

AROUND THE EARTH

OCCURRENCES THEREIN FOR A WEEK.

A HOUSE OF CARDS

SO-CALLED FILIPINO REPUBLIC IS CRUMBLING.

Aguinaldo's Principal Adviser and Brains of the Republic, Buencamino, a Prisoner in Manila—Small Fry Hasten to Town.

Manila: The news which the steamship Brutus brings from Dagupan dispels all doubt that the so-called Filipino republic is crumbling like a house of cards. Aguinaldo is deserted or being abandoned by the politicians and the army, which a fortnight ago was entrenched at Tarlac and exercised a de facto government of the people of Luzon, and is a fugitive in the mountains with small hope of re-establishing the machine. The army is scattered in the hills on both sides of the railroad and widely separated detachments are within the cordon which Gens. Lawton and Wheaton have cemented.

The ruling spirit of the cabinet is a prisoner in Manila—a white elephant on the hands of the authorities—and the small fry are tumbling over one another to get to Manila. Three provincial governors have arrived in Manila to request Gen. Otis to install them in their old offices under the regime. Dr. Luna, a brother of Gen. Luna and a prominent insurrectionist, has arrived here and his friends and many others are applying to Gen. Otis for permission to enjoy the luxuries of Manila after months of separation.

Buencamino, the brains of the Filipino insurgents, is locked up here in charge of Brig. Gen. Edward B. Williston, provost marshal. When taken before Gen. Otis the prisoner said he desired, and had for a long time used his influence for peace. Aguinaldo, he added, was retreating northward with 2,000 men and two cannon. Buencamino is the chief author of the Filipino constitution and most of the state documents.

ALL COUNSEL MODERATION.

Speeches at Meeting in Havana Are Not Sensational.

Havana: Some 5,000 people attended the meeting of the delegates of the Cuban League and National Party Nov. 26. It was expected the questions of the civil government and the appointment of the new bishop of Havana would be discussed. As it turned out, these matters were only lightly touched upon.

The speakers, while advocating independence, counseled moderation and the exercise of calm judgment. They believed that the best interests of the island would be subserved by the appointment of Cubans in instituting a civil government.

From every part of the island communications are received by the local papers protesting against a civil governor general. Almost without exception every paper published in Spanish has objected. The majority condemn the project utterly. The minority think that any change to be made should be by way of reducing the number of American troops in the island. In any event, in the judgment of the minority subject to any local military commanders.

The veterans who constitute the body from which trouble would be most likely to arise are very pronounced against civil government in any form. The various centers are making their objections and pass resolutions which call upon the United States congress to grant absolute independence to Cuba.

A 14-YEAR-OLD HERO.

Boy Saves Vandalia Passenger Train from Being Wrecked.

Brazil, Ind: The presence of mind of a 14-year-old Frank Williams prevented a disastrous wreck on the Vandalia railroad bridge.

Williams was coming from Knightville to this city, when he noticed a broken rail. Hearing the passenger train whistle for the Knightville station, he ran up the track and when he sighted the train stood between the rails and waved his hat.

The engineer, seeing the boy, stopped his train only a few feet from the broken rail. The engineer stated he was running fifty miles an hour when he saw the boy, and had his engine struck the broken rail a fearful wreck would have resulted.

THREATEN TO KILL BRADLEY

Kentucky Governor Receives a Threatening Letter.

Louisville, Ky.: The Commercial says: Gov. Bradley on Nov. 27 received a letter threatening him with assassination. The letter, which was addressed, simply, "William O. Bradley, City," was mailed at Frankfort. It reads:

"Gov. William O. Bradley: Your resignation is requested immediately. If not, we will murder you."

Below this was drawn a rude representation of a skull and crossbones and underneath that the three cross marks. The handwriting was evidently disguised. There was not a misspelled word in the letter. The letter is believed to be the work of a crank.

To Send 10,000 Troops.

Odesa: It is reported that 10,000 troops will soon leave to re-enforce Russian garrisons in the far east.

Coal Shortage at Duluth.

St. Paul: The coal shortage at Duluth is so stringent that it is likely that the novel sight will be witnessed this winter of coal hauled to this port early by the rail route. There is a shortage at the head of the lakes of 250,000 tons of soft coal.

American Railway in China.

Shanghai: Advice from Tien-Tsin say the negotiations of the American syndicate regarding the Hankow-Canton railway have been brought to a successful conclusion.

LOOKING FOR LEGATEES.

Heirs to \$50,000 Wanted by Public Administrator at Butte.

Butte, Mont: Public Administrator J. H. Collins is looking for heirs to the \$50,000 estate of the late James C. Singer, a formerly well known old-timer in Butte, who died suddenly in San Francisco, in 1898. Before leaving Butte, Singer purchased government bonds and \$50,000 worth of them were found in his trunk in San Francisco.

An administrator was appointed for the estate in that city and the public administrator in Butte took charge of the portion of the estate remaining in Montana. He says he is satisfied that Singer's legal residence at the time of his death was Montana and that the money in San Francisco should be turned over to the estate in Montana.

Singer left a will, in which Mrs. Marion Bennie and Alice Jenkins are named as the legatees, but Mr. Collins says he has been unable to locate them or get any trace of them.

TASCOTT CAUGHT ONCE MORE

Vancouver Officer Thinks He Has the Famous Murderer.

Vancouver, B. C.: Chief of Police Stewart thinks that he has captured George Tascott, murderer of Millionaire Snell of Chicago, a crime committed nearly ten years ago. Tascott, or Graham, as he calls himself, was arrested here and was sentenced to three months for vagrancy. His appearance tallies with descriptions furnished by the Chicago police at the time of the famous murder. He spent this summer in Dawson, where he was ill in the hospital of fever. Tascott is now 28 years of age, having been but a little over 18 when he committed the shooting of one of the best known citizens of Chicago at that time.

DEWEY HEARS FROM FRIENDS

Receives Telegrams of Sympathy From All Over the Country.

Washington: Lieut. Crawford gave out the following statement Nov. 23 in behalf of the admiral:

Admiral Dewey has received many hundreds of letters and telegrams from persons in all walks of life and in every section of the country, from Maine to Texas, assuring him that he is not without defenders and expressing their sincere sympathy with him in connection with the recent attack upon him. These letters and telegrams are far too numerous to give personal acknowledgment, but the admiral is very grateful to the senders and desires to assure them of his hearty appreciation of their consideration for him.

ARKANSAS MINERS ENJOINED

Strikers Prohibited from Assembling in Riotous Crowds.

Fort Smith, Ark.: Federal Judge Rogers on the 23d inst. issued another injunction against the striking miners of this district, particularly aimed at the miners at the Jenny Lind, where big meetings and demonstrations have been taking place. The injunction restrains the officers of the United Mine Workers' Association and miners from gathering at Uniontown, near Jenny Lind, or near the properties of the Western Coal and Mining Company in riotous and disorderly crowds, and prohibits them from carrying firearms.

College for Orphan Girls.

Philadelphia: A college for girls that will rival Girard college in beneficence and scope is to be established here by William L. Wilkins, the traction magnate of this city. The idea of a girls' college is said to be an old one with Wilkins, and his friends assert he has been considering the main features of such a project for several years. It is pointed out that girl orphans have no such advantages as are enjoyed by boys under the Girard will, and it is a chance to supply this badly needed institution that Wilkins has embraced.

Sues H. Clay Evans for Damages

Chattanooga, Tenn: Thomas Giffe, a prominent lawyer of this place, has filed a suit for \$25,000 damages against Commissioner of Damages H. Clay Evans. Giffe was one of the pension attorneys whom Evans disbarred for alleged crookedness. Giffe alleges that his disbarment was a personal matter. Commissioner Evans denies this statement and says he was acting officially.

MARKET QUOTATIONS.

Chicago—Cattle, common to prime, \$3.00 to \$7.00; hogs, shipping grades, \$3.00 to \$4.25; sheep, fair to choice, \$3.00 to \$4.50; wheat, No. 2 red, 60c to 62c; corn, No. 2, 32c to 34c; oats, No. 2, 23c to 24c; rye, No. 2, 54c to 56c; butter, choice creamery, 24c to 26c; eggs, fresh, 17c to 19c; potatoes, choice, 35c to 45c per bushel.

Indianapolis—Cattle, shipping, \$3.00 to \$6.75; hogs, choice light, \$2.75 to \$4.25; sheep, common to prime, \$2.25 to \$4.25; wheat, No. 2 red, 65c to 67c; corn, No. 2 white, 32c to 33c; oats, No. 2 white, 25c to 27c.

St. Louis—Cattle, \$3.25 to \$6.75; hogs, \$3.00 to \$4.25; sheep, \$3.00 to \$4.50; wheat, No. 2, 71c to 72c; corn, No. 2 yellow, 31c to 33c; oats, No. 2, 23c to 25c; rye, No. 2, 52c to 54c.

Cincinnati—Cattle, \$2.50 to \$6.50; hogs, \$3.00 to \$4.25; sheep, \$2.50 to \$4.00; wheat, No. 2, 70c to 72c; corn, No. 2 mixed, 32c to 33c; oats, No. 2 mixed, 25c to 27c; rye, No. 2, 53c to 61c.

Detroit—Cattle, \$2.50 to \$6.75; hogs, \$3.00 to \$4.00; sheep, \$2.50 to \$4.00; wheat, No. 2, 69c to 70c; corn, No. 2 yellow, 34c to 35c; oats, No. 2 white, 27c to 28c; rye, 58c to 60c.

Toledo—Wheat, No. 2 mixed, 68c to 70c; corn, No. 2 mixed, 33c to 34c; oats, No. 2 mixed, 23c to 24c; rye, No. 2, 55c to 57c; clover seed, \$4.65 to \$4.75.

Mitsaukee—Wheat, No. 2 northern, 65c to 67c; corn, No. 3, 32c to 34c; oats, No. 2 white, 25c to 27c; rye, No. 1, 55c to 57c; barley, No. 2, 44c to 46c; pork, mess, \$7.75 to \$8.25.

Buffalo—Cattle, good shipping steers, \$3.00 to \$6.75; hogs, common to choice, \$3.25 to \$4.50; sheep, fair to choice wethers, \$3.00 to \$4.25; lambs, common to extra, \$4.50 to \$5.25.

New York—Cattle, \$3.25 to \$6.50; hogs, \$3.00 to \$4.75; sheep, \$3.00 to \$4.50; wheat, No. 2 red, 73c to 75c; corn, No. 2, 41c to 33c; oats, No. 2 white, 31c to 32c; butter, creamery, 22c to 27c; eggs, western, 15c to 21c.

HOBART PASSES AWAY

VICE PRESIDENT SUCCEDES TO LINGERING ILLNESS.

End Comes with His Family Present at the Home in Paterson—Deep Sorrow Expressed at Washington for the Nation's Loss—His Career.

Garrett A. Hobart, Vice-President of the United States, died at his home in Paterson, N. J., shortly after 8 o'clock Tuesday morning. Dr. William K. Newton, who has remained at his bedside almost constantly since his condition became serious two weeks ago, ascribes the immediate cause of death to heart failure.

Mr. Hobart's condition began to change for the worse late Monday afternoon. He became suddenly weaker and his heretofore wonderful vitality seemed to be deserting him. Shortly before midnight he spoke to Mrs. Hobart, who was kneeling by his bedside. What his words were are not disclosed, but after they



GARRETT A. HOBART.

were spoken the Vice-President became unconscious. He remained in a comatose condition during the balance of the night. At his bedside when he passed away were Mrs. Hobart, Garrett A. Hobart, Jr., Dr. Newton and his wife and Miss Alice Wardell, the nurse. As soon as the Vice-President expired a message announcing his death was sent to President McKinley at the White House. Another message was dispatched to Gov. Voorhees of New Jersey.

CAREER OF GARRETT A. HOBART.

From a Country School Teacher to Vice President.

Garrett Augustus Hobart was born at Long Branch, N. J., June 3, 1844. He received his education at Rutgers College and graduated when he was 20 years old. He began his career as a schoolmaster. Later on he took up the study of law and was admitted to the bar in 1869. In 1871 he became city counsel of Paterson, and in 1872 counsel of the freeholders of Passaic County. He represented the Third district of Passaic County in the State Assembly in 1872. Mr. Hobart soon became one of the leading Republicans of his section. He was married July 21, 1869 to Jennie Tuttle, daughter of ex-Mayor Socrates Tuttle of Paterson. He was re-elected to the Assembly in 1873, and at once took the highest rank and was chosen Speaker of that body. In 1876 Mr. Hobart was elected to the State Senate, and in 1881 was elected president of the Senate, and was re-elected the following year.

During his terms in the Senate he became a member of some of the most important committees. From 1880 to 1891 he was chairman of the State Republican committee of New Jersey, and under his leadership the party conducted some brilliant campaigns. He was nominated in 1884 for United States Senator, but the Legislature being Democratic, he was defeated by John R. MacPherson. He was a delegate at large to the Republican national convention in 1876 and again in 1880. He became a member of the national Republican committee in 1884, and served until 1896, when he was nominated for Vice-President and elected.

Since his election to the vice-presidency Mr. Hobart had played an important part in political affairs. Between the President and Mr. Hobart there have existed the most cordial relations, and the visits between the two have been of the most informal and neighborly character. Mr. Hobart was a first-class business man and was connected with numerous big concerns. Mr. Hobart was a very fascinating man, with a pleasant face. He always had his pocketbook open in behalf of charity. When he located in Paterson his entire capital amounted to only \$1.50. He worked hard and his efforts were rewarded by a remarkable success.

Garrett A. Hobart was well beloved in Paterson. He is said to have been a good neighbor and an honest business man. During his illness the city seemed to neglect regular duties to hear the news from the bedside, and on all sides were heard prayers for the sick man. Mr. Hobart in health was a genial, courteous gentleman and was most approachable. After his election to the vice-presidency he remained the same to his old friends and associates.

Mrs. Hobart has been invaluable to Mrs. McKinley, relieving her of many of her trying social duties. Mr. Hobart has been equally valuable to McKinley. He was a man of great tact, and his diplomacy has been made use of by the President in several trying situations.

Telegraphic Brevities.

Statue of Oliver Cromwell was unveiled in London by workmen.

In the river, New York. Was a passenger on the wrecked ferryboat Chicago.

James Meabon, 22, Titusville, Pa., dragged his gun over a log. He is dead.

Mrs. Harriet A. Fox, mother of Della Fox, the singer, is dead at her home in St. Louis.

Mrs. Jane H. Sennatt, aged 65 years, and Mrs. Elizabeth Sarsfield, aged 75, were suffocated by escaping gas at Roxbury, Mass.

Ex-Country Treasurer John C. Lemmerts of Lockport, N. Y., whose official accounts showed a heavy deficit, was convicted of grand larceny.

Thomas Wright was hanged at Stephenville, Texas, for the murder of John Adams, whom he believed had caused him to be sent to the penitentiary.



CHAPTER XXI.

"John D. Lloyd!"
The words fell from the lips of not only the judge on the bench, but from those of every lawyer within the bar.
"John D. Lloyd!" echoed the voices of many in the court room.
"Mr. Sheriff," said the judge, "place a chair beside me and assist my old friend Lloyd to a position here, if the Lord has mercifully spared his life."
Sheriff Cobb looked very gloomy, but he obeyed the order of the court with alacrity.

"Yes, judge and friends," said Mr. Lloyd, as the sheriff, after shaking hands with him, assisted him to the judicial bench, "the sea has given up its dead—the asylum its mental wreck. John D. Lloyd is with you once again. Nor has he yet greeted his own family. He is in the hands of the great detective."
"I can well believe you, old friend," said the judge as he grasped his wasted hand. "But if you have not visited your family, we must not long delay you."
"Mr. Sellars has made me acquainted with the contents of the will," said Mr. Lloyd. "If such is the case, and my name and that of my lost friend Elliott appear as witnesses to the same, there has been a forgery committed."

A groan burst from the breast of Herman Craven. He sat the picture of abject terror—a living, breathing wretch.
Miss DeRosette sat with pale face, clinging to the arms of her companions.
"Your names signed to the will constitute the forgery?" asked the judge.
"No, your honor, the signatures, I presume, are valid; but in the body of the will Herman Craven was left but the sum of five thousand dollars. I am told that the will now shows that fifty-five thousand dollars was the banker's bequest to his nephew. There was no admittance named in the will. A space was left vacant with the name of my trip to Europe if I returned safely from my trip to Mr. DeRosette's solicitation I had consented to act, should I survive him. Neither was there a guardian named; but the understanding there was the same. He desired me to constitute that guardian and my name would have appeared there but for my trip abroad."

"Miserable wretch, what have you to say?" asked the judge, turning his gaze on the features of Stephen Craven.
"What can I say, judge?" was the sneering reply. "Except that Sellars has got me dead to rights. I knifed the banker, and my delectable son there—the Craven coward—forged the will. That is all there is about it. A Craven need not die a coward! Die game! Be a game sport to the last; that's my motto, and it's all I have to say."
"Are there any here who recognize this man as Stephen Craven, the man who married Alvin DeRosette's sister?" asked the judge.

"I do, your honor," said Attorney Dobbs. "I never saw him but once. The marriage was an elopement. Miss DeRosette was a school girl, and this villain eloped with her from Hillsborough, where she was attending school. At Alvin DeRosette's request I visited Richmond, to which place Stephen Craven at first conveyed his bride, and there begged his wife to abandon him and return to her brother with me. She would not do so, however, and Stephen Craven, entering the house and surmising my object, ordered me out. I cannot be mistaken in the man."

"No, you are right, old duffer!" cried Stephen, with another sneer.
"This man is a 'monster!' exclaimed the judge, shuddering.
"No, no! You are wrong, judge, wrong. I am nothing if not a dead game sport. Life is a farce—a field in which we each play our part. Then make our exit to be seen no more. There is no hereafter. This is the end of life; that is all, and I will die as I have lived—a dead-game sport! Yes, without a fear for the present or the future; but look at that livid, woe-begone picture! That is my son. Ain't he a beauty? He denies his own father, now that a day of peril is at hand. He put up this job. He forged the banker's will and was too cowardly to remove his uncle from his path. I willingly aided him. Look at him! The bell-ringer of Wilmington. His hand from the stairway pulled the wire that drew Robert Campbell to the door, leaving the coast clear for me. I thrust the blade of the sheath knife home, secured the bag of coin and ran upstairs and secreted myself. During the commotion below I secreted the gold where Sellars found it not an hour ago. Herman had provided me with a key to the attic, and I remained there three days and nights. When I took my departure I left the coin behind, beneath the hearth in Miss DeRosette's room. You have everything dead to rights now. What are you waiting for? Why don't you get a move on yourself? Let Campbell get out of that box and put my sneaking son and myself in it! Do something!"

"This man must be an incarnate fiend!" exclaimed the judge.
"I'm a beauty, I am!" ejaculated the assassin. "But I'm not a coward!"
"Gentlemen of the jury," said the judge, turning to the twelve men in the jury box, "the court instructs you to render a verdict of 'not guilty' in the case of the State against Robert Campbell, and no one can more regret than does the court the unfortunate position in which an innocent man has been placed, but through the efforts of Mr. Sellars an honorable name has been vindicated and the murderer of our old friend and his accomplice are before you."
"What say you, gentlemen of the jury—guilty or not guilty?" asked the clerk.
"Not guilty!" responded the foreman, in a loud voice.

A cheer went up that resounded through the building.
"Order! Order in court!" cried the sheriff.
"Robert Campbell, you are discharged from custody," said the judge.

The young man arose to his feet, and with a happy smile on his countenance passed within the bar, where his first act was to grasp the hand of the great detective. "My preserver!" he cried. "May God bless you, Lang Sellars!"
"And he will," were the words that fell from the lips of the Widow Campbell.
Hattie DeRosette had arisen to her feet as Robert approached. Her face was marbled-like in its whiteness, and she had sat throughout the proceedings as one in a trance.
The effort had been too much for her, and with the word "Robert!" she fell forward, to be clasped in the arms of the man she loved.

Another cheer went up from the lips of the vast throng in the court room.
"Order in court!" cried the sheriff.
"Conduct your prisoners to the box, Mr. Sellars," said the judge, "that they may be arraigned for a trial that will speedily follow. I judge its duration will not be long."
"First," said Sellars, "I will shackle this scheming villain," and with a pair of steel bracelets in one hand he reached towards Herman Craven.
A shriek burst from the white lips of the bank president, and the loud report of a revolver followed it.
Herman had held the weapon concealed in his hand, and it had been instantly directed at the detective, but as unexpected as it had been, Sellars had reached the arm of the assassin in time to divert the messenger of death from himself, and it found lodgment in the bosom of Stephen Craven, who for a moment stood motionless, then tottered and fell forward to the floor.

Sellars had secured Herman's weapon, and ere the father had been raised to a chair had him securely shackled.
The ladies present screamed in terror, and the court room was in commotion.
"Order in court!" cried the sheriff, who was bending over the form of Stephen Craven.
The detective literally carried the manacled form of Herman to the prisoner's box, where he placed him, shrieking, on a seat.

"I'm done for!" presently gasped his father. "Murdered by my own son! The cur! It was your life he aimed at Sellars. Well, better so. There will be but one victim at the hanging here. I—I might have escaped and carried him with me, coward though he be. Better so! Better so! It was a fatal shot, boy. I—I have nothing to regret—no favors to ask. No, nothing. I die as I lived—a dead game sport!" And with his head on the sheriff's arm, the soul of Stephen Craven passed before its maker.

"Court is adjourned for the day," announced the judge, and a half hour later the court room was untenanted.
The body of Stephen Craven had been conveyed to the morgue.
Herman Craven, the president of 'The Cape Fear Bank,' occupied a felon's cell in the county jail.
John D. Lloyd had been accompanied by Judge Fowler to his residence, where there was joy over the return of one who had long been mourned as dead.

Sellars was captured by the mother and sister of Robert Campbell, and accompanied them home. Leaning on Robert's arm with the same party was also the young heiress, whose form still trembled with emotion.
"I always distrusted Herman Craven," said Hattie, when the party were seated in the Campbell home, and Aunt Caroline had placed before them an urn of tea, of which the good soul thought the ladies stood sadly in need, "but I little dreamed of the villainy in his nature. In receiving him into our home my dear father received—"

"A viper!" exclaimed Sellars. "But under the tutelage of Stephen Craven he could not have been less."
"Oh, dear Robert, how you must have suffered," said Hattie.
"I was never alarmed as to the outcome, my love, from the time that our noble friend Sellars assured me that should not stand upon the gallows trap. You could pay me no higher compliment than that conveyed by those words," said the detective, grasping the young man's hand.

At this time Arthur Dobbs and his father joined the party. "All honor to the man who has vindicated a noble name; unraveled a double mystery, and brought to justice a father and son, who for cold-blooded villainy have never been equaled in America!" exclaimed the senior man, as he approached Sellars.
"There was one quality a man could respect in the father, notwithstanding his villainy," said Sellars. "Bravery. He was not a coward! In the character of Herman there is not one redeeming trait."
"Not one!" exclaimed the banker's daughter. "If he had never entered our home, dear father would not be in his grave to-day."

Before the residence of Sellars two negroes were seated on the grass, and they were happy Africans, to judge by appearances.
"I see you feel mighty proud now, Adam, at night you jes' 'bout make dat gal Cindy tink you de debbel hiself."
"G'long, Caliban! How I gwine win dat gal, if she tink I's de debbel? I is suah 'nuff gwine blow my horn mighty hard. I's gwine tell her 'bout my trip up to Baltimore, on de 'railroad wid Mrs. Lang, an' how I says in dat s'press office 'Dat's de man, Mars Lang.'"
"G'long, nigger! You didn't do nothing."
"What you do? Now tell me dat!"
"Adam, you's a fool! Didden I keep dese yere two eyes on Herman Craven night and day? Yes, even when he was in de bed. What is he now?"
"Dat's de man, Caliban. You's had more experience dan I is."
"Now yo' talkin'! Say, Adam, I see yo' misses will buy dat gal Cindy for you now, an' you ken mek her yo' lawful wife."
"Golly, Caliban! Does you reckon so?"

"Suah I does."
"Well, I gwine hint 'roun' 'bout it mighty, directly she get ober dis frustration. I see da hang Mars Herman now."

"Fer suah da hang him!"
"Da carn hang he daddy!"
"G'long home an' tell Hannah and Millie. I see Unc Duke at de court house. You's a fool! What da gwine hang a dead man fer?"

With what he intended as a withering look, Caliban left his sable companion and entered the house.
At 2:45 p. m. on the ninth day of November, a terrible scene was enacted within the county jail at Wilmington.

Twenty persons—the number allowed by law—were gathered before a greswome structure that occupied a position at the east end of the room of execution. The greswome object was the gallows, and when Sheriff Cobb approached from an iron door that separated the room from the lower tier of cells, followed by Jailer Filyan and an assistant, who between them were fairly dragging along a white-robed, shrieking figure, a pallor overspread the faces of those assembled.

Two clergymen followed the main actors in this fearful drama. The frantic, shrouded form was bodily raised and carried upon the platform. More, he was placed in a standing posture on the very center of the trap.
"If you have words to speak, speak them now," said Sheriff Cobb.

"Mercy! Mercy!" screamed the abject, horror-stricken wretch. "You all know I did not strike the blow!"
The condemned man's hands were shackled together behind him with a leather strap while he was speaking, and his lower limbs were securely bound together with another.

One of the clergymen stepped to the side of the trap and uttered a short, fervent prayer, closing the same with the words: "May God have mercy on your soul!"
A wild wail broke from the lips of Herman Craven as a knotted noose was passed over his head. Another! Still another! But the last, half muffled, came from beneath the black cap that now concealed his livid features.

Jailer Filyan was supporting the criminal on one side, his assistant on the other.
The clergymen had stepped back from the prisoner's side and the sheriff had disappeared within a small enclosure to the left of the trap, and through which passed the rope that held the trap in place.

"Mercy! My God, mercy! I will not die! I—"
The clock on the market tower sounded the first stroke of the hour of three.
The blow of an ax resounded from the box that concealed the sheriff.

The trap fell. The shrouded figure followed it, leaving the jailer and his assistant with their arms extended over a vacant space.
The taut rope creaked. The body spun round and round. A movement or two of the limbs, and then—a pendant figure, hanging lifeless.

The murder of Alvin DeRosette had been avenged.
John D. Lloyd was appointed by the court as administrator of the late banker's estate and guardian of his daughter; but the term of his guardianship was short, for on the twentieth of the following June the fair heiress became the bride of Robert Campbell, and the same day saw sweet Jennie Campbell the wife of Arthur Dobbs, the young attorney.

The two weddings occurred at midday in the DeRosette residence, and a large number of friends were there present; but the one whose good wishes to both brides and grooms brought the most fervent pleasure, it is safe to say, was a certain detective, and tears filled the eyes of the two happy brides when they bade him good-bye to start on their wedding trip.

"May your trip through life be as happy as the one before you promises to be," said Sellars, "and may there be no thorns by the roadside."
"That all here are happy to-night," said Attorney Dobbs, "is owing to the vigilance of one man, and that man Lang Sellars, the great Southern detective, who fulfilled his pledge. Robert Campbell did not stand on the gallows trap."

Sellars passed a hand before his eyes to hide the tears that had gathered as he turned away. And he thought what might have been had he not traced down the man with three names.

(The end.)

Can Make Diamonds by Dynamite.

"Diamonds Made by Dynamite" would be a queer sign on a jeweler's window, but queer things are bound to happen in an age of electric furnaces, one the one hand and liquefied hydrogen on the other.

After close study of the South African diamond fields scientists formed the theory that diamonds were made in nature's laboratory from carbon liquefied by enormous heat and pressure, and dissolved in iron, from which they crystallized out in cooling. By calculation it was found that his would require a temperature of about 4,000 degrees centigrade (7,232 degrees Fahrenheit), and a pressure of 15 tons to the square inch. Moissan, of Paris, and other experimenters have produced crystals by imitating this process as closely as possible, but they were too small and imperfect to have any value as jewels. Some other process must be discovered whereby carbon and iron can be subjected to an enormous heat and pressure before we can hope to produce diamonds on a commercial scale.

In this condition Professor Crookes has suggested to the Royal Institution that "in their researches on the gases from fired gunpowder and cordite Sir Frederick Able and Sir Andrew Noble obtained in closed steel cylinders pressure as great as 95 tons to the square inch, and temperature as high as 4,000 degrees centigrade." Here, then, if the observations are correct, we have sufficient temperature and enough high pressure to liquefy carbon, and if the temperature could only be allowed to act a sufficient time on the carbon there is little doubt that the artificial formation of diamonds would soon pass from the microscopic stage to a scale more likely to satisfy the requirements of science, industry and personal decoration.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Mournful spectacles are seldom arranged in tiers.