.

At the bedside were the actors' laughter and her husband, Mr. Grossman, Booth's brother-in-law, M. Maguire, William B. Sapham, an intimate friend, and Charles Farry.

Died By Electricity.

DANMORA, N. Y., June 8.—Sapione Martello, who cut the throat of an Italian rival in Saratoga and then butchered the body, died by electricity in the prison here yesterday. Two brief contacts ended his life.

When Warden Thayer, accompanied by Deputy Warden McKenna, went to Martello's cell Tuesday morning to read the death warrant, he found that the Yale lock on the cell door would not open. He read the warrant to Martello through the window, during which Martello sat up on his cot smoking. The warden then left to have the lock repaired by the prison mechanic, but before he reached the end of the condemned man's corridor he was recalled by a guard and Martello was seen trying to knock himself over the head with his iron cell bucket with the intention of fracturing the skull.

At the same time protesting that he would never be taken to the condemned chair alive. Failing in this effort he tried to choke himself with his hands in vain. By this time a sledge hammer and chisel which the warden had sent for arrived and the lock of the cell door was broken. As the warden entered the cell the prisoner threw himself headlong upon the floor but without any evident injury to himself. He was then secured, placed in another cell and a keeper left in the cell to guard him, the door being left unlocked. An examination of his cell showed that Martello had taken one of the pearl buttons off his undershirt and stretching his arm outside of the cell door through the bars inserted the button in the keyhole. He evidently thought if the door could not be opened he would secure a new lease of life.

Wrecked the Whole Thing.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., June 8.—A dispatch from Catlettsburg, Ky., says: Great excitement exists in Breathitt county over the blowing up by dynamite of the Hustler office by unknown parties last night about 11 o'clock. The Hustler is a weekly paper edited by Rev. J. J. Dickey. The entire structure was wrecked. The Hustler was the sole cause of the local option law which was recently passed in that county.

Thought It His Duty.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., June 8.—A few nights ago the church building together with the Masonic and Odd Fellows hall was burned at Clifty, Marion county. It was thought to be the work of an incendiary. Walter Schubert, a merchant at said place, was suspected. On being arrested, Schubert confessed to the crime, claiming that it was his duty to burn it and that he intended to burn two residences there and also the court house at Huntaville. Judge Jones of Huntaville investigated the case and adjudged him insane.

"My lines are not to be burned," said Schubert, "I signed the deed to burn the court house and the two residences there and also the court house at Huntaville. Judge Jones of Huntaville investigated the case and adjudged him insane."

Do Not Agree.

WASHINGTON, June 10.—General Tracy of Albany, who is one of the most conspicuous anti-silver leaders in congress and who is regarded as one of the strongest friends of the administration on the floor of the house, is in the city and saw the president. General Tracy says that the Sherman law can be repealed at the coming session without the passage of any substitute measure or the adoption of any compromises with the free silver men. A proposition to repeal this law will have a large majority, he says, in house, and there are forty-five votes for it in the senate. He also gave it as his opinion that the proposed repeal of the 10 per cent tax on the circulation of state banks would fail of passage. Coming from General Tracy these views are of more than ordinary value. He has carefully studied the situation, knows every move that has been made and evidently speaks by the earl.

JONES THINKS DIFFERENTLY.

Senator Jones of Arkansas, took an entirely different view from that entertained by General Tracy. "The Sherman law can never be repealed in the senate unless some other measure looking to the coinage of silver is substituted. I am opposed to the Sherman law and spoke and voted against it, but I would not vote for its repeal unless some other legislation was enacted favorable to silver. I would be willing to have the old Bland act re-enacted or some measure like it, and would support the repeal of the present law with that compromise attached."

The Weapon Really Found.

FALL RIVER, Mass., June 10.—The sensation in this city is Assistant Marshal Peep's story regarding the axe found in the Borden house, supposed to have been used in the Borden murders. For many weeks stories about the hatchet and axes have been published but during all the long ten months that have elapsed he has scrupulously kept the secret that the weapon was found on the day the famous butcheries were discovered. His description of the weapon was so exact, so minute, his reputation for veracity and honorable dealing in police and private matters is so well known here that two-thirds of the population believe he has really found the weapon with which the deeds were committed. Many of Fizzie Borden's friends feel very much exercised over the testimony.

Mind Reader Johnstone Found.

HOT SPRINGS, S. D., June 10.—Johnstone, the minder reader, and party who entered Wind Cave in search of a hidden pin head Sunday afternoon, was found yesterday by searchers in an exhausted condition five miles from the entrance. The party were eighty hours in the cave and traveled over eighty-five miles.

Johnstone found the pin head as proposed. During the entire time Johnstone was blindfolded and he is now at the hotel still blindfolded. He has started blindfolded to Omaha to deliver the pin head to some prominent man.

Archbishop Zembratowich Mobbied.

VIENNA, June 10.—Archbishop Zembratowich was mobbed by forty Polish students in Lemburg in view of his visit to the pope which the poles regard as treason to the Greek Catholic church of which he is a prelate. The archbishop was being driven to the railway station from his home when the students attacked him. They threw rotten eggs at the archbishop and his coachman, and stopped the horses and tried to climb into the carriage. Five men reached over the doors and beat the archbishop with their canes, while others tossed dirt, eggs and vegetables over the back. The archbishop was caught twice by the collar and half dragged from the carriage, but each time tore himself loose. The police attacked the students, but were driven back. Reinforcements were summoned and after a hot skirmish nineteen of the students were arrested. The others led Bishop Bajowski of Stanislaus, who had come upon the men in the worst of the fight and had attempted to defend the archbishop was severely cut and bruised on the face and neck. The archbishops face was bleeding and he was covered with filth. Both he and the Bishop were accompanied home by the police.

Hold Up the Train.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., June 10.—A Mobile & Ohio train was held up by six masked men at Forest Lawn, a suburb of East St. Louis, Illinois, at about 9:30 o'clock last night. Meagre particulars just received credit the robbers with making a clean haul of the contents of the express car, after beating the messenger into insensibility. The engineer's cab and the express car were riddled with bullets. Forest Lawn is the identical spot where an attempt was made to rob a train about a week ago.

Noted Mathematician Dead.

DES MOINES, Ia., June 10.—Dr. J. E. Hendricks, the noted mathematician, died recently, aged 97.

The Loyal Legion.

ST. PAUL, Minn., June 10.—The Loyal Legion's quadrennial congress opened yesterday morning. After welcoming addresses by Mayor Wright and others, the meeting was devoted to routine business and was strictly executive in character. Delegates viewed the Hill celebration parade and an open meeting was held at the opera house, with addresses by prominent members of the order.

Fire Swept Through Fargo.

FARGO, N. D. June 9.—During a heavy wind fire broke out here at 2 p. m. and the whole city is threatened. Help was asked for from Grand Forks and promptly dispatched on special trains at 4:40 p. m. The burned district comprises the business portion of the town and is bounded by the Western Union telegraph office, Headquarters hotel and Northern Pacific depot and along the line of the Great Northern railway to the Red river. Two hundred and twenty-five business houses and residences are burned and 2,200 people will be made homeless.

CROSSED TO THE MINNESOTA SIDE. The fire crossed the river to the Moorhead side at the Fargo roller mill which will burn. Among the principal firms already burned are Herzman dry goods; Crane's restaurant; Merrill farm machinery; Northern Pacific elevator buildings; Western Union office; Morton real estate; Red River National bank; Daily Forum; Merchant's State bank; Opera house; Eystler, real estate; Plano, McCormick, Walker A. Woods, Minnesota Chief, Desiring and John Deer implement houses; Cole's livery; Vincon's restaurant; Grand hotel; Egan's drug store; Verder & Lewis' grocery; Chrisinson's drug store; Sheridan hotel; Appel Bros.; Minneapolis Dry Goods company; Logan's studio; Ames iron works; Centennial house; Van Brunt impregnated warehouse.

A strong wind made the fire travel so quickly that hardly anything was saved. The flames went through brick buildings as easily as frame ones. The loss will be over a million, as practically the entire district is gutted already.

THREATENS TO SWEEP THE TOWN.

At 11 p. m. the city of Fargo is still in flames and the mammoth blaze is being blown by a terrific wind. The fire is completely beyond control and seems sure to burn all the buildings along the river front. The loss is already two million dollars. The bridge between Moorhead and Fargo has been burned and all telegraphic communication is cut off. Assistant city engineer has arrived at the scene from Grand Forks and Duluth and Crookston have been asked for help. The fire departments of the latter towns, however, can be of no assistance as they must reach the scene by making a long detour and crossing the Red River at East Grand Forks. James J. Hill has just telegraphed from St. Paul ordering the immediate opening of the Grand Pacific hotel for the use of the hundreds of homeless people in Fargo. Many firemen have been injured, some of them seriously, but no names can be obtained owing to the confusion which reigns everywhere.

The flames were under control shortly after midnight. The loss is estimated at three million dollars. Six persons are thought to have been burned to death.

Escaped the Sheriff.

ROGERS, Ark., June 7.—The bandits, who successfully robbed the People's bank at Bentonville Monday, seem to have made good their escape with their booty, amounting to about \$10,000. As soon as possible after the robbery had been committed, the sheriff and posse started in pursuit of the robbers. About twelve miles west of Bentonville is a postoffice and a couple of stores, forming the village of Decatur. Here the robbers continued their depredations by robbing the stores. While thus engaged the sheriff and posse came up. A running fight ensued, three of the citizens' horses being shot, but no one was injured. The sheriff and most of his men then gave up the pursuit and returned to Bentonville. Three or four men, however, continued in pursuit, but it is not believed they will meet with success, as the robbers were making for their haunts in Indian territory. While at Decatur the leader was recognized as one of the notorious Starr brothers.

The Looted Bank Opened Its Doors.

The looted bank opened its doors and is doing business. Citizen Stone, who was shot, is still alive, with fair chances of recovery.

Five Persons Poisoned.

CHICAGO, June 9.—As the result of arsenical poisoning five members of the family of J. W. Hibbard are lying critically ill at their home in Evanston. The victims were attacked with acute suffering immediately after lunch yesterday afternoon and it is supposed tea was served containing some form of arsenic. A domestic who prepared the tea is being watched by the police.

Fatal Electrical Storm.

NEW YORK, June 9.—An electrical storm of extraordinary violence passed over this city and Brooklyn yesterday afternoon. It was accompanied by a high wind and blinding rain and much minor damage was done. One man was killed by lightning in Brooklyn and one of the buildings of the New York Warehouse company in that city was set on fire by lightning, entailing a loss of \$100,000.

Two Indiana Banks Suspend.

NEW ALBANY, Ind., June 9.—The New Albany Banking company suspended payment yesterday morning as a result of the suspension of the Bedford bank at Bedford, Ind.

A Watery Grave.

SPRINGVALLEY, Minn., June 9.—A sad accident befell a picnic party who went for a day's outing at Kummer's Springs about six miles northeast of here. Luther Turner, Otto Stevens and daughter and Mrs. Morrow, in Turner's carriage went to a spring for water. They had driven alongside the spring, which was very deep and the team becoming frightened, jumped off the bank and upset all into the water, drowning them and the team.



CHAPTER XVI.

That first sound of music on the staircase which announces that dancing has begun—what a thrill of excitement it produces in the heart of the young debutante!

Dita followed Mrs. Lee Aston, and her flock of ladies into the ball-room. She felt quite bewildered with the brilliancy of the scene, and was only aroused by Mr. Lovel leading her forward and introducing her proudly to their hosts, Lady Waldon and she saw the face of a very pleasant looking old lady smiling kindly at her and saying, "I hope you like dancing, my dear; all young people should like dancing."

Then she was hurried off by Jack, and whirled into the vals.

Perdita excited extreme admiration; her kind hostess was literally beset by gentlemen, all asking to be introduced to her, and eager for the privilege of dancing with her.

"Do you never dance, Sir Edward?" said Mrs. Arthur, in her cooing voice. "Very seldom—I cannot see the pleasure of skipping about for nothing."

"Oh, dear! but then young people must be amused."

"It is not a rational amusement."

"Were you always so rational? What a dreadful toy you must have been!" said Lady Waldon, coming up to them.

Edward was forced to laugh, and the laugh dissipated a little of his cross humor. "Come," she went on, "I think too well of you not to think that you can be irrational sometimes. Why, the Spartans themselves unbent—"

"Only when the period of decadence commenced," answered Sir Edward. "But I am no Spartan, perhaps more of a philosopher—"

"Then you must be driven from your tub! A tub at your age, goodness me! Let me secure you a charming partner to exercise your fascinations upon."

"No, no, Lady Waldon; conquests are for Alexander"—and he pointed to Jack, who was again dancing with Dita—"and philosophy for me—"

"Ah! is not that as good as saying that were you not Diogenes you would be Alexander? It must need all your philosophy to resist the chance of dancing with anything so lovely."

"I have scarcely seen Miss Lovel," said he, very coldly.

"Oh, Diogenes, still in thy tub!" and she laughed and left him, determined on revenge.

He was still standing where she had left him when Lady Waldon suddenly came up to him and said—

"Sir Edward, allow me to introduce you to Miss Lovel—she is disgraced for this dance."

He could do nothing but ask her to dance, which he did in the most formal manner. To his astonishment she refused. He bowed, and stepped back. At that moment the music began, and Major Steele came swiftly through the crowd, with his head in the air, as if seeking some one, and seeing Miss Lovel, asked her to dance, and she went gayly away with him.

Edward Norton felt exceedingly mortified. She had refused him and accepted the commonplace little officer at once. It was the Lancers, and Perdita was close to him in the dance. Very much displeased, he watched her, and in spite of himself could not help admitting that she was pretty.

Edward Norton's taste was very fastidious, and it was gratified by the perfection of Dita's whole appearance. Her dress, made by the very best French dressmaker, had that degree of finish about it which is so rare in England; gloves, shoes, and fan all of one tint. Her beautiful wavy hair was braided in very large soft plaits on her brow. It rippled and curled naturally. Her complexion was brilliantly white, with a wild rose tinge on the cheeks and lips; but the most remarkable feature was that wonderful pair of dark eyes—like the eyes of a gazelle—shaded by dark lashes, and full of varying expression.

"Norton's 'pretty,' was but hesitatingly pronounced, for he was truthful even to himself, and it seemed to him, in spite of himself, that his eyes had never rested on anything more lovely."

When the dance was over he went across to where Dita had seated herself, and said, very sternly—

"May I have the pleasure of this vals, Miss Lovel?"

"No, thank you," she said, quietly.

"Are you already engaged?"

"No; that is, not yet."

He stood solemnly beside her for a moment and then said, "So I am the only person with whom you refuse to dance."

She opened her eyes very wide, but said nothing. He repeated his words in the shape of a question. "Am I the only person with whom you refuse to dance; and if so, why?"

"Because you do not really wish to dance with me," said Dita, with spirit. "I saw you did not, and only asked me because you could not help it. Indeed I do not care for dancing so very much that I would dance with you against your will," and she blushed at the length of her explanation.

He did not like it at all. He stood by her without speaking, looking at the dancing, and she became more impatient.

At that moment Jack Lee Aston came back from taking a lady down to supper, and springing toward Dita, he said—

"You are not dancing, and this is such a perfect vals. May I have the pleasure?" and they plunged into the maze.

"They are well matched," said Edward Norton to himself; and he bit his lips and asked Mrs. Arthur whether she would have some supper.

"Oh, how sorry I am that it is over," cried Dita, as, muffled in her white fur cloak she was put into the omnibus by her last partner.

"Good night—good night," and they started on their way home.

"Have you enjoyed it much, my dear?" said Mrs. Lee Aston, kindly.

"Oh, more than I can possibly say," "She is silly and frivolous," thought Sir Edward. "What a fuss to make about a ball!"

All the elders, excepting Mrs. Lee Aston, had already gone on, and the last carriage contained nothing but young people, and their hostess.

"It has been a capital dance," said Meta; "the Waldons' calls are always good."

"I don't think they ever gave so good a one before," said Jack; "by Jove! it's a half-past four, and awfully light."

By degrees the remarks grew fewer and fewer, and at last ceased; most of the party dozed, and there arose a delicate little lady-like snore from the corner in which Meta reposed.

There were about five miles to drive, and when they had gone about three, they had to pass a railway bridge, and drive alongside of the line for about ten yards.

Sir Edward was at the end of the omnibus, very far from sleep, and looking backward he saw the train coming; there were the two brilliant red lights of the night express, and as it drew near there arose a shrill whistle from the engine.

Jack woke up instantly, saying in a low voice—

"These horses won't stand that."

Dita sat up and looked at the two men; the pace of the carriage was increasing, the horses first cantering, then galloping hard.

Mrs. Lee Aston started up in terror, and clutched hold of her daughter and Miss Grethard.

"Jack, Jack," she said, "why are we going so fast? Tell Bolton I will not be driven at this pace. Can't you tell him?"

"Hush, mother," said Jack, "don't be afraid; the horses have been frightened at the train—they will stop in a moment."

Meta began to cry and Miss Grethard and Mrs. Lee Aston clasped each other; only Perdita said nothing, but sat quite still. The pace increased more and more, the omnibus swaying frightfully from side to side.

Dita gave utterance to a wild scream. Meta leant suddenly forward and whispered to Sir Edward—

"Would it not be better to open the windows?"

"Yes, you are quite right; and he proceeded to do so in spite of the rush of cold air which came in.

"There is a zoodish piece of straight road up to the home farm," said Jack backward to his teeth to Sir Edward; "but the corner is bad, if he cannot pull up there."

The carriage rushed on more and more wildly. Something dark seemed to flash by them.

"That fool James has jumped off!" exclaimed Jack. "He must be killed at this pace." He leaned across Miss Grethard, stretched out of the window, and shouted out—

"Any chance of pulling up, Bolton?" There was no answer, for the man's whole strength was required; but a side view of the horses with their heads well down and the foam flying from their bits, told its own tale.

Jack drew his head in, and looking at Sir Edward, gave an almost imperceptible shake of the head. Perdita saw, and her face grew paler still; she suddenly bent forward and touched Sir Richard's hands, and stooping very close to him, whispered—

"Sir Edward."

"Yes."

"I did not mean to be cross."

His answer was to squeeze her little fingers very tight—there was a violent rocking, they were pitched from one side to another—a terrific crash, and she knew no more.

Jack Lee Aston was the first to emerge from the wreck of the omnibus, and being very active and slight, and moreover having had the good luck to be on the uppermost side, he was able to scramble sideways out of the door. With the help of the coachman, who flung very much, but had escaped without serious injury, he succeeded in freeing the horses, who remained quiet, trembling violently. Then they proceeded to extricate the ladies one after the other. Dita was taken out quite insensible, and laid on the grass, then Miss Grethard and Meta—the latter screaming frightfully.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Who Killed Tecumseh?

In the campaign of 1836, Martin Van Buren, of New York, and Col. Richard M. Johnson, of Kentucky, were the Democratic candidates for President and Vice President. One of the "bearing questions" of the canvass was, "Who killed Tecumseh?" The friends of Johnson claimed that he charged up to the great Indian leader, while surrounded by his warriors, and shot him dead.

The Whigs, on the other hand, decided Johnson's claim to be the hero of the battle, and brought forward several claimants for that honor. Among others was Col. Skinner, who had emigrated to Texas. The Colonel was put upon the Western stump to settle the disputed question, and he did it in this style:

"Feller-citizens, look the Colonel, with a knowing look, 'I was at the battle where Tecumseh was killed—I was! I commanded a regiment there—I did! I'm not gwine to say who did kill Tecumseh—I won't! But this much I will say, Tecumseh was killed by one of my pistols. Gentlemen, I leave it to your knowledge of human nature to say if a man would be apt to lend out his pistols on an occasion of that sort."

To their credit, the "boys" were not convinced by that way of putting the case.

WHEN a man acts and speaks according to the dictates of his conscience, he is generally regarded as a crank.

A MAN with plenty of money can afford to marry for love.