And only worth what love remembers. If we should meet-two quiet folk-And change opinions of the weather, Could word or look again provoke

The heart and eyes to speak together-

The heart benumbed with so much ache, The eyes bedimmed with so much crying?
Do buds long blighted ever break,
And green the vine already dying?

What hand of skill shall draw the line 'Twixt sordid love and holy passion' What art shall fix the unfaili And bring its reading into fashion

Forever on its incompleteness?

What is the meaning of it all, The chastened woe, the vanished sweet ness, If dark Oblivion's night shall fall

When you are dead, and I am dead, Our faces lost, our names unspoken, Shall then the mystery be read? Can Heaven bind what Earth has

In clearer light and fairer day, With finer sense the impulse proving Unfettered of this hindering clay, Oh, what must be the joy of loving.

## ISABEL

From Shop to Mansion.

CHAPTER L

in the proud face of "that shop-girl,"

She was used to servility and fawning, and

well every thing became her, and, conse-

quently, was not pleased with this quiet at-

"Dear me, what an awkward bow you

twitched the strings of the bonnet spite-

fully, as she took it off for the alteration.

in a quiver.

even with Jennie.

pression to supply the whole shop.

ing on those trying customers."

having secured her needle, stooped and

was a strict disciplinarian and indulged in

never extended to the work room.

it, for she had her bread to earn.

She was no tender-eyed heroine who could

a tower of strength to the long-suffering

wife. No, indeed! she felt only too clearly

that, harassed, goaded and over-worked as

she had been, she would only prove another

element of discord there, and she longed,

with fierce intensity, for some refuge which

"Miss Grant, if you can not look more pleasant you had better retire to the work

room and let Miss Dewey take your place,'

said Mme. Arnot, coldly, as Mrs. Mon-

manding immediate attention, else Isabel

would take her from it.

of attracting them.'

was all smiles in a moment.

beamed with good nature and pleasant emo-

It was indeed a gem, as bonnets go, and was further adorned by the pure, gentle The Romantic Story of a Dress face which it framed. Maker's Rise in Life.

full-length mirror.

"Mrs. General Lansing ordered one just like it for her daughter; you know they spent their honeymoon in Europe, and the bride was exceedingly particular," said Mme. Arnot; she was all smiles, as these BY MRS. F. M. HOWARD. customers were looking at her best goods, and Isabel was redeeming herself in her eyes, as she waited on the young bride-to-be with pleased interest.

"How do you like it, Uncle Harvey?" and the young lady whirled gracefully on one F that bow was a toe, interrupting the gentleman in a brown little more to the

right - a half inch, "Me? Oh, I really am not a judge of milsay -I think I should linery," he replied, rather absently. "Belike it better." The sides, the absurdity of asking me for an speaker was a tall, opinion when Ralph is here." imperious - looking

would only too galdly have followed Mme.

Arnot's advice, and retreated to the work

room. Upon so small a thread our destinies

sometimes hang, but one of them, a bright

young lady, who was evidently about to be-

Two gentlemen came in with them, a tall.

middle-aged man, whom the younger lady ad-

dressed as "Uncle Harvey," and a younger

gentleman, evidently the bridegroom-elect.

It was a pleasant task to wait upon this

gentle girl after the rasping experiences of

the day, and while Mme. Arnot smiled

lavishly on the elder ladies of the party Isa-

bel brought out the daintiest and most ex-

quisite models of the millinery art for the

inspection of the younger lady, who received

her attendance with a sweetness and grace

which soothed and comforted her in spite

The elder of the gentlemen had thrown

Isabel was not a handsome girl. She

realized this painfully when placed in con-

trast with those more favored, but there

was in her face an interesting expression

which attracted more attention than she

knew; her eyes, which were large and full,

were really fine when lighted up with feel-

ing, or brilliantly electric when in passion;

her hair, if allowed to curl, would shape itself

into long, glossy ringlets which well became

the haughty poise of her head; but aside from these redeeming features Isabel was

undeniably plain; yet few gave her a pass-

ing glance, and surely this elderly stranger

was not doing so, for he fixed his eyes upon

her and watched her every movement with

"Isn't that hat perfectly lovely on Lilly?"

said one of the ladies. "I never saw any thing more perfectly in her style."

himself upon a little sofa, and was watch-

ing proceedings with silent attention.

of herself.

intense interest.

come a bride, claimed her attendance.

"She knows only too well what my opin woman, and the girl ion is," said the younger man, gallantly. More badinage was gayly tossed back and had just tied the forth, and more hats were brought out and rich strings of an tried on, and amidst the merriment Isabel elegant bonnet for had forgotten her troubles; even her aunt's her inspection in the unhappy letter had faded from her mind, was smiling cheerfully with the rest, and for the moment forgot that she am; I can alter it for was only a shop-girl, so soothing was Lilly you in one moment." The girl's tone was Stanford's gentle manners and pretty fully as haughty and cold as madam's own, and there was not a symptom of cringing Finally the purchases were made, and the

party were ready to go.
"Why, aren't you going with us, Uncle Mrs. Monteith mentally designated her. Harvey?" said Lilly, as the elderly gentleman remained on the sofa, hat in hand.

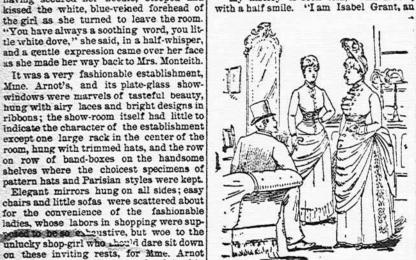
of being flattered and told how exceedingly "If you'll excuse me, I believe I'L do no more shopping to-day. You see you have given me no opportunity to select a hat for myself," he added, laughingly, "and I can easily walk home when I find one to suit have tied!" and Mrs. Monteith petulantly

"Quite likely he is going to look up a Isabel Grant looked at her half defiantly, suitable present for Lilly," said one of the elder ladies, nodding her head sagaciously, then took the bonnet in her hand, with a strong effort at repression, and biting her 'since he can not stay for the wedding." lip until it bled to keep back the words Meantime Mr. Harvey Falconer had which longed to break out in a torrent and stepped up to Isabel, as she was arranging overwhelm this aristocratic lady in her viothe depris of the last invasion of band-

boxes, and, as the carriage drove away, he She had been in a stormy humor all day, said, gravely: "Pardon me, miss, for such and from the first customer in the morning. an apparently unpardonable liberty, but \$ the fat woman who tried on every hat on would like very much to see you alone, with madam's permission," with a bow to the rack, and departed with the purchase of a hat-pin, to this haughty Mrs. Monteith Mme. Arnot smiling behind her counter. at three in the afternoon, she had been She would have been supercilious under rasped and tortured, until every nerve was other circumstances, but this man's family were among her best customers, so she re-"Bless us, Isabel Grant, you look like a strained her surprise, and said, politely: thunder-cloud!" said lively Jennie Dewey, "Miss Grant, show Mr. Falconer to the is Isabel came back to the work-room for a parlor up stairs," but there was a trace of suppressed coldness and disdain after all "Get up your lightning rods, then, if you are afraid of a storm," replied Isabel, briefly. She was in no humor for joking, beneath her smiles, and her mental com-

ment was: "What can Harvay Falconer have to say to that shop-girl?" Isabel led the way to a small but hand-"I'm sure I don't see any need of using somely-furnished parlor on the second floor, Mme. Arnot's needle," said another; "you have pins and needles enough in your exand as her companion dropped into the easy chair which she wheeled out for him, he handed her his card, saying: "I hardly "For shame, girls; you can't help seeing know how to commence this interview. that Isabel is tired and worn out with waitwhich must seem so very strange to you, The voice was a soft, gentle one, and at but I have found myself taking a remarkable interest in you as I have been watch its sound the lively girls ceased their taning you in the shop, and I wish to inquire talizing laughter and looked gently at the speaker; it was sweet Lottie Ford, the lame into your history, so far as is necessary for a clear understanding between us, and I, in girl, whose tender sympathies for others turn, will give you my own."

was born of intense suffering, and Isabel, "My history is soon told," said Isabel



no inconvenient sympathy for her work "HOW DO YOU LIKE IT, UNCLE HARVEY ?" people. A mere shop-girl was not suporphan, and my home has been with an posed to be tired, and if she was there were aunt who is poor like myself; my home is plenty of good, hard chairs in the work not a happy one." She wondered at herself room, provided she found any time to use that she could give these particulars so freely to one whom she had never seen be Mme. Arnot had no idea of being a fore, but there was something in this man's harsh mistress; in fact she prided herself face that was kind and reassuring, and, exceedingly on her Christian virtues, and without being able to explain why, she felt considered herself a particularly amiable as if there was no strangeness in his reperson; indeed among a certain class of her quest. enstomers she was spoken of as that He looked at her kindly and searchingly. "sweet person," Mme. Arnot, but the title

"You are heart-whole?" he said, inquiringly. She was a small woman, with blue eyes which were capable of a variety of expres-

"Perfectly so," she replied; "I have had no time for love-making. I will not deny sions; to the rich Mrs. Monteith they I have had my dreams of a home, and my ideals of what that home should be; but, tions; to Isabel Grant, the poor shop-girl, a sir, why do you ask me these questions? paid person, they could flash with a tyran-She looked at him fearlessly and inquirnical gleam that transformed the plump, ingly.
"First let me return your confidence, and

pretty face completely.

Mme. Arnot had been once poor herself, [ will answer your questions," he replied. bitterly poor, and had risen by various "I am a widower; five years ago I buried stages to the position she now occupied, and my life's dearest hopes, in the person of my commend me to that person who, with a vife, whom I loved more tenderly even that mean, selfish heart to begin with, rises from I knew until I was forced to give her up. 1 poverty to affluence for an example of the thought then my heart was broken, and snob perfect; one who will grind her poor that I could never love again. I am somedependents down to the very smallest powthing of a mind-reader, and while you were der and make them feel her power to the waiting upon my niece I studied you carefully, and I saw in your face the index to a To say that Isabel Grant felt this amiable mind akin to my own. quality in Mme. Arnot's make-up is a fee-

"Never, since my darling Mattie died, have ble term; it stung her, degraded her, filled seen a woman who seemed, like her, to be her very soul with bitterness from day to part of myself, and as I looked at you, and day, but as yet she had seen no escape from elt this mysterious drawing towards you, I resolved that, however strange and uncon-The season was almost over, and only this morning isabel had received a letter from ventional the proceeding might be, I would ask for this interview and make your ac her aunt, with whom she had always lived, quaintance." and it was filled with bitter complaints of

Isabel smiled a little skeptically: "Your poverty, of the husband's drunkenness, and interest is indeed strange, sir, toward a sad bewailings of her hard lot, which sent humble workwoman. If I were in the the girl's heart, throbbing with pain, down, nigher walks of life, such as I imagine you down like lead, and made her feel as if she to be familiar with (he had an air of quiet had no right in that already over-crowded good-breeding which justified her assertion). the interest would be more natural; as it is, perhaps I am vicious and designing as go into that disordered household and, with well as poor." gentle words and saintly influences, lure coarse John Harmon from his cups and be

"No, you are not," he replied, positively. "I have made faces a study, and I read nobility in yours: true, the circumstances you have mentioned may have lent a bitter tinge to your character; I could readily believe that, for I do not imagine poverty, dependence or continual strife calculated to bring out the best emotions of the soul, but, Miss Grant, I read unswerving integrity in your face, undeveloped power, and en ability control self that I am assured will make you a noble woman, if you can have the opportunity for the development of these bet-

teith swept out to her carriage, followed by Isabel's flashing eyes. "Your expression ter qualities."
"But, sir, granted that this supposition is enough to drive customers away, instead s correct, how can it be helped?" This view of her case was an inspiring They were alone for a moment, and Mme. one, in spite of the fact that it came from Arnot took the opportunity to speak her one so entirely a stranger; she had reproof, but another party coming in she

amiable and fretful. How much of this was due to mere physical disability she did not realize, but, at times, it seemed as if she could not bear another particle of strain upon her over-

strung nerves. The time had been when she could bear Mme. Arnot's almost intolerable arrogance with good nature, could endure John Harmon's coarseness with patience, and help her aunt bear her heavy burdens with tender sympathy, but that time had passed by, and she little realized how near she was to a complete breaking down, both physical and mental.

"The poverty is still an insuperable barrier; the unhappy home is growing more and more tangible and unalterable, and my position as dependent upon Mme. Arnot's freaks of temper, or others just like her, seems just as inevitable as before." She spoke bitterly now; the remembrance of her aunt's letter loomed up before her, and all the trials of her lot seemed doubly unbearable in the light of this glimpse of better things, and she dropped her head upon her hands in dejection.

"No, not inevitable," said Mr. Falconer, slowly; "there is another life before you where none of these things can come can offer you a home," she raised her head



with a startled expression, "where there is plenty and peace at least, and through the medium of which I hope to win your love in due time. This home is with me, and as my wife. Will you marry me!"

CHAPTER II.

"I am aware that my proposition is a strangely startling one," said he, gently, as Isabel looked at him with clasped hands as if in a dream; "but I leave the city tomorrow, and I wish to take you with me, and release you at once from the hardening influences by which you are surrounded." "To-morrow!" said Isabel, repeating the words after him, mechanically; release from all these harassing things to-morrow, and through such an unlooked-for medium, no wonder the girl was dazed.

"But your family, your friends, what will they say to your marrying a shop-girl?" she said, her mind going back to gentle Lilly Stanford, irrelevantly, because it really had so little to do with the matter, but feeling for the moment as if scorn and aversion toward her in that sweet young face would be more than she could bear: worse, indeed, than her present ills.

"My family!" he replied, haughtily; "fortunately I am entirely independent of their fancies, and fully old enough to choose for myself; besides, they are sensible and kind, and if I am happy, will love you for my sake, until they can do so for their own. Take a little time, Miss Grant, and think over the matter calmly before giving me an answer. I can give you undoubted reference as to my character before the mar-"One question," she said, gravely; "I have

seen what a love of stimulants can do in a home whether it be rich or poor, and I have vowed sacredly never to marry a man who indulged in them, even in the leastdegree." She looked at him interrogatively. "Fave no fears in that respect," he replied, earnestly. "I despise any thing of the sort as much as you can do, and I honor you the more for your resolve in regard to

it. I never use liquor in any form.' She raised her eyes and looked in his face ulty for reading faces, or rather her in-stincts read for her, and rarely betrayed her; she sawin this case an honest manliness in the face before her which inspired her with confidence, and going to him she stretched out her hands, saying, with a tearful smile: "Mr. Falconer, if you are willing to abide the consequences of this impulsive act, I will accept your offer, and earnestly strive not to disappoint you.'

He rose, and taking her hands in his, said quietly: "It shall be the study of my life to convince you that your informal choice is a wise and happy one. I leave the city to-Shall we fix the ceremony morrow at 2:15. at one, in this room?" "As you please," replied Isabel; she was

yet too bewildered to give attention to de-

"Very well, I will call in the morning at nine, and ask Mme. Arnot for permission to

use her room." "Isabel Grant, do, for pity's sake, tell us what Harvey Falconer could wish to see work-room when Isabel entered it at last, with a preoccupied, far-away look in her

eyes.
"We are dying to know!" said Jennie Dewey; "has he gone into the millinery business and offered you a position as saleswoman?" The idea of Isabel and bonnets seemed inseparable.

"He has offered me a position," replied Isabel, dreamily, "not as a saleswoman, but as his wife.

"His wife!" almost screamed Mme. Arnot. in her surprise; "Harvey Falconer, the millionaire; nonsense, girl, you're joking."
"The millionaire!" It was Isabel's turn now to be surprised; she had thought little of his position in life, and had supposed him to be a comfortable tradesman, or, to come nearer the truth, she had had no definite thoughts on the subject except as his words, 'peace and plenty,' suggested a home of

comfortable abundance, and she sank into a chair trembling. "I'm not joking," she said, faintly, "but I had no idea he was a man of such wealth when I accepted him." "There will be a fine humming among his aristocratic friends when they hear he has married a shop-girl," said Mme. Arnot, scornfully; she had married a canal driver in her days of poverty, in lieu of a better offer, and through all her years of prosperity he had remained the same, low, vulgar and illiterate, a creature to be kept out of

sight of her present circle of friends, so far as possible, and it galled her and filled her with wrath and jealousy that a girl, hitherto dependent upon her for her daily bread, should by one stroke of fortune rise so high above her in the social scale which she would occupy as Harvey Falconer's wife. "But there's no danger! He's fooling you, girl; he'll never marry you!" "Time will tell," was Isabel's quiet reply.

It seemed to her now, in the family atmosphere of the work room, that it was all a dream, and that Mme. Arnot's disdainful words were only too reasonable, but, as she had said, time would tell, and a very short time, for Mr. Falconer's last words had been: "Expect me at nine to-morrow." "In case of such an absordity occurring, I

will give you just one year to get behind my counter; no good results could possibly come from such a strange alliance," and Mme. Arnot flounced out of the room far from gracefully, and the girls were left alone "The spitefulold cat!" said Jennie Dewey,

indignantly; "it's no wonder she envies you, Isabel, in comparing Mr. Falconer with horrid John Arnot; but do tell us all about it." But Isabel could not; she was not a gushing or effusive girl, and her deeper feelings especially were inexpressible. Mr. Falconer had touched these in his conversation. and she could no more have repeated i than she could have brought out for inspection the tenderest of love making. "It all seems so unreal," she pleaded; "all

I can tell is that he proposed to me and I accepted him.' "For Miss Grant," said Ellice Ryan, com ing in from the shop at the moment with a

small package. "That certainly looks like tangible proof," said Jennie, as Isabel undid the package and disclosed a plush box which, when opened, revealed an elegant diamond ring. Mr. Faloner must have studied the slender white ring fitted her engagement finger to a nicety. A new, sweet feeling stole into her which her clothes caught fire, and she neart with the gift; she had not been used to being considered and cared for, and a new world was opening up before her; one of world was opening up before her; one o There were several in the party, and deside was growing every day more under the responsibility also, for she held this man's night in the most terrible agony.

happiness as well as her own in her hands. and the question whether or not she would fail in the trust committed to her was a

serious one. "Dear me! you wouldn't catch me looking so like an owl if I had some one to send m diamond rings," cried Jennie, as Isabel turned the brilliant slowly around on her

"Dear Isabel, I am so glad for you," said zentle Lottie Ford, rising and limping over to her side, where she stood caressing the waves of Isabel's dark hair, as she whispered softly: "I believe he is a good man and that is worth more than gold or dia-

"Yes, Lottie," replied Isabel, in a whisper also; "yet that seems to be the last thing others think of. If I could not have felt that he was good and true, I would never have consented. Nine o'clock precisely brought Mr. Fal-

coner to the shop, where he proffered his request with the air of a man who knew what he was about. Madam was all smiles, and seeing that the affair was a reality and near at hand, began to alter her deportment toward Isabel materially, in hope of gain to herself; the future wife of a millionaire being a person of much more importance in her eves than plain Isa el Grant. She could not forbear one little malicious

shot, however, and she asked with a touch of sarcasm in her honeyed tones: "Do your friends, the Stanfords, attend the wedding?" "Mrs. Falconer will make the acquaintance of my friends in her own home. madam," replied Mr. Falconer, coldly; he understood the sarcasm perfectly, and resented it "I observe that the ring fitted, Miss

Grant," he said, gravely, taking her hand; there were too many curious eyes about to indulge in aught but commonplaces. "I wonder you could have guessed so accurately," she replied.

"At one, then, you will be ready," he continued, still holding her hand. "Yes." How strong he was; how his presence swept away all the objections which, when the darkness and solitude of night had surrounded her, came trooping to her

mind, suggesting a thousand tormenting thoughts and fears. "If there are any expenses to be met you will allow me to defray them," making a motion toward his breast pocket. Mme. Arnot had withdrawn her sharp eyes for the moment.

"Oh, no, no," and she shrank back hastily; "I have been frugal and am well supplied for the present." There was little accomplished in the work room that morning, the prospect of the wedding in the afternoon effectually dissipating business ideas.

Isabel would almost have preferred leaving her life at Mme. Arnot's where she had that rivalled the daylight shining taken it up, in the work room, but she bauished the idea as a sentimental one. All the girls were to be present at the ceremony, and Kitty Ray remarked that they owed Isabel a vote of thanks for getting them a glimpse of madam's parlor, which, though nothing grand in itself, she held sacred from the intrusion of her shop-girls, but in this instance she could not refuse the request of the rich Mrs. Falconer to be.

She was too busy during the short time remaining to have many ideas aside from packing her slender wardrobe into a trunk several sizes too small for it. "I suppose the next time you travel you will have a saratoga trunk with a cupola on it," said Jennie, as she dextrously fitted Isabel's hest hat into a box.

"The future looks like a vast untried sea," replied Isabel, "so entirely vague that I make no calculations on what may or may not come to me." "Not even in the prosaic matter of a trunk," laughed Jennie; "now, I should have

a whole wardrobe, hung with elegant dresses, and half a jewelry store blocked out in my mind if I stood in your shoes.' Isabel dressed herself in her best, a plain brown silk, suitable for traveling, with bonnet and wrap to match, and she looked quite as stylish as Mrs. Stanford herself, and Mr. Falconer looked at her in pleased surprise as he, in company with a clergy-man, came into the parlor; he had only seen her in her plain shop dress, and to-day she had let down her hair and allowed it to take its natural bent, the little tendrils curling about her forehead and quite transforming hor plain face. "A decidedly finelooking woman," was Harvey Falconer's in ward comment, "and will fit into her surroundings like a charm."

The solemn service was soon said, the heavy wedding ring slipped into its place, and after bidding the girls an affectionate good-bye, Isabel Falconer was handed to the carriage in waiting, and bade adieu forever to her life at Mme. Arnot's, and it remained to be seen whether Harvey Falconer had read her character aright, or had made a false move in the game of life. [To be continued.]

A Stormy Session. ST. PAUL, Minn., July 8 .- The State executive committee of the Farmer's Alliance met here yesterday and later a conference for the purpose of organizing new people's party in Minnesota was held. Donnelly, who had been appointed chairman of the Minnesota committee by the Cincinnati convention, presented the name of the full State committee. Senou for," cried Mme. Arnot, who was in the ator Hompe, leader of the anti-Donnelly Alliance faction, objected to the new committee. Debate grew warm and finally a compromise was adopted, though Donnelly objected strenuously. A compromise committee of five announced a new committee late in the afternoon divided between two factions. Another fight then arose on some member of the committee. Ex-President R. J. Hall denounced Editor Fish of the a liar, when the latter attempted to defend himself. The report was adopted in the lamps and through the recording and the new State committee met last instruments. The executioner was heard to rise from his chair in the closet night.

Horrors of Heathendom SAN FRANCISCO, July 3 .- The steamer China arrived this evening from Hong Kong and Yokohama. The threatened riot at Nanking took place. The Methodist girls' school was attacked, pillaged and burned on May 25 by a Chinese rabble. Several other mission buildings were attacked and would have been demolished but for the interference of soldiers sent by the viceroy after urgent appeals from the missionaries. Further rioting is expected at Kin Kiang. The outbreaks are said to be the work of secret societies, the prime object not being to injure foreigners, but to entangle the Chinese Government in foreign complications in the hope that thereby a successful insurrection may be started. At Tanlang on June 1 a mob pillaged the mission building, overpowering the mandarin and soldiers. The Christian cometery was dug up, the heads piled in a heap and the mandarin dragged to the spot by his queue. The Governor of Annan reports beheading of twenty-five ringleaders in the

troubles at Nichu. The Storm at Galveston, GALVESTON, July 8 .- The loss on Galveston Island from Sunday night's storm did not amount to more than \$1,500. The citizens were more scared than hurt. The fishing smack Dauia, commanded by Capt. Robert Frankovich, was wrecked off Smith's Point, on the north side of Galveston Bay, during the squall Monday morning, and five of the six men aboard of her were drowned. Those drowned are: Robert Frankovich, Frank Millovich, Pete Strangel, Jack Speech, and an unknown man. News of the terrible disaster was brought to the city Monday evening by Vincent Sagovitch, the sole survivor of the little craft. The sloop Mattre left last night to search for the bodies of the unfortu nate men.

Death at a Dance. WASHINGTON, Pa., July 8. -An incident occurred at McDonald, Washing-

ton county, in which a young girl named Margaret O'Hara lost her life. A num-ber of young folks were holding a dance at McDonald and had the platform lighted by coal-oil lamps, hung above the heads of the dancers. One of the lamps became detached, and falling at was soon enveloped in flames. The

KILLED BY ELECTRICITY | the chair. When the electrodes were

FOUR MURDERERS ELECTROCUTED AT SING SING PRISON

livion-Nothing to Territy the Speciators-The Men Died Without a Strug-SING SING, N. Y., July 7.—The four miserable murderers-Slocum, Smiler,

Wood and Jugigo-were put to death here early this morning in the electrical chair; the first named at 420 r. m. and the others later, at interval of about from this victim in arranging the half an hour apart—Jugigo, the last straps. Smiler was bound and the elecstroke at 6.05 a. m. Most of the men were awake when. shortly before 4 o'clock, the priests and

the chaplain appeared. Chaplain Edgerton spoke a few words of comfort to Jugigo, when he told him that the end was near, but the Jap did not receive them in a grateful spirit, and the chaplain passed on to Smiler's cell, while the two priests busied themselves respectively with Slocum and Wood. The condemned men took very calmly the announcement that the sentence was about to be executed. They were dressed when the chaplain and the priests entered. Their clothing was much alike—a suit of dark diagonal, white shirt and collar and black tie. About 4 a. m. the witnesses distribu-

ted themselves about the death chamber. The electrician was in charge of the apparatus for measuring the current, which was fastened to the side of the closet opposite the entrance to the cell room. It consisted of a volt-meter, a resistance coil, and a row of twenty incandescent lamps, each measuring 100 volts. A heavy switchboard formed the connection between the wires from the dynamo room at the other end of the executioner's closet adjoining. push button communicated with a signal bell in the dynamo room. When the witnesses had ranged themselves about the room, the electrician touched this button once. The engineer responded to the signal and started the dynamos. They had been tested up to 3,000 volts during the morning. When the current had been turned on the electrician threw the switch which turned it into the row of lamps above his head. They burst into a glow of light

the windows about the sides of the improvised execution room. The testing apparatus showed again a satisfactory strength of current. The electrician advised the warden of this fact. The warden went to the great iron door at which stood one of the assistants, whom he had appointed under warrant of the law, and it was opened to permit him to pass through. was gone only a couple of minutes. In that time he had notified Head Keeper Connaughton, who was in the condemned cell room, that the chair was ready for the first of the condemned

through the canvass covering of the

The death warrant was not read to the condemned men in the cell as was done in the case of Kemmler. The warden had said that he did not know anything in the law requiring him to read the death warrant. As a precautionary measure he would read it, but not at the time of the executionsometime before, if possible. It was his wish to prevent the other men knowing that the first man had been taken from his cell if it was possible to do so. So the exit from the cell room was made as quietly as possible. The warden and the head keeper walked ahead, then the condemned man, between the two priests, Father Creeden and Father Lynch, then the two guards. When the witnesses had gathered in

the chamber some of them appeared very nervous, and all showed signs of strain on their sensib locum had been selected as the first victim, and as soon as the good priests had finished their supplications, he said he was ready and stepped out of his cell with alacrity. The walk to death began. Following the Warden and his deputy came Slocum, between two priests, who held aloft in front of him a crucitix, at which he steadfastly gazed. Two keeper deputies brought up the rear of the faterul procession. Slowly the heavy doors swung back, and with a solemn tread and mien the little procession walked into the room where the silence of death prevailed. They had but few steps to take. The chair was directly in their front. As the leaders parted the chair stood out in all of its awfulness before the man about to sit in it and die. Slocum halted at the Warden's command just on the edge of the rubber mat which was to protect those who were watching his life go out. The doomed man's gaze was riveted on the chair. Then it wandered to the dangling wire and the closet from which it was suspended. Back to the chair it came like a needle to the magnet, and he started as though he had received a shock from the wire when the Warden began reading the death warrant, while the reverend men engaged in silent prayer. The witnesses were grouped to the left of the chair. The scientists stood in front of Great West as a traitor and called him the switchboard watching the current, which they read like a book as it flashed and place himself ready to do his duty. With an attempt at a smile Slocum seated himself in the chair and leaned his head back against the rubber rest as though he was simply preparing to be shaved. The forced smile remained on his face, and as Fathers Creeden and Lynch took up their position in fron, of him he again directed his gaze at the cross while Connaughton began fastening the straps. Slocum's eyes were clear and he appeared to be in perfect physical condition. He took is eyes from the cross long enough to aid Deputy Warden Connaughton in his task, and then until the shield was placed on his face, his lips moved in prayer as he looked fixedly at the cross. traps crossed and re-crossed his body and his legs were tightly bound to the foot rest. Then his arms were tastened and Slocum could no longer move a muscle. Finally an oddly arranged set of straps that bound his chair in one position and covered his eyes were put place. Now Doctors MacDonald and Rockwell and Professor Laudy approached to attach the electrodes. The positive electrode was placed on Slo-cum's head, the same as in the Kemmler electrocution. The negative electrode was attached to his right leg, the trousers having been folded up for this ourpose before Slocum was bound in the chair. When the electrodes had

been satisfactorily adjusted and the wires attached the three scientists glanced at the switchboard, said the current was steady and registered 1,600 volts. Doctors MacDonald and Rockwell then stood on either side of the chair. Other physicians among the witnesses drew near, while the laymen stood back as though not sure of their

nerves. Doctors Daniels, Southwick and Ward took special interest in these preliminaries and with watch in hand Brown and offered suggestions. All the handle of the switch which turned trocutioner's closet. Warden Brown raised his hand and Professor Laudy turned the switch. Then the Warden tapped on the closet. The unknown inside gave a quick pull to his rubber covered lever. The electric fluid was released before the sound of the tap

reached Slocum's ears, and like light-

removed it was discovered that his skull and the desh of his leg had been slightly burned; but there was no smell of roasting flesh such as made the Kemmler electrocution so horrible. The straps were unloosed and the body carried back into the rear room. There Was a Terrible Shock and Then Ob-

Smiler did not hesitate when told that his hour had come, but when the death chair appeared before him he almost fell to the floor. His knees knocked together and but for the support of his spiritual advisers he would certainly have collapsed. Warden Brown quickly read the death warrant, and Smiler was hastily seated in the chair. His face took on a ghastly hue and Connaughton got no assistance victim, receiving the deadly lightning trodes applied in a much briefer time than Slocum, and in a lew seconds Smiler also was dead. The same slight burning under the electrodes was noticed as in Slocum's case. Wood had been prepared by Fathers

Creeden and Lynch while Smiler was going to his death and he was all ready. He uttered no word when the time came. He walked to death supported by the priests. Wood betrayed no emotion when he gazed upon the chair, but kept his eyes fixed on the crucifix. He sat down in the chair diffidently and his binding was accomplished so quickly that it was only twenty-four minutes from Smiler's end until death came to Wood. 15 was becoming easy to kill men. The witnesses displayed no emotion. There was nothing to cause nausea, and death came to its victims so quickly that it was all over before they realized it. Jugiro at first refused to leave his

cell, but when Connaughton said 'Come on, Joe, be a brave man, the Jap walked out quietly. Two additional keepers marched one on each side of the Jap, while the chaplains followed behind the warden and his deputy. The Jap did not seem to comprehend the purthe dynamo room at the other end of the prison grounds and the wires in poses of the chair and seated himself the precutioner's closet adjoining. A without a protest. A keeper assisted Connaughton in binding the Jap and the last act was quickly accomplished. The current was allowed to remain in the Jap's body about three seconds longer than with the three others; accordingly his skull and leg were strongly marked by the electrodes. Jugiro's body was taken away. Six bells were struck as a signal to the electrician in the dynamo room that all was over, and the witnesses returned to the Warden's room. The approximate time of turning on the current in each case was: Slocum, 4.40; Smiler, 5.10; Wood, 5.30; Jugiro,

6.05. The prisoners had received some intimation beforehand that the executions were to take place this morning and they were prepared for them. They went to the execution chair bravely and met their fate without a struggle. They offered no resistance, but rather assisted the keepers when they were bound down in the chair. The electrodes were not applied as in the Kemmler case to the top of the skull and the base of the spine, but were bound to the forehead of the condemned men and the calves of their legs. The current was turned on in each case for twenty seconds. The voltage was about 1,500 and 1,600. In each case there was apparent evidences of revival as in Kemmler's case, and in each of these four cases the current was turned on a second time. In spite of the fact that the sponges were kept constantly wet all of the executed men were burned by the current, and especially about the calves of their legs. Medical men present agree that death came on the first contact and that the seeming revival was merely reflex muscular action. None of the witnesses was overcome by fright and all of them who have spoken have made the statement that the electrodes were success ful and that death in all cases was instantaneous and painless.

Shall Nct Go to Jail.

CHATTANOOGA, July 8 .- Athens, Tenn., is in a great state of excitement During the session of the Circuit court today, Judge Arthur Traynor FERTILIZERS! presiding, Col. T. M. Burkett, a wellknown lawyer, was pleading for a reduction of the fine imposed upon a client. In the course of his remarks he made some very disrespectful allusions to the judge presiding. The judge there upon fined Col. Burkett S50 for contempt of court, and afterwards Burkett again commenced to use abusive language, and made some steps toward the udge apparently to assault him. The sheriff intercepted Col. Burkett, and thereupon the judge ordered the sheriff to place Col. Burkett in jail. Burkett bade defiance to the court and officers and said he would not go to jail. The sheriff summoned all in the court room as a posse to carry out the orders of the courts but Col. Burkett walked from the court house unmolested and is not yet under arrest. Some friends have paid the tine imposed but they say Bur-kett shall not go to jail.

Monster in Human Form. NEW YORK, July 9 .-- A newspaper reached this city today from the State of Chihuahua, Santa Rosa, South America, which contains a startling story of cannibalism in Brazil. According to the article, the horrible feasting occured at Salmas, in the State of Minas, Brazil, where the human monster, a man named Clemente Vierra, was caught in the very act of eating a portion of the remains of one of his victims. The editor of the paper Cida D' Leopoldina saw Vierra n jail, and asked the prisoner if it was true that he had nourished himself on human fiesh. "Yes, sir," answered the prisoner, "for some time I and my riends, Basilo, Leandro and others, have eaten human flesh; in fact, we lived on it." The story goes on to relate the killing

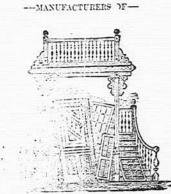
and eating of several persons, until inally, when victims became scarce, Vierra and Basilo killed one of their companious and devoured him. Vierra later on killed Basilo. but had only eaten a part of the body when he was arrested. The rest of Basilo's remains was found packed away in a barrel, prepared with peper and salt.

A Total Accident. CHARLESTON, S. C., July 9.-Mr. Daniel McSwiny, a well known citizen of this city, attempted to cross the city railway track ahead of an approaching horse car this afternoon at the corner of King and Morris streets. He missed nis footing, fell, and before the driver could stop the car, the wheel passed over the unfortunate man's neck, killing him instantly. Mr. McSwiny was about 50 years of age, and the father of Mr. Eugene P. McSwiny, general freight and passenger agent of the Charleston and Savannah Railroad Company. It is said by witnesses that the car driver put down brakes and d.d all in his pow er to stop the car in time to avert the catastrophe, but without success. The distressing accidenthas created universal sympathy in the community.-State.

Money Value of a Wife's Affections. DENVER, Col., July 4 .- A verdict of \$100,000 damages, the largest sum ever awarded in America upon the suit for waited the signal. Warden Duston of the alienation of a wife's affections. Auburn prison stood alongside Warden | was returned yesterday by a jury in the district court in this city. S. Willis this had taken less time than it has to French, believed to be a millionaire tell it. Professor Laudy's hand grasped must hand over this sum to Cecil A Dane as the result of a suit which lasted the current into the wires in the elec- for nearly three weeks behind closed doors.

Reward Offered.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., July 8 .- Governor Tillman of South Carolina has offered a reward of \$250 for the arrest of Daras Kelly, who murdered J. Duncan Shaw, editor of The Bishopville Eagle. ning's flash it sped through his body. of Kershaw county, S. C., on the even There was not a tremor of the body as ing of July 4. Kelly is reported to be ing of July 4. Kelly is reported to be a



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