

A Plot to Kill.

VENETA, Sept. 20.—The Magyarhirap a newspaper published in Budapest, Hungary, gives the details of a plot to kill Emperor Joseph of Austria-Hungary. The story is to the effect that a Roumanian boy overheard two men discussing the plot. They were arranging to have spikes removed from the rails at a certain point on the road on which the emperor was to travel on the way to the army maneuver, wrecking the train, when in conclusion the conspirators would kill the emperor and his suite.

Having heard so much, the boy became frightened, ran away and told his parents. After consulting they told the police and an investigation showed that spikes had recently been loosened. Thereupon the road was carefully guarded and inspected throughout and arrangements made to send a light engine in advance of every train. The boy and his parents were arrested and held as witnesses.

One theory of the plot is that it was caused by the anti-Austrian preaching of a local paper of the village in Transylvania, in which the boy and his parents reside, where most of the inhabitants are Roumanians and oppressed by the Magyars. Another theory is that it is the result of the recent agitation of the young Czechs, who have worked up an anti-German feeling and spread revolutionary ideas. The police are keeping the details secret and the full facts will probably never be known.

Legal Tender.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 20.—In the senate Stewart of Nevada introduced an amendment to the repeal bill authorizing the president to invite the governments of Mexico, Central and South America, Hayti and San Domingo to join the United States in conference, in Washington, four months after the passage of the act, to secure the adoption of a common silver dollar of not less than 259.91 grains, nor more than 263.13 grains pure silver, to be issued by each government and to be legal tender in all commercial transactions between all citizens of all the American states; that the finding of the delegates shall be binding on the governments which sent them. On an agreement being reached the governments represented shall open the mints to unlimited coinage of silver for the benefit of depositors.

Peffer's resolution of inquiry whether legislation was necessary to prevent the interruption of interstate trains by robbers was taken up and was still under consideration when the senate adjourned to take part in the centennial ceremonies.

A good deal of opposition manifested itself to any action by the federal government, and West of Missouri, and Dolph of Oregon, were especially vigorous in their criticism of the tendency to appeal to congress for relief in matters which rightfully were within the domain of the states.

A Bold Robbery.

LEADVILLE, Col., Sept. 20.—A bold robbery took place at Little Jonnie mine this morning. The mine is a gold producer and the mineral is sacked and placed in a storehouse where it is carefully guarded. This morning Guard Joseph Warren was overpowered by four masked men, who took away ore estimated to be worth about \$15,000. The guard stepped outside the house shortly before daylight, when he was confronted by two masked men, who covered him with revolvers and led him some distance away, where they tied him and compelled him to remain while the other two men took the ore, loading it into a wagon and driving away. Warren was then taken about a mile down the river and turned loose, with his hands tied behind him. The robbery was cleverly planned, all the wires to the mine having been cut. There is no clue to the perpetrators.

Strung to a Tree.

ARKANSAS CITY, Kas., Sept. 20.—Aa Yeomans of Carthage, Mo., was the Cherokee strip's first offering to Judge Lynch. He was a sooner and settler hanged him to a tree at Chickasaw, near where Blackwell now stands. Yeomans came to the strip in company with a number of Missourians who were regularly organized and paid by a syndicate of real estate men. When the runners reached Chickasaw they found about fifty men already located there. Yeomans had two claims, one for a partner, he said, who had gone for water. He said he was a sooner, presented a Winchester and asked the newcomers what they were going to do about it. The boomers retired, got refreshments, returned and placing a kerchief about Yeomans' neck, strung him up to a tree.

An Old Doctor Killed.

LEXINGTON, Mo., Sept. 20.—Dr Hartman, an old and prominent physician of Anville, was shot and instantly killed by William Powell of that place. The difficulty originated from an old feud between the two men. Powell is now in custody at Higginsville.

All the school-teachers in Canton, Miss., twenty-six in number, have been invited by Augustus Rosenzweig, of that town, to visit the World's fair, at the exposition.

Wreck on the Big Four.

CHICAGO, Sept. 21.—Last night, owing to the heavy world's fair travel, the south-bound Big Four express left here in two sections. Mantau, sixty miles south, the first section stopped for water just beyond a curve. The second section following close behind, crashed into the standing train while running at a high rate of speed before a flagman could get back far enough to give warning. Fortunately the last car on the first section was empty, else no one in it would have been left alive. As it was the car was crushed into kindling wood. The next two cars were sleepers and the force of impact drove them into the two day coaches in front, which owing to their lighter construction were crushed and riven. These cars were filled with passengers and a dreadful scene of death and mangled resulted. The passengers in the second section and the citizens of Manteno all the assistance possible toward rescuing the wounded and removing the dead. Those worst hurt were taken to neighboring houses. Others were brought to this city and taken to St. Luke's hospital.

The testimony given at the coroner's inquest this afternoon showed that Thomas Ames, engineer of the second section of the Washington express, was exceedingly negligent. During this examination he was very nervous and on cross-questioning showed a tendency to contradict his previous testimony, both sections of the train were late and were running rapidly to make up the time to Kankakee. Ames states that he was running about forty-five miles an hour and could not have stopped his train within 180 rods. When he first saw the danger signal he was only about fifteen rods from the train. He claims that but one signal light was burning and that but dimly. Reversing his lever, he jumped from the train. As soon as he regained his feet after leaping from the train he asked the flagman why he did not flag at the right distance. The flagman claims that he was back the regulation distance, having jumped from the first section with his signal when the train was going at a speed of twelve miles per hour. This was the first time that Ames has ever pulled this train. He had been an engineer for seventeen years, with the Illinois Central ten years, and had run a passenger train for two months.

BODIES TERRIBLY MANGLED.

Many of the friends of those injured and those reported missing have been in Kankakee today trying to identify the dead and wounded. All the dead but one woman have been identified. One man had all the flesh scraped clean from the bone on the lower portion of his leg, his foot cut off at the ankle and his skull crushed to a pulp. Another victim's head was nearly torn off, while the left side of the face of another is missing. Two bodies were found crushed under the trucks of a sleeper and almost unrecognizable. Two young men from Columbus, identified the bodies of Simprier and Dinkendutcher.

Mr. Jackson was a bachelor, who was chaperoning his niece and four other young ladies, and was just returning from a week at the fair. They were seated in a group near the center of the car. Mr. Jackson met instant death, but only one of the other was much injured.

Most of those killed or injured were returning home from the fair and the entire party was extremely happy and neighborly.

A Terrible Butchery.

WASHINGTON, Ind., 21.—A family of six were butchered with a hatchet last night in Harrison, nine miles from this city. The family consisted of Denison Wratton, his mother, wife and three children. The eldest of the children, a girl of twelve, is still living, but is unconscious.

Denison Wratton was a farmer, thirty-five years old, in moderate circumstances. His aged mother, who lived with him, drew a pension. She did not bank her money and was supposed to keep several hundred dollars about her. To get this money was doubtless the motive for the murder.

There was evidence of a fierce struggle. Wratton was sick with typhomalaria and incapable of resistance. The mother was found upon the floor, cut terribly about the head and both hands cut off at the wrists. All the others were found dead upon the floor except the baby, three years old, which was killed in bed. The murder was discovered at 6 o'clock in the morning by a neighbor. Thirty-two dollars in money was found sewed in the wife's dress and \$7 in a drawer. There is no clue to the murderers, but it is supposed they were tramps. Tracks of three men were discovered near the house. Blood-hounds have been brought from Seymour to trail the murderers.

To Save Her Children.

FORT SCOTT, Kan., Sept. 21.—Two little children of Mrs. Virgie Wood, wife of a prominent young farmer near this city, turned the lamp over last night, and it breaking, their clothes caught fire. The mother tried to rescue them but her dress was ignited. She was so badly burned that she died soon afterwards.

Revolt in Brazil.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 21.—The State department is still without any further information regarding the troubles at Brazil. At the Navy department the officials heard unofficially of the departure of the cruiser Charleston from Montevideo for Rio de Janeiro. It will take three or four days, with fair weather, to reach Rio de Janeiro. Senator Mendonca, the Brazilian minister, has returned to Washington from his summer stay in the Adirondacks. The minister declined to say whether he has any information of the progress of the revolt in Brazil.

A Dastardly Outrage.

ROANOKE, Va., Sept. 22.—One of the most dastardly outrages in the history of the city occurred at about 10 o'clock this morning. Mrs. Henry S. Bishop was enticed by a negro named Thomas Smith from the market, where she had come to sell produce, into an empty saloon basement, beaten into insensibility and robbed of her pocketbook, containing less than \$2. The fiend was captured and lodged in jail. A crowd gathered around the jail and kept increasing as night approached. At 1 o'clock the Roanoke Light infantry marched to the jail by order of Mayor Trout. Guards were posted and the streets in the immediate vicinity cleared.

About dark the crowd was increased by 100 men from the vicinity of the woman's home, headed by Mr. Bishop's son. At 5 o'clock a portion of the mob battered at the side door of the jail, where the militia and Mayor Trout had retired. Shooting was commenced by the mob. The militia was then ordered to return the fire and a volley from about twenty-five rifles were poured into the mob. It is thought that about five men were killed by the fire as many more wounded, some fatally.

During the excitement caused by the volley the negro was taken from the jail by officers and secreted. The dead and wounded were removed to a drug store and to the office of nearby physicians. The militia then dispersed and left the scene as quietly as possible.

The excitement has not yet subsided. Several speeches were made after the militia retired and Judge Woods, of Hastings Court, assured the mob that the negro Smith was removed from the jail, and accompanied by crowds went through the jail to prove the truth of his statement. His statement did much to pacify the crowd, but they hung around the jail and the adjacent streets for several hours afterwards, many dispersing to search for the secreted prisoner. At midnight the scene had quieted down and no further trouble was expected. The militia remains under the mayor's orders, although it is probable they will not be called out again. Mayor Trout is firm in the position he assumed and declares that he will uphold the laws.

In Danger From Fire.

LEAD, S. D., Sept. 22.—Fire was discovered heading for Lead from the west end and the entire fire department, with many citizens, were called out. A very heavy wind brought the flames rapidly toward the city and at 8 o'clock the entire force of citizens was put to work. At 5 o'clock, when the fire reached the city limits, the wind shifted and it is thought at this writing (7 p. m.) that it is under control. Many families in this vicinity, however, have moved out of their household goods, and the people are in a state of great excitement.

The fire has spread through the Bald Mountain country, doing much damage. Many trestles are burning and traffic between this city and Elk Creek is stopped. The wires are also down and it is impossible to get an estimate of the damage. Two troops from Ft. Meade are on their way here and will be held until the fire is over. Among the buildings burned are the Centennial hotel, Cliff House Hotel and Pfunder's ranch, all situated three miles from Deadwood. The aggregate loss on these will amount to \$30,000.

RUNKLE WIPED OUT.

A report has just reached Lead that Runkle, a small town twenty-five miles from here, was destroyed by fire. One hundred and fifty homeless people from the burned section are now at Piedmont. On Centennial prairie a number of residences were destroyed and several people were burned, one woman so badly that she may die. The fire near this city is under control, owing to the change of wind and no further damage is apprehended. At 11:40 the wind was blowing the fire away from the city and the firemen seemed to have the conflagration under control. The flames are still raging fiercely north and east of the city and the loss to small holders are reported very great. Many people have been seriously burned and several will die. The loss at Lead and Centennial will reach about \$120,000 and to outside exposed property it will be \$30,000 to \$50,000 more.

Foul Play.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 22.—Five days ago a woman's head was found near the beach at Sausalito, a suburb of the city. It was wrapped up in wire netting and twenty feet of copper wire was attached. The head bore several wounds, but it was supposed to be part of a dissecting-room subject: A day or two later a portion of a woman's body, badly decomposed, floated ashore near Oakland. Today the head was identified as that of Miss Addie Gilmour, a comely young milliner of Colusa, and circumstances that have since developed point to a crime highly sensational in character. The young woman owned a store at Colusa, but about three weeks ago she came here and went to work in a wholesale house. She lived in the Elmer house, a place of doubtful repute, but was to all appearances respectable herself. She was last seen alive September 4.

Northern Pacific Affairs.

NEW YORK, Sept. 22.—The Northern Pacific railroad directors have issued a circular to preferred and common stockholders stating the condition of the road under their management and appointing a committee to receive the proxies of stockholders for use at the annual meeting, October 19. The directors agree that the receivership is the best way of conserving the property during the present depression in business.



CHAPTER IX. Continued.

The little boat was ready to leave. A hasty farewell was said to the group of natives standing by, the boat was pushed from the shore, strong arms speedily rowed to the ship's side, the anchor was hauled in, the sails unfurled and the Sober Fritz was out at sea.

The living were gone. Now to care for the dead. That same young maiden had gone unbidden into the cabin where Louis' body was lying, and was now in an excited and nervous manner, pouring a liquid into the mouth and nostrils.

Others came in quietly and softly and looked in as if understanding the grave nature of the proceedings, and anxiously awaited the result.

The girl never took her eyes off the marble face before her. She expected the life to return, and she was not disappointed, for in a short time, Louis opened his eyes, gazed languidly about the room, and, as if exhausted by the effort, fell asleep and slept all the night through.

On awakening, he was told of the departure of the ship, with his companions on board, of his supposed death, the surprise he had been poisoned, and the result of the application of the antidote. He was told that Captain Bodfish pleaded for the body to be taken on board the ship and how painful it was for the physician to refuse.

All, everything, showing the devotion of his companions was told him, and he listened and wondered what it could mean. During the day strengthening drinks were administered to him, and on the morning he arose from his cot seemingly strong and fully recovered from his illness.

The mysteries that now overwhelmed the poor lad nearly drove him mad. He had been poisoned. By whom? He was told that when his life was thought extinct, the doctor's daughter had detected evidence of poison, and the changing hue upon his face had revealed the nature of the drug he had taken, and enabled the maiden to obtain the antidote that restored him to consciousness. The locket containing Mary's picture and a lock of her hair had been removed from about his neck. Who did that? Perhaps it was Captain Bodfish or Charles, who would restore the precious gifts to the affianced with the story of his death in a strange land and his burial by a strange people; or it might be the girl who had saved his life had removed it and hidden or destroyed it.

Could it be that this girl administered the poison when the ship hovered in sight, and with her knowledge of the drug, kept him as one dead until the ship had sailed and then applied the antidote that brought his life back to him? That could not be, because even while his companions were taking a last look of his face, the girl who made one of the group around his cot suddenly rushed from the room and fled like a deer to the mountains, nor did she return until the last boat had been pushed from shore.

On the mountain side she had gathered the life-restoring herb, had steeped it in boiling water, and not a moment too soon had poured the potion down his throat. Had she given the poison, would she not have the antidote ready at the exact time to apply it? No it could not be the girl who sought his life only to save it. Who was it?

CHAPTER X.

THE WILL A FORGERY.

The "Sober Fritz" was at once gotten under sail and by night fall was far out to sea. Capt. Bodfish could not conceal his feelings. The tears came freely without bidding. He felt that he had not only lost a good friend, but all the circumstances connected with his death were sad in the extreme. Could he even have brought the body on board the ship and given it a burial beneath the waves, he could have been the better reconciled to the fateful events which had occurred.

Charles gave vent to his feelings by loud expressions of sorrow. He had no tears to shed, though he often wished the tears would flow, but he had plenty of words of love and affection for his dear friend, and he never tired of speaking of his merits and extolling his good qualities.

At the first port made by the "Sober Fritz" an American ship was taking on coal, and the Americans found no trouble in engaging passage to Boston. The voyage was finished in three months, and Capt. Bodfish and Charles, having feelingly parted with their two companions, went to the nearest telegraph office where Capt. Bodfish notified the owners of the "Lucky Star" of her loss and of the captain's arrival in Boston and his need of funds.

On board the ship the captain and Charles had jointly prepared a true statement of the voyage made by Louis to India, of the "Lucky Star" sailing for home, of the ship wreck, and the events which preceded Louis' death. The letter was full of sorrow for the sorrow-stricken mother and heart-broken Mary, and being sealed and directed to Mrs. Patterson, was deposited in the postoffice by Captain Bodfish. A few minutes after he had gone out of the building Charles asked that the letter, minutely describing it, might be returned to him, he claiming to be the writer, and stating that he wished to enclose a draft, which, in the hurry of writing, he had overlooked.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

Obtaining the letter, he never recalled it. The same day, the money arriving, Charles was loaned a sufficient sum for his present purposes, which he promised to return in a few days, and the two bidding each other farewell, the captain went at once to New York and Charles boarded a train for his home in a New England city.

There seemed to be a deal of mystery about the young man, even though now mingling with the people among whom he had been brought up. He had frequent interviews with a woman dressed in black, and who never failed to have a heavy black veil drawn over her face. She may have been young or she may have been middle-aged. She may have been beautiful or ugly. Possibly Charles knew. No one else could, unless it were the woman herself. She came mysteriously, and went with the casual air of unfamiliarity with the outside world. No one except Charles seemed to care who she was, what she was, or whether she went.

Charles at once obtained a position where he could learn telegraphing and railway station business.

In his conversations with Louis on shipboard, Charles had heard his companion speak of his knowledge of telegraphy. What Louis knew, Charles never tired until he learned the same. In connection with his duties in the telegraph office he became a diligent student, and was soon quite as familiar with questions of politics as had Louis been.

For several weeks the woman in black was missed. Upon her return, she and Charles held many interviews, and, seemingly as if in somewhat connected with these meetings, Charles one day sent the following telegraph dispatch:

Halifax, June 1, 188—
Mrs. MATILDA PATTERSON: I have just landed home and will start at once for home. My reach you by Thursday. Was kind, post, taken to California; on the voyage home was shipwrecked, detail on an unknown land for nearly two years. Will tell you all when I see you. Love to Mary. Hope you are both well.
LOUIS PATTERSON.

When the messenger brought the dispatch, Mrs. Patterson was lying on her couch sick almost unto death. She was surrounded with loving friends who sought to prove their devotion by little acts of kindness, but neither kith nor kin were there to comfort her.

Yet Mary Nordrum had been to her Mother Patterson all that child could be. Their tears had mingled together; their hopes centered on the same object of affliction, and the heart of one knew no pain the other didn't experience, except the mysterious sorrow about Major Nordrum's will, which the sick woman, for some strange reason, refused to divulge.

Mary read the message first. The trials and sorrows she had experienced nerved her for any event, no matter what it might be. For a moment she was overcome by the glad news. Her thoughts went out to Mrs. Patterson, who she feared the effect of such joyful tidings upon Louis' mother. With head bowed upon the poor sick woman's breast, and with arms tenderly entwined around her neck, Mary told her adopted mother of the expected arrival of her son.

Mrs. Patterson listened unmoved, then turned her head toward the wall, as if she would be alone with her thoughts. An hour passed. Then, arising herself and beckoning Mary to come to her bedside, she simply said she prayed to live long enough to take her dear boy by the hand, place it in Mary's, bless her children, and commend her spirit to the God who gave it.

Was her prayer answered? Several days and nights passed, and the hour of Louis' expected arrival was near at hand. A kind neighbor had offered to bring him to his home.

During the day Mrs. Patterson appeared to sleep. Her eyes were closed and she breathed naturally. Suddenly she raised herself up in bed and looked eagerly about the room. She was not excited, but calm and self-composed. Lifting her hand and pointing her long, bony fingers toward the open window, through which the setting sun shone bright and clear she exclaimed, "A voice loud and distinct for one so near the grave."

"See there! Look yonder! What a beautiful light! How brilliant it is! How grand! Watch its golden rays spreading out on all sides and in every direction. Nearer and nearer it comes, wider and wider its pathway is extended, and brighter and brighter grows its glittering rays, and now it seems to cover the land with new life, new joys, new hopes, new expectations, and a brighter future."

On and on she went describing her wondrous vision speaking as one inspired. Suddenly she stopped and gazed upon the wondering group. The silence was then broken by the sound of rattling wheels of a carriage approaching the house. The expected one has come. The little group around the bedside retired, all save the weeping girl, who has clasped her hand in that of the dying woman, and the attending physician.

The door opens, a young man bounds noiselessly in, rushes to the bedside, kisses the pale cheek of the emaciated woman who lies there so quiet, so weak, so calm, then affectionately embraces the trembling girl, who stands motionless and white as a statue of the purest porcelain marble, and implants a kiss upon her lips, which salutation she feels and lovingly returns.

The sick woman gazed first upon the young man then upon the young girl, and, without moving a muscle or uttering a word, closed her eyes. The sobbing girl appealed to the dying woman to speak to her, and beseechingly implored her to "give your children—your Louis, your Mary—your blessing."

"Oh, my sainted mother, the angels ask this of you. Do not, oh! do not, I beg of you, do not withhold it!"

There was a motion of the lips, a pressure of the hand, an effort to speak, a smile it might be—perhaps it was, and Mary Nordrum believed the blessing she craved was mentally bestowed upon her and her lover.

The physician noticing the change coming over the sick woman's countenance, stepped to the door and bade the waiting attendants come in. Perceiving that she was making an effort as if to speak, one of the group leaned over the bed, and asked her if she wanted to say something about the

will, she smiled as if pleased that her desire was understood. Then, turning her face toward the window, through which the last rays of the setting sun were dimly flickering, speaking in a low voice, yet distinct and clear, as that with the silence that the presence of death invokes, to make her words audible and readily understood, she exclaimed, slowly, as though weighing the meaning of each word and syllable, "The will—is—a—for—ger—y—not—my—"

The eyes closed, the lips parted, not only to make room for a sweet smile, joined by a soft, mellow light that encircled the brow, lingering there a moment, then it fitted and fluttered as if it were the reflection of the soul struggling to be free, and life and light and sun disappeared together.

CHAPTER XI.

THE DECEPTION OF DECEIT.

When Charles Manning went out from the scene of death he realized that his first bold deception, extraordinary as it had been, was successful. He at once took possession of Mrs. Patterson's farm, and as there was none to deny his claim as the legal heir to the estate, he was secure in its occupancy. To enable him to maintain his deception, he had provided himself with every conceivable means. In the keeping of a shrewd, cunning man, he could ask for nothing more than he had at his command. He was in possession of a fund of information that would enable him to meet and repel any suspicion that Mary Nordrum or any of her neighbors might entertain as to his identity.

He started out with the knowledge that through deception he possessed Mary Nordrum's love—loves pure and guileless as innocence itself. While it was really love for another, it rested with him to be able to so personate that other throughout the twelve months custom had fixed should elapse between a death in the family and a marriage, as to never give cause for the shadow of a suspicion of the deception.

Charles Manning had made himself believe that he was not committing a crime in the desperate game he was playing. He did not even think it a game. He had imbued his conscience with such plausible arguments, in defense of his intentions that it became soared and callous as far as any susceptibility to a moral impression was concerned, and he had only to consult with that inward monitor to find a counselor that would second any scheme he might undertake.

His soliloquies were ingenious, and to his conscience were convincing. If Mary Nordrum believed he was her lover, if Heaven had fashioned two men as much alike that a maiden of ordinary intelligence, who had given her heart to one, after years of intimacy and devotion, should continue that love to the other, and after a long period of similar intimacy with that other, fail to detect a shadow of deception, he could not see wherein any wrong existed.

He had so perverted his conscience that it concealed from him the evil which was in his heart when Louis Patterson first told him the story of his love for Mary Nordrum; that it concealed from him the evil that was intensified and developed into an unpardonable crime when he gave the draught to his companion with the intention of preventing him from enjoying Mary Nordrum's love; that it concealed from him the infamy which made up the diabolical scheme he had planned to secure the love of one that believed that she was his another.

Charles Manning may not conscientiously believe if Mary Nordrum never learned of the deception practiced upon her there was any wrong done. That nothing of conscience either takes to curious or startling terms, at times, or else some other force works it out of shape.

Charles Manning had made himself believe that his conscience approved of every scheme he devised to cheat and deceive Mary Nordrum. Yet there must have been times in his career when his conscience, notwithstanding the surroundings, told him that he was a criminal of the deepest dye.

He spent the most of his time in the company of Mary Nordrum. The two farms were managed by hired help, which gave the owners plenty of time for reading together, strolling in the woods and fields, rowing in the lake and lovelike.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Model Savings Bank.

The greatest savings bank in this country is the Provident Institution of Boston. It was started in 1816, and has run until this time with, to use the words of its President, Henry Lee, "not the loss of a dollar by dishonesty." "There is a tradition," said Mr. Lee, "that the bank was founded partly at the urgent request of good Bishop afterward Cardinal, Cheverus, that his people, as he called them, might have a place of deposit, so as not to spend or lose their little savings."

A few years later, at the Bishop's suggestion, the plan of partial withholding of the bank's earnings and the declaration of surplus dividends every five years was adopted. This was to induce the same people to keep as well as to deposit their savings in the bank." The institution now has over 80,000 depositors and over \$3,000,000 in deposits. The largest deposit it which the management is allowed to accept is \$1,000. The bank in the early period paid 5 per cent interest, but the rate is now 4 per cent. The surplus dividends every five years are no longer paid, as the law of the State now requires the setting aside of a reserve fund.— Globe-Democrat.

Just the Other Way.

There was a fight between two Irishmen in Washington a week or two ago, and the Post reports a conversation overheard not long afterward:

"You had a fight with Murphy, I hear, Dan."
"I had that."
"And he gave you a black eye."
"That's a lie. That black eye was on the other foot."

TWIFLES light as hair spoil our appetite for butter.